

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.
And still the slaughter of Armenians by the Turks goes right on.

If everybody who has wheels could ride them few persons would be walking.

King Humbert, of Italy, is a vegetarian, and seldom eats anything but bread, potatoes and fruit.

At the present rate of agitation our indignation toward Turkey will be at its height along about Nov. 23.

There is said to be a literary club in every town of any size in Georgia. The country editor keeps it behind the door.

Fraker and Houseman went after the life insurance companies in different ways, but they reached the same result—the jail.

H. H. Holmes, the alleged murderer, never touched intoxicants, but there's still a chance that he'll take a drop too much.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll had his pocket picked at a soldiers' reunion last week. Wonder if it changed his ideas about hell?

Kansas City boasts that her cattle receipts are greater than Chicago's. Somebody's been giving the Kansas people a wrong steer.

Cheng Tu would be followed by Slam Bang if the lives of missionaries were considered by the great powers to be as important as the tea trade.

Mascagni declares that composers have librettos sent them by shoemakers and railway porters. Perhaps it would be a good idea to try some of these librettos for a change.

It was right to stop that band in Oklahoma from playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" while passing a divorce court. There are some things that appear incongruous, even in Oklahoma.

When a woman attends a New York theater in bloomers, as was the case a night or two ago, the fact argues that the woman is too new or New York is not new enough. We incline to the former theory.

It is quite touching to learn of the fear of that noted financier and economist, Richard Croker, lost Mayor Strong and his associates "bankrupt the city." There are some jokes that are too deep for laughter.

"Rev. Sam Jones is cited with saying that there is nothing worse than the summer girl." How in the world did he find out and will he not please give the name of the fair, the chaste, the inexpensive, but likewise the false and sickle she who has been playing on his heart strings for her own amusement?

Bearing flowers in her hand a woman came to the cell of a murderer. "Poor man," she said, "I'm sorry for you," and shed a tear on the corridor floor. "You ought to be, madam," responded the murderer, courteously. "These cruel iron bars shut me off from the privilege of killing a man's wife." Still weeping the woman was led away by the jailer.

A speaker at a banquet to Spanish officers in Havana said that Spain had sent 80,000 of the flower of her army to Cuba and was preparing to send 25,000 more. The largest estimates place the number of the rebels at not over 15,000. The "flower of the Spanish army" must be of the "little faded flower" variety, not to be doing any better than it has so far in subjugating such a feeble adversary.

Miss Helen Gould has been traveling through the west under the name of Miss Helen Annetta Jackson, to avoid attracting attention. This is real mean of Helen, when so many of us have such limited opportunities for looking at millionaires. Heretofore princes and dukes and other dudes with handles to their names have traveled "incog," but Helen is a princess of finance and has no count like her sister, and we'll have to forgive her.

A New York scientist recommends the eating of bones after they are ground fine. He holds that under our present diet the bones of the human frame are not properly supplied with the chemical elements needed to keep them in sound and vigorous condition, and that these elements can be most easily obtained by consuming the powdered bones of the animals ordinarily used for food. He would sprinkle a steak or chop with bone dust, after the manner in which it is sprinkled with salt and pepper, and he maintains that thus the taste of the meat may be greatly improved.

Sigmund Leavick, of Denver, formerly of Springfield, Ohio, was a surprised man last week when he learned that a scrubwoman in Springfield, known only as "Irish Mary," whom nobody supposed to be worth a dollar, had died and left him \$75,000. It seemed that seventeen years ago Mr. L. secured a good job for Mary which she held to the time of her death, and she had accumulated the money for him. It seems she would like him for a husband, but she was too poor to be kind, for she had no money to give him.

SHE IS A FIGHTING WOMAN.

Weights Only 100 Pounds, but Is Not Arrested Easily.

