PAPERS REPEOPLE

THE TEST OF OFFICIAL FITNESS.

By Gov. Hughes of New York. Every governmental scheme finds its ultimate test in the character of the men who may be brought to its execution. Men who in trade will resort to dishonest methods and unfair practices in competition will attempt to fatten themselves at the expense of the public if they are elected to office. Men who will prey upon minority stockholders or abuse the trusts that are committed to them in our great financial enterprises will prey upon the people if they have a chance.

Whether powers of supervision and regulation will be wisely exercised depends, not upon the words of the statute book, but upon the character of the supervisors and regulators; and you must have a higher quality of citizenship in those who administer the laws than in those whose conduct makes the laws and their adminis-

tration necessary. Between the man who attempts to fool the people in order to get rich and the man who attempts to fool the people in order to get office, between him who seeks his personal profit through an abuse of trust as a director and the man who uses public office to serve himself or his personal friends, there is nothing to choose.

WORLD OR WOMEN-WHICH WILL CHANGE?

By Ada May Krecker.

It does not seem unreasonable to expect women in the long run to give to the big world something of their own natures. It is only what they have done in the home. That is why the homes where they are queeus are thought refined and beautiful and why the big outside world where they are slaves is called hard and cold. But even if women should not do much to soften the big world, the nat ural processes of evolution are at work slowly and surely refining it. The cold, hard world to-day is not nearly so cruel or uncomfortable or brutal as the choicest home life of the savages.

If the western world seems a little untamed in comparison with the oriental it is because its civilization is so much newer. Less than two thousand yours ago it was chiefly savages; whereas over twenty thousand years ago the orientals were writing poetry and philosophy. Or if America seems ruder than Europe it is because we insist upon civilizing everybody. In Europe they have been satisfied with a few "gentles." They have called them the "quality." But in America we pay attention to "quantity," too. And if we cannot turn them all out as gentlemen by the time they are naturalized citizens, we at least find them easy to distinguish from new arrivals by their better behavior and better dress. Whichever way we take it-whether the

DOIPUIL DE

Owing to the great amount of decom-

eterforation of thin steel, the half

the new dispatch bout Guarafara.

built for the Brazilian Government, i

countracted entirely of branze. Against

this metal, cara Popular Mechanica the

corrective action of the Brazilian waters

has no effect, and, although more cost-

ly, both in material and construction.

the reasel to much lighter than if built

of steel or word. The propeller shaft

The brownish spots which appear to

old books are really due to the ravages

of bacteria, ears Popular Mechanics.

The tiny destroyer is especially fond of

starchy material and its propagation

understood that damp produced discol

cration and deeny, but the share of the

microbe in the operation has not hith-

arto been suspected. Tiny fungus or

moid in responsible for gray and black

marks upon old papers. In spotting

the surface the fungua below to break

down the fabric and basten the process

R. Lødekker, the English naturalist

calls attention to the observations of

R. I. Pecock on the significance of the

mote on tion cubs as indicating the

close relationship of Hons, tigers and

leopards. On lion cubs the nattern of

the markings is intermediate in char

actor between the stripes of the tiger

and the resettes of the leapard, but in

elines more toward the former. East

African lions retain more or less dis-

tinet traces of these early marking

even when they reach maturity. A dis-

tipet tiger-like feature of the lion cut

is a white patch over the eye, which

disappears in the adult. Punes cubs

show a pattern quite unlike that of the

At the recent meeting of the Ameri

hat its completion will enable the

freeb-water faunce of the Atlantic and

Pacific slopes to interminate. Undoubt

edly many marine animals will pass

from one ocean to the other. Thus :

ermanent change of conditions will be

brought about, which may or may no

e scientific interest is very great. In

less of these facts, the association re

tolved to arge upon Congress the neces-

of an immediate biological survey

The report that the Gulf Stream now

the crossing of the Atlantic, fur-

the Panaina Canal zone.

much practical importance, but

Hon, tiger, leopard and laguar.

of its destruction.

promoted by damp. It has been well

ing and propeller are also of brouze.

d regotable matter contained in

allian waters, which causes rapid

world is growing daintier of its own accord, or whether women publicly are helping to make it so-there is good reason to expect it to become as fit a place for a woman as a parlor. And there is little ground for fearing that women will turn either into men or rowdies because they have left their zenangs.

WHERE DO WILD ANIMALS DIE?

By Dr. Theodore Zell.

