

Green Glade  
Second Street  
Phone 805-L  
ELECTRIC FIXTURES  
WIRING REPAIRING  
Appliances gladly furnished on all work and fixtures

Our Prompt Delivery  
High grade coal and building material and full weight at lowest prices ought to induce you to give us a trial order.  
Highland Park Fuel Co.  
HERMAN DENZEL, Pres.  
622 N. First St. Telephone 335

WOULDN'T WE BE BUSY?  
You get the best leather and workmanship at the lowest price. Give us a trial.  
We buy Old Shoes  
Highland Park Shoe Repairing Shop

FUEL  
COKE  
No clinkers  
Efficient agency in  
Application

& Supply Co.  
LAN, Mgr.  
230 N. St. Johns Ave.

System

ment to the intel-  
re-hension of a man  
you transact your  
by telephone.  
Such confidence in the  
proposal that he need not  
dious and fruitless dis-  
case is clear, and I can  
You can understand and  
h is the impression made

their impressions in just  
the Long Distance Tele-  
phone Company  
Manager  
ne 9903

bring results

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.

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 Deerfield Ave.  
E. E. FARMER  
Excavating and  
Cement Floors  
Concrete Work. Estimates Furnished

Telephone 832-B Elm and Maple Trees  
and Shrubs for Sale  
Trimming Shrub Trees  
Patrick F. Cawley  
Contractor for  
Public Works and  
Landscape Gardener  
Licensed Sewer Builder  
Concrete Work, Etc. 233 North Second St.  
Highland Park, Ill.

Madam, Read McCall's  
The Fashion Authority  
McCALL'S is a large, artistic, hand-  
somerly 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'S PATTERNS in each issue.  
McCALL'S PATTERNS are famous for  
style, fit, simplicity and economy. Only  
10 and 15 cents each.  
The publishers of McCALL'S will send  
thousands of dollars extra in the coming  
months in order to keep McCALL'S best  
and shoulders above all other women's  
magazines at any price. However,  
McCALL'S is only 50c a year; positively  
worth \$1.00.  
You may select any one McCall's Pattern free  
from your first copy of McCALL'S, if you  
subscribe quickly.  
The McCALL COMPANY, 226 West 37th St., New York  
NOTE—Ask for a free copy of McCALL'S wonder-  
ful new fashion catalogue. Sample copy and pat-  
tern catalogue also free on request.

