

# THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LAMBY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907.

## TAX PURCHASERS NOTICE.

Notice of Sale of Lands and Lots for State, County, City, Special and General Taxes.

State of Illinois,  
County of Lake 188

To the unknown owners of and all parties interested in the following described lands and lots and portions of same: Take notice—And to G. W. Sumney, James A. Webb, George H. Ackerman, W. H. Kierman, (deceased), J. N. Hastings, Thomas James, L. C. Hollis, Homer Cooke, J. E. Hagenburg, J. L. Knott, D. L. Jones, H. D. Hill, E. J. Heyckler, John Holden, Isabelle James, Emil H. Steinhil, John Kozart.

Take notice—That at a Tax Sale of Lands and lots for delinquent taxes for the year A. D. 1904 made by the County Treasurer and County Clerk in the County Court Room in the Court House in the city of Waukegan, County of Lake and State of Illinois M. T. Lamby purchased the following pieces and parcels of land to-wit:—On the 27th day of June A. D. 1905, M. T. Lamby purchased Lot 23 Block 9 Chicago Spring Bluff Add, assessed in the name of G. W. Sumney, Lot 29 Block 12 in Chicago Spring Bluff Add, assessed in the name of James A. Webb and that the time for the redemption of the above said lots from said sales will expire on the 27th day of June A. D.

On the 28th day of June A. D. 1905 M. T. Lamby purchased Lots 15 and 18 in the County Court Room in Chicago Spring Bluff Add, assessed in the name of George H. Ackerman; also land described as commencing at N. W. corner James lot, N. 15 degrees E. to shore of lake, south easterly along lake to road, W. and S. along road to E. corner James lot, W. to begin, section 3, Township 45 North, Range 9 East, assessed in the name of Estate W. H. O'Connell; also N. E. 1/4 S. 1/4 section 31 Township North, Range 11 East, assessed in the name of Thomas James; also Lot 44, Block 2 in Homer Cooke's Subdivision, City of Waukegan, assessed in the name of H. D. Hill; and that the time for the redemption of the above lots and lands from said sales will expire on the 28th day of June A. D. 1907.

On the 28th day of June A. D. 1905 M. T. Lamby purchased Lot 3, Block 26 in north addition, Village of Lake Bluff, assessed in the name of J. E. Hagenburg; also undivided tenements of Lot 8 Block 1, Jordan addition, Village of Lake Bluff, assessed in the name of J. L. Knott; and that the time for the redemption of the same from said sales will expire on the 28th day of June A. D. 1907.

On the 28th day of June A. D. 1905 M. T. Lamby purchased for special assessment warrant Number 6, Lake Bluff, undivided five-sixths of Lot 7 Block 1 in Jordan addition, in Lake County, Illinois, assessed in the name of J. L. Knott and that the time for the redemption of the same from said sales will expire on the 28th day of June A. D. 1907.

M. T. LAMBY, Purchaser.

### The Odd Burden

There stands in Westminster street, London, a splendid monument of Crossed in rising attire. The spire which adorns his high breast is upside down, showing that while the man who created the statue was an expert in this line he was totally unfamiliar with the art of riding. These reversed spires are not always noticed by visitors, but those who know about them find them one of the most interesting features of the monument. One of the famous words which that warrior, the Black Prince, is to be seen in a window in the same building is a so-called window on the landing leading from the floor of the palace to the committal rooms above. On the window held in the hands of the prince may be read an inscription in which the words "Prince of Wales" figure prominently.

### Her Glances Backward

In a Broadway car, last night, mid-night a robust, motherly woman sat with a well grown boy on fifteen behind her. The boy had fallen asleep, and his head rested heavily against her shoulder. A man entering the car was cordially greeted by the woman and was about to slap the boy on the knee when the mother intervened. "Don't wake him," she pleaded. "He's no big boy that he is, and he's doing child things. This is the best time in a year that he has been my baby boy again. Let me enjoy it."—New York Globe.

## Daniel O'Connell Moloney, Ailly.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.  
Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham.

Attired for the opera, Morgan Tremaine stepped into the elevator at the fourth floor of the Alameda, where he had his apartments.

"Good evening, Daniel O'Connell Moloney," he said gravely to the knickerbockered and frocked elevator boy.

"I am O'Connell," grinned cheerfully and whisked through a gap in his front teeth by way of reply. They were good friends, the two.

