

Downers Grove Reporter

Established in the Year 1883. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered at the Downers Grove postoffice as second-class matter. Issued every Saturday. REPORTER PUBLISHING COMPANY (Not Incorporated) C. H. STAATS, Editor and Manager. Telephone 564. 64 So. Main St. Residence 1084.

Downers Grove, Ill.

ARRIVAL OF MAILS From West: 6:05 a.m., 9:05 a.m., 1:34 p.m., 5:26 p.m. From East: 8:57 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 5:06 p.m. Post office hours are from 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. Last mail in the evening is closed at 7:00 p.m., and leaves here at 8:44 going east. Elbert C. Stanley, P. M.

DOWNERS GROVE.

(9-22-08) OFFICIAL TIME CARD. Effective Sept. 27, 1908. (Subject to change without notice.)

Table with columns: Leave Chicago, Arrive Downers Grove, Leave Downers Grove, Arrive Chicago. Lists various times for different routes.

\*Saturday only. Except Saturday. SUNDAY.

Table with columns: Leave Chicago, Arrive Downers Grove, Leave Downers Grove, Arrive Chicago. Lists various times for different routes.

\*Saturday only.

Recent discoveries indicate that men lived in the Alps 100,000 years ago. Poor fellows! They must have found it difficult to make ends meet, seeing that there was no American tourist in those days to gladden their "tips."

If the bakers will make good bread out of pure flour, and educate the people to buy it, "the great destroyer of domestic happiness, dyspepsia, will be removed, and we shall hear no more of the divorce problem." So Dr. Wiley, the government food expert, told the American Biscuit Makers' Association the other day. The harm done by heavy bread, soggy pie crust and greasy cakes is so great that no one has dared to estimate it. That young woman who wishes to make the world better may begin well by learning how to cook digestible meals.

Explorers who go into far countries are sure to be out of touch with their friends at home. Exploration is not necessary in the vicinity of postoffice. An American who tramps the jungles of the South American Amazon was reported just a year ago; but in a few months he turned up and got the mail that had been waiting for him. Seven months, and his friends were alarmed. He has lately been heard from and is safe. He has been hunting for the source of the Indus, and "there ain't no bones runnin'" to that interesting summer resort.

The practice of hazing has passed beyond all the bounds of law and order. The spirit which indulges in it now is that of the bully, and no more that of the fun-loving boy. The practice was always reprehensible. Now that it dares to run in defiance of public opinion, when it mocks at law and delights at torture in the guise of a "joke," it is no longer to be regarded as less than criminal. The practical joker was always a nuisance and a fool. The hazer adds to these attributes those of being both malicious and dangerous. If the college authorities are not brave enough or powerful enough to put an instant end to hazing wherever it is practiced they should appeal to the State and municipal police. Offenders should be punished without regard to their youth or their good intentions.

The most important question for the public library is "What books shall we buy?" In many towns the reading committee is a recognized adjunct of the library, and the librarian has the verdict of several different minds for aid in his task of selecting new books. Most of the voluntary readers are likely to be women, and the service they render the community is a real one. If their judgment and taste are sound. On the other hand, a complainant commotion of a book as "very interesting" may do actual harm when the book has in the doubtful land between good and good-bye. A great deal of the library's recent acquisitions have been of the "very interesting" variety.

It may be true that love never dies but occasionally gets stranded a long way from home.

reading develops from reading poor books. The very contrary is true. The habit of reveling in cheap fiction is destructive of a wholesome pleasure in sound reading. The love of books, like the love of virtue, feeds in high, clean, sweet pastures, not on refuse, and not even on husks. Again, the demand for certain books does not require the public library to supply them. It is a specious argument that the taxpayers' money should answer the taxpayers' desire. More than sixty per cent of the books drawn from public libraries are works of fiction. The thin, tasteless stream of modern fiction is too often the library's chief offering to the community. Certain libraries adopt the rigorous measure of buying no fiction until it is a year old. The librarians agree that the rule is an excellent one, if it is slightly elastic in its actual application. At all events, the helpful advisory reader for the public library is the man or woman who believes that in proportion as a good book is a blessing, a poor book is a curse.