HIS RISE TO POWER  
"You remember, Senator, I said you and I would have to discuss the matter of payment? The time has come, the walrus said."  
"Well?"  
"Senator Murchell, have you a son?"  
"Are you trying to be impertinent, young man?"  
"How impertinent? I'm merely trying to verify an impression. The other night, while you were watching Warren Blake die, I got the notion that you had one. Now Warren Blake is out of the way. Hampden won't be disgraced. There's to be no scandal. Your plans to save the bank are no longer in jeopardy. So it's time to think of payment. I have just come from Dunmude. He isn't a very happy man, Senator Murchell. He's oppressed by the knowledge that he has been weak. He has lost his pride, his belief in himself, his sense of absolute honesty—all it took for short. The poor fool even thinks he is to blame for Warren Blake's shooting himself. You and I know better. We know who killed Cock Robin." Halz laughed indignantly.  
"You have a strange sense of humor. Just what are you trying to insinuate?"  
"I mean that we know that the man who killed Warren Blake was the man who killed Creighton, Hawkins, Deleahanty, Burns, Schneider, Larkin and Blake. And he's the fellow that created an atmosphere of dishonesty in political banks and public treasuries, made opportunities for thieves encouraged and profited by speculation—in short, the man who devised and built the machine whose creatures and victims have paid the penalty of their crimes with suicide. Do I make myself clear?"  
Murchell sat up anxiously. "That isn't true. I'm not responsible if a few weaklings aren't able to resist temptation and take the easiest way out."  
"It was Cain, I believe," Halz pursued, "who first pleaded that excuse."  
"See here, Halz! If you have anything important to say, say it. Otherwise—"  
Halz leaned over, interrupting men actually, tapping the senator's knee to emphasize his words: "I'd advise you to listen. Will you?"  
"Go on."  
"That's sensible." Halz resumed his easy attitude. "Let's take up Dunmude's case. His mouth is closed by his love for Katherine Hampden. The question now is, who profits most by his silence and hence will have to pay? It isn't Hampden. I think I understand the political situation pretty well just now: when you're trying to scramble back into power and Jerry Brent has taken their convention out of the hands of your friends of the opposition for another bank in which you politicians have had your dirty fingers to fall, with another cashier putting a messy little hole in his head, would be most inopportune. Also, you've put up money to cover Hampden's shortage. I've never heard you accused of doing anything for anybody without return. And since you've put up a lot of money without security, it must be because silence just now is particularly valuable to you. Now do you get the point? Are you ready to pay?"  
"Haven't I paid enough?"  
"Can you ever pay enough to balance what Warren Blake and John Dunmude have paid?"  
"What do you want then?"  
"Well, you're trying to get back into power through the convention. The general impression is that you can't beat Sherrod. But I guess differently. You're not the kind of man to go back into the scramble unless the chances for a win are pretty good. Well—nominate John Dunmude."  
"The thing," exclaimed Murchell, and extreme irritation was speaking—"is preposterous!"  
"You have thought of it as much as that, then? But why preposterous to nominate a fine, big, honest man? Measure him against Wash Jenkins or any one of your kind you choose; his character is something you haven't been able to go to the people with for many a year in this state. And his nomination would pull the teeth of dangerous Jerry Brent."  
"Power," said the senator virtuously, "is to be taken lightly. Even if I could get it, which isn't probable, I certainly don't propose to make a joke of a fool of myself before the political public by helping a narrow, pig headed, unpractical romancer to a powerful office."  
"Unpractical and romancer—you need a new point of view, senator. John Dunmude is the most practical man I know because he sees true, sees evil as evil and good as good. If this state were to follow his ideal of simple, straightforward common sense honesty, political corruption would cease to exist, a vast amount of injustice would be corrected and popular government justified. You'll have to find another excuse, Senator Murchell."  
"Well, then," said the senator grimly, "you may put it that I, a seeker after the valueless, don't propose to help a practical man who has rejected my honest offer of friendship and spent six years vilifying me before the people of this state."  
"So that's why it's preposterous? That's the measure of your sort, is it? Fighting you, telling the truth about you, are what disqualify a man for public office. You grind everybody, everything—life, death, tragedy, love—in the mills of your greedy ambition and you are willing to pay only the least penny you must. Blake the suicide, Hampden the embesment, Dunmude the lover, are but so many pawns in the game of Murchell—can you give me the word?"  
"Your rigid imagination ought to be