At the fourth floor the car stopped, and the door slid back. Tremaine recognized the girl eccentrically. Miss Arthur Ten Eyck, also that evening, though large and determined in appearance, marched in. At the sight of the young attorney she smiled a slight, indolent, well-learned smile, but nevertheless a smile.

Miss Arthur Ten Eyck, young and slender, dark eyes and lovely, followed her mother. She did not look at Tremaine, but the faintest hint of a smile appeared for a moment in her smooth cheeks. Arthur Ten Eyck, crossing a heavily patterned scarf which emphasized his square five feet five, brought up the rear. Sixty-five inches are not impressive.

In the hundred thousand dollars, forty every inch of it is rather a good average, which the militant Mrs. Ten Eyck fully appreciated.

So did Tremaine, with a sunny glance at his lovely former fiancee. When one is a struggling lawyer, just beginning to see light ahead after a half year's exertions of power, one does not give due consideration to a half dozen millions, especially when the other fellow has them.

"Two months of it," snarled Tremaine mournfully, despite his jaunty bearing, which he had reached the street. "Two months without a habes corpus and a smile—because I doped too much with that little Rives girl! I was a fool to do it and a fool to quarrel over it with Mrs. Ten Eyck."

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commemorative. That evening Daniel O'Connell, in his endeavor to outdo previous college performances, almost blew a tooth out. His small chest was pulled in a better position as he added a crisp six dollar note in the lap of his mother.

The witty attorney, was chosen as Miss Ten Eyck in a house gown which to the masculine eye made her beauty simply bewildering, called the elevator boy to the fourth floor of the Alameda. She had spent the afternoon with a girl friend, and as the car stopped her heart beat a little more rapidly over a certain possibility for Miss Marjorie Tremaine for Miss Marjorie was very much in love with the young lawyer, despite their quarrel.

Miss Marjorie explained to herself at this uninvited questioning of the tubes that it was fear, not hope, which made her feel so. Daniel O'Connell had approved of Miss Marjorie. She had nice eyes and a friendly way of looking at the "feller." Sometimes they had been kissed, and she had even said that she would have a chance to go to school and how it was a good thing to study night.

He was a smart little partisan, too, and talked of his friends of the other sex, but of whom was Mr. Tremaine, and without a word of reproach turned on the lawyer, it usually happened a monologue. Miss Marjorie was a good listener. Her eyes would grow big and she would nod her head as if she were listening to a story when Daniel O'Connell generally told of a case which Tremaine had just won. She would smile and say:

"That's your case, and Miss Ten Eyck's fear or hope was realized. The car stopped at the fourth floor for Mr. Tremaine. He removed his hat with that air of impersonal courtesy which is so annoying when a person is willing to accept any amount of power. Tremaine had returned his ring and sent back his notes unopened and refused to speak to him, but that was two whole months ago. Why couldn't he have been more persistent? Didn't he know a girl could change her mind? Oh, dear! The tenth floor, and he wasn't going to open his eyes."

"Swish! The car seemed to drop from beneath their feet. They were falling! An agonized shriek rushed into Marjorie's mind, a vision of herself, she turned to Tremaine, hands outstretched.

"Morgan, dear, save me!" And when Tremaine had grasped her, she turned to the lawyer, Daniel O'Connell, and caught the table again.

Mrs. Ten Eyck was spending the evening at home, and by the glowing grate Marjorie and Tremaine played the wedding dance to the last stride.

"I'd like to have Daniel Moloney there, too, dear," said the young man. "He's a sort of accomplice of mine—though he's mostly 'a pal.' He's going to be my best key after the job of the month."

"Daniel shall be there," replied Marjorie warmly as she reached another stride. "He's a shoulder, and I just love that. You don't know how much he thinks of me. Morgan, he's so glad to see me, he'll be just a tank and a halfed champagne over the present. Morgan, dear, he'll be just a tank and a halfed champagne over the present."

"Two and Three Letter Names of God. There are thirteen known languages and dialects in which the name of the Deity is expressed in two letters. Hebrew, Al, Sanskrit, El; Chinese, Fu; Hindoo, Sri; Babylonian, El; Sanskrit, Jai; Egyptian, Jai; Tamil, Ke; Sanskrit, Ky; Hindoo, Om; Far East Hebrew, Om; Egyptian, Ke; Chaldea, Iu.

