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Time of Services and Meetings in the Various Churches

Trinity Episcopal Church Rev. P. C. Wolcott, D. D. Rector. Holy Communion, Sunday 7:30 a. m. Morning Prayer and Litany 11:00 a. m. Holy Communion, first Sunday in the month and Festivals at 11:00 a. m. Evening prayer 8:00 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m.

St. Mary's Church Laurel avenue and McGovern street. Rev. J. D. O'Neill, pastor. Sunday services First Mass, 8:30 a. m. Sunday School 11:45 Second Mass, 8:00 a. m. High Mass 10:00 a. m.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Highwood, Rev. C. E. Lundgren, pastor. Sunday services, preaching at 3:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2:00 p. m. Wednesday prayer meeting 8:00 p. m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist Hazel avenue near St. John's avenue. Regular service every Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Sunday school immediately after the Sunday morning service. Regular Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 8:00 o'clock.

The Reading Room, 119 East Central Avenue, is open daily, except Sunday, from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. All authorized Christian Science literature is on file for reference, and may be purchased if desired.

St. Johns Evangelical Church Corner of Green Bay Road and Home-wood Ave. Reverend F. Holke, pastor. Sunday morning worship, German, at 10:30. Sunday school, German and English departments, at 9:30. Every first and third Sundays in every month there will be English services in the evening at 7:30. Call 761-J.

Ebenezer Evangelical Church Second Street near Laurel Avenue. Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. morning worship, 11:00 a. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:45 and evening service, 7:30 p. m. German prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.; Bible study Friday, 7:30 p. m. We cordially invite your attendance. S. E. SCHRAEDER, pastor.

Believers Meeting Library Hall, Highland Park. Every Sunday 7:45 p. m. Gospel address. Every Thursday 8:00 p. m. Bible study. You are cordially invited.

Evangelical Lutheran Church Central Avenue, W. F. Suhr, pastor. Sunday service, German preaching at 10:30 a. m.; English preaching at 8 p. m. 1st and 3rd Sundays; Sunday School, 9:15; German Saturday school, 9:00 to 12:00; Bible school in German for young people Tuesdays at 8 p. m. and in English Wednesdays at 8 p. m.

First United Evangelical Church Corner of Laurel Avenue and Green Bay Road, J. Foster Van Evert, pastor. Sabbath morning worship, 10:45; evening service, 7:45. The Sunday school, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Noerenberg, convenes at 9:30 o'clock with Miss Waleria Ritter, a trained worker in charge of the primary department. The Key Stone League of Christian Endeavor, East Fritch, president, meets each Sunday eve at 8:45 o'clock in the church parlors. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to all services.

Swedish Lutheran Church There will be Swedish Lutheran Church services every Friday evening at eight o'clock in the Library Hall on Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Carl E. Lundgren, of Waukegan, Illinois, pastor.

North Shore M. E. Church Hazel and Greenleaf Avenues, Glencoe. Horace G. Smith, Pastor. Sunday School at 10:15 a. m. Worship 11:15 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Baptist Church East Laurel Avenue. Herbert Francis Evans, minister. Sunday services: Morning worship, 11 a. m.; evening worship, 7:45. Graded Sunday School meets at ten o'clock. The mid-week prayer and conference meeting is held in the church parlor Wednesday evenings at 7:45 o'clock. The Ladies' Guild holds its regular meetings on the first and third Thursdays of each month. Everyone is cordially invited to all the services of this church.

North Avenue First M. E. Church First M. E. Church, Rev. V. A. Spicker, Pastor. Sunday School, 10:00; Preaching, 11:00, and 7:45 p. m.; Junior League, 2:30; Epworth League, 6:45; Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8:00; Teacher Training, Thursday, 7:30.