Some people seem to expect to acquire all their good habits in their second childhood. They seem to regard good habits as fitting them for heaven rather than this life on earth. But stop a minute or two and think about habit. It is worth while. For there is no greater, more constant, more insistent force in any man's or woman's life than the force of innumerable little habits. Not considering all the common "bad habits," think of the thousand and one little habits that determine your every thought and act. Do you know that in the commonest things you are a slave to habits that you never suspect? Almost every move in the process of the morning's dressing, for instance, is involuntary and calls for no conscious thought. Many a morning your mind is absorbed in mulling out a day's work, while habit is washing and dressing you. Habit accustoms us to doing most of the everyday things in particular ways, and we unconsciously turn the mind to them only when they chance to be done differently. Anyone who stops to think about it can easily see that innumerable little habits make up a very large part of our lives. We think along the lines worn smooth by habit, as well as act. Not an impression, not an emotion, not an opinion, not a resolution, not an action, is possible to us that is not influenced, colored and directed by fixed conditions within ourselves—habit. It is indeed well worth while to carefully consider the host of little habits that hide themselves in the most secret cells of both brain and muscle. None of them is too small to be worth attention. Bad habits are the little threads with which the weak Lilliputians bound the strong Gulliver in helplessness. Good habits are like a well-made harness, enabling us to do our work in the world with less friction and waste of energy. Habits we cannot avoid. Nor can we escape being controlled by them. But we have free choice between the habits that are good and helpful and habits that are bad and harmful.

ENGLAND'S FOOD BILL.

\$800,000,000 Paid Last Year to Foreign Countries for Staples. The latest volume issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries contains interesting figures, says a London dispatch to the New York Sun. Britain's expenditure for imported food for 1907 was over \$172,000,000, while for imported wool and agricultural produce, such as hay, etc., she spent well over \$200,000,000. The percentage of imports to population rises all round. More than four-fifths of the wheat consumed in the United Kingdom comes from abroad. In the seven years 1820-25 Britain imported on an average 126 pounds of wheat and flour per head of the population each year. In 1907 that amount is nearly doubled.

During the same seven years, 1920-25, the total expenditure per head of population on foreign food averaged \$1.26 a year. During the last seven years it has averaged \$2.44, nearly twice the amount. The foods included being wheat, meat, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit and vegetables. Some of the figures quoted seem enormous. For instance, in 1907 Brit- ishers consumed 2,228,148,000 foreign eggs.

H. H. Rew, who writes the preface to the report, allows himself one prophecy. In calling attention to the astounding increase in the dead meat trade he attributes it to the advance of science, which now enables dead meat, even when it has to pass through the tropics, to compete on almost equal terms with much of the meat killed in this country, and prophesies that in a few years the transit of live animals will disappear "as a relic of an age of imperfect economic development."

A noticeable feature was the great export during the year of British horses to Canada. Canada purchased from Great Britain no less than 61,787 horses, the biggest export ever known, though the total value of \$1,240,000 was exceeded in 1906. The principal purchasers were Belgium and the Netherlands.

Meetings. Many a board of directors wouldn't pass a clear timber. Honesty is the best policy, but many a crook has a big funeral. Love songs are all antematrimonial affairs. Ain't it queer? The preacher says religion is a great thing in time of trouble. He don't state where he spends his vacations. It's funny where some folks get their rep. for wisdom. For instance, Solomon is said to have had a thousand wives.—Somerville Blade.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PUBLIC SCHOOLS LACK INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

By Andrew S. Draper. The length of the school period and the productive value of the citizen are closely related. Industrialism is the great basis of a nation's true strength and real culture. Knowing this, we have seen that there is not sufficient articulation between the educational and the industrial systems of the country. We have seen the indefinite expansion of instruction and the unlimited multiplication of appliances leading to literary and professional and managing occupations without any real altitude about the vital industrial foundations of the nation's happiness and power. A situation manifestly unjust to the greater number, even unjust to those for whom it has done the most, has resulted. Notwithstanding our boasted universality of educational opportunity, there has grown up an absurd hiatus in the educational system which denies the just rights of the wage-earning masses and grievously menaces the industrial efficiency and the material prosperity of the country. There should be an open chance for every American child. The influences of the schools must not lead boys who might become excellent cabinetmakers into being non-account lawyers and girls who might be first-class breadmakers into being fourth-class music teachers. The school system has grown deformed; it is one-sided and not broad enough at the base.

