

WANTED, FOR RENT, FOR SALE

FOR RENT
 For Rent—11 room house. Corner Oakwood and Sheridan pl. Phone 442 Highland Park. **if pd**
 For Rent—Safety deposits boxes at \$3.00 per year. One hundred new boxes just received. Highland Park State Bank. **if**
 For Rent—Convenient front office on liberal terms. Highland Park State Bank. **if**
 For Rent—Furnished rooms, in suite or single. Call H. P. 330 43-46
 For Rent—A 9 room brick house, with bath, furnace, electric lights, interior newly decorated. 315 W. Laurel Ave. \$35 per month. James H. Duffy, agent, central Ave. Sheridan Road. Phone 79. **47**
 For Rent—Unfurnished rooms for housekeeping. Heat furnished. Hot and cold water and bath. Inquire 323 N. Green Bay Road. **47pd**

FOR SALE
 For Sale—Exceptionally fine station wagon, also light spring wagon. Tel. 245. **if**
 For Sale—Fine old property, good buildings Garden, fruit, chicken house garage, etc. Building sites for at least 4 bungalows. Address C. S. Press Office. **ifpd**
 For Sale—All or any part of 50,000 shares paying 7 per cent and participation. Box 145 Highland Park. **46-49pd**
 For Sale—In Highland Park, Ill., at 235 E. Central Ave., a 2-story residence, 12 rooms, attic and basement, 2-story barn, chicken house, garden, etc. Lot 90x192. Alley, price \$5,500. This property is offered for sale to close a trust estate and will be sold on very reasonable terms if desired. Robert L. Davis, manager. First Trust and Saving Bank, Chicago. **46-49**

HELP WANTED
 Wanted—Competent girl for general housework. Call 216 Linden Ave., or Phone 132. **47pd**
 Wanted—Laundress for Mondays. Phone H. P. 378. **47**
 Wanted—Girl for general housework in small family. Apply 440 Glencoe Ave. Tel. H. P. 459. **47**

SITUATION WANTED
 Experienced Stenographer would like position two or three days each week. Also will do extra work at home. Telephone 557 during the day or 155 evenings. **if-pd**
 Insure your property with W. E. Brand. Losses quickly settled. 15 N. Sheridan Road. **if**

MISCELLANEOUS
 W. E. Brand, Insurance Agent, has paid in losses over \$90,000 to Highland Park people. Losses promptly settled. 15 N. Sheridan Road. **if**
 Dressmaker from town wants appointments by the day. Remodeling neatly done. Phone Winnetka 990. **if**
 Wanted—\$3,000 for one year, 8 per cent. Amyle security. J. E. Savage. Box 145, Highland Park. **46-49pd**
 We do pleating, hemstitching, pick-edge, button and button holes, all kinds of sewing, repair all makes of machines and rent new ones by week or month. Machines sold on easy payments, liberal allowances on old machines. Singer Sewing Machine Shop. 19 St. Johns Ave. **47-50pd**
 Wanted—A sleigh and a sewing machine. Telephone 952.

SITUATION WANTED
 Wanted—Position as governess. References. Address Ruth E. Buck, 2614 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Tel. Douglas 2394. **47pd**
 Wanted—Position as gardener. A-1 references. James Kelley, Highwood. **47-48 pd**

LOST
 Lost—An Airdale terrier female dog, about Jan. 10th. Finder will receive reward if returned to Albert E. Mitchell, Deerfield Road. Telephone H. P. 893-Y-3

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The Defender of the Barricade

A Story of the Paris Commune

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

The human race lives on the edge of the chaos of war. All modern wars, civilized people having now reached a stage where war is dreaded, may be referred to as stupidity. One of the most stupid contests within the last half century was the uprising of the Paris commune at the close of the Franco-Prussian war in 1871. If ever a country needed peace in which to recover from its wounds France did at that time. And yet a number of impracticable idealists, led by villains, for a time paralyzed the government by fire and sword. And when they had succeeded in acquiring the power to carry out their ideas their whole structure fell to the ground because these ideas were utopian.

