

# Downers Grove Reporter

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS

The typhoid microbes are pretty widespread, but they are very easily taken.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Mosquito are still laughing in their sleeves at the eminent scientists.

After a man takes more than \$5,000 they quit calling it stealing and refer to it as embezzlement.

An observer says that the earnings of married women are decreasing. How about their expenditures?

The mental anguish of a dry man in a wet district is exceeded only by that of a wet man in a dry district.

Now that "Josh Billings" is dead, Prof. Davy Jones of Lancaster claims to be the "greatest English speller" living.

This talk about the uselessness of the veriform appendix is very foolish. It's exceedingly useful to the doctors.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are reported to be living apart. There are only a few happy American duchesses left.

The Pennsylvania clergyman who shot at a burglar the other day and hit him has earned the thanks of the entire congregation.

Since love alone makes it worth the while to live, Let all be now forgiven and forgive, says Alfred Austin in his latest poem. All right, Alfred, we'll forgive you.

A scientist has discovered that loafing is conducive to health and longevity. Come to think of it, who ever saw a tramp suffering from arteriosclerosis?

If a person has a legal right to snore should two persons snoring at the same time and in the same room be compelled so to snore as not to make a discord?

Even though Mr. J. P. Morgan has just paid \$13,570 for a miniature portrait of the duchess of Norfolk, by Holbein, Mrs. Morgan has no reason to be jealous.

The Russians are not the first people to float mines. Wall street has been in the business for years. And many an innocent craft has been wrecked thereby.

We suggest the following subject of world interest for the sweet girl graduate's essay: Will the Russian blouse ever be entirely superseded by the Japanese kimono?

Of course, if one of those floating mines sinks a neutral ship our pro-Jap shouters will insist that it was a mineski or a minevitch, and that the Japs were not responsible.

A Youngstown man dropped dead from sheer excitement as the last man went out in the ninth inning the other day. So happy a death does not fall to the lot of every fan.

King Edward recently received in private audience Capt. Mahan, U. S. N. (retired)—the man who knows pretty much everything about all kinds of ships excepting lordships.

The piano dealers were able to get together only 200 old square pianos for the bonfire at their national convention in Atlantic City. You see, we had a coal strike a year ago last winter.

That the emancipation of woman is now complete has been demonstrated in St. Louis. The leader of them all exercised her prerogative of liberty and went from the parlor into the kitchen.

Boston's Twentieth Century club has discussed masturbation, and was told by one expert of a woman who chews every morsel of food 200 times. Now does this lady eat to live or does she live to eat?

Another bank teller has confessed that a large shortage in his accounts is due to speculation. And it is encouraging to note that the newspapers refer to him as a thief instead of an embezzler.

A Worcester (Mass.) man, who forged a check for \$500, said he did it in his sleep. The size of the check, however, was not convincing. It seemed to indicate that he knew perfectly what he was about.

The latest fad among Yale students is going barefooted through the streets of New Haven. It is supposed to have been started by some young gentleman whose father could not be reached by telegraph.

A contemporary announces that Cuba raises nearly one-third of the world's cane. For the sake of the young republic's reputation, it should be noted that the last word in the above sentence is spelled correctly.

And the bank auditor, after he had stolen the funds of his employers, blamed the actress for his ruin, just as Adam blamed Eve. Of course, the man was not in any way at fault. The woman tempted me and I sinned. It is still the fault of some common.

## NEW WAY TO TELL TIME.

The Clock Will Show the Exact Hour and Minute in Figures.

Samuel Powers Thrasher of New Haven, Conn., has an invention that bids fair to make Yankee clockmakers green with envy. In fact, Mr. Thrasher proposes to tell time in figures the same as we read on the time tables of every road in the country. No longer would he have us say it is "quarter of 3" or "half-past 2," but as we look at his invention he proposes and insists that we must say 2:45 or 2:30. In the twentieth-century hustle and bustle this proposal seems likely to meet with more than mere approval. Mr. Thrasher proposes to reconstruct the familiar face with which Father Time has been wont to remind us of the passing hours and do away entirely with the quaint old dial with its Roman numerals in use from the middle ages and likewise take away the old clock's hands. Instead of pointing the way and letting us figure out the time for ourselves, Mr. Thrasher's new timepiece will tell us in plain figures at a glance just what time it is.



