

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

UPWARD TREND OF MORALITY.

By P. J. Dolliver.

In my opinion, the largest evidence of the moral progress of the American people lies in the recognition, now well-nigh universal, that at bottom all the problems of society are not simply problems of politics and government, but are in reality questions of applied religion.

And for that reason it is with hope and courage that we look toward the future; and I venture to predict that the time is at hand, nearer than we know, when we shall realize that the world in which we are living, in its literature, its law, in the building of cities, in the employing of labor, in the investment of money, and in its civilization, is only a house of prayer and every man is a brother.

EGOTISM IS NOT COURAGE.

By John A. Howland.

In the business world it is no mark of capability in a man that he shows his egotism. It is a handicap, especially among those who have graduated into the practical truths of life and work.

But when he knows and out of his knowledge does his work to the mark, no further assurance is required of him. If he shall go further, and through wordy reiteration and swashbuckling movements attempt to unload a surplus personal importance upon his fellows, he becomes a target for all those things which his fellows may aim at him to his downfall.

The young man afflicted with this egotism will neglect to devote a little time to discover in himself the causes of the trouble. Courage must not be confounded with

ego; courage is a necessity. But egotism is a weakness, and the young man who would be truest to himself should be rid of it by a course of self-training that will blot it out forever.

INDULGE YOUR HUSBAND AND BE HAPPY.

By Dr. Paul Mateagaza.

Exact little, exceedingly little, of your husband, and you will have gone more than half way along the path that leads to the peace of the fireside. This done, all that the man, ever an egotist and always less loving than the woman, concedes to you will come like an unexpected gift, a dear surprise. If, on the contrary, you measure the happiness of the family in the balance of justice you will expose yourself to the most disagreeable surprises, to the bitterest disillusion.

All the husbands in the world fall into two grand classes, the good and the bad. The good are always the same. They love their wives above everything else, and the first thought is to render them happy. They seek riches, honors, glory itself, but to weave a garland to place on the brow of the beloved woman. They neither command nor obey, for they consider themselves neither above nor below their wife, but her equal. They discuss with her the big and little problems of life, and they always finish by arriving at the same conclusions with her. Over their head burns always the sun, a sun which does not scorch but warms, a sun which never sets.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA.

By Mrs. T. Cobden Sanderson.

There are two classes of women in the United States upon whom the chief hope of woman suffrage rests. The one is the college girl. I am bound to say that as a rule they know little about the question, perhaps because they approach it from a different standpoint. The idea of the thinking college girl is to go into politics in order to purify it.

Woman suffrage is not likely to be granted by separate legislation in America. The thing is too complicated. There are five States altogether that have adopted it, but only Colorado as a State—the others introduced woman suffrage when they were Territories. And of course that does not touch federal government. So I think that women will have to wait until the American Federation of Labor is strong enough to have its way—for woman suffrage is part of its program.

For boys and girls

TEA FOR THREE

Once Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear and Baby Bear played tea. They had a little tea-set that held just enough for three; And Bobby tied on Baby's bib, while Bubby filled the pot With just a spoon of tea apiece—and water boiling hot.

Now Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear were quite polite and fine; They never hurried rudely when 'twas time to sup or dine. So Bubby pouring the tea, took care that Bobby got the most— But while they talked we Baby Bear ate every bit of toast!

—St. Nicholas.

THE BUNNY'S DANCING LESSONS.

The Bunnys were coming up in the world, so much so that Mrs. Bunny thought it high time to give her children dancing lessons. There was no need to hunt for a dancing teacher, for Mrs. Bunny knew all the steps herself, having been quite a belle in her day. So every afternoon Bob and Bunny and Bunce rushed home from school, flung down their books and scamped off to join their mother on the green; and day after day under her drilling they grew in grace and beauty.

"It's too great a responsibility," she declared. "One never knows what unforeseen danger is lurking above ground, but my boys are as alert as I am, and since our unfortunate experience last summer, I confess I'm nervous. I have heard—" here Mrs. Bunce lowered her voice to a confidential whisper, "that Monsieur Reynard never forgave my children for setting fire to his tail, and I am in mortal terror lest he should pounce upon us when we are off our guard."

The very next day as Mrs. Bunny and the boys made their first bow in the "Lancers," the watchful mother, who had Binny for a partner, caught sight of a pair of wicked eyes glaring at her through the trees. Her graceful body became quite rigid with fear, and her long ears stuck straight up from her head. Binny caught her look and glanced horror-stricken over his shoulder, and Bunce and Bob, who were dancing together, very soon caught the alarm. There was no mistaking those eyes, now fastened upon them with cruel intensity.