equal to that." But the senator began to feel that he was wearing the point where patience ceased to be a virtue.  
"For once it balks," Dunmude's mouth is closed. But Senator Murchell, I know as much as he. He sprang to his feet. "What's to hinder me from publishing the scandal, by telling the people that another bank has been looted by the politicians, another added to the list of Creighton, Hawkins, Deleahanty?"  
"I thought we'd come to that. I'm not easily frightened, Halz. You won't do it."  
Halz seated himself on the table, the homely, cadaverous features lighting up in a sardonic grin. "Now the funny part of it is, you aren't sure whether I'm bluffing or not. Let me assure you, I am not. We're a pretty tight triangle, each with the drop on the man in front of him. You told over Dunmude's head the fact of Hampden's disgrace, he gets me with his friendship and I can bring you down with my knowledge of this bank business. I'd hate to lose Dunmude's regard by confronting him with the necessity of prosecuting his lady love's father. But, by the Lord! I'm not afraid to fire first. And I think you believe that."  
Murchell did not answer. He was making a strong effort to control his rising irritation. But he listened intently because he did not know Halz well enough to decide whether the latter was really dangerous.  
"You think my motive is lacking perhaps?" Halz inquired coolly. "Do you remember Wrenn-George Wrenn of Clinton—or have there been too many Wrenns that you can't keep track of them? Let me tell you his story. He was a preacher—not a very strong man, but a fine, big, clean headed fellow—something like John Dunmude—who believed in his fellowmen and loved them, the kind that would sit up all night with any poor, suffering wretch or share his last dollar with those who needed it less than he did. Everybody loved him. He married a widow who had one son. He was a good husband and a perfect father to that boy. I know, because I was the boy. They had a reform wagon in Clinton and sent Wrenn to the legislature. That was the year you almost failed of re-election to the senate. It cost you a million and a quarter to win, you may remember. There was a point where you needed just one vote, and your decoys got after Wrenn. He held out for awhile, but—Oh, you know how it works. He was poor, there was more money in eight than he had ever heard of, and they found his price—at \$17,000. And he was cheap, too, comparatively. I think he must have been temporarily out of his mind for he didn't really care for money. He went home a shame broken man. They couldn't prove it on him, but everybody knew he had taken money. They turned against him, his wife died broken hearted, and he had to leave Clinton. The money was soon spent, that kind never lasts. He went down hill fast and finally, a miserable, drunken wretch, he put a bullet through his head. I saw him do it. Just as Warren Blake did it. So you can cut still another notch in your own coat on the list now, Creighton!"  
"Quit that!"  
"Good God," Halz jerked, "I believe

equal to that." But the senator began to feel that he was wearing the point where patience ceased to be a virtue.  
"For once it balks," Dunmude's mouth is closed. But Senator Murchell, I know as much as he. He sprang to his feet. "What's to hinder me from publishing the scandal, by telling the people that another bank has been looted by the politicians, another added to the list of Creighton, Hawkins, Deleahanty?"  
"I thought we'd come to that. I'm not easily frightened, Halz. You won't do it."  
Halz seated himself on the table, the homely, cadaverous features lighting up in a sardonic grin. "Now the funny part of it is, you aren't sure whether I'm bluffing or not. Let me assure you, I am not. We're a pretty tight triangle, each with the drop on the man in front of him. You told over Dunmude's head the fact of Hampden's disgrace, he gets me with his friendship and I can bring you down with my knowledge of this bank business. I'd hate to lose Dunmude's regard by confronting him with the necessity of prosecuting his lady love's father. But, by the Lord! I'm not afraid to fire first. And I think you believe that."  
Murchell did not answer. He was making a strong effort to control his rising irritation. But he listened intently because he did not know Halz well enough to decide whether the latter was really dangerous.  
"You think my motive is lacking perhaps?" Halz inquired coolly. "Do you remember Wrenn-George Wrenn of Clinton—or have there been too many Wrenns that you can't keep track of them? Let me tell you his story. He was a preacher—not a very strong man, but a fine, big, clean headed fellow—something like John Dunmude—who believed in his fellowmen and loved them, the kind that would sit up all night with any poor, suffering wretch or share his last dollar with those who needed it less than he did. Everybody loved him. He married a widow who had one son. He was a good husband and a perfect father to that boy. I know, because I was the boy. They had a reform wagon in Clinton and sent Wrenn to the legislature. That was the year you almost failed of re-election to the senate. It cost you a million and a quarter to win, you may remember. There was a point where you needed just one vote, and your decoys got after Wrenn. He held out for awhile, but—Oh, you know how it works. He was poor, there was more money in eight than he had ever heard of, and they found his price—at \$17,000. And he was cheap, too, comparatively. I think he must have been temporarily out of his mind for he didn't really care for money. He went home a shame broken man. They couldn't prove it on him, but everybody knew he had taken money. They turned against him, his wife died broken hearted, and he had to leave Clinton. The money was soon spent, that kind never lasts. He went down hill fast and finally, a miserable, drunken wretch, he put a bullet through his head. I saw him do it. Just as Warren Blake did it. So you can cut still another notch in your own coat on the list now, Creighton!"  
"Quit that!"  
"Good God," Halz jerked, "I believe