Highland Park Presbyterian Church Corner of Laurel and Linden Avenues. Pastor, Rev. R. Calvin Doboan. Sunday morning worship, with sermon, 10:30 o'clock; 4:30 Vesper Musical Service, first Sunday afternoon of each month. Bible school, with graded lessons for all departments and ages, Sunday from 12 noon to 1 p. m. Young People's meeting, Sunday evening at 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer Service, Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to all of these services.

The ladies of the Dorcas Society hold all-day meetings in the parlors of the church the first and third Mondays of the month and the Woman's Missionary Union meets the second Monday afternoon of each month at 3:00 o'clock, to which all ladies are cordially invited.

Highwood Catholic Church Daily Mass, 8:00 a. m.; Sunday, Low Mass, 10:00 a. m.; Mass and Benediction of Blessed Sacrament, 9:00 a. m.; Sunday School, 11 o'clock. Rev. Father S. J. Gates, pastor.

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Flanagan's Boy

Story of St. Patrick's Day

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Larry will never be coming home," sighed Dennis Flanagan as he looked out into the March twilight. "It's five years since he went away to seek his fortune, Molly, and do you never wonder what he's found?"

Molly Delaney looked at her uncle through unshed tears.

"I am always wondering that, Uncle Dennis," she answered.

"Light the lamp, Molly, and read his latest letter," requested Dennis.

When the lamp was lighted it disclosed a comfortable sitting room, clean and cozy and warm. It showed Dennis in his big rocking chair, his helpless rheumatic feet propped on a stool. Lovely Molly Delaney, with her misty black hair and her Irish blue eyes, sat down at the table and opened the worn envelope that contained Larry Flanagan's letter and read:

Dear Father—Although it's five years since I left you with high hopes in my heart that my returning would be soon, I fear that I must wait a little longer before seeing your dear face again and feeling the hearty clasp of your hand. Gold is an alluring jade. She has led me a pretty chase in this bleak, cold country, and now she is only just in sight. Please God, when next I write it will be to tell you that I have struck it rich, that I am coming home to buy a grand house for you and Molly, and we will all be happy together. Remember that I promised Molly that when I came home I'd bring her a bunch of emerald shamrocks, the real jewels and now they are just within my reach. A boy from Hazelville is due here tomorrow, and with his coming I expect to hear direct news from you both. With love from your dutiful son, LARRY.

Molly lifted her eyes and looked across the table at Dennis Flanagan.

"Uncle Dennis, I'm afraid that Larry will never come home," she whispered.

The old man lifted a treasured hand.

"Hush, child; I've a feeling that Larry will come back to us. I had a dream last night. I thought there came a knocking at the door and I opened it to see our Larry. Instead of wearing fine clothes and a silk hat, poor Larry was in rags. And instead of planning a bunch of emerald shamrocks on your bosom, where they'd be out of place on that flimsy cotton gown, my dear, our poor Larry carried a little pot of the living green plant from old Ireland. And then I woke up."

Molly was sobbing softly.

"I don't care how poor he is, Uncle Dennis, if he will only come home to us."

"No more do I, childie," whimpered Dennis.

"Don't sorrow, Uncle Dennis," comforted the girl, slipping to her knees beside him. "Larry will soon come home. If this last quest for gold should prove useless, I can see him turning about and coming back to us. Between the lines of his letter I could read that he was hungering for the ones he had left behind."

"God bless you, daughter," smiled Dennis more cheerfully.

The Alaska twilight had fallen swiftly like a dull gray blanket tossed over the frozen world; then a ghostly moon appeared over the eastern mountains and revealed bleak expanses of glistening snow and the dark masses of pine trees.

Under the shoulder of the hill crouched a little cabin, and before the blazing fire on its hearth two young men were sitting. The boy from Hazelville had arrived, and Larry Flanagan was listening to his story of home and the home folks.