Clock That Shows Time in Figures.

It will be no more trouble to tell the hour the minute and the second than to read the A B Cs or see at a glance in the time table the hour and the minute. Any one with eyes and the ability to use them can tell time and a mere comparison with a time table and a knowledge of figures and the ability to read them will be the only essential to know the precise moment when a train is supposed to arrive or depart or any event is to take place.

Three sets of figures, one each for the hours, the tens and the units of minutes revolving on separate rolls with measured accuracy and appearing in a given space at the proper time, give us the hours and minutes on this wonderful new clock. A pointer constantly traveling in a half-graduated circle tells the exact seconds. The pointer and the rolls interlock and the whole is impelled by a device which is simpler than the simplest clock mechanism ever made, which seems impossible to get out of order and never needs winding.

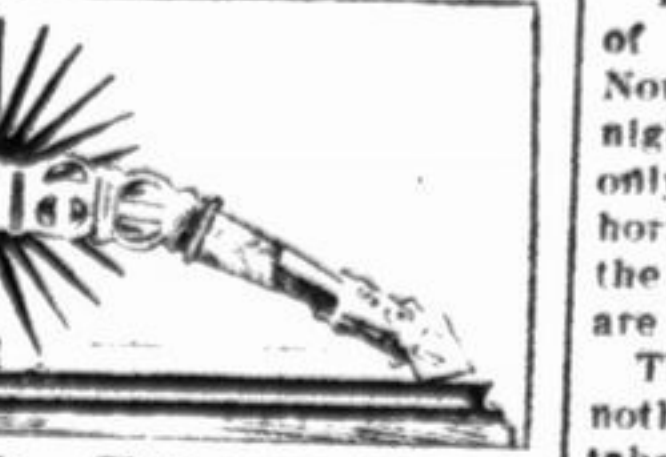
### To Grow a Miniature Forest.

It is quite possible for any one to own a forest of miniature oaks, which may be grown even without the aid of soil. In order to rear a miniature forest procure a shallow dish and cover the base of it with moss an inch thick. Then set a number of good acorns in rows about two inches apart, and a perfect little forest of oak trees can be raised. The moss must always be kept very moist and the acorns will begin to grow in the spring.

By June or July they will have raised themselves six to eight inches high, and will form a charming sight for any lover of trees.

### A Singular Chilean Spur.

The photograph here shown is taken from one of a pair of beautiful Chilean spurs in the possession of A. M. Robinson of Birkenhead, at one time a resident of Chile. They were taken to England, however, in 1826. The rowel is seven inches in diameter and has the sounding "ring" dear to the Chilean "jinete" or rider. Spurs of this kind are seldom worn now except on high-days and holidays.



Loneliness Drove Him Insane. Some time ago a Russian lady died in Paris, France, and bequeathed a sum of \$40,000 on condition that a mausoleum be erected over her grave and inside was to be a small chamber, in which the aspirant for the legacy was to take up his residence night and day for twelve months, and watch by her tomb. A man was found who accepted the post, but was unable to endure the mental strain and loneliness and he is now confined in a lunatic asylum.

### A Two-Sided Flag.

The strangest flag under which men ever fought is that of the Macedonian Insurgents. It is red on one side and black on the other. The black side is intended to be symbolic of the iniquity of Turkish rule, and should the Macedonians ever gain independence or autonomy, the flag would be changed.

### Girls War on Mosquitoes.

The Leap Year Girls' club of Beverly, Mass., have undertaken a crusade against mosquitoes at that place. They will administer a coat of coal oil to two ponds near Beverly. The girls in some way figure that mosquitoes may interfere with the purpose of the club.

# IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Russian life presents two clear-cut extremes. These are the peasants and the "nobility." Between these two classes exists a gulf as deep and wide as though the masses were still in the bondage of serfdom.

In their pleasures more than in any other phase of their life is this difference evident. As a matter of fact, the peasants have practically no pleasures except their eternal vodka drinking, a vice so common that it has ceased to be so regarded by the Russians.

On the other hand, the "nobility," which includes the middle and upper classes, seem to live in an almost continual whirl of pleasure.

All the year round, in winter and summer, the masses, those who were released from serfdom and those who have always been peasants, are toiling in their fields or are engaged in some other heavy labor suitable to the season, while their more fortunate fellow countrymen of the "nobility" help swell the numbers that crowd about the racetracks in summer or in winter or race in their sleighs over the snowy, frozen "prospekts," with others as light-hearted as themselves.

It is a recognized fact that the aristocracy, like the "smart sets" of the occasion, should spend their time from morning till night, and far into the night, in the pursuit of pleasure, but that the "nobility" should go to one extreme by imitating the examples of their superiors and the peasants to the other by having practically no pleasures at all is a state of affairs that finds no sympathy nor understanding in the west.

"Society" always follows the czar and on that account St. Petersburg is the center of gayety and pleasure, principally in summer, when the fairs so dear to the Russian's heart are in full swing.

Summer comes upon the city and the people almost without warning. They go to bed one night, thinking of the winter that has just passed with the breaking up of the ice and the melting of the snow, over which they had skimmed so often in the jingling "troikas," buried in furs to protect themselves against the piercing cold—and in the morning they awake to find the trees fairly bursting into bloom, so that they can almost see the foliage and blossoms growing, and the heat is almost as great as it becomes in the middle of summer.



Peasant Women Harvesting.

The end of May and the beginning of June is the period, like that of Norway, of the shining of the mid-night sun. For two or three hours only does the sun disappear below the horizon, and then its glow suffuses the sky, so that sunset and sunrise are merged into one.

Then it is that those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves take advantage of the long-established custom of going on excursions to the islands, to watch the sun slowly sink into the waters of the Neva, to meet and chat with their friends on various questions of the day, or to hear the latest bit of court news or gossip, and then to drive back in the hour of dawn to their houses, to invite sleep and refreshment before the pleasurable duties of the coming day.

Houses are thrown wide open all during this gay season, and everything in and around St. Petersburg teems with summer life and pleasure. Every one dines in the open air, spends his time on the water's edge, or joins a boating party that is going to hear the fashionable operetta given in one of the country theaters that are open at this time to afford another amusement to summer visitors. Everywhere is light-hearted happiness and merrymaking, but it is the same life and the same brilliant spectacle that follows the court of every other monarch in Europe.

There is another aspect of the pastimes of the upper class of Russians—the "nobility." The great majority of the landed proprietors pass the summer on their estates in some remote province of the empire, but they consider it their duty, on their way there, to stop at Nijal-Novgorod, to visit the annual fair, where they probably have some business to do in grain or cattle and desire to take in the pleasures of the great gathering at the same time.

The deplorable lack of enjoyment of the Russian peasant has a very strong pathetic side. The wealthy people of the country are generous in this respect, but their generosity has come rather too late to be of much benefit to the objects of their kindness. On a public holiday the people living in or near the big towns have entirely free access to the parks, and are entertained with an outdoor theater, acrobatic performances, fireworks, free swings and rides and there is music everywhere. There are associations for the purpose of encouraging athletic games, and children are always drawn into them if possible; football and tennis, swings and glants' strides, playgrounds, everything imaginable to tempt them to take part in outdoor exercise, and if the young Russian does not grow healthy, vigorous and strong it is not from lack of opportunity to become so, but because habit is too strong with his parents.

## REVIVAL OF THE INN.

Public Houses are Changed to Suit the Needs of the Day.