The singular feature of all this is the sincerity and devotion to a cause under which there was no foundation. That the leaders were unscrupulous, as well as idealists, goes without saying. But many of the revolutionists undoubtedly fought and died, actuated by pure motives.
 During the period when the communists held Paris by means of barricades erected upon the streets through which the national troops were attacking them, Captain Pierre Le Moyne was ordered to take his company into a narrow street and demolish a barricade, behind which a party of communists were entrenched. There was but little room in which an attacking force could operate, the street being over thirty feet wide. Captain Le Moyne was obliged to march his men down the narrow lane, the houses of which rose on either side to a height greater than the width of the street. The distance from the beginning of the street to the barricade was about 1,000 feet. From the windows and the roofs of the houses it was to be expected that the advancing troops would be picked off by the communists.

Many a soldier, when he received the order to march into the death trap or bear the retribution between the houses of the first part of the drum which announced it, felt that there was little chance of his ever getting out alive. Each stroke on the drumhead sounded sharp and loud and ominous. As the little column moved onward there was a crack from a window, a faint cloud of smoke, and one of the men fell on the pavement. Another crack from a roof on the opposite side of the street, and another man plunged forward on his face. "At this rate," thought Captain Le Moyne, "by the time we reach the barricade there will be not enough of us left to take it."

"Tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap!" came the drumbeats, while at short intervals a crack of a weapon here and there added to their viciousness.
 But as the men advanced the shots came fewer. When one-half the distance had been covered, where there had been a dozen shots a minute there was now only a straggling fire, and the marksmanship was wild.

"Either they are breaking down," said the captain, "or they have concentrated all their force at the barricade."
 On marched the troops, reduced by a fifth of their number, till turning a bend in the street, they came in sight of the barricade. The firing from the windows ceased entirely. The silence, broken only by the sharply reverberating drum taps, was more ominous than if the drums had been desecrated by a fusillade. The pile of cobblestones which floated the blood red flag of the commune looked ugly—more ugly because the weapons behind it, aimed down the narrow street, were invisible.

Captain Le Moyne halted his men for the purpose of taking in the situation. He cast quick glances at the upper stories and roofs of the houses on each side. No one was in sight, nor was a single shot fired.
 "They are reserving their fire," said the captain. "We shall get it from the windows when we charge the works."
 He strained his eyes in an endeavor to get sight of something stirring within. Not even the flag moved, for there was no wind.

Since before the storm is more depressing than after it breaks. Men standing waiting for a fight to open are more unreliable than in the heat of battle. Le Moyne's soldiers seemed restless. There was no reason for them to move till they received an order to advance, yet they changed position constantly, casting the white glances at the houses above them and the barricade.

Though they expected a hailstorm of bullets, when the order "Forward" was given they felt relieved. Suspense at least was ended. Again came the sharp tap of the drum as the little column moved on without opposition. Evidently the communists were reserving their fire till the last minute. When within a hundred yards of the barricade Captain Le Moyne halted his men again and called on the enemy to surrender. His demand was answered by a single shot.

Expecting this to be a signal for a volley, the captain quickly deployed his men so far as the narrow street would permit and gave the order to fire. A volley of bullets rained upon the stones composing the barricade. There was no response.
 Le Moyne was puzzled.

Drawing up his men in two lines, the one behind the other, he ordered them to fix bayonets and advance. A third of the distance was covered, but no volley; another third, with the same result. Captain Le Moyne, who was in advance of his men, went to the barricade, climbed it and looked down on the other side.

There was but one living being there, and that was a woman. She had been wounded by a shot from the troops and lay bleeding on the pavement.

Most of the women who fought with the commune were hags. This woman was not more than twenty years old. She looked up at Le Moyne with a pair of large dark eyes. They expressed a spirit of martyrdom.

It was all plain to Le Moyne. The commune was breaking down. The barricade had been deserted except by this Maid of Orleans, who constituted herself its sole defender.

Le Moyne turned, called on a lieutenant to bring the men to a rest, then went down the barricade to the woman.

"Are you badly wounded?" he asked.
 "No; I have a broken leg."
 "Who are you?"
 "Elise Fouchet."
 "What are you doing here alone behind this barricade?"