"What shall we do?" gasped Mrs. Bunce. "That is surely Monsieur Reynard, and he means mischief beyond a doubt. Come, let us go home as quickly as we can."

"Well, no I am," owned poor Mrs. Bunce, "he looks so big and fierce and hungry." Her teeth chattered from fright. "Now, see here, mother," said Binny, decidedly. "I can't allow you to get nervous; there's the greatest danger in that. There is only one thing to do, to keep on dancing as if we hadn't a fear in the world. We will practice that high step which I taught you yesterday, and if you will trust me and follow wherever my ears point we may be able to dance gradually back to our own town, without appearing to run away from danger."

So the lesson began in real earnest, and Monsieur Reynard, for it was really he, crept nearer and nearer behind the shelter of the trees. The Bunnys seemed to forget everything in the pleasure of the dance; hand in hand they flew over the soft green turf, swinging here and turning there, just as Binny's ears directed. Sometimes they came dangerously near their hidden enemy, dashing away before he had time to clutch them, and little by little they edged closer to Burrowtown.

Mrs. Bunce was too frightened to do more than stare in front of her and follow where Binny gently led. As Monsieur Reynard lay between them and Burrowtown, it was something of a problem to get over on the other side, for his tawny body barred the way. "Now," said Binny, "we must get home and there is only one path open to us; it's dangerous and needs courage. Will you promise to follow me?"

"Yes!" they cried in chorus. Then they took hands again and danced close up to the tree. "Now, let go!" commanded Binny, as he made a rush forward. He sprang or the prostrate body of his enemy and scamped over it, the others following so quickly that Monsieur Reynard had not time to think, and when at last he managed to struggle to his feet he could only see their legs and the ends of their stumpy tails as they disappeared through the gates of Burrowtown.

Then, looking around, she saw her three stalwart sons and Mr. Bunce and all her anxious friends. "It was a pretty narrow escape," said Bob, as he told of the adventure, "and if it hadn't been for Binny that would have been our last dance."

PEARY ON THIN ICE.

When Commander Peary, on his latest trip north, left his winter quarters at Cape Sheridan and set out on his "dash for the pole," he virtually "burned his bridges" behind him. If so warm a metaphor can be used of polar work. With a small party, equipped with dogs and sledges, he dashed ahead, having several assisting parties engaged in catching provisions and bringing up new supplies.

Unfortunately, all the advance parties were thrown back on his by coming upon an open "lead," or river of unfrozen water in the ice, which they could not pass. Sending some back, and waiting many days, during which his enlarged party made dangerous inroads on the supplies, he at last got across on thin ice with eight men, with short supplies, and with a conviction that proved well founded that no more supplies could come across the lead to him.

When they came to the lead, about a week after turning back, they found it open, and half a mile wide. For two days they skirted it to the eastward, part of the time during a terrible storm. Nothing was in sight in any direction but ice and snow, and this black water slowly widening, until it extended two miles from the ice floe they were on to that which stretched toward them scores of miles from the northern end of Greenland.

At last scouts reported a skim of ice forming to the eastward. The whole party hurried thither. Yes—there was ice across the lead, but so soft and thin no man could step on it without going through. At any moment it might break up. Peary tied on his snowshoes and essayed to step on the ice with them. It bore him momentarily, but he could not stand still.

This was the only hope of life. Handily snowshoes were tied on—and very lightly, since life depended on them—and then the weary, worn-out party stepped gingerly to the ice and began a soft footed run for the opposite side. The three remaining dogs with the single sledge scurried with them.

It was a heart-breaking race, says Commander Peary in his account of the voyage. No one dared stop or even lift his snowshoes. Even as they scuffled the ice swayed and gave with them. A single misstep might mean death. Once Commander Peary stumbled a toe into the ice and stumbled and thought he was lost, but he fortunately recovered. A moment later he heard a similar splash from the rear, but dared not turn his head.

"Who is it?" he called, but no one answered. The glass ice swelled and fell away, the snowshoes seemed to grow every moment heavier, but at last the two miles were passed, and they stepped upon the firm ice of the Greenland floe. Then Peary turned to see who had been lost, but his party was entire. The other stumbler had also saved himself. But an Eskimo, pointing back at the ice, said: "If the chief had been with us he would be down there now." The chief engineer weighed over 225 pounds.

Even with the lead crossed the party was not safe; but at least they reached the Greenland coast, and there, while their last remaining dog worried a bull musk ox and kept the herd from fleeing, Peary, so weak he could scarcely stand, killed enough to furnish food on which the party ate continuously for three days as they marched along the coast toward their ship—Youth's Companion.