"And my old father helpless with the rheumatism?" repeated Larry indignantly. "Why, Mike Dolan, the old scout never wrote a word of it to me! But, thank heaven, the railroad stocks will keep him comfortable, but"

Mike Dolan looked at the big framed man, whose brown hair was graying on the temples and whose handsome face had taken on new lines of doggedness during the last five years. Was it possible that Larry did not know that the little western railroad had blown up and that old Dennis Flanagan's stock was worthless?

"Larry," he interrupted soberly, "didn't you know that the railroad busted and your father lost every penny?"

"You lie!" cried Larry savagely, for he was struck to the heart by the news. Mike Dolan smiled pityingly.

"It's all true, Larry, and what's more true is that your little cousin Molly is a wonderful girl. When the bad news came the lass opened a millinery shop, and with her clever fingers she certainly has made money hand over fist. She's taken good care of your father, and"

"Whisht, man," cried Larry in an agonized tone. "I cannot bear to hear any more! Look at me, Mike Dolan! Laugh at me! I came away to make my fortune. I said when I returned I would bring Molly a bunch of shamrock made from emeralds, with diamond dewdrops on 'em, and look at this! He swept his arm in a gesture that included the four corners of the rough cabin. "Me, still striving to make good that promise, and Molly—sweet little Molly Delaney—not bothering her dear head about emeralds or diamonds, but doing her duty day by day! Laugh at me, Mike Dolan, for I am a blind fool!"

But Mike Dolan did not laugh.

On the 17th of March Dennis Flanagan and his niece sat down to supper.

As the evening dinner had finished for the postman's ring at the door, but in vain. There came a newspaper from his old home in County Antrim, Ireland, but beyond that there was nothing. Always before they had received some word from Larry in his faraway home, and, though the delay might be attributed to the mails and the heavy snowstorms reported in the northwest, Dennis was heavy hearted.

"May the blessed saint whose duty it is protect him wherever he is!" sighed Dennis as he took a cup of tea from Molly's hand.

"I'm sure we will hear from Larry in the morning," cried Molly hopefully.

"Look, Uncle Dennis, at the sweet pot of shamrock I brought home."

Dennis looked at her keenly.

"Molly, lass, and do you not pine for the real emeralds, the jewels that Larry promised?" he asked.

Molly laughed scornfully. Her cheeks flushed rosy, and her blue eyes shone with love for the absent lover-cousin.

"Uncle Dennis, you make me ashamed! Don't you believe I'd rather see a lad who has two green eyes—eyes the color of that bunch of shamrock—than all the jewels in the world? Those emerald eyes of Larry Flanagan are the only jewels I would wear against my heart!" She hung her head in sudden sweet shame.

Dennis' wrinkled hand was stretched across the table toward her.

"Then, Molly, lass," he whispered, "maybe it'll come all right, for again I dreamed the dream of Larry coming home, poor and needy instead of rich and"

"Who wanted him rich, Uncle Dennis?" cried the girl hotly. "We were satisfied, you and I. We pleaded with him not to go away and leave us, but there; perhaps it was for the best, but there is an acie behind it all!"

"What is that?" Dennis lifted his head.

"The music of the band. The knights o' green are parading. Shall we go down to the corner of the street and watch them, Uncle Dennis?"

"Yes, 'Twasn't so many years ago that I marched with 'em meself on St. Patrick's day, and Larry—I hoped by this time he would be back among them, brave in a green and gold uniform. Help me on with my overcoat, dearie."

So the old man, leaning on the arm of the slender, upright girl, went down to the corner and with swelling heart watched the passing of the gallant knights who marched in honor of the good St. Patrick.

As the tail of the procession passed out of sight Dennis Flanagan and his niece turned toward home.

Molly knew that the old man's heart was far away in Alaska with the beloved son, who was vainly seeking the will o' the wisp, gold.

Tonight gold and the luxuries it brings seemed a thuy thing to the girl with the aching heart.

Again they were seated about the glowing little stove in the sitting room when there came a soft knocking at the door to the porch.

Molly crossed the room and opened the door only to fall back against the lintel white lipped and staring.