"I could not get the men to stay. They heard that our defenses are broken down in other parts, and they dared not remain."
 "And you?"
 "I would not desert."

By this time the soldiers had climbed the barricade and were waving the tricolor of France from its crest. Le Moyne called upon them to carry his defender into a house beside it, going with them as they did so. There was only one person besides the captain and his men, an old woman, who ministered to the wounded girl. A surgeon accompanied the soldiers, and he was called in to set and bandage the broken limb.

Had the damage done by the commune ended with its loss of control perhaps the wholesale slaughter of its rotaries which followed would not have taken place. When its leaders found that they were beaten, adopting the motto of rule or ruin, since they could not rule they resolved to rule. They murdered the archbishop of Paris and other distinguished persons whom they held as hostages. Not content with this, they undertook to destroy the city. Paris was then full of beautiful buildings. Many of these were destroyed, including the most interesting, historically considered, the palace of the Tuilleries, the ancient abode of the kings of France.

It was these acts of vandalism that led the government to get rid, so far as possible, of so dangerous a portion of the population of Paris. The captured communists were marched out to the yards of the prisons in which they were confined, stood up with their faces to the walls and shot down by scores. Doubtless many of these believed that they were dying in a sacred cause.

Captain Le Moyne could he have foreseen these horrors would undoubtedly have continued to save his prisoner from the universal sacrifice, though he had but little time, and Elise Fouchet was not in a condition to avail herself of a permitted flight. The only thing the captain could do for her was to leave her with the woman who was caring for her. He marched his men away, but the national troops were pouring into the city, and when Mile. Fouchet was found wounded and confessed that she had received a bullet while defending a barricade she was removed to a prison.

If the communists received a trial they were tried in large numbers together. When Elise Fouchet was brought before a judge for one of these wholesale sentences, noticing she was of a different class from most of the others, he asked her why she had engaged in such nefarious work.

"I fought to build, not to destroy," was her reply. "I did not know that we were led by bad men. One of our leaders, Cluseret, fought with the Union armies in the late war between the states of North America, and I supposed that a man who had risked his life in the cause of civil liberty must be representing the same cause in France."

The judge was touched by this appeal and remanded the prisoner to prison for further evidence. But the Parisians soon tired of the wholesale slaughter of the communists, and Mile. Fouchet was never again brought to trial. In time, when all danger of a recurrence of the outbreak had passed, the prison doors of all communists who had not been executed were thrown open, and among those who walked out free was Elise Fouchet.

She ever afterward had a horror of the men who had led so many innocent persons into crime. Not all of them were punished unless by their own consciences. A few escaped, others perished in the havoc they had made. While others were banished from France. Probably no body of men ever set in motion a revolution that involved so much ruin, not only of historic treasures, but of persons they deceived. As Paris is France, their chief devastation was in that city. Just before its capture hands of men and women—such men and women as follow Louis XVI. to the guillotine seventy years before—went from one historic edifice to another, applying petroleum and to petroleum the torch. When the ruin was completed Paris was a very different city from what it had been before. How that art treasure, the Louvre, escaped will always remain a wonder. While Elise Fouchet was long remembered as one of the heroines of the commune, she never afterward affiliated with communists. And as for the commune leaders, she detested them.

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North Shore Gas Co.

ANCIENT ANIMAL GIANTS.

Monster Sloths That Were as Large as a Rhinoceros.

In an account of the fossils of giant animals of Argentina to be seen in the Museum of La Plata the Rev. J. A. Zahm, author of "Through South America's Southland," calls special attention to the mylodon, a ground sloth as large as a rhinoceros and related to the megatherium that flourished thousands of years ago.

The mylodon may have lived within comparatively recent times. Only a few years ago Nordenskjold discovered in a cave in southwestern Patagonia a large piece of well preserved skin covered with greenish brown hair and small bony knobs that was recognized as the skin of the mylodon.

There is good reason to believe that the mylodon was still browsing in the forests of Patagonia as late as fifty years ago. Indeed, there are naturalists who contend that it is still living in some of the caves of southern Chile.

