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STUDY IN COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

Design 1020, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



INTERIOR VIEW—DINING ROOM.

The interior view with this design shows a dining room of unusual attraction. The china closets and buffet extend across one entire side of the room, giving plenty of space for the display of china and cut glass. Cost to build, \$5,200.

Upon receipt of \$1 the publisher of this paper will furnish a copy of Saxton's new 1914 book of plans, "American Dwellings." It contains 310 designs costing from \$1,000 to \$8,000; also a book of interiors, \$1.50 per copy.

ILLNESS CHEAP IN PRAGUE

Comparatively Few Doctors There, Yet the Fees Are Small.

According to a consular report, on may at least be ill in Austria and no dread the exorbitant doctor's bill the follows.

The city of Prague, with a population of about 600,000, has only about 800 physicians, or one for every 750 persons. A doctor charges for a day time call in a middle class family only 60 cents, or 10 cents more than if the patient calls on him in his office. For a night call the doctor receives from \$1.20 to \$2, according to the distance. Only professors at the clinics of the two local universities charge more, receiving \$2 to \$4 for a house call and \$2 for an office visit. As in this country, the physicians give only prescriptions.

About 100 dentists practice in Prague. The average charges are: Drawing, 40 cents; 40 cents; cement filling, 60 cents; \$1; amalgam filling, 80 cents to \$2. The annual income of these professional men is estimated as follows: Head professor in charge of clinics, salary paid by the government, \$1,440 to \$1,800, and \$5,000 to \$11,000 from private practice; other professors at clinics, salary paid by the government, \$1,000, and from private practice, \$4,000 to \$10,000; general medical practitioner not attached to any clinic, \$3,000 to \$5,500, the average income of a dentist being \$5,000.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

Why Put it Off Till Tomorrow When It May Be Done Today?

Why should we postpone our loving and the better happy that goes with it? The wife we are going to show more affection for as soon as we have made a little more of a pile. The husband we are going to be more companionable and sunny with as soon as we get a little more service in the house. The children whose lives we will enter into more fully as soon as we feel the pressure of circumstances a little less. The people we are going to show how we really are, as soon as we have time—none of these ways of loving depends on the things we are waiting for.

Indeed, our opportunity comes more now than it will come when we have these things. The very pressure of our days bring us in contact with many people who most need a show of kindness and who will most warmly respond to it. The wife most needs and will most value love in her days when she is most being a helpmeet. The husband most needs and most prizes love in his years of struggle.

What are we waiting for? The kingdom of heaven is within and will not come of circumstances.—Nautina.

Bjornson's Advice.

There is a story told of Bjornstjerne Bjornson that, arriving at a late hour at the town of Bergen, which was en route to receive him, he vouchsafed to the expectant people no finer words of wisdom than a general recommendation to go to bed.

In vain they appealed to him for "song or sentiment." The great Bjornson, said he, gave the same advice under conditions all similar, and what was good enough for Berlin must suffice for Bergen.

Three years later, on visiting the town for the second time, the master novelist found a deserted city. Not a light burned in the dismal railway station, no banners waved, no addresses were read by portly burghomasters. In vain Bjornson asked for a cab.

"They have all gone to bed," was the reply. And so Bergen remembered.

First European Railway.

The first railways that ran on rails in Europe were those of a horse railway between Linz and Budweis, in Austria. This was in working order in 1825. Locomotive railways were much longer coming. The first line in a modern sense was opened from Paris to St. Germain in 1835, but railway development was greatly hindered by a terrible accident on the Paris-Versailles line in 1842. The next was the Brussels-Malines line in Belgium, Belgium was also the first country to begin, in 1830, systematic plans for a national network of railways. Prussia followed in 1835 and Austria-Hungary in 1838. The first great trunk line in Europe was from Paris to Rouen, opened in May, 1843.

Family Pride.

Mrs. Hunt-Well, Louisa, I don't suppose you will attempt to deny that your official ancestors were stone age ruffians who lived in a damp cave. Mrs. Tree—if my earliest ancestors were a part of the geologic period of which you speak they must have had a red sandstone chateau of their own on Flintstone avenue, with stalactite decorations and running water on the first floor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poi in Hawaii.

