

Downers Grove, Ill.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By THE DOWNERS GROVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS
From West: 8:00 a.m., 8:37 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m.
From East: 8:57 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m.

OFFICIAL TIME CARD
Effective Sept. 27, 1906
(Subject to change without notice.)

Table with 4 columns: Leave Chicago, Arrive Downers Grove, Leave Downers Grove, Arrive Chicago. Lists train times for various routes.

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Mr. Bear of the coal trust casually announces that there is no reason why the price of coal should be reduced...

The double rail has made its appearance in fashionable society, and men are complaining that they cannot recognize their women friends...

The old-fashioned covered wooden bridge across the Connecticut river at Hartford has been replaced by a beautiful granite structure...

It would seem that there has been lately any stronger argument adduced in favor of postal savings banks than those figures showing how much money is lost abroad by alien laborers...

The highest court of the State of New York has decided that no advertising concern may employ one's portrait for purposes of advertising...

Mr. Knicker—Where do you keep your auto? Mrs. Knicker—In a garage, of course.—New York Sun.

TOWNS AND COUNTRIES.
Oh, the patter of the rain
On the roof and window-pane
(You have never read a poem just like this?)
Is so sweet a slumber song
That to sleep it would be wrong
So you have to lie awake all night and listen.

WHAT THEY SEE AT THE FIRST GLANCE.
Did you ever notice the difference between the way a man and a woman size up a pretty woman? The man wastes no time on mere detail...

FROM HENDRICK ISSUED A HIS OF EXASPERATION.
"I am writing a Sunday story," he said distinctly. "Don't you wish me in the office?"

REPLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.
Some people act ridiculous and then become indignant because people tell it. No matter how loud a woman dresses, she imagines she is dressed artistically.

TO REMOVE MOTHS FROM FURNITURE.
Moths can be exterminated or driven from upholstered work by sprinkling it with benzine.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MARBLE.
Mix together 1/2 pound soda, 1/2 pound of soft soap and 1 pound whiting. Boil them until they become as thick as paste and let it cool.

RECIPES.
Maple Parfait—Into 1/2 cup of maple syrup stir 2 well-beaten eggs: beat slowly until it thickens as much as it will...

HIS EXTRA WORK

"Hendrick's certainly industrious," said Mr. Pickle, night city editor of the Daily Whiff. "He's always writing Sunday stuff."

"I remember the biggest week's bill I ever made as a reporter," said he, reflectively. "Time of the St. Louis cyclone. I wrote..."

"Romance" pursued Click, and he wondered why Hendrick flushed at the word. "Why don't you shoot out some more of that Bowersy junk? It's good and you can't turn out too many of 'em."

"The governor—it is the old longshoreman speaking of the poet to Mr. Rhyth—"always went to sea in a silk hat, a size or two overlarge and worn at an unusual angle..."

"He was a-wearing of his tupper, as usual, and all of a sudden up he came again, just as Jack and me was reaching over after him. His tupper came up easy like, as though 'twas a lifebuoy, if I may say so, and underneath it came the fur box, and then the governor. And, as true as I sit here, he was still a-holding that letter out in front of him in both hands!"

One of the features of the city of Caracas, Venezuela, that most strongly impresses a foreigner is the rapidity with which a crowd gathers in the streets. This is best exemplified when some of the many wandering musicians, in whom Caracas abounds, prepare to give an impromptu open air concert.

WHAT MUST YOU HAVE THOUGHT?

"Someone on your phone, sir," a small copy boy sought the speaker's attention. "As you'll find out," ended Click, and scuttled to his desk.

"Why does he lug a Sunday story round on this murder thing?" pondered Click, who saw the action. "That boy's head is just so full of space-grabbing in the magazine section that he can't think of anything else."

"Why don't you lug a Sunday story round on this murder thing?" pondered Click, who saw the action. "That boy's head is just so full of space-grabbing in the magazine section that he can't think of anything else."

"Man killed two, took gas himself and made a bloomer of it, now at the hospital. Wife caught him with affinity on the street. Here's the names. We can't stand over three-quarters to night. Only a two-page paper," said Mr. Pickle. "Smith can take it on the phone if it looks like a lark. Glimme what you can for the first."

Hendrick rushed back to his copy, folded it into a big envelope and slid that into his coat pocket. "Why does he lug a Sunday story round on this murder thing?" pondered Click, who saw the action.

"Oh, Joey," she cried, rushing past the boy; "we moved two weeks ago and I just happened to go into the old place and there I found all the letters together. What must you have thought?"

"It is I. a. m. when Hendrick finished his night's assignment. Click, going home with all the morning papers under his arm, was shocked to see Hendrick take out an envelope, rapidly scan the typewritten pages it had held and then begin upon the "Sunday stuff." The totter looked up and met Click's gaze.

"You better go home," said the cable editor sternly. "Gwan, get out of here and quit that ding-donging forever! Want any eyes or brains left for your old age?" Hendrick smiled coldly. "My eyes are all right," he retorted. "Good night!"

