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ARRIVAL OF MAILS

From West:	From East:
6:08 a.m.	8:57 a. m.
9:52 a. m.	12:09 p. m.
1:34 p. m.	5:06 p. m.
5:28 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.

Burlington Route

(9-22-08) OFFICIAL TIME CARD Adv. 19
Effective Sept. 27, 1908.
(Subject to change without notice.)

Leave Chicago.	Arrive Downers Grove.	Leave Downers Grove.	Arrive Chicago.
6:40 am	7:30 am	5:50 am	6:40 am
7:45	8:40	6:08	6:50
8:20	9:01	6:18	7:13
8:40	9:35	6:50	7:40
10:15	11:10	7:03	7:43
11:00	11:42 am	7:20	8:13
11:05 am	12:01 pm	7:40	8:25
12:20 pm	1:10	7:45	8:37
† 1:30	2:20	7:56	8:45
* 1:30	2:23	8:27	9:17
2:20	3:12	9:08	10:00
3:15	4:05	10:13	11:05 am
4:05	4:55	11:17 am	12:15 pm
4:40	5:30	12:40 pm	1:30
5:11	5:51	1:34	2:20
5:15	6:10	2:00	2:53
5:32	6:16	* 2:40	3:30
5:35	6:25	2:58	3:50
5:50	6:29	3:30	4:20
5:55	6:48	3:53	4:45
6:15	7:10	4:50	5:45
6:40	7:30	5:33	6:15
7:30	8:20	5:40	6:30
8:20	9:08	6:50	7:40
9:45	10:35	7:40	8:30
10:35	11:24	8:13	9:05
10:50	11:27 pm	9:05	9:55
11:30 pm	12:19 am	10:49 pm	11:40 pm
12:15 am	1:14 am		

*Saturday only. †Except Saturday.

SUNDAY.

4:30 am	5:29 am	5:30 am	6:40 am
9:25	10:29	6:08	6:50
11:00	11:40 am	8:00	8:32
11:40 am	12:30 pm	9:13	10:05
1:30 pm	2:22	10:55 am	11:45 am
2:20	3:12	1:18 pm	2:10 pm
3:00	3:52	1:34	2:20
5:05	5:58	3:08	4:00
6:40	7:30	4:40	5:30
8:20	9:08	5:44	6:40
10:05	10:58	6:28	7:30
10:50	11:27 pm	9:10	10:00
11:30 pm	12:19 am	10:46 pm	11:40 pm
12:15 am	1:14 am		

*Saturday only.

A Toledo woman wants a divorce because her husband won't kiss her. We reserve judgment until we see the lady. Jack Johnson, prize fighter, is getting $1,750 a week for touring Australia. The moral of this is that it pays to be a winner.

The Earl of Crewe, the Liberal leader in the British House of Lords, announced the other day that the government contemplates such a revision of the coronation oath as will eliminate from it the objurgations offensive to the Roman Catholics. The Conservative leader welcomed the change as a desirable reform. When the two parties are agreed, it should not be difficult for the government to carry out its purposes.

The one real, all-sufficient, universal ever-on-the-job gravy in this world, however, is plain, old-fashioned, time-honored and anciently approved ham gravy! Just as it is, without one plea—it knocks the spots off any turkey gravy with "yolks of eggs, giblets," mushrooms, truffles, or whatnot ever concocted anywhere, or conceived in the minds of mortals! You can't beat it! It is known from the humblest hovel to the lordliest palace, and everybody truthfully inclined will agree without comment.

In the interest of safeguarding coastwise shipping, the Department of Commerce and Labor has made new rules which affect barge traffic. They apply mostly to the Atlantic coast, and especially to the coal-carrying trade, since that is the principal industry in which barges are employed. The new rules limit the number of barges which one tug may tow to three, and require that the length of the hawser between each two shall not be more than seventy-five feet. The new rules apply only to the three-mile limit within which the department has jurisdiction, but that includes the belt of largest traffic. The long lines of barges have always been regarded as a danger to other shipping.