So strong was the conviction that as late as 1902 an expedition started from England the chief object of which was to search for a living mylodon, and, although it failed to find one, there are men of science who continue to believe that a living mylodon will yet be found somewhere in the forest depths of southern Chile or Argentina.

Nickajack Cave.
 Nickajack was once the name of an important Cherokee town on the bank of the Tennessee river. The Cherokees, who had aided the British in the Revolutionary war and had been well paid for their assistance, clustered their wigwags at this point about 1780-82, and the village was known as one of the "Chickamauga towns."

The meaning of the name is now lost, though it was probably of Cherokee origin, as it occurs in the annals of the tribe as a man's name. This name is also given to a creek and to a very remarkable cave, the latter being situated very near that point of the southern boundary of Tennessee where it is intersected by the line separating the states of Alabama and Georgia. Nickajack cave, though but little known, is one of the wonderful caves of the world, being of even more imposing proportions than the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.—Argonaut.

The First Music.
 The father of song, music and dancing, all three, was the savage who first clapped hands and shouted in time at some rude festival of his tribe. From that clapping and shouting has been evolved the whole art of instrumental music, including even the entrancing complexities of the modern symphony. From that shout or rudimentary emotional utterance has proceeded by a kindred evolution the whole art of vocal music down to the modern opera or oratorio. From the savage leap has come every variety of dancing.

How Flying Fish Fly.
 The popular notion that flying fish beat their "wings" is a mistake. It appears that the wings are not true organs of flight, but rather play the part of a parachute or an aeroplane. The whole motive power is supplied by the tail, which acts as a propeller, and the vibration or quivering of the wings in the air currents and their occasional shift of inclination are not phenomena connected with the propulsion of the fish in its aerial flight.

Dirty Windows.
 A German professor has ascertained that in industrial cities windows which have not been washed for ten days exclude from 35 to 48 per cent of the light. If not washed for four weeks they may exclude as much as 80 per cent of the light.

Picture Frames.
 In the early parts of the fifteenth century carvers and gilders in Venice were permitted to attach their names to the frames of pictures by famous artists.

Set not thyself to attain much rest, but much patience.—Thomas a Kempis

No Help Needed.
 Johnny is small brother—Mother, quick. Send for the doctor! Mother (anxiously)—Why—why—what's the matter? Who is ill? Johnny—Mr. Algernon is going to die—he said he would if sister would not marry him, and sister says she won't.—London Telegraph.

Quick Change.
 "Here, you! What do you mean by telling that red nosed old bachelor friend of yours that marriage is all a lottery?"
 "I was just about to assure him, my dear, that I won a prize."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

You are Cordially Invited to make use of the privileges of the
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM
 119 East Central Avenue.
 Hours 9 a. m., to 6 p. m.
 Every Day except Sunday
 Maintained by First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Highland Park
 CHURCH SERVICES: Sunday a. m. at 10:45, Sunday School immediately following, Wednesday Evening testimonial Service at 8:00.

SETTLING A RATTLER.

Prairie Dogs Did the Job Well by Burying Him Alive.

It would not seem a very easy thing to bury a snake alive, but that is what an Oklahoma man saw some prairie dogs do.

He was resting under a tree when he noticed a commotion among some prairie dogs near him. They would run up to a certain spot, peep at something and then scamper back. Looking more closely, he saw fifteen to twenty dogs about a rattlesnake, which presently went into one of the dogs' holes.

No sooner had it disappeared than the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill up the hole. By the time they had pretty well covered the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt, and every dog scampered off to a safe distance. All the time barking.

The snake crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in. Then forward came the dogs again, and all went to work to push up earth to the hole. This time they succeeded and the snake completely covered the entrance. This done, they proceeded to beat the earth down, employing their noses for this purpose. When they had rendered the earth quite hard they went away. The observer examined their work and was surprised to find that they had packed the earth in solid with their noses and had sealed the snake inside.—Los Angeles Times.

Africa's Gold Coast.

