

REPORTER

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FOR SALE—IMPROVED FARM IN DU PAGE COUNTY, north of Wheaton; 150 acres. For further information address Pratt, 2308 Peralto av., Fritchville, Cal.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—A GOOD milch cow, 2 tons hay, Scotch colts, Cyprian's incubator, and 5th camera. J. S. Townsend, N. Route av., Phone 973.

LOT FOR SALE—N. W. CORNER Benton and Summit sts.; 50 ft. Address Mrs. Carrie Prepejchal, 782 Alport st., Chicago, Ill.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT FOR rooms or light housekeeping. Mrs. A. J. Cross, 120 E. Warren av.

FLAT FOR RENT—13 RAILROAD ST. All modern improvements; also 4 room flat, modern, for \$8. Inquire of J. E. Miller, 27 S. Fiske st.

FOR RENT—UPPER OR LOWER FLAT, 6 rooms each, or will rent whole house, two blocks from the depot. Enquire of C. E. Oldfield, 78 Highland av., Phone 917.

FOR SALE—KIDBOARD FOR SALE cheap. Can be seen at the Reporter office.

WANTED.

POSITION WANTED BY AMERICAN GIRL, to do housework; best of references. Address Reporter office, or Phone 432.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A GOLD PIN (ODDERFLOWER). Owner can have same by calling at Reporter office.

FOUND—A BUNCH OF KEYS. Can be had at Reporter office.

NOTICE.

NOTICE OF AWARD OF CONTRACT.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance to the minute in such case made and provided, an award of the contract will be made to M. C. Connor & Company, not less than ten days from the second day of October, A. D. 1906, for the construction of the following improvement:

For the construction of concrete combined curb and gutter in and along Oakwood avenue, Midway avenue, Lincoln avenue, Harrison street, Karatoga avenue, Prince avenue, Prairie avenue, Main street and Franklin street, and Fiske avenue, as provided by ordinance, unless the owners of a majority of the frontage of the lots and lands abutting on the proposed improvement, or their agents, shall enter into written contract within ten days after the publication of this notice, to do the said work, and make said improvement at ten per centum less than the price at which the same has been awarded, it being as follows:

116 street water mains, adjusted to grade and 100 ft. of curb at \$2.00..... \$232.00

116 street water mains, adjusted to grade and 100 ft. of curb at \$2.00..... \$232.00

Dated at Downers Grove this 29th day of September, A. D. 1906.

J. W. HATHORN, J. W. HATHORN, E. J. MATSON, E. J. MATSON, Board of Local Improvements.

H. W. Walbaum

GENERAL AUCTIONEER

For terms and a write to H. W. Walbaum, Antioch, Ill., or H. W. Edwards, Downers Grove.

READERS OF THE REPORTER

will confer a favor on the publishers by patronizing those merchants who advertise in its columns. The Reporter is your paper and the merchants who aid it with their advertising patronage are worthy of your encouragement. The merchants who are best able to supply your wants are those who show some enterprise in soliciting your business through the advertising columns of the home paper. Everybody likes to do business with a live business man.

Jonas W. Tucker

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and NOTARY PUBLIC

REAL ESTATE

Choice Suburban Homes and Vacant Lots, Acre Tracts and Small Farms. Fire Insurance—six reliable companies who insure against accidents and sick as well as against fire. Life and Casualty Co. of New York, Plate Glass and Burglary Insurance. Money loaned on improved property. Office North Side, opposite depot. Tel. Office 432. Tel. Home 1043

It Tastes Good and Creates Strength

Vinol

the famous cod liver and iron medicine, without oil. Vinol is much better than cod liver oil and emulsions, because, while it contains all the medicinal value they do, it disagrees with no one. As a body builder and strength creator for people, delicate and after sickness, and for born cod liver oil.

Some one saw them coming, and recognizing the danger, turned back toward the village, shouting to the inhabitants to flee for their lives. In the very center of the town the road swerved in a curve, and it was impossible that the mules could make the turn without upsetting the wagon. The inhabitants, expecting every minute the destruction of their homes, fled in hopeless confusion toward the woods, forgetting that at the curve in the road, right in the path of the disaster, stood a schoolhouse filled with children too young to make their escape. The schoolmaster, who had been apprised of the danger, saw that it would be impossible to remove them in time, and seized the only alternative. Grasping his umbrella, he rushed down the road toward the advancing team, flapping it in their faces. It was one chance in a hundred—and it proved to be that one. The mules slackened their pace until one of those who had not yet left the scene was able to catch them by the bridles and bring them to a standstill.