A GOOD HUSBAND'S HARD LOT.

By Louise Satterthwaite. Sometimes, it seems to me, that worn and worried wives and mothers forget, or at least neglect to remember, that good husbands bear their equal half of the burden. A woman who runs a house and cares for children has no leisure; this is the truth; but the man who has to find every cent to pay for it all has no easy snap of it, either. A woman's work is never done, the old saying runs, and where there are children it truly is, never done; night as well as day the mother forever has the yoke upon her neck; a thousand trifling duties and exasperations pursue her like a cloud of midges. So, if she sometimes complains, who can blame her? Though there are thousands who never utter one word, but do their best always and cheerfully, so long as they live. But to the woman who believes that all that husband does is to go downtown and there while the hours away till 6 o'clock in joyous freedom I would say that I would like her to really know what it means. To many a man it means being virtually a slave. The mother, at least, while she may be slave to her work, can order it as it suits her; but the man who is servant of another must take what is said to him, obey orders and put pride—and in many cases principle—in his pocket. On such a husband rests always the haunting responsibility of maintaining the home. He can never forget that mother and children look to him and to his alone for bread and shelter and food. This burden is no slight one. He must stay for every day in the week in one room at one place, be it bright or dark, clean or

AIDS THOUSANDS OF MUTES.

London. London has 2,000 deaf and dumb persons who attend St. Xavier's Episcopal Church in Oxford street, the pastor of which is the Rev. F. W. Gibby, who, although not a deaf mute, is a son of parents thus afflicted. His congregation is mixed, including aristocrats and even bootblacks. He makes his signs as pictures as possible, which action not only quickens the process of "speaking"



READING THE SERVICE IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE

to his congregation, but enables the clergyman to give more impressiveness to words and passages that could be obtained from the simple spelling of words on the fingers. Many young men and women are helped to positions by their rector. They become proficient and are well paid. The late Sir John Blundell Maple made it a point to employ as many as he could and always paid such apprentices regular wages from the start. In that way he indulged in a form of practical charity, but it was a bit of philanthropy which inflicted no wound upon the pride of the beneficiary.

NOT A MYTH.

Story of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" Founded on Fact. Few people know that the "Boy on the Burning Deck" is not a myth, but an actual fact, and still fewer know that the man who gave the order for the destruction of the vessel, on whose deck the foremost boy stood, was born in Jamaica Plain, and lived there till his royalist father, who objected strenuously to the American revolution,

THE SENSATIONS OF YOUTH.

By G. Stanley Hall. Young people need to tingle with sentiments, and the appetite for excitement and sensation is at its height in the teens. Here is where the principle of vicariousness gives the teacher one of his chief opportunities and resources. Excitement the young must have, for feelings are now their life. If they cannot find it in the worthy, they are strongly predisposed to seek it in the grosser forms of pleasure. Hence, every glow of esthetic appreciation, every thrill aroused by heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration weakens by just so much the potential energy of passion, because it has found its kinetic equivalent in a higher form of expression. It is from this point of view that some of our German co-laborers have even gone so far as to advocate a carefully-selected course of love stories, chosen so as to bring out the most chivalric side of the tender passion at this age, when it is most plastic and capable of idealization; while others have advocated theater-going to selected plays, palpating with life, action and adventure, that emotional tension may be discharged not merely harmlessly, but in an elevating way.—American Magazine.

VOTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR POLITICAL GRAFT.