Mrs. Matilda Nagle, wife of Emil Nagle, of this end of Riverside borough, weighs only 100 pounds, is about 35 years old and has a pleasant face with soft brown eyes. She is accused of attacking two boys, knocking one down with a large muskmelon and biting another's thumb, says a River Edge (N. J.) dispatch. For this she was charged with assault and battery and placed under bonds to await the action of the grand jury. She resisted Marshal Vanderbeck when he attempted to arrest her, and, although the head of the borough's department of public safety is large enough to carry an ordinary woman under each arm, he returned to Mayor Webb's office without the "fighting woman." The mayor thereupon appointed brawny Henry Baker, a deputy marshal, and the two men succeeded in hauling the prisoner to the mayor's office by carrying her the better part of the way. When released she threatened vengeance upon everybody connected with her prosecution. There are at present two bail bonds against her, and the mayor expects that the number will soon be increased, as he has been informed that the little woman has declared her intention of shooting George Kreher on sight. Kreher is an ex-policeman of New York, over six feet tall, and broad shouldered, and Justice Webb remained at home all day to-day waiting for him to appear and give bail for assaulting Mrs. Nagle's husband. The mayor explained that Kreher had a step-son, aged 9 years, who cannot be kept at home. The child went to Nagle's, where he remained in defiance of the wishes of his mother and Kreher. The latter had a dispute with Nagle over the matter, which ended in the ex-policeman punching Nagle's face. When Mrs. Nagle saw her battered husband she became very angry, and went on the trail of the big assailant. Kreher deemed it the better part of valor to keep out of the village until he thought the little woman had spent her fury, when he sent word to Mayor Webb, who is a police justice by virtue of the other office, that he would surrender and give bonds. An execution was issued against Mrs. Nagle last week, but there isn't an officer who will serve the papers. Chief Marshal Vanderbeck, Special Marshal Baker, Marshal David Bloomer and State Detective W. H. Doremus all have so much other business on hand that they cannot find time to visit the little woman.

This Was a Good One.

"Did I tell you the latest bright thing my little boy got off?" asked McBride, as he joined a group of friends at the club.

"Yes, you did," replied all, in concert, with discouraging unanimity. "That's where I've caught you," retorted McBride, "for it only happened last evening, and I haven't seen a soul of you fellows since. Besides, this was really a good one."

"Then you haven't told it to us," replied Kilduff, speaking for the crowd.

"Go on."

"Yes, tell us quickly," added Skidmore, "and let us have the agony over."

Thus encouraged, McBride began:

"You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their young children are present. Of course that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs. McBride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddy is often very much mystified by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible. So he called out, 'Mamma!'"

"What is it Freddy?" asked my wife.

"Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r a p-i-g?" spelled out Freddy, triumphantly.

The fellows had to admit that this story about McBride's boy was really a good one.—William Henry Siviter, in the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for August.

The Avalanche

The guide gave the word to leave the channel of ice and take to the rocks on the side, for a snowball or two had rolled down from above, and he was afraid more might follow. Scarcely had we got out of our trough and up on the crags, when down came an avalanche with a vengeance, and we were within twenty feet of a tremendous discharge of thousands of tons of snow and ice, which swept down the track that we had just ascended. We were perfectly safe, but somehow the half hiss, half roar remained in my ears for some time, and for many nights afterward, when indigestible suppers or bad Swiss beer produced evil dreams, the avalanche was sure to figure in them.

A Miniature Launch

A novelty in a steam launch has just been completed. It is nine feet long, with thirty-two inch beam and a nine-inch propeller. The engine weighs sixty-five pounds, and is said to be the smallest marine engine ever made. The launch will carry three persons, and is complete in every respect. There are lockers and air and water-light cabinets, and every appliance necessary for the business has been provided. Cedar and oak are the woods used in the construction of this miniature craft, which, when full rigged, weighs 175 pounds.

JUST LIKE MRS. LOGAN.

SHE TAKES A SHOT AT THE NEW WOMAN.

The Widow of the Famous American General Is Not an Admirer of the End of the Century Girl—Christian Work Needed.

WHAT do I think of the new woman?" said Mrs. John A. Logan to the writer recently. "In the first place, I think the appellation is offensive. We might change Burn's expression to 'a woman is a woman for all that,' which would be literally true. No amount of indulgence—yes, license—should change the inherent nature of woman."

"If by the new woman is meant those either young or old who have laid aside all restraint in indulging in the sports, and I might say dissipation, supposed to be the prerogative of men, not the least of which is cigarette smoking and kindred vices, I am sorry that her day has come. If, on the other hand, is meant the intelligent, cultured, womanly woman who has kept abreast with the progress of the times and has taken advantage of the exceptionally fine op-

portunities afforded American women to broaden the field of her usefulness and develop her intellectual powers without doing violence to her heart or lessening her love of home and family—I say all hail the new woman.

"At the same time I feel that a word of caution might be given by us who have crossed the half-century line in experience and discipline by the ever-changing condition of life. They should stop and inquire why the eligible young man of to-day does not seek the young woman and contract early marriages as in the days of yore. Our girls are just as beautiful and should be more accomplished because of the superior advantages of education and chances of acquiring accomplishments. Are not the mothers to blame because of the impractical and wrong methods of rearing their daughters, and sons, too, for that matter, especially among the wealthier classes?"