HAZARDOUS EMPLOYMENTS

"I'm goin' to live anyhow till I die," was the rather terse way in which a popular song of a few years past expressed a bit of sound philosophy. It furnishes an explanation of the happy-lucky air that characterizes most men engaged in dangerous lines of business; and a curious examination of the employments that many men choose apparently of their own free will leads one to believe that it is really a widespread sentiment.

On what other grounds, for instance, can one explain the extreme nonchalance with which the circus performer follows his profession? He endures dangers life and limb continually—in billboard "thrillers," which grow every year more nerve-racking. The loop he wears is already a thing of the past, but for too many of the up-to-date circus; and it is no longer sufficient to have men place their lives in the balance, but young women must needs be impressed also. Take Miss Isabel Butler, for instance, who day in and day out looped the gap in an automobile, turning upside down in midair.

Modern psychologists declare that violent contrasts and great nervous shocks are craved by a large proportion of the people. It is to satisfy this craving that the circus managers search the wide world over for men and women of daring, to introduce the "thrillers." One of the latest has been a Norwegian, who travels the country exhibiting in "a leap for life on slender shees." From a platform more than 300 feet above the ground, he coasts on narrow wooden runners, eight feet in length, down a long slippery runway tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, to within a yard of the level of the arena, and then shoots out one hundred feet through space describing in his flight an arc 35 feet high at the center.

The high diver who plunges from an elevation of 70 to 80 feet into a tank of water as shallow and as narrow, it would seem, as can be built and still allow one chance for life to remain, is of course a constant attraction. Few of those who follow this mild pastime live to make use of an accident in quite the same way as did one Edward L. Page. After receiving an injury to the fifth vertebra which raised a lump on the back of his neck, he toured the big cities with two confederates to serve as witnesses and mulcted street railway companies for large amounts in damages by falling off their cars and simulating the actions of a man whose spine had just been injured.

Steepjack and Iron Worker.

If their managers are to be believed, men and women that perform these feats receive proportionately high salaries, and are thus in a measure rewarded. But the steepjack and the structure ironworker labor in really useful fields for day wages which, in the ordinary prosaic mortal at least, seem not at all commensurate with the risks they run. Only a year or two ago a nonchalant steepjack climbed up and down the face of the Flatiron building in New York City with no other aid than that of his hands and feet—for two dollars.

No less heedless of their lives are the ironworkers, who, in the every-day course of work, run around on narrow iron girders 100 feet and more above the level of the street, throwing red-hot rivets from one to another, and driving them home with giant sledge hammers that would cause the ordinary man to lose his balance even on terra firma. Not content with these risks they often ride through midair on the long iron beams that the derrick raises from the ground and lowers again into position ten, twenty, stories above. High in the air without visible means of support, they engage in minute fights for the benefit of the open-mouthed bystanders. They have even been known to stand on their heads on the very highest upright of a skyscraper.

The Flood Well Shooter.

The business of well-shooting deserves mention. Here the peril center not so much about the men that do the actual work as about those who carry nitro-glycerin to the wells. With a few drops cans of this extremely high explosive on his mule wagon, the driver sits placidly beside a catastrophe comparable only to the crack of doom. Driving through mountainous country, he is in constant danger of being blown to atoms; for the slightest jar is likely to cause an explosion.

A few years ago, one of these muleteers approaching the town of Newton, Pa., along a straight road, halted his team and alighted, intending to be gone only a moment. Left without guiding hand, however, the mules became frightened, and started toward the town at a wild pace.

Some one saw them coming, and recognizing the danger, turned back toward the village, shouting to the inhabitants to flee for their lives. In the very center of the town the road swerved in a curve, and it was impossible that the mules could make the turn without upsetting the wagon. The inhabitants, expecting every minute the destruction of their homes, fled in hopeless confusion toward the woods, forgetting that at the curve in the road, right in the path of the disaster, stood a schoolhouse filled with children too young to make their escape. The schoolmaster, who had been apprised of the danger, saw that it would be impossible to remove them in time, and seized the only alternative. Grasping his umbrella, he rushed down the road toward the advancing team, flapping it in their faces. It was one chance in a hundred—and it proved to be that one. The mules slackened their pace until one of those who had not yet left the scene was able to catch them by the bridles and bring them to a standstill.



THE STEEPJACK. THE IRONWORKER.

cuttlefish; but he still has to undergo dangers enough to satisfy the most daring spirit. Once attired in his suit and below the surface of the water he is helpless and absolutely dependent upon his fellow workers above at the air pump. The slightest carelessness on their part, a failure to read his signals aright, a mistake in the supply of air, and his life hangs by a thread. Nevertheless, though loaded with almost two hundred pounds of lead and copper, with an air hose and a life line early entangled dragging about after him wherever he goes, and with his head incased in a ponderous and impenetrable helmet, he goes about his work with all the gaiety of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker in the old rhyme.