In thirty States of the Union a mother has no ownership in her own children, and the husband can collect every dollar of their earnings. Is the wife who brings up a family of children under such conditions as these not a self-supporting member of the community? Who supports the family, anyway? In the days of our grandfathers the husband paid for a barrel of flour and the wife made that flour into bread. Converting raw material into a manufactured product is usually more expensive than the raw material itself. The cash value of the wife's contribution to the bread might have been more than the value contributed by the husband to provide the flour. Is she, then, not up as self-supporting as her husband? All this bolder discussion of the necessity of economic independence for women is a pretty insult to the intellectual abilities of those women who are married for so much trouble and so little money. Women who marry for a home do not generally find that it is a place where they are supported in idleness. On the contrary, they find it a place where they work for board and lodging and where they are subject to the caprices of a master who pays her in his office more independent than the wife who is comfortably cared for by her husband? Or can the wage-earner of either sex be considered as economically independent? There is no sex to brain power of itself. And in this free country there is no more obstacle to a woman attaining economic independence than there is to the man. Stop arguing, sisters. There is no room for argument. Time flies and opportunity fleets. If economic independence is your sole object, roll up your sleeves and dig in.

If Admiral Rojestvensky did not literally die of a broken heart, his last years were embittered and his death probably hastened by the obloquy fastened upon him in his own country, while in every other nation he was honored as a brave but unfortunate man. To have taken the Russian fleet from Libau more than half way around the world, and to have marshaled it in fighting condition against the Japanese at Tsushima, would have been a great feat even if the ships had been in perfect condition at the start. Admiral Evans was justly praised for his success in taking our splendidly appointed fleet to San Francisco, a shorter trip, in time of peace, with huzzahing friends in every port. The Russian fleet, far from being in condition for service, was a monument to official greed, neglect and incompetency; its personnel was divided by racial hatreds, bitter at wrongs of misgovernment, honeycombed with sedition, hopeless of the outcome, and so ill-trained and mob-like that the men trained their guns on harmless British fishermen before they had fairly started and nearly involved in a second war the country which half of them were ready to forswear. They were scarcely more prepared for battle than the Chinese had been ten years earlier. Yet because he raised the white flag when he was hopelessly beaten and he lay wounded and insensible, Rojestvensky was court-martialed by his grateful country and made a scapegoat for a misgovernment of, by, and for the grand dukes. Rojestvensky's task was more hopeless than Cervera's, yet Cervera, after a natural burst of resentment, retained the respect of his own country as well as of ours. Spain seems to be a better country to serve than Russia.

ERRATIC SCIENCE.

Some Wonderful Answers by Schoolroom Small Boys.

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas," wrote a small boy in the science examination. Other examples of the "howler" are compiled by a writer in the Scientific American:

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I would not be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumatic tires, which would be a sad loss.

"Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches.

"Air usually has no weight, but found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch.

"The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine.

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot.

"Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

"A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet.

"The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

COULD DECIPHER ANYTHING.

Expert on Greeley's Manuscript Easily Read Chicken's Footprints.

This isn't the necrology column, but the story they tell on C. S. Denis, who died the other rday, is too good to lose. Denis was at one time the private secretary of Horace Greeley, and was one of the two or three men who could read that great editor's copy, says the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent. Greeley had no idea what it was all about after the ink was dry. He would send for Denis to read his scrawls to him. One day, according to the story, a printer in the old Tribune office, being pickled, brought a little bantam hen to work with him. He declared with tears that the hen was his sister and he must not be separated from her. He was put to sleep on a pile of old paper and the hen wandered clucking about the floor. Her toes became dabbed with ink and by and by she found some bits of the printers' lunch and while eating it stepped about on a bit of blank copy paper. Her inky feet made a series of odd hieroglyphics on the sheet. "We'll play a trick on Denis," said the foreman. He picked up the paper, inscribed it with the usual printers' sign, and then took it in to Denis. "Excuse me, Mr. Denis," said he, "but this stuff of the old man's has got me stuck. I got through the first two takes all right—but what in the world is this line?"