The three lettered name is found in twenty-one languages and provincial dialects:—East Indian, Ann; Hindoo, Ann; Chaldean, Bil; Phoenician, Bog in contraction of "Baal-Bog," meaning white; Roman, Iva; Grecian, Ivo; Esquimo, Iou; Hindoo, Ivo; Chaldean, Iou; English, God; Swedish and Danish, Gudi; Persian, Hom; Hindoo, Hom; Theocian, Baby Ionian, Iou; Sanskrit, Jai; Phoenician, Jai; Irish-Irish, Job; Egyptian, Koo; Irish-Celtic, Oim; Egyptian, Pan, and Latin, Sol.

Taken all together, there are 178 languages and dialects in which a name of a figure of speech God is expressed in words, but in none of them is the word of overgrown proportions, the longest being "Jahobim," a word which expressed the deity being according to certain set of Irish Druids known as "mistake enters."

A Bit Too Quick. The Hospitable Jontous. Yes, we're in the same old place where you dined with last year. By the by, old man, I wish you and your wife would come and dine with us again on the 1st.

The Impulsive Binks in the eagerness of his determination never again to dine with the Jontous—My dear fellow, so sorry, but we're engaged on the 1st—on the 1st—on the 1st that evening.

Dear Jontous (pathetically)—Well, old man, you might have given me time just to name the day—London Express.

## FINE FIRE STATION.

How a Denver Company Made Theirs a Beauty Spot.

LAWN GRADED AND PLANTED.

Grounds Surrounding the Building Made Attractive With Flowers and Vines—Most Unique Descriptive Features Are Flower Stands.

Make the fire station in your town a beauty spot, however humble it may be. It can be done by any fire company with a little trouble and at a comparatively small expense. Both the house and grounds can be made attractive, not only to the home folk, but to visitors as well. The best work of a Denver fire company in this line is described as follows by the fire insurance:

There is probably no finer example in Denver of what purpose, land work and a severe view of the beautiful will do in the way of beautifying once surroundings than that to be seen at the Clayton street station. The building is new and attractive, being built of gray brick, and Captain John D. Wilson, together with his men, set about making the grounds equally attractive as soon as they took possession of the station in the spring of 1905. The city was called on for grass seed.

"Lawn" seed, and Miss Ten Eyck's fear or hope was realized. The car stopped at the fourth floor for Mr. Tremaine. He removed his hat with that air of impersonal courtesy which is so annoying when a person is willing to accept any amount of power. Tremaine had returned his ring and sent back his notes unopened and refused to speak to him, but that was two whole months ago. Why couldn't he have been more persistent? Didn't he know a girl could change her mind? Oh, dear! The tenth floor, and he wasn't going to open his eyes."



ONE OF THE SIX FLOWER STANDS.

which was furnished, and after that the men at the station did the rest. The expenditure of \$12 by the city for the seed represents the total bill for the magnificent grounds surrounding the station.

Under Captain Wilson the ground, graded and planted, the lawn and watched it so carefully that there is perhaps not a better one in the city. In front of the building they planted a flower bed, in the form of a Maltese cross. It is filled with foliage plants of many hues, and in the center there is a small, ornate planter. Along the front wall there is a row of glass-fronted and iron-cased, and received from the horticultural department at Washington. On the south side of the lot is a hedge of sweet peas, and on the same side a large bed of pansies, the gift of the Park Floral company, and another bed of geraniums.

The most extraordinary and unique features of the decorations are the flower stands, which are made of one of these inverted sections of a tree trunk, with the opening hollowed for a planter. The top of this an oblong box was placed, covered with decorative work made from small twigs. There are six of these boxes in various patterns, and each one represents an endless amount of work and patience. The material necessary for their construction was all gathered from the woods and vacant lots of the neighborhood. The completed boxes, filled with dozens of varieties of pansies and trailing vines, are really works of art, which are containing geraniums of many types, lobelias, wandering jew, pinks, nasturtiums and small geraniums.

In addition to these there are other stands which are if anything even more attractive in their origin. In the alleys near the station the firemen found two kitchen water tanks that had been deserted by their owners. Straps were cut out of their sides and rustic supports placed beneath them. They were filled with earth and flower-planted inside. They have quite lost their homely identity and serve as very attractive flower boxes, with long strands of delicate vines trailing from their sides. Within there is much for the eye at the station to be proud of for its beauty, but in this case the men have failed to such good purpose that there is not a private lawn in Denver where more taste is shown in the decorations or greater success obtained in the horticultural work.

The ladies of St. Ann's church will conduct a sale of home-baked goods Saturday afternoon, March 23rd, at two o'clock in the new store of Edward Kirby, 30th building. Everything will be attractive and appetizing.

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