Where do wild animals die? This question has often been asked, and many learned naturalists have tried to find satisfactory answer, but even at the present time comparatively little is known that would throw a clear light upon that subject. The question is simple enough and easily answered in some cases, but extremely difficult in other cases. In a large number of cases the animals are killed by other animals or by man and eaten. Of all living creatures man is the most bloodthirsty, and more animals full victims to his greed, cruelty or appetite than to the murderous instincts of carnivorous or other ani-

Some have made the assertion that certain animals, when they feel the approach of death, retire to some hiding place, a cave, a hollow tree, or some crevice in the rocks, and there await the end. That may be true and is decidedly probable, but does not explain the fact that only in rare cases are the remains of dead animals found In such places. It has often been commented upon that even in the districts where monkeys are abundant dead monkeys are scarcely ever found. Ancient writers like Pliny speak with remarkable erudition of the age which certain domestic and wild animals reach, but their writings throw no light upon the question as to what becomes of the animals after death. The number of curcasses and skeletons which are actually found is far too small to give a satisfactory explanation of that puzzling question which is still waiting for its Oedipus.

AMERICAN CHARACTER CONTRADICTIONS.

By Dr. Felix Adler.

We have no great leadership in politics or in other fields. The average American intelligence is high, but we have not the peaks that tower above the average. No country needs great leaders so much as a democracy, and in no country have they appeared less than in our democracy.

The false idea of equality, I imagine, has something to do with it. It is a curious fact, Americans are the most individualistic and the least individualistic. Nowhere is individualism so much encouraged and nowhere so much discouraged.

The American air is filled with the spirit of enterprise; on the other hand, he is less independent than the Englishman. He would never ascert his rights when he is ousted, as the Englishman; he is afraid of being singular when he sieps out and resents that which others bear, Democracy is unfavorable to individualism in this re-

TWO NOTORIOUS ANARCHISTS.



ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

The bomb-throwing affair at Union square, New York ('ity, served again to bring to public notice several of the apostles of disorder, chaos and suarchy. One of these is Alexander Berkman and another is Emma Goldman. Both of these worthles have caused the police a great deal of work and annoyance and are kept muler surveillance most, if not all of, the time Berkman is the editor of a publication known as Mother Earth, which is widely circulated among those of anarchistic sympathics. He is the man who tried to kill Henry C. Frick, and he served a ferm in prison for his crime It is said Mr. Frick employs a detective to watch Berkman constantly for fear he will repeat the attempt at assassination. Herkman was arrested after the recent bomb throwing, but could not be connected with Berkman in the publication of Mother Earth. The police never lose sight of her and are vigilant in policing any hall in which she is to speak.

theoryatorium seems to indicate that ry he Gulf Stream now moves more rapidly than formerly.

How He Knew.

A lady who was perfectly well, but ancied she was suffering from fever. alled on an old and experienced physician to consult him. She described her symptoms at some length, and he listened patiently. At last he said "I think I understand your case madam. Sit perfectly still a few mo-

ean Association for the Advancement ments and let me look at you." Science, in Chicago, attention was She complied, and he eyed her at called to the interesting fact that the tentively for nearly a minute, glancwork on the Panama Canal is changing ing at his watch once or twice in the siological conditions in Panama, and

> you, madam," he said. "You haven't the slightest indication of fever, Your heart-beat is perfectly normal." "Why, how do you know, doctor?"

"There is nothing the matter wift

she asked, in surprise, "You didn't feel my palse. "I didn't need to," he answered.

ounted the vibrations of the ostrichfeather on your hat." And he bowed

Drowned Manuscript.

James Russell Lowell, the first edi tor of the Atlantic, was walking across with greater speed than formerly. Cambridge bridge when his hat blew off and fell into the Charles with half her the theme for an article by Dr. a dozen or more manuscripts with tain that she should thank him the German magazine, which it was freighted and which he his good advice, and approaching the Dr. Brennecke analyzes the was returning to the Boston office. A deck steward, entrusted him with and geographical reasons for boatman recovered the bat, but the message asking for an interview. In nce and continuance of the scattered manuscripts perished in those due time the steward returned, saying and poluts out how the waves of oblivion. "If they had been that the captain was unable to grant the wind currents and the accepted articles, it wouldn't have been the starosphere all affect the quite so had, for," said he, "we might of the famous current, with some grace ask the writers for sendent, he points out, fresh copies. But how can you tell a and areas of high and self-respecting contributor that his the steward, "but he's suffering with a A series of manuscript has been not only rejected, bit of seastckness, which 'as lasted over a long but sent to a watery grave?"—J. T. two days now, an' he sin't in shape to