Denis looked at it a moment. Then he carried it over to the light and studied it closely. His countenance cleared. "Plain as can be," he said. "It begins this way: 'Those old federalists——'"

Not Taking Any Chances.

"Paris is said to be airship mad."

"Still, not as mad as you might think."

"No."

"Paris is still depending on Wilbur Wright to do most of its flying."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

They Miss Something.

Patience—I see lovemaking on postal cards is in violation of the postal regulations of Russia.

Patrice—The country postmaster must have a dull time of it over there!—Yonkers Statesman.

The annual per capita consumption of sugar in the United States is 82.5 pounds.

THE GREAT ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake which took place in Calabria and Sicily must be regarded as the most devastating catastrophe recorded in the world's history. It is stated that some 200,000 lives have been lost, and it is impossible to realize the number of persons left homeless and destitute. The above sketches are founded on photographs taken in the various districts affected, and give a vivid idea of the misery and horror of the disaster.

DEATH OF COQUELIN.

Coquelin, greatest of French actors, is dead. Indefatigable as always, he was preparing for the leading part in a new play by Edmond Rostand when the end came. We can imagine the sense of loss of the French people by recalling our own feelings when Joseph Jefferson died.

Like Jefferson, Benoit Constant Coquelin had become an institution. His long and successful stage career, begun in the prime of a former generation and continued so far in the life of its successor, was calculated to diffuse a sort of impression that he always had been and always would be. Securing the first prize in comedy at the conservatory in 1859, he made his debut in the following year at the Comedie Francaise.

The last opportunity Americans had of seeing Coquelin was when he made his tour with Sarah Bernhardt. It is no secret that he was dissatisfied with the impression produced on American audiences, who manifested their preference for the divine Sarah unmistakably. With the exception of Cyrano none of his roles seemed to appeal particularly to playgoers over here.

Yet, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, he might have anticipated that. Woman, romance and tragedy are universal. Man and comedy are national. The comedian, on going to another country, has to overcome a host of national conceptions to make himself acceptable. Few nations boast of their tragedy as distinctly national. But all make that claim for comedy. It could hardly be otherwise. No nation believes that another has a real sense of wit and humor.

M. Coquelin was, of course, a comedian in the best sense. It is unfortunate that the word has been reduced in this country to serve chiefly as the designation of farceurs. The fountains of tears and laughter lie close together; and the great comedian is the real brother to the great tragedian. No character of the drama illustrates this better than Cyrano, one of Coquelin's favorite roles. Cyrano has a poignant suggestion of tragedy all the way through. It is a trick of the actor, whether one smiles or sighs.

There is something especially pathetic in the death of a great actor. His is a doubtful immortality. The poet leaves his books, the sculptor the chiseled marble, the statesman his war for a witness to future generations. The great actor, who surely ranks as an artist with other artists, leaves only a name, which the years will make more ghostly. Nothing becomes more inconsequential than a dramatic tradition to the world that faces the proscenium.

The Mournful Woman

ONCE there was a woman who gloated over the most melancholy topics of conversation, believed laughter a sin, recreation a waste of time and fresh air a menace to health, and found her greatest delight in attending funerals. "I hope I'll be as beautiful a corpse as that," she would remark, as she stood beside the bier of some friend, "and it won't be long now; it won't be long." Everywhere she went this sad sister carried an atmosphere of gloom. Depression filled her mind, fairly embalmed her personality and exuded at every mental pore. She was a perpetual wet blanket to everybody, and her friends dodged her like the butcher's bill or the rent man.

By and by she actually made herself believe that her liver, heart and other economy were out of kilter, and at once she acquired a library of home-doctoring books and devoted herself to study. The more she studied the more certain she became that she was on the quick road to the grave. She just knew that she had every symptom in the calendar of diagnosis.

About every ten minutes of the day she dosed herself with one of the seventeen varieties of medicine she needed to ward off ailments, and getting out of bed every hour of the night to take her tonic soon trained her so she couldn't sleep at all.