"Shrewd, enterprising men work hard amass large fortunes and acquire fame. They look about for a companion with whom to spend their days and share the fruits of their labors. They cannot in a twinkling lay aside the habits of industry and moderation in attendance upon the frivolities of society, not even for the sake of the woman of their choice. Consequently they hesitate about marrying any of the bewitchingly beautiful and purposeless young women they meet because they know their insatiable desire to shine in what we are pleased to call our 'best society.' Hence they not infrequently shock this same society by marrying some worthy young woman who is engaged in the laudible business of earning her living often by pressing the keys of the ignominious typewriter.

"The sons of the wealthy class are for the most part quite as impractical and far more extravagant than their pretty sisters. They are brought up in idleness and farcical attempts at learning a business or profession, but with no idea of following either; expecting with the money they will inherit from their fathers and some rich man's daughter they propose to marry to spend their time yachting, gambling, traveling and living at clubs in this and other countries, eventually dying leaving neither fortune nor fame to the unhappy families they leave behind them."

"Americans do everything with such intensity that any diversion, game or fad is doomed to brief popularity. I passed through the park on the south side of Chicago recently while a bicycle meet was at its height. I have never seen such a sight before in all my life, or had greater occasion to blush for the modesty of American girls. Some were dressed properly and becomingly, while others appeared in garments they were pleased to call bicycle suits that were simply disgusting to any man or woman with any sense of delicacy or refinement. I think the suggestion of the new woman grasps upon the sensibilities of the more refined of her sex because of the abandon that characterizes the manner, dress and conversation of the most renowned representatives of the so-called new woman. If you will study

BLOOMERS SEEN IN NEW YORK. ARE THEY AN IMPROVEMENT ON SKIRTS?



them closely you will find that the majority of them have spent much time abroad and have acquired many of their most objectionable propensities in European cities, whose society people entertain ideas incompatible with the old-time American propriety.

"I am such an old fogey that I am pained to see exhibitions of abandon either in our own blessed country or across the seas, and shall be glad when the advent of the new woman means the beginning of a new era of highly cultivated Christian wives and mothers who will never lay aside their principles or sense of modesty, no matter in what countries they may travel, but be as tenacious in their observance of what seems proper decorum as their foreign friends are in their observance of their ideas of propriety."

manhood to take their places among the educated men of the world. Mr. Smyth is a man of rare attainments. His massive face and broad brow express the dignity of his nature, while his smooth-shaven chin indicates an unwavering inflexibility of purpose. Yet, withal he has a most gentle, kindly nature, which endears him to his pupils and makes him the friend of every European resident at the port, whatever his race or creed. He is ably assisted in his work by his estimable wife, Mrs. Alice Harris Smyth.

May I add to your animal stories a striking instance of that spirit of jealousy which insists on all or none? writes a reader of the London Spectator. I had a cat which had long been an inmate of the house and received all the attentions which it is well known old maids lavish on such animals. Finding the mice were more than one



If nothing else, I suppose that we should be poorly clothed, as we are, for the love of country. We should endure it. I suppose that to be poorly dressed as we are, we should suffer for the love of country. Of course we should do that. And I suppose, when you come to that, that we would die, if necessary, for the love of country. I am willing to. But there is just one thing that I want to say, that if ever I live to get out of this I'll be d— if I will ever have another country."

How to Drive Kats Away Alive.

Somebody who has tried it recommends putting pulverized potash, which soon becomes sticky when exposed to the air, in all the rat holes about the house. The special detestation of a rat is anything which will stick to his filthy coat. Some persons find a mixture of equal parts of cayenne pepper and Scotch snuff sprinkled well into the holes still more efficacious.

LIGHT ON THE EAST.

Rev. Geo. B. Smyth President of Anglo-Chinese College.

Rev. George B. Smyth, the very able president of the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow, left New York for that field about 1893. The college is one of the foremost educational institutions of China. Previous to its establishment



REV. GEO. B. SMYTH, the youth of Foochow were practically ignorant of all the Western sciences. Now Mr. Smyth has under his charge some hundred or more students, well trained, who will be able on reaching

Chicago's Immense Traffic. One year ago 274 through express and mail trains left Chicago daily, 633 accommodation and suburban trains, 200 merchandise freight trains, and an average of 100 grain, stock and lumber trains, making a total of 1,327 regular trains leaving from and arriving at Chicago daily, Sunday excepted, as against a total of 1,352 trains now leaving from and arriving at Chicago, showing an increase of twenty passenger trains, seven accommodation and suburban trains, and a decrease of two freight trains during the year.