THE CAPTAIN'S REMEDY.

~~~~~~~~ ~~~~~~

A young woman who recently made trip to Europe decided to consult the captain of the ship as to the best pre rentire for seasickness. Having armed perself with a letter of introduction t he officer, she waited until the ship had cleared Sandy Hook, says a writer in the Bohemian, and then approached him. She described her fears, and begred for a remedy.

"My dear lady," replied the captain with an amused smile, "you will not be troubled with any illness if you will do what I tell you. Most ladies confine themselves to their staterooms, and thereby incur the very thing they fear Now if you will stay on deck, get all the fresh air you can, walk up and down, take good physical care of your self, and try not to think of trouble,

The lady thanked him. She followed the directions faithfully, and when the ship ran into the tail end of a heavy northwest gale, she never felt a qualm, She appeared regularly at meals, and enjoyed herself thoroughly.

you will never be sensick."

As the gale was abating, she bethought her that it was due the canher an interview.

"Why not?" she questioned. "Why

"Captain's compliments, miss," said



DOTTY DOLLY'S RIDDLE.

"Guess my riddle, Mr. Man," Said little Dotty Dolly Drake; "If Brother Jack a flower was, Tell what one he best would make."

"A round and pink carnation, Because his cheeks are pink? A pretty poppy, 'cause they're red? I'm sure I cannot think,

"Or is he like a tulip, Because two lips has he? It isn't lady slipper, For a lady he can't be.

Perhaps it's a sunflower, As he rises with the sun So he can play foot ball enough Before the day is done."

But little Dotty Dolly Drake Just shook her curly head, "Oh, can't you guess, you stupid

man?" And then she laughing said:

"I'll have to tell you, it's so hard, My own con-nun-de-drum. Why, with his yellow foot ball hair, He'd be chrysanthenium!" →May Delling, in the Washington Star.

THE GAMERY. "Come along, Uncle Tom, right up

"The Gamery! What under the sun is that?" cried Uncle Tom, as he found himself being fairly dragged atticward by his nephews and nieces. "I expect it's a place where they make game of you. Is the other name for it the Practical Jokery? If it is I'm not going one step further."

The children laughed. "Good idea, uncie," said Theo pa tronizingly. "We'll start a Practical Jokery the very next rainy day."

Soon they were all at the attic door and Uncle Tom paused at the thres hold to read the sign pasted thereou. It was a highly decorated sign, but the lettering was clear and black, THE GAMERY; ALLEN BROS. & CO., PROPRIETORS.

ALL VINDS OF GAMES MADE TO ORDER. OFFICE HOURS EVERY STORMY

DAY. "We're the '& Co.' we girls," said Josephine, "and we do the most of the work."

"Hear! Hear!" said Allen. "They do most of the talking, too." "Well, do let Uncle Tom into the Gameryt" said peaceful Ruth. "You children are all blocking up the

door."

With great ceremony Uncle Ton was unhered into the warm, wide attic. All the rubbish which usually fills up an attic was piled neatly under one gable, leaving the long stretch of space for the children to work in. The boys had a work bench and tool chest at one end. Their outfit included a turning lathe and fretsaw.

The girls had a long table, with low chairs, just the right size for them to sit in and work easily at the table. Back of the table deep shelves held in place by a roll of paper unwere built into the wall. These were | der the sweat-band; but he piped piled high with newspapers, maga- away like a steam whistle and carried zines, advertising circulars and a few the big snow shovel much as a marchbooks. The table had drawers which ing soldier carries his rifle. contained library paste, old scissors, pens, pencils, India ink, water col- ing looking man, who was asked if ors and brushes. An old bureau con- he wanted his walks cleaned. tained the games which the children . "Ten centa." had manufactured,

"You see," explained Ruth, "we used to drive mother nearly wild on stormy days, asking what we should do next. We always seemed tired of all our games and books just the very days we needed them most. So one day mother sent all our games to needed another game we must make or earn it ourselves. She meant it for a punishment, but somehow the idea of making games interested us; we but our heads together, and the result is this," pointing to the table and work benches.

"See our lovely game of 'Old Maida," said Josephine. "We had the boys cut a lot of bristol board time for more than a cup of coffee. cards of just the right size and shape, every card exactly the size of every other, then we cut out pictures of all the money?" asked the man as he the pretty girls we could find. They insisted on settling for twenty-five are mostly just advertisement girls, you see, and we got two of each kind; you see, here are two tooth powder girls, and two cocoa girls and two some girls, and there are twentysix pairs. Then we pasted them on the cards with library paste. on just one card we pasted this poor old maid. Isn't she pathetic! ent her out of a patent medicine ad, the sturdy little snow shoveler as and that completed our game. Don't office boy in a bright new uniform and you think it's lots prettier than the with permission to whistle when he

"And see our game of authors," said Ruth. "We got the tiny photographs of all the authors we liked very cheap, a half dozen of each, and we pasted them on cards and print- helm Funk are the only New Yorked the quotations underneath our ers who have been made famous by selves. We hunted up the quotations their hats. But who has ever suns all alone, too. Did not Josephine the fame of John La Farge's bonnet! print them beautifully?"