Indeed, divers have been known who had such a distaste for work that after making a descent they would pick out a soft spot in the river bed, or wherever they happened to be, and lie down for a nap. Alone under the water, they were safe from the prying gaze of any employer, and could dispose of their time as they saw fit, until the invention of an electric system of signals.

If he wishes to sing or joke over his work, the diver must be his own audience; for from the moment the heavy helmet is fastened to his shoulders until it is taken off again, his loudest shouting are inaudible to his comrades. If an accident occurs, he can only pull at his life line, and then wait while his rescuers are at work, unable to offer the slightest suggestion.

Life Ebbed Slowly Away.

In 1904 a diver lost his life at the Boonton, N. J., reservoir, and though a single word spoken to his comrades might have been his salvation, the helmet effectually prevented its utterance. He had been laboring under seventy feet of water to close the opening of a large intake pipe with a huge ball

of wood and lead weighing several tons, when in some manner his leg was caught between the ball and the flange of the pipe. The force exerted on the ball by the suction of water was so great that the divers who came to the rescue were unable to overcome it, and the unfortunate man could only lie there on his back hopelessly waiting, his life slowly ebbing away. For three days he lay imprisoned, and during that time until he died his only communication with the outside world was a handshake with the divers when they came down, or when they fitted into the green haziness above.

The sense of separation from human companionship that forces itself upon the diver in such a position is also a part of the experience of the aeronaut, and is even more complete. The world below him is only a miniature toy world; all familiar sounds have died away, and he is in the midst of a great silence. Round him are the uncontrollable forces of nature, and there is no hand to aid. He is at the absolute mercy only of his lucky stars. What ever precautions he may take in the construction of his balloon, his parachute, or airship, there are always a thousand sources of unforeseen danger. Yet the aeronaut goes about his task with the greatest equanimity imaginable, denying that there is any danger, and insisting that his profession is the greatest of sports.—Montreal Star.

AN HEIR TO RICHES.

Lizzie Bixby Learned to Recognize Her Unassumed Riches.

Lizzie Bixby, presenting herself at Aunt Ellen Case's with a broken-nosed pitcher, wore a sullen frown on her thin face.

"Ma says, can you let her have a little milk?" she repeated, mechanically. Then her voice changed. "I just hate being poor!" she exclaimed, savagely.

Aunt Ellen's motherly eyes took it all in—the ragged little figure, the broken-nosed pitcher, the outraged pride.

"Of course I can let her have the milk, and welcome," she replied. "I'm having more than I can use now. And if I was you Lizzie Bixby, I'd stop being poor and begin to grow rich this minute!"

Lizzie lifted amazed eyes. "Me?" she cried.

Aunt Ellen nodded. "Why not? 'Tain't havin' things, it's givin' things, that makes a body feel rich. You just try it an' see."

"Ain't got anything to give 'cept one old black hen," the girl returned, contemptuously.

"Well, that's a beginning. The black hen lays sometimes, doesn't she?"

"Huh!" Lizzie sniffed.

But she thought all the same. All unguessed by either, motherly Aunt Ellen had touched the great need of the girl's life. Lizzie began to think and plan; she was, as her shiftless father often informed her, the only one of the family with brains. The eager, searching brain presently discovered things all unguessed by Aunt Ellen's simple philosophy.

"Folks kin buy things with money," Lizzie decided, "but they can't buy you—that's how you can give."

As the years passed, Lizzie found plenty of opportunity for giving; her mother died and her father became an invalid; all the others married, and were continually coming to her in every need. Once a young farmer tried to take her away from it all. How much of a temptation it was Lizzie never let any one know, but a sater's husband had just died, and Lizzie was taking care of her and the four children—as well as her father.

"Maybe by and by," she said to herself, but she knew in her heart that the "by and by" would never come, and gradually the work for others gave her its hidden peace and joy. It is curious how many ways of giving one can find if one looks for them. Lizzie's girlish talent developed into genius by the time she was middle-aged. All the village came to her for a thousand things.

She died when she was fifty, quite suddenly. At the funeral the minister spoke of "our dear sister" and how she had given from her poverty. A young woman, going home afterward with her husband, repeated the minister's words.

"Lizzie Bixby poor!" she said, indignantly. "She was the richest woman I ever knew."

Lizzie Bixby would have been glad had she known.—Youth's Companion.

To Sharpen Scissors.

Cut them rapidly on the neck of a small glass bottle, or better still, on a ground-glass stopper. It takes the edge and makes them cut like new.—Woman's Home Companion.