equal to that." But the senator began to feel that he was wearing the point where patience ceased to be a virtue.  
"For once it balks," Dunmude's mouth is closed. But Senator Murchell, I know as much as he. He sprang to his feet. "What's to hinder me from publishing the scandal, by telling the people that another bank has been looted by the politicians, another added to the list of Creighton, Hawkins, Deleahanty?"  
"I thought we'd come to that. I'm not easily frightened, Halz. You won't do it."  
Halz seated himself on the table, the homely, cadaverous features lighting up in a sardonic grin. "Now the funny part of it is, you aren't sure whether I'm bluffing or not. Let me assure you, I am not. We're a pretty tight triangle, each with the drop on the man in front of him. You told over Dunmude's head the fact of Hampden's disgrace, he gets me with his friendship and I can bring you down with my knowledge of this bank business. I'd hate to lose Dunmude's regard by confronting him with the necessity of prosecuting his lady love's father. But, by the Lord! I'm not afraid to fire first. And I think you believe that."  
Murchell did not answer. He was making a strong effort to control his rising irritation. But he listened intently because he did not know Halz well enough to decide whether the latter was really dangerous.  
"You think my motive is lacking perhaps?" Halz inquired coolly. "Do you remember Wrenn-George Wrenn of Clinton—or have there been too many Wrenns that you can't keep track of them? Let me tell you his story. He was a preacher—not a very strong man, but a fine, big, clean headed fellow—something like John Dunmude—who believed in his fellowmen and loved them, the kind that would sit up all night with any poor, suffering wretch or share his last dollar with those who needed it less than he did. Everybody loved him. He married a widow who had one son. He was a good husband and a perfect father to that boy. I know, because I was the boy. They had a reform wagon in Clinton and sent Wrenn to the legislature. That was the year you almost failed of re-election to the senate. It cost you a million and a quarter to win, you may remember. There was a point where you needed just one vote, and your decoys got after Wrenn. He held out for awhile, but—Oh, you know how it works. He was poor, there was more money in eight than he had ever heard of, and they found his price—at \$17,000. And he was cheap, too, comparatively. I think he must have been temporarily out of his mind for he didn't really care for money. He went home a shame broken man. They couldn't prove it on him, but everybody knew he had taken money. They turned against him, his wife died broken hearted, and he had to leave Clinton. The money was soon spent, that kind never lasts. He went down hill fast and finally, a miserable, drunken wretch, he put a bullet through his head. I saw him do it. Just as Warren Blake did it. So you can cut still another notch in your own coat on the list now, Creighton!"  
"Quit that!"  
"Good God," Halz jerked, "I believe

