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CASTOR OIL AS A DRINK IN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

Philip A. Delaporte in World Outlook. The medical knowledge of the natives was very limited. In most cases the so-called doctors resorted to sorcery. Great medicinal virtue was ascribed to blood taken from persons wounded in battle or in a fight. The blood was carefully preserved and prescribed for patients sick with fever. The remedy was expected to effect a speedy recovery. If they died notwithstanding this treatment, it was accepted that they were victims of the anger of the anis. They are the native evil spirits. Good results were also expected from the drinking of the water of unripe coconuts. Half-ripe watermelons were prescribed in cases of dysentery. Another favorite treatment consisted of thrusting burning pieces of hardwood into the body of a patient. A burning plug, made of pandanus leaves, was then put into the wound and kept burning by continually blowing on it. The kidneys were often burned in this way with uniformly fatal results. The treatment of a sore or wound was just as cruel. Boiling coconut oil was poured into it after which it was covered up with tobacco leaves. New-born infants were fed with jam made out of the pandanus fruit such as had been offered to the missionary baby. Infant mortality was high. A very cruel mode of massage was also in vogue.

A year or two after the establishment of the mission, after the natives began to realize the value and the benefits of the foreign medical treatment, gradually they changed their minds and even begged for it. Most of the converts which were won for Christ on Nauru first came to the missionaries for the relief of their physical ailments.

Among the white man's remedies is castor oil, not the mild, medicated, tasteless stuff for which it is said that the babies cry and the grown folks sigh. The Nauru epicure wants the genuine, unadulterated article. The natives, as a rule, do not steal, but when it comes to castor oil they find ways and means to satisfy their conscience. Some years ago the missionary was robbed of 75 pint bottle full of the precious medicine. Days afterward he found that the stolen castor oil had been used as a beverage at a great native feast!

The Double Charm of the Suburbs.

Simon Strunsky, in Harper's Magazine. Walking in the outer suburbs is a fascinating exercise because of the real estate operator who has filled the land scape with surprises. You have reached the outskirts of the city. Before you lies a primitive vista, fields as far as the eye can reach, a good deal of marsh, some old trees in the foreground, and perhaps a bit of water large enough for skating in winter. Or there may be a tangle of dwarf timber and scrub running clear to the horizon, unbroken by those deadly enemies of rural beauty, the factory chimney and the gas tank. Looking across the waste of brush and fallow, one might imagine it melting into the prairies of the west, and so on to the Pacific. You scent the genuine primitive, the real thing, at the farthest pole from the suburban. To your right, a path, a real country path, leads through a grove. So you follow it, prepared for adventure, feeling something like Stanley or Captain Scott.

In two minutes you are through the grove and slap up against a steam shovel. Across the field runs a gash a quarter of a mile long, and it is crossed by five similar scars. They are new streets. The sign posts are up, though the street is only in the making—Jefferson avenue, Franklin avenue, Clinton avenue—our revolutionary period being the most prolific source of nomenclature for the suburban builder. The steam shovel strikes the motive in a symphony of raw matter and ugly tools. You turn the corner from the primitive, and land in a litter of clay, pitch, crushed stone, lime, sand, earthen and iron piping of all dimensions, from sewer mains to electric conduits, a desolation of barrels, planking, staves, sieves. Here is the primitive sod with the field flowers still clinging close, and close by the mortar troughs are steaming. Behind you is green forest patch, and before you a road machine crushing away at its meal of broken stone. In the short space of a city block there are all the geological strata of the modern street in the making—the original yellow soil, the layer of broken stone, the same stone subdivided and powdered, the same stone wearing a black asphalt coat, the black of the asphalt wearing its ceremonial frosting of white sand. At one end of the block Sicilian laborers sweat over their spades; in the middle of the block negro laborers sweat in the fume of the asphalt kettle; at the other end of the block Sicilians again are thumping out the last roughnesses in the completed pavement of a model street in a model home development. Walking in the suburbs always has these little surprises in store. They are not what an artist would expect emerging suddenly from the dank freshness of marsh and woodland. It is only the rising urban tide lapping up the wilderness.

Papers Bar Doctor's Title.

From "The Fourth Estate." As a measure of reprisal against the physicians of Madison county, Illinois, who deny publicity, all but two newspapers of the county have voted to bar the title "Dr." from their news and editorial columns. The local doctors recently took concerted action against buying advertising space in the newspapers.

The newspapers of Alton, Ill., put this policy in force six months ago. Dr. E. W. Fliegenbaum, secretary of the Madison County Medical society, and member of the Madison Press club, stated that the relations between the physicians had always been harmonious throughout the county, but that he knew of the friction at Alton because the doctors there had decided against buying space for their business cards.

The Madison County Medical society, he said, had not decried as "unethical" the publication of physicians' business cards, but there had been a gradual decrease in the practice during recent years.

So bitter is the feeling in Alton that all mention of medical societies is omitted, and when ever it is necessary to mention a physician, he is noted as plain "John Smith," not "Dr. John Smith."

William R. Crossman, president of the Madison Press club, said that the newspapers in his organization did not contemplate such radical action, but he also said that "he'd like to see how the doctors would take it," when their names appeared in print as "Mr." instead of "Dr."

DON'T HUMOR CHILDREN.

From the Mother's Magazine. Grown people often aggravate the little aches and pains of children by making too much of them. Even people fully matured are much influenced by the attitude of the people around them with respect to their physical and mental ills.

