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**HIS
EDUCATION**

It Was In Two Lines,
Both Valuable

By JOHN TURNLEE

Tom Ainsworth was for many years a prospector in western gold fields. He missed several chances to make a fortune on account of not being able to analyze the dirt he took out of his holes. He was not even ordinarily educated. On one occasion he took a specimen of ore to a chemist for an assay and was told that there was no gold in it. A few days later a man came along and offered Ainsworth \$100 for his claim. Tom's wife was ill at the time, and his boy, Charley, was without a decent suit of clothes. The offer was accepted and a deed to the property passed. It turned out that the chemist had found some gold in the specimen he had assayed and had bought the property through another. The mine turned out to be a bonanza.

This is a specimen of the way Tom Ainsworth got swindled. Nevertheless most of the time he kept his son at school, and when the boy came to be seventeen years old his father determined to send him to college. Charley had not shown much proficiency in his studies, but had manifested a fancy for science. He was fond of hunting and climbing and all out of door sports, besides constantly wondering why some rocks lay flat and others stood up on end. His father thought he saw in this the material for making a mining engineer, and with a son to advise him on his digging operations he might yet strike and hold on to a bonanza.

So Charley went away to college. His father feared that his taste for out of door sports would overtop his desire to learn and during his son's college course kept himself informed as to what Charley was doing. The first news of an honor conferred on his boy was disappointing. Instead of being given for an essay on some chemical subject, it was an appointment as pitcher of the university baseball team.

Charley spent most of his time for two years in college attending to athletics and neglecting his studies. Then, being two years older than when he entered, he grew ashamed of himself. He was a practical chap at bottom and began to look at the subject practically.

His main object was to set himself right with his father. What was the surest way? He decided to leave the academic department of the university and enter a school of mines. To mining engineering he devoted himself exclusively as he had to athletics and after taking his degree returned to his home, ready for an application of what he had learned.

"I forgive you, Charley," said his father, "for the time wasted in pitching balls, consider what you done in learnin' about mines."

"You can't tell, father," replied Charley, "what's going to be most useful to a fellow in this world. During those two years I was practicing those curves I was laying the foundation for good health, though I'll admit that it was the scientific reasons for the curves that interested me more than the physical exercise."

"Reckon that was it, Charley. You was always wonderin' why things was so."

Charley Ainsworth began to practice his profession about the time that gold was discovered in a new region, and nothing would do but that the family must pick up bag and baggage and seek its fortune in the latest opened territory. Mrs. Ainsworth, who had been with her husband through several experiences in nearby discovered gold fields and knew that the people in them were like a large pack of dogs fighting for a very few bones, was loath to go, but the men of the family overruled her.

Charley, whose muscles seemed to crave exertion, resolved to suspend professional work for others and give himself solely to repaying his father for the education he had given him. So the two went to work with pick and shovel, and Tom Ainsworth believed about the importance of his own assaying was true. Charley could form opinions from the character of the rocks and the soil, the way they lay together and their tilt, which were very valuable. Besides, he could assay any specimens they suspected of being valuable and get the result at once without going to an assayer, who might deceive them. So the old man was happy, even if they did not discover a mine.

Whether from Charley's knowledge of minerals or from sheer luck, a very valuable piece of property was struck by the two men. Charley one day assayed some ore from a new opening, and it turned out very handsomely. Moreover, the vein from which it was taken opened instead of closed as they dug down. They kept their secret; but, as ill luck would have it, the parties digging on the next claim struck a continuation of the same vein, but at its end. Following it toward the Ainsworth property, they found that it opened in that direction, showing that, though their own property was of little value, that of their neighbors was liable to be a bonanza.

These neighbors were three toughs, named Harding, Murphy and Gunn. They resolved to drive off Tom and

Charley Ainsworth, hoping to do so before they should discover the value of their property, for if they knew of the vein they possessed they might fortify themselves; if they did not know it they might be easily frightened into abandoning it. If the three men could not scare the owners they might kill them in a free fight, which would be lawful in that lawless country, though murder was apt to be punished by a vigilance committee.

Meanwhile Tom and his son were working away with a view to finding out as much as possible about the nature of their mine, its paying qualities and its extent, after which Charley was to go back to the east and get capital for its development. The family lived on the property in a hut it had built.

One evening one of the neighbors, Harding, came to the hut with a dirty piece of paper on which something had been written and handed it to Tom Ainsworth.

"What's this?" asked the latter.
"It's a deed to this property you're on."

