

THE ERSKINE BANK
is a
GOOD BANK
It's Old and Strong
3 per cent interest paid on Savings
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Chicago Coach and Carriage Company
Builders of Exclusive Automobile Bodies
and Semi-Limousines
Western Distributors Owen Magnetic Motor Cars
General Repairing and Painting. May we submit estimate
for putting your car in shape for Winter service?
1223-1231 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
TELEPHONE CALUMET 424

"Advise the Public what you have for sale, give fair prices, good quality and best service and you will secure and hold patronage."

In conformity with this sound teaching we take pleasure in making a partial list of articles we want to sell you.

In the Fuel Department
Hard Coal per ton.....\$7.50 to \$ 9.00
Soft Coal and Coke per ton..... 5.60 to 6.50
Cannel Coal for grates per ton..... 8.00
Wood 12 in. long per cord..... 7.00 to 12.00

In the Feed Department
Oats per bush.....40¢ to 50¢
Midlings per hundred.....\$1.80
Ground Corn and Oats per hundred..... 2.00
Bran per hundred..... 1.60
Poultry food per hundred.....\$1.90 to 2.20
Oyster Shells—Meat Scraps—Bone Ash—Hay—
Straw—Alfalfa

Material Department
Sand per yard.....\$1.25 to \$1.65
Crushed Stone per yard..... 1.65 to 1.80
Gravel per yard..... 1.60 to 2.25
Screenings per yard..... 1.65 to 4.50
Cement—Plaster—Hair—Fire Clay—Cinders—
Sewer Tile—Brick—Flue Linnings

North Shore Fuel & Supply Co.
PHONE 67 HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

**Long Distance Moving
by Auto Truck**

Our Trucks go to Chicago every day and if you have any household goods, going in we can give a reasonable price on moving them

North Shore Auto & Transportation Co.
LEUER BROS., Agents for KISSEL KARS
Telephone 550 Highland Park

Memorial Park Cemetery

Harrison Street and Gross Point Road
One-Half Mile West of Evanston

A beautiful, new, non-sectarian Park Cemetery where choice family lots may be purchased with perpetual care at reasonable prices on liberal terms for a limited time.

Many families are surprised when death enters the home and this is a splendid opportunity to make preparation for the unforeseen.

COUPON

Central Cemetery Company
701-2-3-4 Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois

Phone { Evanston 4266
Central { 8330
8331

GENTLEMEN:

Without obligation to me kindly send catalogue descriptive of Memorial Park Cemetery.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

The Dragon Seal

Its Mystery and Its Solution.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mason tilted back in his chair and stared across the China sea, where a passing steamer slid through the oily waters. The little whitewashed hut with its tiny veranda facing the sea and its bit of garden looked like a dozen others of its kind which formed the muddy little Chinese village.

Albert Mason had lived there ever since the late uprising. He had become separated from his tourist party and, to his own great amazement, discovered himself a prisoner on a piratical looking craft which fled before the wind at night and lay hidden in obscure harbors during the day.

One day the junk had nosed into the soft mud of the Chekiang shore, and Mason had been conducted to the little hut.

"Here," said his captor, a bland looking, cold-eyed Celestial, "here you stay, thief of the world, until you give up the dragon."

"Dragon?" echoed Mason, hearing for the first time the charge against him. "Do you believe that I've kidnaped part of your menagerie?"

The official shrugged his shoulders, and his companion pulled his sleeve, speaking in Chinese, which of course Mason did not understand.

"Let the foreign devil stay here awhile enjoying his own company. Soon he will disgorge."

"He may escape," said the other cautiously.

"He will not," said the villainous looking captain. "He cannot go beyond the confines of his own garden. The place is guarded night and day."

So Mason stood on the veranda of the hut and watched the junk go teetering away to the dim north whence they had come.

He never forgot that first evening when, after he had eaten fish and rice and drunk tea, he had stepped on the veranda.

He walked down the path to the end of the garden and looked at the moon. Why not escape tonight—or must he wait until his guards relaxed their vigilance and then make the effort?

"Now or never," he muttered and pressed against the gate that opened upon the muddy bank above the restless waves.