Poi, the Hawaiian national dish, is made by pounding up the cooked root of the taro plant—the Arum esculentum of the botanists—with water into a thick paste. When slightly fermented it has a pleasant, fruity, acid taste.

The Solution.

"I wish I knew how Ritka lives without working?"
"Open a grocery store in his neighborhood and you'll soon find out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Parts of Speech.

Teacher—Thomas, what are the parts of speech? Tommy Tucker (after an exhaustive mental effort)—It's the way a man talks when he stutters.

A great man is he who affects the mind of his generation.—Dibbern.

A FLOWER AMONG WEEDS

Story of the Eighteenth Century.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

During the reign of Louis XV. France reached a culmination of prodigality which had been growing for years. While the king was in his minority the regent, his uncle, Duke of Orleans, set the example of debauchery to the court and through the court to the kingdom.

Louis himself, on assuming the scepter, by continuing in his uncle's footsteps completed the work of laying the foundation for the French revolution which broke out during the reign of his successor.

During the regency of the Duke of Orleans the wealthiest nobles owned estates in different parts of France. Only the more moral of these lived in their country chateaus, for the profigate could not endure to live elsewhere than in Paris, where the intrigues and debauchery were going on. Among those who preferred the virtue of rural life was the young Marquis Gaston de Roquette, who, though a soldier of acknowledged bravery, had a mind capable of foreseeing the ruin the regent, the princes of the blood and the nobility were bringing upon France.

However, the marquis was obliged occasionally to go to Paris either at the call of the regent or on account of some duty connected with his station as a peer of the realm. One day on the street on which stands what was then the palace of the Louvre he passed a young lady riding in her "chair," the very sight of whom deeply impressed him. She was not only beautiful, but a natural purity showed itself in every line of her countenance. This was the more noticeable, for at that time the women of the court were as bad as the men, and the lives they led were discernible in their features.

The marquis followed the young lady with his eyes, and when he saw her carried into the palace he heaved a sigh, for he did not believe that any woman could enter that royal abode and be good. Her entrance there, however, proved that she was a lady of rank.

The marquis' duty to the sovereign later called him to the court, and he saw there the lady whom he had met in her "chair." Hanging over her was a famous but notorious duke, the most pronounced and successful beau of that period. He was a very wealthy inn, and he was also the most accomplished villain of his day. Three times he had been in the Bastille, the third time for having attempted to betray France.

Another sigh marked the marquis' discovery that the girl who had made such an impression on him was probably falling into the hands of this notorious villain. Leaving the palace without even inquiring the name or rank of the young lady, M. Roquette returned to his estate and, shutting himself up in his chateau, endeavored to banish her image, which had haunted him since the first moment he had seen her.

This was not possible. To the young such impressions are very strong. What it was in that pure face that had taken hold of him he did not know. What he did know was that she was a member of a profligate court, that he had seen its most notorious rake hanging over her, and he did not doubt that sooner or later she would go down under the influences which surrounded her.

Gaston de Roquette remained on his estate for a month without returning to Paris. Often was he tempted to go there for another glimpse of the face that had enthralled him, but he believed that in yielding to the temptation he would only bring upon himself greater pain. So he devoted himself to the care of his estate and to his tenants. He endeavored to occupy himself with his books, but this was impossible, for, whatever he did, his mind was upon that pure being, growing like a flower in the midst of poisonous weeds.

Whether it was that the young marquis was a poor sleeper or that Cupid was keeping him awake, he went to bed late and at times when unable to sleep would arise, dress himself and walk about outside. Not far from the chateau was the church where he and his household and his tenants worshipped and about which their forefathers slept. Within the structure were the bones of the De Roquettes incased in sepulchers or under the flags, the sepulchers supporting marble figures of the departed, while here and there were the arms the men had borne in war.

Gaston de Roquette often strolled about during his midnight walks in the churchyard, but had never cared to enter the church at night when it was deserted. One night when troubled with sleeplessness he was strolling in the grounds near the chateau when, glancing toward the church, he saw a light apparently within the structure. Thinking that he had seen a thief, he was turning away, when he saw the light again, this time shining evidently through a different window than before. Surely some one was moving in the church. Walking toward it, he went to a window and looked in. There was no light except that the moon, which was nearly full, shone in, dimly

revealing the recumbent marble figures on the sepulchers.

