

WHY YOU SHOULD PLANT

Can't we assist you with suggestions in the planting of your home grounds? Whether you have five dollars to spend or a thousand we are at your service. Never before have we been so busy nor has there been so much interest taken in outdoor work as right now. Maybe you are still holding off for some reason or another, but don't overlook the fact that every little tree, shrub, or Peonia root you plant requires more than a few months to develop into a good specimen. It takes years for some to be at their best.

Why lose valuable time. Get at it, plant. Don't let a fall or spring pass without planting something. Have the children help. The great work done by Mr. Jesse L. Smith, the Principal of our Public School, in the way of getting our boys and girls interested in outdoor life isn't as yet nearly enough appreciated. It's more important than Geometry or Algebra. It's going to make better men and women of them.

No, we don't care where you buy, and if you are among those who have given orders to out of town nurserymen, a ring on Telephone 85 will bring to you one of our men to help you plant or tell you how to arrange the stock for the best results.

There is no one more anxious than we are to make Highland Park the most beautiful suburb on the North Shore, and we are getting there. We predict that in ten years from now it will excel every other town in the way of beautiful home grounds.

Highland Park Greenhouses TELEPHONE EIGHT-FIVE

If you let us plant Shrubs or other hardy stock for you and you don't like them next year, we will exchange it for something you do like, and if we don't please you it is because you haven't given us a chance.

Established 1864 Telephone 126

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More than 45 years experience in draining and holding the Lake Banks along the North Shore

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WHISTLER'S ODD WAYS.

A Portrait That Was Blashed as Soon as It Was Painted.

Lord Redcliffe once gave a description of Whistler's methods to a meeting in London in support of a memorial to the great artist. The eccentric master was relating, he said, a portrait of a lady.

Whistler took up his position at one end of the room with his sifter and the canvas at the other end. For a long time he stood looking at his model, holding in his hand a huge brush full of color, such a brush as a man would use to whitewash a house. Then he rushed forward and smothered the brush full of color into the canvas. Then he ran back, and forty or fifty times he repeated this. At the end of that time there stood out on the canvas a space which exactly indicated the figure, the form and the expression of the sitter.

There was a pathetic story attached to the picture. The ball was in the house when the picture was finished. That was quite a common occurrence, and Whistler only laughed, but he went around his studio with a knife and deliberately destroyed all his own works, including this picture, which was to have been his "Lord Redcliffe."—Dundee Advertiser

Banquets in Elizabeth's Time.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the first course of a banquet is given as wheat on dumplings, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smaltage, kriel of hotch pot. The second consisted of fish, among which are lampreys, poor John, stock fish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaker puddings, blue puddings, hog puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came red, beef, rapons, hamste pie, mince, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, suckets, sillibobs and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for drinks, ale, beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin.

ORATORICAL AND NERVOUS.

An Old Cobbler Who Won a Laugh and Favors From Napoleon.

On Napoleon's arrival at Mars-la-Tours the mayor, a farmer, tried in vain to make the speech he had prepared. Bowing and scraping, he stood fascinated by Bonaparte's scrutinizing black eyes—an unhappy squirrel in the gaze of the rattlesnake.

Close behind the trembling mayor stood an old shoemaker, in figure a true Don Quixote, clad in his working dress. "Why don't you speak, you fool?" he muttered from time to time to his leader. At last his patience

gave way. He pushed the mayor aside, advanced, with his left hand removed his greasy cotton nightcap, with his right lifted the horn spectacles from his nose, made his bow and delivered the oration: "Emperor, you are on your way to thrash the Prussian rogues once more. I hope soon to see you return crowned with glory, and I have nothing more to say, but that Caesar and Alexander were hotches in comparison with you."

The emperor laughed and inquired of the old man whether he had any sons. "Yes, four are in the army—two of these in the guards." Their names were taken down, and the honest shoemaker soon saw them raised to the rank of colonels and found himself provided with a comfortable pension.

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

It Didn't Take the Usual Course of Deals of That Nature.

John Willer of Scarborough township had a good crop of spring wheat one year—almost the only good crop for miles round. He thrashed it out during the winter and cleaned it carefully, but did not sell it. "Seed wheat will be scarce in the spring," he said to his wife. "I'll keep it till then."

One day in April a man who lived several miles farther out in the country drove up to John Willer's barn and said he wanted to buy a load of seed wheat. The farmer did not answer him at once.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Willer," said the would-be purchaser. "I've got the money to pay for it right here."

"Now, that's just what I wanted to know," said John Willer, and his face brightened perceptibly. "I'm glad you told me. Lots of my neighbors need seed this spring and haven't the cash to pay for it. If they can't get seed on credit they can't get it at all, and I want to help them out. But if you've got the money you can get seed wheat anywhere. So just drive on into town. You'll find plenty there."—Youth's Companion.