The gate resisted his efforts—it was as if some great weight held it closed.

Then came a bloodcurdling growl, and there stepped into the moonlit space before the stockade a huge striped form with eyeballs like flame and a breath like pestilence.

Mason fled to the other gate, and again he met the flaming eyes and the jungle smell.

Men guarded him by day; a man eating tiger and his mate kept watch by night.

Like a madman he flew into the house and locked the doors.

A year and a day passed, and the captain of the junk came and asked him if he would give up the dragon. And Mason, raving with anger, bitterly refused, although he knew not what the man meant. And the captain smiled and went away.

And now two years and two days had passed and the junk had not made her second visit to the prisoner.

His position was a singular one. He was innocent of having broken any law of the country—or having committed any crime. In his baggage there was not a single thing that he had not brought from home, except a few toys, grotesque straw animals, gayly colored, which he had purchased from an insistent street vender. The very next day he had been trapped with some hand luggage and spirited away from Shanghai.

"It's a case of mistaken identity," he told himself over and over again as he restlessly tramped the garden paths, envying the freedom of the birds swinging in space and the fisherman off shore.

Back home there, in New Hampshire, his wife and children were mourning him as dead. It was an agonizing thought.

He went to his worn traveling bags and listlessly turned over the contents. There was little clothing left. That which he wore was in tatters. There were pictures of his family, his case of medicines for an emergency, the straw toys—that was all. His trunks, if unclaimed, were still in Shanghai.

The medicines were getting low. He had been obliged to take most of the quinine pills during his frequent attacks of chills and fever. There was a little brandy left—he was saving that for some great emergency—and two unopened bottles of chloroform. These were tightly sealed with wax, and the contents appeared to be inviolate. He had brought it to use when adding to his collection of lepidoptera, but his cases and his butterfly nets and his pins and other paraphernalia were in the trunks.

Chloroform, a willing servant, he used, his dark thoughts running on, eliminating himself from his horrid existence.

And then, like a lightning flash revealing unsuspected avenues of escape, came the idea.

The remainder of the day he was nervously excited. He took the pie-

ture of his family, the brandy bottle and the quinine, the straw toys and his one clean shirt and made a package, which he belted around his chest under his clothing. He cooked and ate an enormous quantity of rice and fish; then he threw himself into his hammock and slept heavily until 10 o'clock.

He shook himself into wakefulness, slung a jug of cold tea from his shoulder and went into the garden.

In one hand he carried a large bath sponge tied to a strong stick. In the other hand he carried a bottle of chloroform. At the nearest gate he paused and looked through at the outstretched form of the jungle cat. She was accustomed to Mason's presence there and did not even stir. With steady hands he soaked the big sponge with chloroform—the bottle was large, and the sponge was dripping.

Carefully he poked the stick between the bamboo uprights and pressed it close to the nose and mouth of the sleeping tigress. She stirred and, as if enjoying the unaccustomed sensation, grasped the sponge in her huge jaws and muzzled it sleepily. She did not even stir when Mason squeezed a heavy duck bag through the palms and tossed it over her head.

He hastened to the gate at the end of the garden and performed the same operation with the fierce male beast.

His hands were trembling now, for he must make haste. He could not hope that the anesthetic would do more than stupefy the beasts for a while. There was not enough of it, and the conditions were not favorable.

"Just ten minutes—give me ten minutes' start and I'll take my chance with sharks rather than stay here another minute!" he muttered savagely.

The garden gate opened, and he stepped over the inert form of the striped guardian.

He slipped and slid down the muddy bank until he reached the water's edge. The full moon guided him to the group of fishing boats drawn up on the beach. In a moment he had pushed off from shore and was poling his frail craft into the track of moonlight that led to freedom.

Off to the southeast there showed a faint light—some northbound steamer. So fearful was he that he might miss the precious opportunity and so absorbed was he in the management of the strange boat that Mason failed to notice the ominous silence that brooded over the waters; the shuddering, licking sound of the oily waves.

Suddenly the moon was blotted out by a swift onrush of inky clouds and the hot breath of the wind.