While some reformers are bent on ending the public house, others are busy at mending it. We need not decide for both; in many places there are too many public houses, and of those that would in any case remain, many might well be bettered. The annual report of the public house trust shows that substantial progress is being made in this direction. The principal aim of the trust is the revival of the inn as a place of all-round refreshment and its extinction as a mere drinking bar. "The man who asks for bovril gets the same smile as the man who asks for beer," that is the advertisement and the motto. Lord Grey's movement is a most hopeful one; it takes for granted that men will not be deprived of their beer; but it offers every inducement to the consumption of other cups than those which inebriate, and of eatables as well as drinkables, and it provides decent, wholesome, cheerful surroundings. The movement is peculiarly opportune in rural districts. It comes at a time when there is a considerable revival in the wayside inn as a place of necessary refreshment. Hosteries which seemed to have been killed by the railway are coming to life, thanks to the bicycle and the motor. At a time when so many people are thus taking to the road again, it is very appropriate that an effort should be made to improve the roadside inn.—London Chronicle.

## ERRORS OF THE TYPES.

A Few of the Misprints That Shorten Editors' Lives.

At a literary dinner in New York C. D. Gibson, the illustrator, quoted a number of amusing misprints for several years, and already had in his collection 200 good specimens.

He first quoted a misprint about a bishop who was confined to the house with a violent cold. The newspaper that mentioned the prelate's illness said he was "confined to the house with a violent scold."

Another quotation concerned a British nobleman who had joined a party of friends in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting pheasants. This the compositor had made to read: "He has joined a party of friends in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting peasants."

"That, though," said Mr. Gibson, "is an old and famous misprint, and you may have heard of it before. You may, too, have heard of the one about a 'surgeon taken alive in the river that sold for six cents a pound.' But I doubt if any of you have ever heard of the misprint that appeared last February in a Vermont newspaper. This paper wished to say, in praise of a very aged and distinguished citizen:

"John Green is a noble old burglar, proudly loving his native state." "But the types made this sentence run: "John Green is a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

### Stuff Heroes are Made Of.

Five millions for heroes—come, bring a stuff. Dishonor it at once, we have heroes enough. There's the hero who rescues the drowning from death. The hero who braves the red flames—toughest and bravest. There are heroes on land, there are heroes on sea. There are heroes of varying style and degree. But the man who slams out a homer when there are two or three men on bases and brings in the runs that win the game for the home team in the last half of the ninth inning. He is the kind of a hero for me!

The women, God bless them, come in for a share. Of the heroine fund—there are heroes to spare. In the ranks of the sex, there's the one who can bake. The pie, rich and juicy, like mother would make. There's the heroic woman, a marvel I who raises six children and keeps them all clean. But the woman who never trumps her partner's ace, never leads from a short suit, and not once during the evening asks what is trumps and whose ace is that. She is the kind of a hero I mean. —New York Times

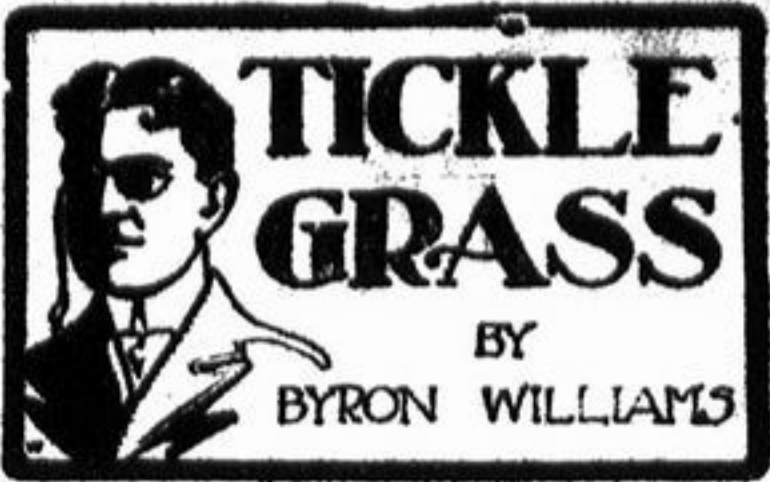
### Had His Revenge.