No Place For Postmen.

The new postman was called before the office superintendent for a reprimand.

"You were seen loitering in the neighborhood of that big fire down the street," the superintendent said. "I only stopped a minute," the man pleaded, "and I was already eight minutes ahead of schedule time."

"It is not a question of time, but safety," the superintendent replied. "The last place on earth a postman can afford to loiter is in the vicinity of a big fire. On the contrary, he ought to make a detour to avoid it."

"By neglecting that simple precaution more than one postman has had his leather bag drenched by a stream from the hose and a lot of ruined letters charged to his conscience if not to his pocketbook."—New York Times.

CARELESS WITH GOLD.

Any Old Thing Serves the Klondikers For Holding Nuggets.

Persons who are accustomed to observe the extreme care with which bankers handle gold would be astonished by the lax methods of the men who risk their lives for the precious metal in sparsely settled regions where it is mined.

In the log cabins in which Klondikers live it has to take its chance along with boots, cooking utensils and provisions, waiting to be transported by the most expeditious route. Any receptacle, if secure, is good enough to hold gold. Old tin can cups and fruit and vegetable cans stand full of nuggets on the shelves, and sacks of gold dust are hung upon the floor.

On one occasion a little pack train of three mules brought to Dawson City \$320,000 worth of gold in equipment and boxes, over which the immediate netting on his own responsibility, fastened a lot of salt cloth, tied a maul falling on a rock or against a branch should accidentally rip open a sack and spill the contents. The whole lot was thrown with other goods into the packer's off-camp and left there until the following morning.

At another time \$30,000 worth was sent down on one horse. The packer in charge did not know who had given it to him and there was no slip of ownership attached. It was identified by the fact that within the larger sack of dust was a small sack of nuggets.

The bags are not sealed, but merely tied with a leather thong or a bit of twine.—Chicago Record-Herald.

RAINMAKING FALLACIES.

Nature's Processes Too Gigantic to Be Imitated by Man.

Warm air is like a sponge. It will suck up a lot of moisture and carry it without spilling any. But if warm air, well loaded with moisture, is suddenly cooled the sponge is squeezed and the moisture falls out as rain.

Many years ago some hopeful gentlemen went to one of our arid regions and exploded a lot of dynamite on the theory that the concussion would tilt the strata of warm air near the earth with the cooler strata above and so cause the necessary precipitation of moisture. These happened to be light showers about the time of the experiments, which encouraged the experimenters, but didn't convince anybody else.

The fact is that nature's rainmaking machine is too gigantic to be affected by the puny efforts of humans—at least by any methods so far discovered.

Nature pumps the moisture laden air up into the cold regions of the upper atmosphere with a wheel a thousand miles in diameter. When this tremendous wheel of air is revolving normally it hoists millions of tons of wa-

ter vapor to an elevation where it can no longer be carried in solution and so falls in rain.

When the wheel is off adjustment it is as futile to bombard the sky with dynamite as it would be to fire popgun rockets at the side of the latest thread-needle.—Kansas City Star.

Red Water.

Atropos of the "red water" seen in and about salt lakes Mr. F. Whitterson writes that in all the samples examined by him at Geelong, Victoria, Australia the color was wholly due to a curious little organism, either oval or round, and equipped with two small flagella or lashlike extensions. When examined under a microscope the bodies of these minute species of living matter are seen to be intensely pigmented with a red coloring matter. When the brine becomes saturated the oval form changes to a circular shape. When such a brine begins to crystallize the resulting salt has a reddish tinge, and Mr. Whitterson suggests that each organism may be the nucleus about which a crystal forms.—New York Post.

How It Impressed Her.

A young woman from the interior saw the Atlantic for the first time recently at Cape May. As she stood on the windy beach, gazing dreamily out over the vast blue expanse of tumbling water, her escort said to her: "So this is the first time you've ever seen the sea, eh?"

"Yes, the very first time," she answered.

"And what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Ah," she said, with an ecstatic smile, "it smells just like oysters!"—Exchange.

Important Question.

"George dear," began a belle while on the way to the station for the honeymoon. "I want you to answer me just one question, and then I shall feel sure of you."

"What is it, darling?"

"If you know that I loved you as much as you love me, would you love me as much as I love you?"—London Answer.

Wrong End First.

"Willie," said the infant's mother, agitated by the sudden appearance of a rich relative. "Willie, dear, kiss your Uncle John and then go and wash your face at once."—London Telegraph.

Shut Your Mouth.

"One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. "If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it."—Exchange.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

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