Consider! Blame Him.

"Know thyself is an injunction he has overlooked."

"No wonder he never tried to get acquainted with himself—he's such poor company."—Kansas City Times.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.



NERVY SCIENTIST MAKES DRAWING OF ALLIGATOR'S EYE.

Mr. Head, who made a wonderful series of drawings of animals' eyes, ran a great risk when he examined the eyes of the Mississippi alligator. The officials of the Zoological Gardens drained the tank for him, and the alligator was held by a rope passed between his jaws in order to prevent him snapping at the investigator when he was using his ophthalmoscope.—London Graphic.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

(Continued from First Page.)

on the north side. Elmer Clithero and his daughter will make their home with them.

—Mr. Elliott, of East Grove, is fast falling in health.

—Mrs. J. H. Bateman has returned from a ten days' visit in Milwaukee.

—A young daughter of Ed Cheese, of Cass, died to-day of inflammatory rheumatism.

—Mrs. John Brown entertained Miss Cora Streblou, of Santa Cruz, Cal., last Wednesday.

—Mrs. John Brown and two children spent a few days in Galva, Ill., last week, visiting relatives.

—Royal League meeting next Tuesday at Modaff's hall. All members of the order, whether of local council or not, will be heartily welcomed.

—The Ladies of the Macnebes of the local hive will celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of the order by giving a musical and literary entertainment on Friday evening, Oct. 9, at Modaff's hall.

—Mike O'Donnell has just completed 678 feet of cement walk for E. G. Leman. The entire piece of work does great credit to Mr. O'Donnell, and demonstrates that artistic skill can be exercised even in the laying of a cement walk.

—Mr. John Strasse, wife and family, of La Grange, and Hon. Joseph Mast, of Urbana, O., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lemon Sunday. Mr. Strasser drove up from La Grange in his White steamer touring car, and paid several compliments to our newly-paved streets.

—The canvassing for the library has begun, and some of the ladies give very promising reports of their work. Contributions have not been large, but nearly all gave something, which shows an interest in the cause. Those who have not been called upon yet will be soon, so be ready with as generous an amount as possible, and help a good cause along.

—The porch party that was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley on Wednesday last was managed by Mrs. J. D. Gillispie, Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Frank Kellersmann. The table was beautifully decorated by Mrs. Kellersmann, the gentlemen pronounced the dinner perfect, and five hundred was indulged in the rest of the evening.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the United Brethren Church of East Grove held a social gathering at the home of Mrs. Eugene Mooser last Thursday. Mrs. Mooser met the ladies with carriage. The ladies surprised Mrs. Mooser with a few pieces of china, it being her birthday. One and all enjoyed the day.

—Because DuPage County has one of the most active game warden in the State, DuPage County is to share in the distribution of 4,000 ruffed neck grouse which are to be placed in several counties. They are to be given out to farmers in likely hunting neighborhoods and protected this fall, so that they may breed in the spring.

—Mrs. E. H. DeGroot has returned from a six week's trip through the southwest visiting relatives in St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Kas., Muskogee and Tahlequah, Okla., and the vicinity of Ingersoll and other points in the northwest part of the state. She reports Oklahoma as a land of present property and great promise for the future, having an ideal climate. Muskogee is a very thriving city of phenomenal growth and business.

—Monday the C. R. & Q. laid a switch track across Washington street without getting a permit from the village authorities. Tuesday evening the Village Board met and decided to remove the same. They called on the fire department, and with their assistance the track was removed from the crossing. The track was to be used by T. E. Brooks in his coal business. There seems to be some misunderstanding which has led to the trouble. Mr. Brooks claims the railroad company asked for a permit and were refused. On the other hand, the trustees say if the railroad company will make the proper application the request would be granted.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any cure of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KENNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Six His Limit.

To the man who has a horse to sell, considerable leeway is allowed in the matter of setting forth the animal's merits. "I've got the very horse you want," said Gordon Lane, the English liverstable keeper, to one of the summer residents.

"He has no bad tricks?" queried the gentleman. "Safe for the family?"

"Lazée, yes," returned Mr. Lane, heartily. "Any lady can drive him, and a half dozen children could get on his back and he'd never notice 'em. Not a trick in his name."

"Ah!" said the summer resident. "I don't wish a horse without any spirit."

"Spirit!" echoed Mr. Lane. "Well, you just ought to see him on circus day, that's all. And I'll tell you, confidentially, 'twouldn't be well for too many people to get on that horse at once."

Appearances may be deceitful, but disappearances are more convincing.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

(Continued from First Page.)