equal to that." But the senator began to feel that he was wearing the point where patience ceased to be a virtue.  
"For once it balks," Dunmude's mouth is closed. But Senator Murchell, I know as much as he. He sprang to his feet. "What's to hinder me from publishing the scandal, by telling the people that another bank has been looted by the politicians, another added to the list of Creighton, Hawkins, Deleahanty?"  
"I thought we'd come to that. I'm not easily frightened, Halz. You won't do it."  
Halz seated himself on the table, the homely, cadaverous features lighting up in a sardonic grin. "Now the funny part of it is, you aren't sure whether I'm bluffing or not. Let me assure you, I am not. We're a pretty tight triangle, each with the drop on the man in front of him. You told over Dunmude's head the fact of Hampden's disgrace, he gets me with his friendship and I can bring you down with my knowledge of this bank business. I'd hate to lose Dunmude's regard by confronting him with the necessity of prosecuting his lady love's father. But, by the Lord! I'm not afraid to fire first. And I think you believe that."  
Murchell did not answer. He was making a strong effort to control his rising irritation. But he listened intently because he did not know Halz well enough to decide whether the latter was really dangerous.  
"You think my motive is lacking perhaps?" Halz inquired coolly. "Do you remember Wrenn-George Wrenn of Clinton—or have there been too many Wrenns that you can't keep track of them? Let me tell you his story. He was a preacher—not a very strong man, but a fine, big, clean headed fellow—something like John Dunmude—who believed in his fellowmen and loved them, the kind that would sit up all night with any poor, suffering wretch or share his last dollar with those who needed it less than he did. Everybody loved him. He married a widow who had one son. He was a good husband and a perfect father to that boy. I know, because I was the boy. They had a reform wagon in Clinton and sent Wrenn to the legislature. That was the year you almost failed of re-election to the senate. It cost you a million and a quarter to win, you may remember. There was a point where you needed just one vote, and your decoys got after Wrenn. He held out for awhile, but—Oh, you know how it works. He was poor, there was more money in eight than he had ever heard of, and they found his price—at \$17,000. And he was cheap, too, comparatively. I think he must have been temporarily out of his mind for he didn't really care for money. He went home a shame broken man. They couldn't prove it on him, but everybody knew he had taken money. They turned against him, his wife died broken hearted, and he had to leave Clinton. The money was soon spent, that kind never lasts. He went down hill fast and finally, a miserable, drunken wretch, he put a bullet through his head. I saw him do it. Just as Warren Blake did it. So you can cut still another notch in your own coat on the list now, Creighton!"  
"Quit that!"  
"Good God," Halz jerked, "I believe



"Nominate John Dunmude."  
he has a conscience, after all. Can you sleep o' nights, Senator Murchell?"  
Murchell got slowly to his feet, in his eyes a light so terrible that even Halz for a moment was startled.  
White heat consumes quickly. The dumb passion soon burned itself out. The rigid pose melted into one of utter weakness.  
"He wouldn't take it—at my hands." The arrogant habit of a lifetime had ceased to protect.  
"Dunmude! Oh, that's a problem in psychology. I think he will. In fact I know it, since I came here with full power of attorney from him. With men like Dunmude the last compromise in the crucial one. As to means, you will find him more tractable, I fancy. My own opinion is, he will be a very useful man for it. He won't be very happy at first, though. I'll be saying good night."  
He took a few steps toward the door, then stopped, hesitating. He turned back. His insolent, overbearing manner fell from him.  
"Senator," he said quietly, "I may have overdone it. Wrenn, Blake, all those fellows aren't worth a quail. Dunmude—"  
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