"If that's what it is I decline to read it."
Harding folded the paper and put it in his pocket, saying:
"This yere property belongs to me and my pals, and yer wants to understand that we hain't got no use for claim jumpers. We'll give you till tomorrow mornin' at 9 o'clock to git out."

He turned on his heel and went away. Ainsworth knew that the paper he had offered, was merely a pretext for an attempt to drive them off the claim. Charley was not at home at the time, but when he came in his father informed him of Harding's visit and what it meant. The two sat down together for a conference. If they had known exactly how their enemies were intending to proceed they would have been able to make preparations intelligently, but being without this information they did nothing.

Tom Ainsworth had spent most of his life where shooting was in vogue without being himself armed, because he was opposed to both arming and shooting, the former leading to the latter. As for Charley, he said he knew nothing about handling a revolver, and any one who did would have such an advantage of him that it would be better for him not to enter any shooting match. Mrs. Ainsworth dreaded bloodshed and was in favor, if their neighbors demanded the property, of giving it up and recovering it by law. This plan did not suit the father or the son, who proposed to hold on to what belonged to them.

The morning brought an end to any suspense they felt. A few minutes after 9 o'clock their neighbors showed signs of an offensive movement. They came out of their cabin and stood talking together, casting occasional glances at the Ainsworth home. They were about 200 yards distant, the intervening ground being covered at intervals by protruding rocks, earth thrown up from digging and an occasional tree. Charley Ainsworth insisted on his mother keeping in the cabin, behind the log walls of which she would be safe from bullets if any were fired. Charley also persuaded his father to remain inside till he was called out, the young man thinking it better that he alone should receive their enemies and determine whether there was to be fighting. These matters being arranged, Charley went outside and, picking up a few round stones off the ground, each about the size of a goose's egg, put them in his pocket.

Charley did not wait long before learning that there was to be fighting. The toughs, thinking to frighten their neighbors, started for the Ainsworth cabin, each flourishing a revolver. Harding leading the way ten paces ahead of the other two. Charley took one of the stones from his pocket and, taking aim, threw it at Harding, knocking him in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him and doubling him up.

The other two men didn't seem to know just what to do. Presently they both advanced, picked him up and carried him back to the cabin. Charley could see him between his gasps for breath, evidently urging them to go for their enemy and shoot him down. Murphy, cocking his revolver, started on that errand, moving forward to get within range, keeping a tree in line between him and his enemy. The ex-pitcher threw an "out-shoot." The stone went circling around the tree and took Murphy on the temple.

Murphy dropped and lay perfectly still.
It was now Gunn's turn to take up the fight, and, profiting by the experience of his pals, he ran forward, to a breastwork of earth that had been thrown out of a mine and with his eyes above it was taking aim with his revolver at his opponent when his eyesight was seriously interfered with from the dirt knocked up by a stone that grazed the top of the barrier. He ducked, while Charley kept sending stones, one of which, a drop, took him in the top of the head and, though it did not crack his skull, knocked the life temporarily out of him.

This finished the fight. Harding could by this time stand on his feet, but was shaky. Murphy was still insensible. He died a few days later. Gunn had had a bruise on the skull that had taken all the ambition out of him. Charley called his father and sent him off to the nearest mining camp for assistance. Tom returned with some friends a couple of hours later, but meanwhile no further demonstration had been made by the enemy.

Nor were the Ainsworths ever again interfered with. They are now rich mine owners. Tom says that Charley's education in mining engineering was mighty valuable, but it wasn't nothing alongside of the way he learned to pitch stones around corners.

LIQUOR ISSUE UP

Leaders in Congress Deeply
Impressed by Rum Foes.

PROHIBITION IS SPREADING

Member of Both Houses Believe That
Time is Approaching for Constitutional
Amendment to Be Submitted
—Two Important Developments Are
Seen in Recent Legislation.

WASHINGTON.—The spread of the prohibition sentiment in the United States in the last year has made a deep impression on leaders in congress. The events of that period when viewed in the light of the ambitious program that the temperance advocates have seen for themselves in the immediate future are causing a lot of serious thinking and some anxiety on the part of members of congress who look beyond their noses.

Looms as National Issue.
In fact many of the leaders in the national legislature believe they already see the prohibition question looming as a national issue. They fear the time is nearing when a constitutional amendment providing for national prohibition will be submitted by congress to a referendum of the states. Such an amendment is now pending in both the house and the senate and the promotion of it through congress is the accomplishment toward which all the anti-liquor forces are looking most hopefully.