The Gold Coast is a British colony on the west coast of Africa. Its climate is notoriously unhealthy, the heat and moisture being excessive. The coast is lined with unhealthy swamps and shallow lakes, while the peculiar rock of the country is said to give off, under the influence of the air and moisture, large quantities of hydrogen gas. The native towns are crowded and dirty, intermittent fevers and other diseases being always present. These are peculiarly fatal to Europeans, though the natives do not suffer so much. The whole region is more or less a gold producing country, but at present the value of the territory is chiefly due to the profusion of vegetable products supplied by the rich soil.

Shrub Perfume.
 The perfume of commerce known as "cassie," manufactured for the most part in France, is found in abundance in the Philippine Islands in the Acacia farnesiana, a shrub which grows on hundreds of acres of land near Manila and throughout the dry parts of the entire islands. This shrub has small spiny leaves and produces a short black pod. The flower from which the essence is obtained is golden yellow.

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A TRIP THROUGH EGYPT

Illustrated Lecture by Dwight Elmendorf at Orchestra Hall Next Sunday Afternoon

In Victor Hugo's story of the "Hunchback" the Jewish Physician says: "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world; its soil is gold; its Nile is a wonder; the women are like the black-eyed virgins of Paradise; its houses are palaces and its air is delightful."

At Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on Sunday afternoon, January 21st, Mr. Dwight Elmendorf will present his travel talk on Egypt, as an added attraction to his regular series of illustrated lectures. The tour will begin at Cairo, the city of Aladdin and the Arabian Nights, and will continue all along the fertile delta of the Nile to Luxor. En route appropriate stops will be made at the ancient temples of Denderah, Karnak, and Luxor, where the departing glories of the Pharaohs is of never falling interest.

On Wednesday and Friday evenings, January 24th and 26th, and again on Saturday afternoon, January 27th, Mr. Elmendorf will depart from his usual travel talk to devote a lecture to "Children and Flowers," a subject to which he devoted the best of his artistry in the coloring of lantern slides.

EXILE ATHLETIC CLUB
 The crowd of people who gathered at the high school gym last Saturday evening, saw one of the swiftest and most exciting games of basketball ever played in this vicinity. Although the Exile heavyweight lost, it was only by the narrow margin of one point, and then after a hard battle. The 1st Presbyterian Church of Evanston with its fast 160 lb. team had a hard time winning and it was through their great defensive work that it was accomplished. The Exiles were unable to get their fast team work started and as a consequence Lamb was held to four baskets. Ross from Evanston started with four baskets from the center of the floor. Neither team was able to score in the last ten minutes of play, and Evanston finally won out by the score of 19 to 18.

The Hamlin Clippers, 135 lb. state champions proved too much for the lightweight team and defeated them 44 to 19. Accurate basket shooting by the Clippers featured this game.

This coming Saturday the Exiles will play out of town, but on the following Saturday will stage two more games at the gym, which are promised to be very interesting.

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Phone Wankegan Chi. Tel. Bldg. 841 Waukegan, Ill.
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 Practice limited to diseases of the mouth and Dentistry

LAKE COUNTY NEARBY

ANNEX FOR C

Annual Good Roads 27th. Joseph Severed. Gets

Good Roads M. County Good Roads be held in the rooms, third floor, North Genesee St. day afternoon next. Election of officers, together with policies to be pursued, including a by-laws providing diversified membership of the important elded.

The proposed bond issue and Lake County force be thoroughly definite action will to same. It is that everyone in County Good Roads secure, as well as any of the local with which you in order that you return to them. position on either important subject.

Arden Sh. An incident that the Arden received an offer represented by the property lying along the north of Lake M. The tract in feet on Lake M in depth. It was purchased ten years ago. Consideration of report goes, per acre. However, as the association worth more.

Has R. Joseph Ross the Chicago road round his right arm, eight o'clock wheels of the arm between. At this moment, he is directly in the throw out his right track, and the brakes the crushed off.

Old B. W. H. Apple in Lake County. Union of I. born in Lake 72 years. Mr. Apple the oldest farm sales stated that auctioneer kept at it of a few y.

The new Lake County be the order of the La. It is not be named procure annex to hospital. bers of the live the erected. County \$10,000 tion of a from some of the pro treatment. At this institution administering that in Forest.