But Murchell was not listening. He had forgotten Halz. He was watching the second birth of a young man who once had been.  
Not the next day, nor the next, but on the third the travel ended. William Murchell emerged from his brief, mysterious retirement to place himself at the head of his clamorous troops. It has been said that the campaign which followed was the most brilliant of his career.  
CHAPTER XX.  
The Big Life.  
ONE day John Dunmude stood before the people of his state a lonely figure, almost forgotten amid the tumult of discussion that raged over the respective merits of Sherrod and Jenkins. On the next a few heads turned questioning toward him, a few newspapers began darkly to hint that his candidacy might be more formidable than had been supposed. The exigencies of the party case, it seemed, demanded that Jerry Brent be met with a candidate of equal or greater status, and neither Jenkins nor Sherrod was entirely palatable to the people. Other holders of opinion followed suit. Soon a small host of them were shrieking that John Dunmude must be nominated. The times required it, the people demanded it, no one else could beat Jerry Brent. In short, if these members of the press were to be believed, the party was in danger of defeat and had experienced a timely conviction of sin. Within a few days half the newspapers of the state were loudly trumpeting that Dunmude's services to his party must be rewarded; the other half, laboriously denying that service had been rendered and sneeringly pointing to the late particulars in Benton county as evidence of his popular weakness.  
No one suspected a pretender. The people, so insistently told that they demanded the choice of the young reformer, began to believe it. A surprising number suddenly discovered that they "had always been for Dunmude anyway"; they were exceedingly proud of the fact. The thing was contagious. Gradual, but swift as the rising Chicago, it swept over the state, a flood of enthusiasm. Part of it was genuine. Far down in their hearts, beneath the efflorescent crust, the moral sluggishness that had changed, by a germinating circle consciousness, implanted by the very man who had become a hero overnight. The politicians—all but a few—were astounded. Supporters of Jenkins and Sherrod alike were profoundly alarmed.  
Two days before the convention the Hon. G. Washington Jenkins bowed to the storm.  
"I yield," he said, "to a spontaneous demand of the people."  
"Sentiment," declared Murchell solemnly, "has crystallized Dunmude's man." He explained that this decision had been reached by him in view of the evident wish of the people, and he added truthfully that he had not seen nor discussed the approaching convention with John Dunmude. The Murchell men in the organization whooped with delight.  
The day before the convention the delegates began to gather at the capital. In parlor A of the State hotel sat Murchell and in parlor B of the Loch-Invar sat Sherrod, playing against each other for votes. Between them sat the delegates and those who had delegates to sell, like hungry summer flies. But they found—the little fellows at least—no honey pot at Murchell's end; no scandal must mar the nomination of Dunmude. As for the "captains of tens and captains of hundreds," that is another matter, into which we may not intrude.  
In crowded streets and sheltering, smoke clouded lobbies excitement ran high. The Dunmude rallies ground the only quiet spot in the capital, contrasted significantly with the nervous atmosphere of the Sherrod headquarters. Such contentment with the situation could not be feigned: it was infectious; it spread out among the delegates who had pledged themselves to vote for Dunmude and utilized the frantic efforts of Parrott, nominally managing Sherrod's campaign; to start a stampede; it kept the neutrals wavering.  
And over the scene of conflict hovered a formless one, unseen, unheard, unfelt, as spirits always are, waiting but for the crucial moment to swoop down and decide the issue.  
Came a full in the battle, an hour toward morning, when the delegates had retired to allotted cots or halves of beds or, more often, to wood benches over some table of chance, when the reckless lobbies were depopulated and the headquarters of the generals were deserted by all but their respective staffs and the yawning reporters.  
There was a knock on Murchell's door and Greene, leader in Plumville, admitted a messenger, him who once before had lured Murchell from his retreat on an errand. If not of mercy, at least of salvation. Paine went to him and whispered his message. Murchell shook his head.  
"Tell him," he said aloud, "if he wants to see me he'll have to come here."  
Paine whispered a protest.  
"Tell him," Murchell cut him short, "John Heath will meet him here."  
The messenger started, looked hastily around at the others and grinned in sickly fashion. But he departed immediately, leaving the men in the room to wonder what charm lay in the unfamiliar name of John Heath.  
In less than five minutes, rumor outrunning the fact, the hotel was alive. Sherrod had asked for a conference with Murchell.

NICHOLAS YIELDS  
Finally Bows to the Will of the European Powers.  
ENDS A THREATENING CRISIS

Decision to Give Up the City Which Cost the Lives of So Many of His People Reached by the King After a Council With All His Generals—Proposed Compensation.  
King Nicholas of Montenegro decided after a council with his generals to evacuate the fortress of Scutari in response to the demand of the European powers.  
When he took possession of Scutari April 23, after a six months' siege, which cost the lives of thousands of Montenegrins and Turks, King Nicholas declared that he would hold the city until the last drop of Montenegrin blood had been spilled.  
Crisis Was Brought About.  
As the European powers had decided previously that Scutari was to form part of the future autonomous state of Albania, a crisis was brought about and the powers immediately brought strong pressure to bear to force him and his troops to evacuate the place.  
Meanwhile Austria took energetic steps to enforce the powers' decision and concentrated large bodies of troops in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia. The powers in the interim established a blockade of the Montenegrin coast.  
Ruler Stood Firm Until Now.  
All these demonstrations, however, seemed not to affect the determination of the king. Some of the Montenegrin troops were withdrawn from Scutari in order, it was said, to resist possible Austrian advances.  
Then word came that Austria and Italy had entered an agreement to solve the Albanian problem by a military expedition and it was known that the Austrian army was preparing to march forward.  
Compensation for Nicholas.  
It was suggested during the negotiations that the king of Montenegro would receive territorial compensation in another direction if he would give up Scutari and that his majesty was preparing to accept this offer.