By H. C. Loudenslager. We will never have really pure politics in America until we devise some means for compelling voters to perform their duties. At the present time the percentage of men who shrink their responsibility, particularly at the primaries, is enormous. The result is that the political game in America is played too often only by a inferior class of citizens, who could easily be outwitted by good men. These defaulting good citizens who neglect their duty to the community are responsible for graft in public life, for bossism in States and cities and for practically every iniquity of American politics. This is a fact which is known to every practical politician and to every man who has ever run for public office. If they would do their duty we would have clean politics. We never will have clean politics until the exercise of the right of voting is made compulsory by every person who is entitled to cast a ballot.

GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN.

The gray walls of the garden Hold many and many a bloom; A flame of red against the gray Is lighting up the gloom. The gray walls of the garden Hold grassy walks between Bright beds of yellow blossoms, Golden against the green. And in the roof of the arbor Leaves woven through and through— Great grape leaves, making shadows— Shine green against the blue. And, O, in the August weather What wonders new are seen! Long beds of azure blossoms Are blue against the green. The gray walls of the garden Hold paths of pure delight And, in the emerald, blooms of pearl Are white against the night. —Richard Watson Gilder.

HOWARD GETS HIS ANSWER

"Dear Howard," she wrote, "of course your letter was a surprise to me, a big surprise. In the first place when a man has been running in to see you every other evening for a year it seems funny for him to write a proposal when it would be so much easier just to say it. "I don't quite understand what you meant when you said you wrote instead of talking to me on the same telephone that it was a mean trick to telephone an invitation to dinner, as the telephone had no chance to think up an excuse, but usually accepted, because he or she had to say something and couldn't collect his or her wits sufficiently to get out of it if he or she wanted to. "Of course I can never marry you. I expect you'll be surprised at that, because I've seen so much of you and we've had such good times together, and, as you say, are such good comrades. I'm never going to marry any one. "I like you awfully well and I should hate to have you stop coming to see me, but, of course, you won't do that. We haven't finished that book we were reading, and then there's the party at the Crandalls' next week. I'd be lost without you to go about with. You see you mean a lot to me—but I am quite sure that I must say no to what you ask. "Anyhow, in spite of the fact that you are so tall and good-looking and attractive, you must admit, Howard, that your last name is Smith—and I

RABBITS ARE HARD FIGHTERS.

Charge of Cowardice a Slender-Defeat of a Ferret. Tell a man that he hasn't the pluck of a rabbit and if he doesn't dispute it by hitting you he is certain at any rate to be extremely annoyed, says Pearson's Weekly. Yet the taunt is a libel on the rabbit. A doe rabbit will fight like fury in defense of her young. She will charge like a battering ram and use those long sharp incisors of hers to capital purpose. An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by wessel, stout or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house near Chestnut a ferret of long experience was matched with an old leoparded buck, the property of the landlord. The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him, and leaping clean over the ferret's head let out with those powerful hind-legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wall. Twice the ferret returned to the attack and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air. The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round.

CASUALTIES EXPECTED.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois, the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things, friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the Speaker at his residence, and said somewhat excitedly: "Joe, Smith and Jones have lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?" Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile. "Nothing. If you go into a battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

THE BITER BIT.

Hewitt—Who was that fellow who in a fit of absent-mindedness tried to light his cigar from the electric light? Jewett—He's a joke writer who makes a specialty of jokes about countrymen blowing out the gas.—New York Press.

BEH SHE WAS LEVIED.

"I can not sing the old songs," He promises short and terse She kept. But then she went and sang The new ones—which were worse. —Boston Traveler.

GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN.

awfully and you never could do a thing like that. "Besides, if you went and married some one else, think now dreadful it would be for me! It isn't that I am in love with you, or anything like that, but I'm so used to having you around. I can't imagine not having you around. It worries me, now I think about it, for fear you might do something rash—like marrying another girl and ruining your whole life just because you thought you had lost me. Somehow, I can't impress it upon you as I want to just in writing, how perfectly absurd it would be for you to do such a thing. "I am sure if I could talk to you my meaning would be easier to catch. You see, I have your best interests at heart—it is just that. I have noticed lately that Ross girl making eyes at you—and most men think she has fascinating eyes because they start a little. She certainly knows how to use them, and there really was no excuse for you to beam at her as you did the other night. I'd have spoken about it only I don't let myself notice such trivial occurrences. I never could be jealous of the Ross creature. "Howard, you don't really like her, do you? I'd do anything to save you from such a fate, I believe. I wish I could talk to you. I feel blue for some reason. I guess it is because I miss you this evening. I suppose you didn't come over because you wanted your letter to take full effect. I'd lots rather have you than the letter—I want you to say it! And you won't get this till to-morrow. Good gracious, I can telephone and you'll be over in ten minutes—" She rushes toward the telephone, tearing the letter into bits as she runs. She calls for his number in a breathless voice, and then with a disappointed, "Oh! Isn't he in?" hangs up the receiver. She stands biting her lip and the tears come to her eyes. "I wonder," she gasps to herself, "I wonder—if Howard could—if he could be calling on that Ross girl! I'll marry him myself before she shall have him!" She rushes again to her desk and begins another letter. It is five lines long and says "yes" in the first line.—Chicago News.

HOWARD GETS HIS ANSWER

"Dear Howard," she wrote, "of course your letter was a surprise to me, a big surprise. In the first place when a man has been running in to see you every other evening for a year it seems funny for him to write a proposal when it would be so much easier just to say it. "I don't quite understand what you meant when you said you wrote instead of talking to me on the same telephone that it was a mean trick to telephone an invitation to dinner, as the telephone had no chance to think up an excuse, but usually accepted, because he or she had to say something and couldn't collect his or her wits sufficiently to get out of it if he or she wanted to. "Of course I can never marry you. I expect you'll be surprised at that, because I've seen so much of you and we've had such good times together, and, as you say, are such good comrades. I'm never going to marry any one. "I like you awfully well and I should hate to have you stop coming to see me, but, of course, you won't do that. We haven't finished that book we were reading, and then there's the party at the Crandalls' next week. I'd be lost without you to go about with. You see you mean a lot to me—but I am quite sure that I must say no to what you ask. "Anyhow, in spite of the fact that you are so tall and good-looking and attractive, you must admit, Howard, that your last name is Smith—and I

HE KNEW THEIR SECRETS.

Bishop Donohue, of Wheeling, W. Va., is a very conservative prelate. He shares the views of many other bishops in his communion concerning secret societies, and as a consequence, when the Knights of Columbus was organized in his diocese, he was rather chary in affording them official recognition. Finally, he became convinced that the order was not inimical to Church or state, and as a proof of his satisfaction, attended one of their annual gatherings. A member of the order attempted to tell him on his skepticism, and he promptly retorted: "You young men imagine that you belong to a secret society; but you are very much deceived. I have been up in the cupola of the cathedral, and with the aid of a telescope have discovered everything that you have been doing. I know all of your signs; I know your passwords, and I even know the color of your goat."

PAINFUL MEMORIES.

The best man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver, and cut glass without seeing them, and the best man hardly knew how to approach him. "Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last. And the answer told far more than its two meager words might have been expected to. It was, "Not lately!"

A Pessimistic View.

"I wonder why Indians, who are so notoriously treacherous, choose a pipe as a sign of peace. "I'm sorry because they know their pledges are apt to go up in smoke."—Baltimore American.

WHEN A WOMAN FALLS IN LOVE WITH A MAN.

When a woman falls in love with a man, she is preparing to find him out. A woman in love believes a whole lot of things about the subject of her affection that he is sure to disappoint her in, and she will claim finally that he "deserved" her. Fashion note: Women's skirts will be worn so narrow this winter that they never in the world will be able to run to a free. When a man starts out to look for fun he manages to uncover a lot of trouble. Two is company, but with father in the parlor there is a multitude.



"I'VE LOST WITHOUT YOU."