A cord of wood ordinarily yields about one ton of mechanical pulp or about one-half ton of chemical pulp.

The River Folk flows into a cave in the side of a mountain, and completely disappears, at Adelsburg, near Trieste.

An airgun of large size, working on the principle of the pneumatic hammer, has been devised for killing animals in a humane manner.

Eau de cologne, invented by Johann Maria Farina, over two hundred years ago, is composed of oils of neroli, citron, bergamot, orange and rosemary.

An Englishman has invented a bicycle for the blind. In reality, it is a multiple, carrying twelve riders, led by a seeing person, who does the steering.

According to the delegates to the national opticians' convention in Philadelphia, women's eyes are weaker than men's, and more of the fair sex wear glasses.

The French Ministry is drafting a bill to make a standard karat for weighing precious stones, fixed at 200 milligrams, and prohibiting the word for any other weight.

Miss Ruby Abrams, who was recently graduated at the head of the art class in Cooper Institute, is deaf, and until a few years ago was also dumb. She has been an art student ever since she was graduated at the head of her class six years ago at the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes. She has the record of having won four prizes during her art course.

It is not a hundred years ago since stiales for women were composed not of whalebone or hardened leather, but of bars of iron and steel from three inches to four inches broad and eighteen inches long. Again, during the reign of George III, the top of the steel stay had a long stocking needle attached to it to prevent girls from spoiling their shape by stooping too much over their work.

Consul General Robert J. Wynne makes the report that the returns of shipping and tonnage of the Sum canal for 1907 show that the net tonnage exhibits an all round increase. The figures for the last year showing an increase of 1,252,900 tons, as compared with that of 1906, and an increase of 1,504,329 over 1905. Receipts during 1907 showed an increase of \$1,557,000, as compared with 1906.

The boring of an artesian well is not an easy task. The well of Grenelle (France) required from Dec. 24, 1833, to Feb. 20, 1841, for completion. The one at Panama of the same depth took only two years to make. Our engineers now count upon one year in which to complete the well of Malacca-Lafitte. This well is already at a depth of 400 meters. It will go to a depth of 550 meters.—De Dion-Bouton Journal.

Mrs. Phoebe Rideout, of California, is the latest recruit to the ranks of the women bank presidents. Mrs. Rideout has just been elected to succeed her late husband as the president of the bank at Oroville, Cal., and also as president of the banks at Marysville and Gridley. The aggregate capital of the three institutions is said to be more than \$3,000,000. Mrs. William Langdon, wife of the city attorney of San Francisco, has been elected president of the United Savings Bank at Modesto.

Miss Esther V. Hansen, of Washington, is to be the chief hospital nurse of the navy. She is a graduate of the New Haven Training School for Nurses and has served in her profession in Philadelphia, on the hospital ship Benet and on the Isthmus of Panama. Her appointment will make her head of the corps of women nurses in the naval hospitals here and abroad, but not on ships of war. The corps of naval nurses will number eventually more than fifty and will have an organization similar to that of the army women nurses.

The production of American goods more than doubled last year, according to the government reports, the total value for 1907 being \$471,300, while in the preceding year the total was \$298,000. The total production of supplies in the United States last year was valued at \$229,800. Tourism is second in importance and is placed at \$58,120. Among other important goods produced were chrysoprase, to the value of \$45,000; California's \$25,000; turquoise, \$29,840; apodumene gems (kunzite and hiddenite), \$14,500; varicite, whiteite and ametrice, \$7,500; rose quartz, beryl, aquamarine and garnet, each over \$6,000.

Old-time barriers in England did not openly receive fees for their services. An early method of collecting fees was the pocket wheel in medieval times a barrister used to have placed in the back of his gown, into which the solicitor would surreptitiously slip the fee. The pocket has long since disappeared, but the services of a barrister are still supposed to be honorary, and by the unwritten yet despotic law of the profession he must not sue for his fee. He has, however, some compensation in being permitted to demand cash in advance, and when once briefed in a case etiquette allows him to pocket the honorarium whether he is able to appear for his client or not.

Women postal clerks in Norway have been promised equal pay with the men clerks as one of the first results of their obtaining equal political rights. In the seventeenth century, when Englishwomen were still recognized as possessing an economic and political status side by side with Englishmen, there was written an interesting entry in the church warden's accounts of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, proving that one Elizabeth Bartlett was entrusted with the casting of the second bell, and that all the women employed thus were paid at the same rate as men for the same work. Another instance is to be found in the records of the Fleet prison, of which the first female warden, appointed in 1217 on the death of her husband, Robert, received the same salary "as the said Robert had been accustomed to during life." There was no talk then of confining the woman's sphere to work that was paid badly.