JACK JOHNSON ON TRIAL  
Pugilist is Charged with Violation of the Mann Act.  
At Chicago "Jack" Johnson, the negro pugilist, was placed on trial before Federal Judge Carpenter on charges of violating the Mann act against trafficking in women.  
Should Johnson be convicted and be given the maximum penalty on the eight counts in the nine indictments against him he would be sentenced to serve forty-five years in prison and pay fines aggregating \$80,000.  
It is understood that Federal Judge Carpenter will deny admission to the trial to any persons except those actually interested in the case.  
This action, it is said, will be taken to prevent giving the trial undue publicity.  
Lucile Cameron Johnson, the black fighter's latest white wife, was not in court, and it is said she will not appear unless she is called to testify.

THIRTY DAYS FOR GOMPERS  
Court Hands Down Decision in Contempt Case of Labor Men.  
At Washington the contempt of court judgments upon Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell, president, vice president and secretary, respectively, of the American Federation of Labor, were sustained by the court of appeals for the District of Columbia. The court revised the former sentences, giving Gompers thirty days' imprisonment and fining Mitchell and Morrison \$500 each with no jail term.  
The chief justice of the court, dissenting, held that the entire judgment should be reversed. The lower court gave Gompers one year, Mitchell nine months and Morrison six months without option of fine. All were convicted of violating a court injunction in the noted Bucks Store and Range case.

MORRIS GOES TO LISBON  
Chicago Man to Be Named for Minister to Portugal.  
Following are the latest developments in the Illinois patronage situation:  
Millard Fillmore Dunlap will be appointed sub-treasurer at Chicago.  
John L. Pickering will be appointed internal revenue collector at Springfield.  
Ira Nelson Morris will be offered the post of minister to Portugal.  
Henry M. Pindel of Peoria will be offered the post of minister to one of the South American republics.

Girls Get \$40,000.  
The court of appeals in Cleveland, Ohio, has just upheld a decision that Jerome Probat, an attorney of Detroit, must pay \$40,000 to Miss Alma Broderick, former Cleveland and Chicago school teacher, for breach of promise.

Telephone 155-W  
D. McNEILL  
Licensed Sewer and Water contractor, cement sidewalks, etc.  
Res. 213 McDaniels Ave. Highland Park

Paul and Elberta Ber All Italy  
VENCEL MUZIK  
BARBER SHOP  
W. Central Ave. Highland Park

Dr. R. 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 67  
F. A. TUCKER  
Butter, Eggs, and Home Dressed Poultry  
LAKE SHORE CREAMERY  
515 Oakwood Ave. Highland Park  
Telephone 67

TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking in the dark. The merchant may know what he is doing but nobody else does.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
PATENTS  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and describing his duty promptly secured our services free whether ad invention is probably patentable. Consultation with strictly confidential. RACED/2008 on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the  
Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
MUNN & Co., 301 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 65 E. 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

J. Smith  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Iron Rags  
Metal  
Rubber  
Bottles  
Paper, etc.

Automobile Tires, Metals & Rubbers A SPECIALTY  
Drop me a postal card or telephone me and I will call for goods  
North of Deerfield Road  
East of C. & N. W. R. R.  
Box No. 664 Highland Park, Ill.  
Telephone Highland Park 892-Y-3