Mr. Pickle also felt a very friendly interest in Hendrick. He crossed the room. "I'll call this a day, if I were you," he said.



Did you ever notice the difference between the way a man and a woman size up a pretty woman? The man wastes no time on mere detail. He takes the girl has gone past him he knows every lineament in her face, the color in her eyes, the shade of her hair, the drop of her mouth, the arch of her brow, and the pure profile. But as for her clothes: "Oh, yes, of course, she wore clothes. Yes, they were beautiful. Such a lovely shade of gray, or was it brown?—no, it was green, a green that was blue and brown, with all the colors of the iris blended in the pattern."

Some people act ridiculous and then become indignant because people tell it. No matter how loud a woman dresses, she imagines she is dressed artistically. No, a woman doesn't necessarily handle a broom when she makes sweeping assertions.

A duty to be done is a stern reminder, but a duty well done is a pleasant remembrance. He who reads will run against many clever sayings, but he who runs will never read them.

A parcel, though invented to keep the sun off, generally manages to introduce some sun to come nearer. And it sometimes happens that a man is not fully appreciated by his wife until she collects his life insurance.

The man in the motor car would have more respect for the pedestrian if he stopped to think how the straggling man, in turn, looks down on him.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight! Give us an autoleas day and a night. Give us a "yellow" sun headlines to scan A rustleless skirt, and a hoodless man, A lake reddy-brown, a microscope him A static light fakeless, a straight-frontless man.

"Is he a keen observer?" "Only of one thing." "And what is that?" "The clock."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Household Notes

MAMMY'S DUST CAP. Buy a 5-cent colored handkerchief, tie a knot in each corner, to make cap shade, to fit the head. When placed on the head turn each corner in underneath and you will have a dust cap easy made and easily washed, just like mammy used to wear.—Boston Post.

A SIMPLE JOSS STICK HOLDER. If one becomes tired of holding the useful joss sticks and desires a cheap holder, obtain a cake of laundry soap, insert the ends of the sticks into same and a convenient holder is easily made. This can be placed in different places about piazza or railings.—Boston Post.

TO CLEAN SILVER. If silver be immersed over night in sour milk and afterwards thoroughly washed in clear cold water it will readily polish with the camels skin, thus saving the wear of the silver by scouring and the time and strength of the cleaner. Were the silver washed in suds at first it would be blackened.—Boston Post.

A WIRE CUPBOARD. A very useful thing in the summer—and winter as well—is a wire cupboard. Have the doors covered with wire netting to keep pies, jellies, etc., from mice, flies, etc.

BUYING BEEF. The meat question has been a heavy one. Now that cold weather is approaching you may find this suggestion of value if you have large families: Buy a rump of beef. Any retail grocer will sell you one pretty near cost. If you do not understand cutting meat have the grocer cut off several pounds of steak and 1 or 2 roasts.

TO REMOVE MOTHS FROM FURNITURE. Moths can be exterminated or driven from upholstered work by sprinkling it with benzine. The benzine is put in a small watering pot such as used for sprinkling house plants.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MARBLE. Mix together 1/2 pound soda, 1/2 pound of soft soap and 1 pound whiting. Boil them until they become as thick as paste and let it cool.

RECIPES. Maple Parfait—Into 1/2 cup of maple syrup stir 2 well-beaten eggs: beat slowly until it thickens as much as it will; when cold add 1 cup of cream whipped stiff, and put into 2. crown baking powder can; pack in ice and salt 3 hours.

Wellcome. While in contest We deem unright, All love the guest Who lies politely. —Birmingham Age-Herald.



"How did he lose his money?" "His father-in-law failed."—Illustrated Bits. "Have you got an independent fortune?" "No, I'm married."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Knicker—Where do you keep your auto? Mrs. Knicker—In a garage, of course.—New York Sun. Jimmie—My ma's gone downtown to pay some bills. Tommie—Poo! The man comes to the house to collect ours!

"John, you yawned twice while we were calling on that lady." "Well, dear, you did not expect me to keep my mouth closed all the time, did you?"

"The seventeen mothers in the village mothers' club agreed to decide by ballot which had the handsomest baby." "Well, who won it?" "Each kid got one vote."

"You have a new housemaid, I see Mrs. Youngwife." "Yes, I got her about a week ago." "How do you like her?" "Very much indeed. She lets me do almost as I like about the house."

"What diagnosis did the doctor make of your wife's illness?" "Bald she is suffering from overwork." "Is that so?" "Yes; he looked at her tongue and reached that decision immediately."—Detroit Free Press.

"I'm sure," said the revealer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success." "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I'm afraid I'm catching cold," said Klossman, trying to get some medical advice from. "Every once in a while I feel an itching in my nose, and then I sneeze. What would you do in a case like that, doctor?" "Well," replied Dr. Sharpe, "I guess I'd sneeze, too."

Caller—Is the lady of the house in? Waitress (who has been given notice)—She's in, but she's no lady!—Life. Have you ever noticed when you want to write a letter around breakfast the ink is half water?