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SYMPTOMS

"What's the matter with you, Jimmie?" asked the kind-hearted employer. "Didn't you get enough sleep last night?" "I feel kinda sick, sir," replied the junior member of the office force. "I wasn't sleepin'."

"That's rather unusual," commented the kind-hearted employer. "A somewhat unusual condition seems to be normal with you. Come over here and let me see you. Hm! You look rather flushed. Let me see your tongue. Hah! Quite red. This may be serious, Jimmie."

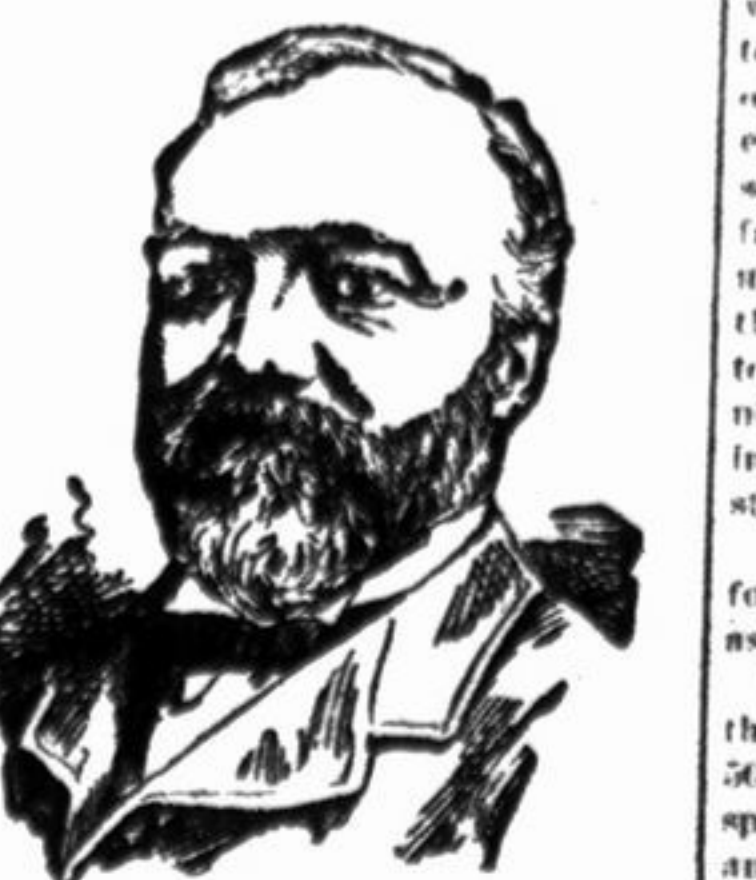
"Where do you feel sick?" "Kinda all over, sir." "That looks like a complication," said the kind-hearted employer. "It might be a cardiac affection, with a touch of laryngitis and a sympathetic inflammation of the media oblongata. Possibly there's a derangement of the epigastric nerve. I don't think it would be wise to neglect this. Have you got shooting pains in the lumbar region?"

"I don't think so, sir," said the boy. "Any buzzing in the ears?" "No, sir." "It's a curious case," said the kind-hearted employer, reflectively. "No buzzing in the ears? Well, no spots floating before your eyes, either?" "No, sir."

Silent and Dramatic.

The most dramatic of silent men was Wallenstein, the antagonist of Gustavus Adolphus and the commander of the emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' war. He insisted that the deepest silence should reign about him. His officers took care that no loud conversation should disturb their general. They knew that a chamberlain had been hanged for waking him without orders and that an officer who would wear clanking spurs in the commandant's presence had been secretly put to death. In the rooms of his palace the servants glided as if they were shadows, and a dozen sentinels moved about his tent charged to secure the silence the general demanded. Chains were stretched across the streets in order to guard him against the disturbance of sounds. Wallenstein's tactfulness, which made him shun speech, and his love of silence, which caused him to be irritated at the slightest noise, were due to his constitutional temperament. He never smiled, he never asked advice from any one, and he could not endure to be caressed at, even when giving an order. The soldiers, when he crossed the camp, pretended not to see him, knowing that a curious look would bring them punishment.