Students of psychology in various universities sometimes try the experiment of suggesting to a fellow student that he is coming down with disease which has broken out in the vicinity. One student will meet the victim and say to him: "What's the matter with you? You look as if you had chickenpox." In a few minutes another student will meet the victim and make about the same comment as the first one did. A third, a fourth and a fifth will impress upon him that he has all the signs of the prevailing disease.

If the victim is not aware of the trick, he will in nine cases out of 10 be in a disturbed condition, physically and mentally, by the time the fifth conspirator reaches him.

Children especially are very susceptible to suggestion. One can make a young child see in the dark practically anything that is suggested.

There are cases on record of serious results of imitations in colleges and secret societies in which it was suggested to the initiate that some tragedy would be inflicted upon him when in fact the thing was not done at all.

We are accustomed to say that childhood is the time of fancy. We mean by this that the child's images are often more vivid than his perceptions. He then sees and hears what is aroused within rather than what is presented from without.

If a child has cut himself, for instance, so that the blood flows, and if adults in their expressions indicate that the hurt is very serious, they will intensify his suffering. On the other hand, if the adults say: "Oh, that is nothing; we'll help you tie it up, and it will be all right in a jiffy," they will lessen his discomfort.

When the world was young and children were subjected to the cruelties and cruelties of nature much more than they now are, nature equipped them with a faculty to seek help whenever anything happened to them. This instinct is still active. But it is not often now that a child is injured seriously enough to have much attention given to the matter.

The child should be taught as early as possible to grin and bear his misfortunes. Not once in 50 cases probably will they be of sufficient moment to warrant his making a fuss about them.

It is particularly important that adults should not constantly ask children whether they have aches in their stomach or back or head, whether they "feel well," and so on. One way to develop an ache is to ask a person whether he does not feel it, and particularly to tell him that he looks as if he had it. If a child should get into the habit of making much ado over every little ache and pain, the parent and teacher should take special pains to train him to overcome this habit. Adults can not do anything for nine-tenths of the minor disturbances of childhood and youth anyway.

Of course if a child is sympathized with very actively and if the adults around him bring him gifts so as to help him bear his ills, then he will be certain to have troubles very frequently.

The Mastery of the Pacific.

Jinji G. Kessal, in the World Outlook. However loud chauvinists and demagogues may cry for war, there are many reasons why Japan and the United States should be strong friends. Our geographic position should make us good neighbors. Open, if you please, your map of the Pacific ocean. From Alaska to southern California, from the Hawaiian Islands to the Philippines, two-thirds of the entire coast lines of the Pacific belongs to you, while from the Kurile Islands to Formosa, the other third, is owned by Japan. From San Francisco to Yokohama we communicate by means of your American cables, and from Seattle to Kobe you ship your freights and travel on Japanese steamers. When, in a few months, the Panama canal is opened, your Atlantic coast will be brought into still closer relation with my country. You are the most dominant of the nations of the west, while Japan is the guardian and the sentinel of the nations of the east; therefore we must be strong friends!

If for no other reason, as a business proposition, Japan and the United States should be friends. Our commercial interdependence forbids us to go to war. Take an ordinary citizen of Japan. He rises in the morning from his bed covered with sheets made of American cotton from Texas; he eats fruits from California, bread made of flour from the mills of Portland and Minneapolis; meat from the packing house of Chicago; the salmon from the Columbia river and Alaska; he smokes tobacco from Virginia and Kentucky, and he builds his house with Washington lumber. At night, throughout the empire, his path is lighted with kerosene from Pennsylvania and electric lamps from Schenectady. Our industrial plants are equipped with your motors and machinery and supplied with your raw materials, and our railways are built with steel rails from South Chicago on which Baldwin engines draw Pullman cars. On the other hand, the United States is the largest customer of Japan. Sixty-eight per cent of the silk and 63 per cent of tea imported by this country come from Japan. Thus, you ladies who are here to-night decorate your homes with Japanese art; you dress yourself with the silk spun by the nimble fingers of the Japanese girls, and you entertain your friends with the tea picked upon the green hillside of my native Nippon. Fine and delicate is the thread of silk, yet it binds together our two great nations!

Mink a Clever Thief.

From the Philadelphia North American. Very talented is the mink. He can climb trees like a squirrel, swim like a fish, dig a hole like a mole and kill chickens like a weasel. In addition, he is endowed with an unusually fine fur, which makes him valuable prey for the hunter. He's more or less common along woodland streams, and altogether too common in the neighborhood of the farmers' poultry yard.

Although he can dig as good a burrow as any other animal, the mink sometimes chooses to steal a muskrat's home rather than build one for himself. To avoid future trouble with the ousted muskrat the mink kills and eats him.

Usually he prefers to make his home along the bank of a stream or at the foot of a waterfall. Sometimes, when his taste for poultry becomes cultivated, he will establish himself under the farmer's barn to be near his food supply. He can track his prey like a hound. Besides poultry he has a taste for rats, mice, fish and frogs.

To aid him in his fishing, the mink has partly webbed feet. His sharp claws help him in climbing trees, and sometimes he will attack birds in their nests. He is a little more than 12 inches long, has a dark brown fur and a light spot in his throat. Before seal skin became popular a single skin of the mink was worth from \$10 to \$12.

The Nobility of Pain.

From the Atlantic Monthly. We can not imagine nobility or dignity without pain. Lower things do not experience it. Common men always flee from it and execrate it; but, now and then, here and there, men and women seek it out. They may quest in a way, they may succumb momentarily to the weakness of the flesh, but they bear witness that pain is good. For them pain is the plowing and harrowing which must precede seed time and harvest. These men we have been taught to call saints and heroes. Shall we give no weight to their testimony?