Then she had a simply be-e-utiful time picturing herself in a lovely rosewood casket, lined with pink silk, and a gilt-edged prayer book in her hands with the floral tributes banked in the parlor bay windows, while Dr. Snoozum prayed sonorously for "our dear, departed sister," her friends sniffled into lace handkerchiefs (they always take their very best to funerals) and the choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

For hours and hours she used to lie awake worrying which dress to be laid out in and what kind of a tombstone to order. By and by she died. Most anyone who thinks about it hard enough can die.—Chicago Journal.

FOUR BOXES.

World Governed by Cartridge Box, Ballot Box, Band Box and Jury

"The world is governed by three boxes," said an American wit of a century ago, "the cartridge-box, the ballot-box and the bandbox."

Between the first two of these great governing powers no one questioned the natural alliance; but that the sex whose box was the bandbox should also claim a right to use the ballot-box was, in his day, undreamed of. Half a century later, during the Civil War, Horace Greeley, the famous editor, held the same opinion.

"Madam," he said, bluntly, at a public meeting, to the pioneer Suffragist, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "the bullet and the ballot go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the quick-witted lady, to the delight of the audience. "I am ready to fight just as you have fought—with my pen."

Not all the early women suffragists would so readily have countenanced warfare, even in jest; for a notable number of them were Quakers, or of Quaker ancestry, to whom force was abhorrent. In the Society of Friends the rights of men and women have been always absolutely equal; so that, as Lucretia Mott declared, it seemed but natural to wish to counsel and act with men everywhere on even terms, as she had always done in Nantucket.

One Quaker philanthropist, Abby Hopper Gibbons, who had never been identified with the "woman's rights" women, yet acknowledged with demure humor that, although she talked little about her rights, she had "been in the habit of always taking them" when she could.

Once, however, she failed to take a very important one when she was summoned to do so. She had a singularly bold and firm handwriting, easily mistaken for a man's, and often signed business communications A. H. Gibbons, so that she one day found herself, as a citizen and a taxpayer, imperatively required, in the name of the law, to furnish reasons why she should not serve as a juror.

"I know of none," she wrote serenely at the foot of this formidable document, and sent it back. But the official who read this apparently impertinent response must have investigated the record of his correspondent, and found a reason; for A. H. Gibbons, householder of New York, was excused from service in that fourth box, so important in civilized communities—the jury-box.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Dominoes.

The origin of dominies has been attributed variously to the Greeks, the Chinese and Jews, but a Paris contemporary has discovered that the ever-popular game owes its invention to the Benedictines of Mont Cassin. Two of the order were sent into lengthy retreat, and they hit upon a method of whiling away the spare time without infringing the rules of silence by playing with square stones upon which various dots were marked. While perfecting themselves they perfected or rather evolved the game, and were accustomed to frequently repeat when playing in the evening psalms from Vespers, especially the first, that is Psalm 109, which begins "Dixis Dominus Domino meo." When the retreat was over the game was soon known in the convent. Then its fame spread to the village and beyond. The verse was reduced to one word "Domino," hence the name as we have received it.

The man who is liberal with promises is apt to be miserly when it comes to making good.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Berlin has adopted luminous street signs.

While the British send on an average two telegrams a head each year, according to government statistics, the Americans send only one and one-tenth and the Germans nine-tenths.

Money is accumulating in New York City more rapidly than at any time in the last two years. Banks are receiving much faster than they are paying, and good investments are being diligently sought in every direction.

The new catalogue of Columbia University shows the total number of officers of the administration and instructors to be 670; the total number of resident students 5,683, as against 5,159 last year. Since the last catalogue was published eight special funds have been created by special gift or bequest.

Briquettes composed of calcium carbide have been prepared by H. K. Koffer of Vienna, and are claimed to be non-hydroscopic, keeping indefinitely, and do not continue to give off gas after withdrawal of water. They are made by intimately mixing finely granulated carbide with a binding material and compressing in molds.