Thinking again that he had been mistaken, he was about to turn away when it occurred to him to try the knob of the door at the main entrance. To his surprise, the door was not locked. Entering the church, he found no one, but through a crack in a door leading from the church to a room used by the priest and acolytes came a ray of light. What could it mean? The pastor of the church was an old man, too feeble to be engaged in any church duty at dead of night. It was no religious matter that was being observed.

The marquis was about to walk toward the door through which the light came when it opened and half a dozen persons came out of the apartment. They bore lights, but so dim were they that De Roquette could not distinguish the faces of the several members of the party. There were a priest who was unknown to him, two men and two women, evidently persons of rank, and the last two to enter the church were a man and a woman. From this woman's dress De Roquette judged that the couple were about to be married. The little party moved toward the church door, where the priest stationed himself, the couple before him, the two other men on the side of the groom, the two women on the side of the bride.

The marquis walked softly forward, hoping to get a nearer view of the faces, but before he reached a point of vantage their backs were to him. The priest faced him, and he saw at once that he was not the pastor of the church. To the marquis' astonishment he recognized in a priest's garb a worthless fellow of the neighborhood, who had served several terms in prison as a malefactor.

Assured that some piece of villainy was being perpetrated, De Roquette seized an enormous sword resting on the tomb of one of his ancestors and, pushing forward till he stood directly behind the wedding party, cried out:

"I forbid the bans!"

The false priest looked up from a book he held in his hand, and the others turned quickly.

Then did the marquis meet with a great surprise. The attendants were men and women of the court, the groom was the profligate duke, while the bride was the lady of whom the marquis had seen apparent reluctance and entered with apparent fright. He now looked up like a frightened bird. The duke, with the assurance that often characterizes vice, knit his brows and said threateningly:

"Who are you, monsieur?"

"Gaston, Marquis de Roquette, proprietor of the estate on which this church stands. No ceremony is permitted here except it is conducted by Father Arouet, the pastor. Surely you will not be permitted by one not in orders and the vestment scamp in the province!"

Paralyzed by these words, the group, all except the bride, stood as if discovered in a crime. Then she, breaking away from them, flew to De Roquette and, catching at him for protection, stood regarding the others in terror. Raising the ponderous sword, the length of which was nearly equal to his own height, he stood ready to bring it down upon whomsoever might interfere with him or her. The duke, drawing the rapier at his side, advanced, paused, then said to the girl:

"Emilie, will you not return to me?"

She made no other answer than to cover behind her protector.

"This is no place, marquis," said the duke, "for a dispute among men. Let us go out among the graves. The sexton will not have far to carry you in the morning."

"I will certainly give your grace an opportunity to cross swords with me," replied the marquis, "but not at the present moment, unless you force me to do so. My first duty is to protect this lady, and I see no one here with whom I may safely leave her."

One of the attendant men sprang forward and seized the duke by the arm. He was followed by the other men, then by the women. All pleaded with him to desist.

"This will make a scandal," they argued, "that will put you again in the Bastille and send the rest of us to our country estates, where we will have nothing to do but pine for Paris. We were foolish to sabet you in this wild scheme. And the Countess Emilie! Do you suppose we'll not avenge this insult if it becomes known? Give up your mad scheme. It is doubtless fortunate that it has been interrupted, and if it can be kept secret none of us may suffer on account of our part in it."

The duke stood burning to proceed, but all declared that it was of them that he should think, and not of himself, though an exile to the country would be less irksome than the Bastille. Finally he sheathed his sword and, after one more appeal to the countess to come to him, he was hurried out of the church by his friends, leaving the marquis and the girl he had saved from a mock marriage alone together.

Here stops the chronicle of one of the vilest episodes of the time of the regency of Philippe of France, but one which in that day was known only to a few. Later Gaston, Marquis de Roquette and Emilie Countess de Vandiere were married in the very church where the mock marriage had been interrupted. And it is a matter of record that neither of them ever again appeared at court. Surrounded by their children, adored by their tenants, they lived a life of simplicity and purity. But when at the end of the eighteenth century the people of France rose to throw off the yoke of a profligate nobility the innocent were made to suffer with the guilty. The marquis and marquis's grandchildren paid a penalty that they did not deserve.

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