"Uncle Dennis, Uncle Dennis, I'm seeing visions!" she sobbed, pointing to the snow covered porch.

Dennis hobbled to her side and saw the form of a man huddled on the door mat.

"Poor soul!" he muttered, turning the face toward the light, and then he fell back, with a startled cry.

"Heavens, Molly, it's our own Larry! 'Tis my dream come true!" he moaned.

Molly recovered her courage when she realized that she was actually needed to ally suffering. She rubbed the cold face with snow and poured a strong stimulant through the white lips. After awhile Larry opened his eyes, smiled, shook himself and slowly staggered to his feet.

When he was safely inside, supported on either side by father and sweet-heart, he looked down at them from tender green eyes that were rarely beautiful.

Dennis and Molly looked at him hungrily.

Larry, who had gone forth so gallantly to seek his fortune, who had promised to bring back emerald shamrocks to deck his sweetheart's breast—Larry was shabby and, obviously poor and undeniably hungry, for he was thin and pale and worn.

But he was Larry, come home to them once more!

Clasped in his father's trembling arms, Larry soothed the old man's excitement, while Molly hurried to and fro making a pot of strong coffee and broiling a piece of beefsteak.

When she had set the table with the meal Larry's eyes beckoned her across the room, and she came and stood before him.

"Molly, darline," said Larry in a low tone, "my fine promises are for nothing. I come home poorer than when I went away, and the emeralds I was to bring home, lassie"—his voice shook—"are missing. I find you have been as a daughter to my father. My heart is broken with the shame of it all, and"

Molly's soft hand closed his lips.

"Be still," she smiled at him, while Dennis chuckled in his corner. "Be still, Larry. You have brought home jewels to me worth more than emeralds. Your true eyes of emerald green are my jewels, and your love and constancy shall always grow green in my heart, and the little bit of living green yonder"—she pointed to the shamrock on the table—"is more to me than lifeless gems or cold gold."

While Larry held her close to him Dennis nodded his head at his son.

"'Tis true, lad. A good woman is above rubies, but our little Molly is far above rubies and gold and emeralds."

THOMSON SUPPORTS WILSON ON TOLLS

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. In their work on the latter treaty these men must have had very clearly in mind the construction of this language which had been determined so recently in a controversy arising between these very two Powers.

If the language used in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was, on the contrary, to have comprehended the exception of our coastwise trade, would it not have so stated in plain words? In such cases that rule has been followed. For instance: The treaty of the United States with Nicaragua concluded December 1, 1884, known as the Frelinghuysen-Zalaya Treaty, contained the provision "equal tolls for the vessels of all nations excepting the vessels of the contracting parties engaged in the coastwise trade."

Wherever it has been desired to exclude coastwise trade from the general language of a treaty as to commerce and navigation, express words to such effect has been inserted. An examination of the treaties of the United States referring to this subject will disclose the fact that the language used is nearly always general and these general terms have been invariably construed to include coastwise commerce within their meaning.

To now attempt to do violence to these precedents and force an opposite meaning into the language of this treaty, it being thought to be to our material interest to do so, seems to me to be such an impossible course of action as not to be thought of for a moment.

I believe for this reason alone, the clause excepting our coastwise shipping from tolls should be repealed. But other reasons lead to the same conclusion. It is impossible to enlarge upon them here so I shall merely mention them.

As a matter of fact, it is not to our best interest, materially speaking, to exempt our coastwise shipping from these tolls.

Exemption of our coastwise shipping from tolls would aid nobody but the best protected monopoly which exists in our country today.

It would seriously injure our foreign trade. Other nations would resent our action and would retaliate against our commerce.

It would excite reprisals against our commerce in the use of other international waters under control of some other nation.

It could in no way result in the building up of the American Merchant Marine as is urged by some.