Echo answers, none. Bonnet is the "And here's the Book Title Game only word in millinery that can propthat Ruth made up," said Josephine. erly be applied to the Dean of all the "Every time we find a picture that Painter's headgear, for it consists illustrates the title of a book, as, of a shapeless piece of black felt for instance, this little girl looking that always looks as if the veteran backward, we cut it out, paste it on artist caught it up by the top in a drudgery becomes a pleasure. bristol board and number it. To firm grasp and thrust it down on his play the game the pictures are pass- head. Its only approach to the ordifor ed around, and each player writes nary hat worn by man lies in the down what he thinks each picture circumstance that it has a narrow stands for, and the author of the bit of silk ribbon around it. Also, he is never seen in public without it. story. The one who guesses most -New York Press. right gets a prize. We are all the time making new cards, so the game is likely to become very large. But Salvation Army steamers carrying we think when it gets too large we the army's emigrants across the Atwill substitute new ones for the most familiar ones. See this card with the romantic young people in one corner and the sum and moon in the other; that is 'A Romance of Two up only once in 400 days, are now I Worlds. And here are our anagrams; | manufactured in Munich.

ner. He's a chess flend."

"Bay, '& Co.,' aren't you going to give Uncle Tom a chance to see our exhibit?" said Theo impatiently. "Look at the chessmen I carved myself! Aren't they beauties? I got a book on wool carving and practiced till I turned out these."

"I'll give you ten dollars for a

dollars is too much," said

Theo, his face flushing with delight.

penny morris and checkerboards, and

here on this old slate is an old-fash-

toned tee taw tex board and-" But

"We make duplicate games for

at this point the dinner bell rang.

presents and for the hospital chil

dren," said Ruth, "The only trou-

ble with our Gamery is that it takes

days,"-Washington Star.

it is done.

apart.

mon by all.

so long to make the games nice that

GAME OF BUBBLE BOWLING.

Bubble blowing is certainly lots of

fun, but bubble bowling" is much |

more exciting, writes one who has Q

The game may be played on any

long, narrow table, which must be S

covered with an old woolen cloth or

shawl, and must surely be something

that nobody minds having got wet,

Goals must be marked in chalk at

both ends of the table. Each goal 8

consists of two marks, eight inches Q

in fact, the more the merrier, but | 5

players on each side. A captain must

be chosen for each team and the

names must all be written on a slate

or piece of paper. Every player is

provided with a clay pipe, and there

is one bowl of soapsuds used in com-

The teams gather at opposite ends

of the table, and the person standing

next to his captain blows a bubble,

not too large, which he tosses upon

the table. The captain, as first blow-

er, stands ready to blow the bubble

on its course down through the oppo-

nent's goal when the captain has had

three trials, the captain on the other

side becomes the bowler, and the one

standing next to him blows bubbles

for him. When this captain retires

the member of the opposite party,

next to the captain, takes the bowl

er's place, and is assisted by the one

whose name is next on the list; after

him the player next to the captain

the last on the list has his turn, when

the captains then become assistants,

and blow the bubbles. Every player

has three trials; the bubbles which

break before the bowler has started

them are not counted. Every time a

player sends a bubble through his

opponent's goal a point is won and

a mark is written opposite his name;

every time he falls a cross is record-

ed. The game is twenty points.-De-

THE KIND OF BOY THAT WINS

as he came merrily whistling down

the atreet the morning after the big

snow. His nose was red, his hands

were bare, his feet were in shoes sev

eral times too large and his hat was

"How much!" came from an impos-

"It would be if I could do no bet

"Go shead and clean 'em!" shouted

"Just see that little rascal make the

the man whose admiration and bet-

snow fir!" he laughed to his wife,

who stood at the window with him.

"Why, he's a regular snow-plow, and

She called him in as soon as he

"What are you going to do with

"I'm going to get mother a shawl.

She's wearing one you can see

and his cheery whistle. But they had

his name and address. It was the

wife who took a shawl to the mother,

and it was the husband who installed

felt like it.-Evangelical Messenger.

Another Famous Hat.

Augustin Daly, Oscar Hammer-

had finished, but he would not take

cal! I wonder if he's hungry?"

"Too busy," he said

ter: but I've got to do the best I can

and business is rushing. Good morn-

the air as the boy started away.

ter nature had been aroused.

"A nickle's enough."

He was an odd-looking little figure

troit News-Tribune.

on the other side; and so on until

Any number can play this game, Q

because wet it will surely become.

played the game, and then tells how

we never get time to play them our-

selves; there ain't enough stormy

"See our crokingle board, and nine

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