The few persons on the uptown elevated station at Chambers street early Friday morning were startled a bit to see a thick-set chap climb over the railing just north of the men's waiting room. He looked down toward the street and rubbed his nose. In a moment or so another fellow was seen at the top of the stairway. In two shakes of a lamb's tail, he, too, was over the railing. Both of them looked across at the other station, but it was deserted. There is a turnstile there instead of a ticket chopper. "We ought to tell the man," said a woman to her escort. "Nix," was the reply. "The company stuck me on a plugged dime the other day. Now we're square."—New York Sun.

### What He Needed.

Admiral Walker, since becoming one of the Panama Canal Commissioners, has had his patience somewhat tried by persons who have been to the isthmus giving him gratuitous information concerning the climate there. One man informed him that after returning from a journey to the place he went to his physician to learn if he had malaria in his system. The doctor showed him a drop of his blood under the microscope, and, said the narrator, "it was full of the microbes of malaria. They looked like a lot of lively potato bugs."

"Then what you need, I should think," said the admiral dryly, "would be a dose of insect powder." All women are made of glass to the very young man.



## TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

'Twas Ever Thus. Scene—Six little girls playing on the village green. "Oh, Goodness!" with a shriek. "Look there, girls! Lookee!" "He's coming this way!" "Oh, my!" "He's running!" "Oh, dear!" wailing. "He's catching—us!" panting. "Oh, Oh! Now—you—just—stop—that! Oh! with a shrill cry that startles the neighbors for blocks. "Oh, dear! Boo-hoo!" "Chorus—"Boo-hoo!" Tears, more tears! Shrieks! Then a man's voice calls out from Brown's raspberry bushes: "Here, you! What are you doing to those girls?" "Aw, g'wan! I ain't doin' nothin' to 'em friddy-cats!" and little Johnnie Brown throws a dead garter snake across Smith's barbed-wire fence and slinks away down the alley. It is when we get these glimpses of



"GIT AWAY FROM ME!"

boyhood that we are reminded of Byron's excerpt: "A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing, And mischief-making monkey from his birth."

### In the Soft Moonlight.

They were alone! And in a hammock at that! The playful zephyrs rolled in the moonlight and blew the loose tresses of her hair so riotously they tickled his ear.

He felt that he was in danger, but he would not declare himself. She said nothing. The owl called weirdly from the scraggly monarch on the hill. The lake chattered, and, at the dock, the boat chains grumbled. Far away he heard a how-wow bark and the tinkle of a bovine bell! Still she said nothing! He did not look at her. He dared not. Yet he knew what a pretty picture she was making as the moonlight ravished her face for kisses! But, no! He would remain firm.

She stirred slightly. He gave no heed. "Jack," in a quiet, conquered spirit. "Jack, you— He turned toward her patronizingly. — You may—put—your—arm—under—my—head—if—you— But, after all, this is none of our business. "Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band. Let signs or cynic prattle as he will. These hours, and only these, do mine life a years of ill."

In building anew on the ruins of a temple erected to Bacchus and his ilk, there is much to be gained by a study of the scars. A singed tomcat profits by his first experience in pulling chestnuts from the fire. Men that refuse to take warning of their own burns use less intelligence than the cat.

### Unduly Prejudiced.

Bings—Why is Brown so prejudiced against automobiles? Wings—He was out in his auto with



THAT WAS WHY.

A young woman one day and he asked her to marry him. Bings—Well, she accepted him, didn't she? Wings—Yes; that's the reason!

Many a man that in years gone scaped a wall to steal a kiss, and fell into the raspberry bushes without complaining, makes a great fuss nowadays when he slips on the hall rug and bumps his elbow, as he kisses the same woman good-bye of a morning.

Fate is often unkind, sometimes postponing the death of an ancient husband until there remains only the charm of his money to attract the marriageable men to the widow.