The annual expense in caring for and operating the canal will be enormous. Under existing laws American vessels have a monopoly of the coastwise trade. There is no reason why their should not contribute to their expense and every reason why they should.

The principal result of free tolls for American vessels engaged in coastwise trade, would be to help the great mercantile interests of the coasts in competing with their trade rivals in the interior.

Instead of resulting in lowering existing freight rates it would actually result in raising them. It might cause a lowering of the coast-to-coast rates, but that very fact would result in the raising of rates between intermediate points.

I sometimes am called upon to cast my vote in a matter which seems to me to present a close question. But the more I have considered this subject, the more clear it has seemed to be our duty to promptly repeal this clause that never should have been put into the Act regulating the use of the Canal.

New Books at the Public Library The following list of books have been entered at the library during the month of March:

COLLECTED POEMS A. Noyes
Memoirs of Li Hung Chang W. F. Man-nix, ed.
Woman Citizen's Library—Larger Citizen-ship. S. Mathews
Text Book of Graphic Statics. C. W. Malcolm

FICTION
Poison Belt. A. C. Doyle
Lost World. A. E. W. Mason
Witness for the Defence. A. E. W. Mason.
It Happened in Egypt. C. N. and A. M. Williamson
Bendish. M. Hewlett
Lost Road. R. H. Davis
Coming of Cassidy. C. E. Mulford
Tinder Box. M. T. Davies
Iron Trail. R. Beach
On with Torchy. S. Ford
William and Bill. G. M. Cooke and O. W. Morrison

After House. M. R. Rinehart
Dark Hollow. A. K. Green
Terms of Surrender. L. Tracy
Sunshine Jane. A. Warner
The Treasure. K. Norris
Partners. M. Deland
The Forester's Daughter. H. Garland

JUVENILE
Miss Billy—Married. E. H. Porter
Around the End. R. F. Barbour
Beatrice of Denewood. E. B. and A. A. Knipe
Her Daughter Jean. A. E. Taggart
Four Couriers in Egypt. A. E. Blanchard
Steam-Shovel Man. R. D. Paine
Half-Miler. A. C. Dudley

JUVENILE CLASSIC
Harper's Wireless Book. A. H. Verrill
Book of Indian Braves. K. D. Sweetser

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QUEST OF EL DORADO. That Elusive Land of Gold and Jewels in South America. Gulana is bounded on the north by the great river Orinoco and on the south by the still greater river Amazon. These two grand rivers are connected with one another, the Ctaiquire, a branch from the Orinoco, falling into the Rio Negro, a tributary of the Amazon. Within Gulana itself are many rivers of very considerable size. The kingdom of El Dorado was reputed to exist somewhere between the Rio Branco and the Essequibo, called by the Indians the Brother of the Orinoco. Manoa, the capital, was said to be somewhere between the Rio Branco and the Rupununi, a tributary of the Essequibo. From the thirteenth of the sixteenth century some eighteen expeditions had been sent by the Spaniards to Gulana in search of the golden kingdom. Diego de Ordaz, one of the captains of Cortes at the conquest of Mexico, led the first attempt in 1531. After him followed many a brave cavalier but all was in vain, and disasters as well as failure attended nearly all the expeditions.

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THAW LAWYER IS DISBARRED Clifford W. Hartridge Said to Have Spent \$39,000 Hiding Witnesses. NEW YORK. — Clifford W. Hartridge, counsel for Harry K. Thaw at his first trial for the killing of Stanford White, was disbarred from the practice of law by the appellate division of the supreme court. The court found that Hartridge had spent \$39,000 to induce woman witnesses who might have testified against Thaw to leave the city. GRISWOLD, OPERA STAR, DEAD Basso Succumbs in New York After an Operation for Appendicitis. NEW YORK. — Putman Griswold, American basso and member of the Metropolitan Opera company, died in a private sanitarium here. He was operated on for appendicitis Feb. 10. Complications developed. Mr. Griswold was born in Minnesota in 1876.

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