It has long been a matter of comment in Washington that the only way in which temperance legislation can be prevented in congress is by holding the bills in committee and keeping them from the floor of the house or senate. When the average congressman has to face with the liquor question and a delegation of W. C. T. U.'s he may drink like a fish himself but he will promptly record his vote in favor of the "drys."

That at least was the history of the two most important developments of the last year in congress. The passage of the Jones-Works excise law for the District of Columbia and the enactment of the Webb-Kenyon law to prohibit the shipment of liquor into prohibition territory for sale were regarded by the temperance crusaders as red letter events on their last year's calendar.

Congress Impressed.
The ease with which the passage of these laws has been obtained has left its impression on congress too. Few members dared to oppose them in the open and both went through by overwhelming votes. The Webb-Kenyon measure over the veto of President Taft.

**POLITICIAN DRAWS A
REVOLVER ON EDITOR**

Owner of Denver Post Charges
Assault to Kill.

DENVER, COL.—A state warrant charging Thomas J. O'Donnell, prominent Democratic politician of Colorado, with assault upon F. G. Bonfils with intent to kill, was issued from the sheriff's office upon the complaint of Mr. Bonfils, who is one of the owners of the Denver Post.

The alleged assault occurred at the county courthouse, where both men were to attend the Bonfils injunction suit against the Denver Union Water company, in which Mr. Bonfils had petitioned that the company be enjoined from using money for political purposes. Mr. O'Donnell is vice president of a voters' organization which is fighting the position of Mr. Bonfils. O'Donnell declared he drew a revolver in self-defense and that he had been warned that Bonfils "went armed."

AIRSHIPS IN CRASH

German Aviator Killed and Two Other
Persons Injured.

JOHANNISTHAL, GERMANY.—A collision in mid-air between a biplane and a monoplane over the aerodrome here caused the death of one German aviator and serious injuries to two others. Gerhard Sedlmayer, an experienced aviator, was flying his biplane and carrying as his passenger Lieutenant Leonhardt of the German army. They were circling the aerodrome at a height of about 100 feet when their machine was struck by a monoplane in which Degnar, a pupil at the flying school, was making his first independent flight.

Both machines fell, and when the men were extricated from the wreckage it was found that Degnar was dead and the other two gravely hurt.

Many Fires in Chicago.

CHICAGO.—The firemen responded to 105 fire alarms in Chicago in the twenty-six hours ending at midnight and during the coldest weather for two years. In fighting flames wherever the fire had gained any headway the firemen became encased in each instance in solid suits of ice mail, which numbed their bodies, made work difficult and in several instances froze ears and noses and inflicted frostbites on hands and feet.

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HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

When Disaster Came All Were Kin and
Equality Reigned.

Friends who went through the horrors of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 and kept their spiritual senses alert tell us that its most poignant experience was not one of horror or of pity, but of the almost miraculous attainment of human brotherhood.

"Just after the disaster, when rich and poor waited in line together for their allowance of bread and milk, I saw," says a friend, "a rich woman from the St. Francis hotel lying asleep on a doorstep with her head on a man's, and under one corner of it a young Japanese boy, a perfect stranger to her, was curled up asleep."

"Everybody was everybody's friend, and though we were all dog tired, there was not a word of complaint or ill nature. To bivouac together in the park and care for each other's babies around fires of driftwood gathered on the bench transformed men and women into defenseless children of the earth, revealed each to each by their innate loveliness."

"Common danger and mutual helpfulness, common misfortune, common work, common confrontation with the elemental, brought a swift achievement of almost ideal brotherhood. A crushing blow made all the world for a time kin."—Atlantic Monthly.

TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH.

So Easy Nowadays That It Positively
Peaved the Old Timer.

"I'm in an organization where the members are expected to furnish the secretary with photographs of themselves."

"Yes?"
"Well, I hadn't been to a photographer's for twenty years. I hated to go. I remembered the old head clamp, and the twisted spine, and the awkward hands, and the depressed chin, and the silly smile. It seemed to me worse than the dentist's. But I had to go. I walked into the photographer's big room like a Christian martyr, and the operator pointed out a chair, and I sat down, and he said, 'That's all.' I asked him to repeat it. He did. Then I got out of the chair and went back to my office."

"Well?"
"Well, I don't feel right about it. It didn't seem to me worth while. I don't think the photographer treated me right. It looked to me as if he had a disagreeable job on his hands and wanted to shirk it. He should have fussed over me more. What do I know about posing? Besides, there wasn't time. 'That's all,' he said, and flipped me out of the chair. They didn't snub me that way twenty years ago, no sir!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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