Chicago owes a large debt to the hen, considering the fact that the city consumes from \$3 to \$15 worth of eggs every minute. Last year Chicago used the enormous amount of 313,542,000 eggs.

The magnitude of the egg product of the United States is vaguely understood by those not directly in the trade. The leading cities of the country consumed 600,000,000 dozens last year. Laying them end to end they would form a line 170,454 miles long. In other words, they would stretch around the world over seven times, and would go around it once forming a band fourteen inches wide. The product handled for daily consumption last year at an average price of 17 cents a dozen makes a total of over \$100,000,000, while the value of the wheat crop was less than \$300,000,000.

Eggs are used in many ways that the general public seldom thinks of. If the hen should stop laying not only would the gourmand suffer, but the arts would come in for a large share of hardship. The number of eggs used by photographers, artists, painters and paper hangers, bookbinders and chemists, and in the mechanical arts in general, is something enormous.

Even the poor, despised bad egg has come to be a necessity for certain uses other than those of the stage. A few years ago it was discovered that the yolk and decayed parts made the finest of preparations for finishing leather. When properly worked up the bad egg is barreled and sent to France, Germany and other countries, to say nothing of large quantities used at home. It has become indispensable to morocco and kid dressers as well as to glove manufacturers. The proportion of bad eggs coming into Chicago has been reduced to a minimum since the candling system has come into vogue. This has been reduced to almost a science. Experts are required for the work. Before being shipped to the city markets the eggs are taken into a dark room and examined in front of a candle. By this means any spots showing signs of decay are discovered and only good ones are sent to the market, thus saving the freight on poor stock, while the housewife is saved annoyance.

In the early days of the commercial history of eggs farmers employed primitive methods for the preservation of eggs in store for the winter months, when the supply is almost cut off and the market price abnormally high. In January the price often used to run as high as 50 and 60 cents a dozen, while in the spring and early summer the supply was a drug and dear at from 4 to 8 cents. The eggs were packed in oats or sawdust and also preserving fluids. This process was far from satisfactory. The preserving fluids had a tendency to weaken the shells. A process came into use by which the eggs were dried by artificial heat and ground up into the shape of meal for packing. Such egg meal found favor with bakers and was practical for use on ocean vessels.

The cold storage system of preservation was hit upon as the most successful, and it has assumed vast proportions, millions of dollars being expended in plants. Chicago has several of the largest concerns of the kind in the country. The old method of using ice is being gradually dispensed with in view of the improved facilities of the big storage houses. Chicago has sufficient capacity to hold 230,000,000 eggs at one time. Notwithstanding alleged discoveries by which eggs can be manufactured no process has been found successful up to date. No egg has ever been manufactured except at a greater cost than the production of the natural one.—Chicago Tribune.

A New Illuminant. Some day we shall, perhaps, settle on a universal domestic illuminant. Will it be acetylene? If so, we shall want a shorter name for it, but that can be shelved for the present. Acetylene is said to give a flame ten or twelve times brighter than an ordinary gas jet, or four and a half times brighter than the very best gas burner can yield. Moreover, acetylene gives out much less heat than gas, and very much less vapor. Add to these advantages the fact that acetylene can be liquefied with ease, and kept in liquid form, and you have the claims of acetylene in the rough. It is curious that acetylene has become commercially possible as an illuminant by developments in electricity, with which it will now have to compete.

Women Who Support Themselves. In 1890, there were nearly 4,000,000 women and girls among the class called bread winners in the United States. Their number has increased in ten years over 1,200,000, or more than 40 per cent. In the various branches of trade the increase in female employes was 163 per cent. This is due to the rapid utilization of women as accountants, cashiers, clerks, stenographers, typewriters and the like. During the same period the number engaged in the professions show a great increase, in many instances the percentage being far larger for women than for men.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Old Testament.

THE EGG INDUSTRY.

CHICAGO CONSUMES FROM \$3 TO \$15 WORTH EVERY MINUTE.

The Chief Cities of the Country Require 600,000,000 a Year—The Product Last Year One-Third as Valuable as the Wheat Crop—Market for Bad Eggs.



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