Surely death stared him in the face. It was riding now on the wings of the approaching typhoon.

And all the while that red light bobbed and disappeared, and now the steamer showed a blessed green light. He could see them alternately—port and starboard. She had changed her course and was coming before the wind, straight toward the tiny sampan tipping up and down on the swell.

One minute after Mason had been rescued by the great ocean liner the typhoon struck with shrieking force.

Perhaps the tidal wave that followed tossed the sampan back on its native shore; perhaps the hungry wave leaped the embankment and tore away Mason's hut and the snarling guardians. He never knew. He never cared.

They put him in a cabin and gave him what he asked for—hot water and soap and clean garments—and he cared not for fifty typhoons. He was back among civilized people. He was free from that mysterious imprisonment.

A year later he had almost forgotten it. He was back in New Hampshire, going daily to his business in Concord. His family welcomed him home as one from the grave, and his children played with the straw toys he had bought from the street vender.

Albert Mason had other troubles now. Business was bad, and bankruptcy stared him in the face. Unfortunate investments had depleted his assets. The years he had wasted in the hut on the China sea had undermined his prosperity.

He went home and talked it over with his wife, a helpmate indeed.

They smiled at the children playing on the floor. The youngest brought a broken toy to his father. It was one of the straw animals Mason had brought home from China.

"The frog and the cat and the bird are quite well," said the baby earnestly, "but my dragon feels very sick."

"The dragon, eh?" repeated Mason, examining the hollow interior of the curly tailed, red fanged toy. "I don't wonder. Mottly, look at that!"

He withdrew his fingers and dangled before his wife's amazed eyes a golden chain, from which hung a magnificent fiddle clasp of jade set with diamonds and rubies, the insignia of some Chinese military official. And carved on the face of the jade was the deep cut figure of a dragon inclosed in a seal.

"The dragon!" he muttered dazedly. "You were carrying it all the time." His wife added, "It must have been within the toy when you purchased it. What a mystery it all is!"

"Some one has pinned off incriminating evidence upon me," laughed Mason. "I'll write to Wayne in Shanghai and see if there is any chance of finding the owner. If there isn't—well, Mason & Co. will continue to do business. Heh-heh!"

Two months afterward came Wayne's letter, from which I quote: "Impossible to trace. China has turned over, you know. Mandarins have suicided, been assassinated and others cashiered. You better keep it as a reward for your time of imprisonment."

"But I wouldn't go through the experience again for double the price," said Mason grimly.

HIGH VELOCITY STARS.

Their Fearful Rate of Speed in Space is Somewhat Puzzling.

The average velocity of stars ranges from about six kilometers, or between three and four miles, per second for "young" stars to about thirty kilometers per second for "old" ones. But notable exceptions occur. At Mount Wilson stellar observatory of the Carnegie Institution some stars have been found to move with velocities of 141, 150, 170, 233, 316 and even 325 kilometers per second, the highest speed yet known.

These high velocity stars are sometimes described as runaways because they seem to be quite beyond the control of the gravitational power of the universe. At their speed the attraction of the entire known stellar system would be wholly insufficient to check the star's career through space.

The astronomer, Simon Newcomb, once calculated that the maximum velocity attained by a body starting with velocity zero at an infinite distance and passing through a stellar system containing 100,000,000 stars each five times as massive as our sun and distributed throughout a disklike spheroid of certain extent cannot exceed 40 kilometers per second. Yet the star "Groombridge 1880" has a speed nearly nine times this value, and the massive star Arcturus has a speed probably four times this value.

If existing velocities owe their magnitudes to the gravitation of the system the quantity of attracting matter in the whole stellar system would have to be at least eighty times that assumed by the calculations of Professor Newcomb.—Baltimore American.

HE ASKED FOR DONALD.

And Much to His Surprise He Got the Answer He Sought.

Dr. Norman Macleod, the famous Scottish divine, before visiting India, called on an old highland woman in Glasgow, says a writer in the Scottish American. "When ye gang the India," he said, "ye'll be seein' ma Donald that went awa the India ten years ago an' never sent the scrape of a pen to his mither since."

"But, Katie," said the doctor, "India is a very big place, and how can I expect to find him?"