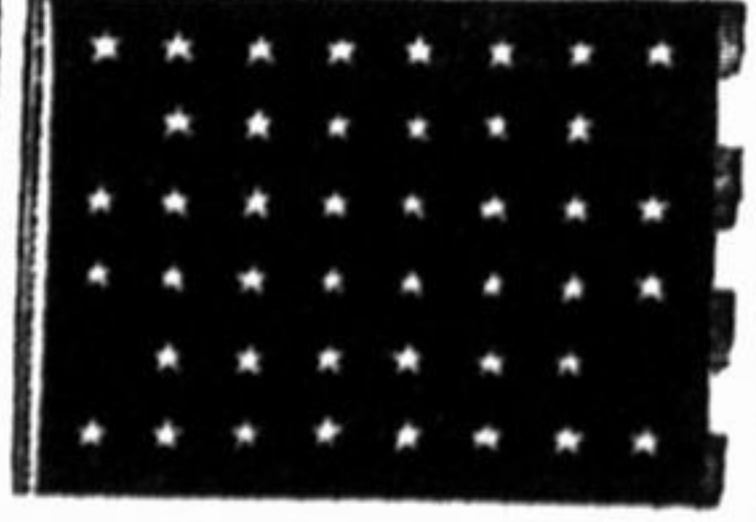
ANDREW CARNEGIE'S GIFTS.



Here are Carnegie's gifts in a nutshell: Libraries in the United States \$30,000,000 Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh 16,000,000 College professors' pensions 15,000,000 Carnegie Institution, Washington 10,000,000 Libraries in foreign countries 10,000,000 Scotch universities 10,000,000 Hero fund beneficiaries 5,000,000 Carnegie Steel Co. employees 5,000,000 Dunfermline endowment 5,000,000 Polytechnic school, Pittsburgh 2,000,000 Peace temple at The Hague 1,750,000 Allied Engineers' societies 1,500,000 Bureau of American Republics building 750,000

Total of large gifts \$109,500,000 Miscellaneous gifts in United States \$20,000,000 Gifts to small colleges in United States 18,000,000 Miscellaneous gifts in Europe 2,500,000 Grand total \$150,000,000

"OLD GLORY" REARRANGED.



By order of the War Department the field or union of the national flag is used in the army consists of 48 stars in 13 rows, the first, third, fourth and sixth rows to have 8 stars, and the second and fifth rows 7 stars each. This arrangement leaves space for an additional star in two of the six rows, so that the next time a state is made the field of "Old Glory" will not have to be materially rearranged.

ABOUT THE TAMALE HUSK.

New Industry Developed by the Demand for the "Hot Things." "Do you know," said the tamale fiend to a Kansas City Times man, "that a good part of the profit in the tamale trade goes to the farmers of Johnson county, Kansas?"

"Oh, shucks!" returned the other. "Yes, that's just it. The farmers out there supply the Kansas City market with the corn husks the tamales are wrapped in, and it would surprise you to learn the extent of the business. Any old corn husk won't do for the business, either. If you'll look at those you'll see the texture is very close, the surface smooth and that the lengths are uniform. Only the inner husk is used, the fine white covering that grows next to the ear. The proper length is about nine inches, to allow for the ends being folded over the tamale when it is steamed, as you see them now."

"Why, who'd go to all that bother for a dinky little business like this?" asked the listener in incredulity. "Bother? Dinky? Say, do you know those corn husks are shipped in here in 500-pound bales? That's quite a respectable sized industry, I take it. At any rate, the Kansas farmers have found it profitable enough to go to the expense of buying presses to bale the product and a large agricultural supply house in Kansas City finds it worth while to carry it in stock and enter to the trade of the tamale man."

"What is the particular advantage of using corn husks for this purpose?" asked the listener. "Isn't there anything else that would do?" "Nothing that would answer as many purposes. The corn husk holds the tamale while it is cooked and at the same time imparts a flavor to it. It also holds the heat as nothing else would." "Well, it beats me!" said the other man, as they went on. "I never gave it much thought, but always supposed the tamale men bought up all the old mattresses to get their corn husks."

To Lesson Their Risk.

The Berlin branch of the Imperial Insurance Company has set aside the yearly sum of \$25,000 for the purpose of providing a dental institute in the city for workmen holding its policies. The institute will provide artificial teeth for all workmen needing them. It has been found by the company that men provided with good dental apparatus make a better risk than others, and the new institute is expected to save much money to the company in a few years.

Bagtime, Alonso, isn't necessarily the time to chew the rag.

"Are we safe?" she faltered.

"It's a many-sided animal," piped the lad. "that grabs you when you go in swimming."—Youth's Companion.

GATHERING KNOWLEDGE. "It seems strange to me," said Mrs. Wakeman, pausing on the sidewalk to let the grade pupils, just released from bondage, rush by, "that school must be more interesting than it was in my time. The children acquire so much general knowledge nowadays—so much that is useful—"

"They do," agreed Mrs. Northrup promptly. "Now, here comes little Johnny Greenfield—we'll ask what he learned. Here, Johnny! Tell us what your lesson was about today?"

"About octagons," replied blushing Johnny. "And what," pursued Mrs. Wakeman, "is an octagon?" "It's a many-sided animal," piped the lad. "that grabs you when you go in swimming."—Youth's Companion.

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