"Oh, but ye'll just be askin' for Donald. What for no?"

So, to please the old woman, he promised to ask for Donald, and he conscientiously kept his word. At various ports he made inquiry among British ships, although it seemed very much like looking for a needle in a bale of hay. But it is the unexpected that happens. As Dr. Macleod's steamer went up the Hugli river an outward bound vessel passed close by. A sailor was leaning over her bulwark, and, moved by a sudden impulse, the doctor shouted out:

"Are you Donald Macleod?"

To his intense surprise the man answered, "Yes."

Dr. Macleod had only time to shout, "You're to write to your mother!" as the vessels drew apart. The result of his amazing meeting was that the old lady received a penitent letter from her long neglected son.

Not Quite.

"Young man," inquired her father sternly, "will you give her a home like the one she has been used to?"

"No," replied the truthful suitor, "for there will be no grumpy father to come home and make every one miserable by his kicking over trifles and swearing at matters in general. There will be no mother to scold her from morning to night for wasting time merely because she wants to be neat. There will be no big brother to abuse her for not doing half of his work and no little brother to make enough noise to drive her crazy when her head aches. There won't be any younger sister to insist on reading some trashy novel while she does all the work. She will not have with me a home like she has been used to, not if I can help it."—Boston Journal.

A Monstrous Tide.

The bay of Fundy forms a cul-de-sac at which the Atlantic ocean seems to have taken a special spite and at regular intervals pours into it an enormous amount of water. Take the harbor of St. John as an illustration of what this mighty tide must be. In most parts of the world a tide of ten feet is considered something abnormal, but at St. John it rises twenty to twenty-four feet in good weather. In stormy weather the monotony is varied by the high water mark being pushed up even ten or fifteen feet higher.

Drawing the Line.

Mrs. de Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss de Fashion—Very well, but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the material myself, so there!—New York Weekly.

There Are Lots of Them.

Hokus—Old Gotrox is devoted to music. There is a clause in his will leaving \$25,000 to establish a home for poor singers. Fokus—How inadequate! Twenty-five millions wouldn't begin to house all the poor singers.—Life.

Good Reason.

"So you have written a book on cemented basements. But why did you choose such a subject?" "Because I wanted it to be among the best sellers."—Baltimore American.

Knowledge is power, but it won't take the place of gasoline.—Kansas City Journal.



THOROUGHBREDS
are every
**Tailored Suit, Fur
Coats & Fur Sets**
Made by

LAURENT
Tailors and Furriers
402-3-4 HEYWORTH BUILDING
29 EAST MADISON STREET
CHICAGO
Early Showings Now Ready—Inspection Invited

Chas. E. Russell
CIVIL ENGINEER AND
County Surveyor
OFFICE RESIDENCE
Court House, Wabasha, Lake Forest, Tel 534-W
Surveying and Engineering, Typo-
graphy Landscape and Construction
Work. 20 years in Engineer-
ing, Surveying, and Construction.

DR. WATSON
DENTIST
45 St. Johns Ave. Highland Park
Telephone 374

A. J. FADON
Landscape Gardener
CEMENT and GENERAL WORK
203 West Central Ave.
Highland Park, Ill.
Phone 1158

Telephone 909
J. P. STEFFEN
Fresh Butter, Eggs
and Poultry
331 McDaniels Avenue
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Tel. Lake Forest 301 Highland Park 22
THOMAS DOUGLAS
Veterinary Surgeon
Special attention given Dogs and Cats
(Assistant State Veterinarian)

Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty
Lorenz Lung
Barber Shop
18 W. Central Ave.
Opposite H. E. Theatre Highland Park

A. SEIDLER
is pleased to announce a distinc-
tive showing of the most exclusive
models for fall and evening Gowns,
Trunks, Street Suits, Blouses,
Auto coats, Tailored Suits
616 S. Michigan Avenue
Wabash 5183 Chicago

**ENGRAVED
VISITING
CARDS**
AND
**WEDDING
STATIONERY**
We use but the finest
of papers and our En-
graving is superlative.
The Highland Park Press
Phone 557 and 558