Dr. William S. Bigelow, who is responsible for the cutting of the new United States gold coins in intaglio instead of in relief, a new departure in coinage, is neither a sculptor nor a numismatist, but the author of the recent book on "Buddhism and Immortality." He has given years of study to the literature of the Far East.

Discussion arose at a meeting of the Ballycastle (County Antrim) Board of Guardians on a letter from the local government board asking what order the guardians had made on a former letter from the board requesting that the paupers should be supplied with forks at meals. It was decided to inform the local government board that the guardians did not consider forks necessary.—London Globe.

A counting machine that is reported to be an improvement over anything of the kind yet produced, the invention of a Swedish engineer, was recently supplied to the counting house of the Bank of England for experimental purposes, and its performance was highly successful in point of rapidity. The machine is operated by electricity, and is capable of counting up and sorting money into paper bags or tubes at the phenomenal rate of 72,000 coins an hour. The coins are placed in a receptacle at the back of the machine, and are mechanically sorted, stacked and inserted into paper tubes.

Two Russian sailors, wishing to desert from their ship lying in the Tyne, England, took a boat and rowed for the open sea. They took with them food and clothing and $300 in cash. The flood tide set them ashore again and they tried to land, but the sea was running too high. For many hours they drifted helplessly about, and finally their tiny craft was pitched upon the beach of Manhaven, near South Shields. Here they took refuge in a cave, where they lived four days and nights, until their food became exhausted. Hunger drove them into the open, and eventually they were arrested.

In times past a fashion lasted, with slight modifications, for years. Much the same fashion continued through the long reign of Louis XIV., and another through that of Louis XV., while the ladies of the middle ages never thought of varying their costumes. As for the Greeks and the Romans, generation succeeded generation with little change in female dress; and yet all these ladies of the past were more artistically dressed than those of to-day. Many, no doubt, spent more than they could afford, but when they had a costly dress they kept it, and did not throw it away to replace it with another.—Truth.

Some curious thermometers were made. Otto de Guericke, burgomaster of Magdeburg, made one which was twenty feet long and gorgeous with blue paint and gilt stars. It consisted of a large globe fastened to a tube, both of copper. The tube was bent upon itself into the form of a very narrow U, in which was placed the requisite amount of alcohol. One arm of the U was shorter than the other and open at the top. On the liquid was a float, to which was attached a cord passing over a pulley. At the other end of this cord was hung a gilt angel, its finger pointing to a scale on which the degrees were painted.

Poseidon, the newest Australian gold field, is producing some remarkable nuggets. One, shaped exactly like a cricket ball, was recently found there lying on the surface, the finder at first mistaking it for a mushroom. And now, from the same place, comes news of a nugget of 103 ounces closely resembling a nautilus shell. This was found by an Irishman, and on the adjoining claim a Scotchman named MacKenzie almost simultaneously impaled a thirty-eight-ounce nugget on the point of his pick. Furthermore, a boy driving a baker's cart over the Poseidon field saw the gleam of gold in the grass. He got down and picked up a nice little nugget of four ounces.

Among the anecdotes related by the Marquis Massa in his "Souvenirs et Impressions," recently published, is one about the first President of the French republic, which is making the rounds of the theatrical columns of the European press. It runs: "A short time after young Thiers had been elected as a legislator a number of our set arranged to give a performance of 'Roman Chez la Portiere' at the house of a mutual friend. On the evening of the performance our prompter deserted us, and without a moment's hesitation the new-fledged deputy volunteered to take the place, and despite the protests of some of the party, who feared that his dignity might be everlastingly injured, he jumped into the box; where he remained ready to help us in time of need until the curtain descended on what proved to be a highly satisfactory performance."

KING IN THE BACK WOODS.

How a New York Reporter Was Regarded by a Village Arbiter.

One of the local reporters was sent up State not long ago to get a murder story, says the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent. While pirouetting around after facts in one of the little backwoods villages he became acquainted with the arbiter elegantarum of the town—an old maid, full of curiosity and scandal. He played her along, for she oozed the very information he had been sent to get. The day that he was ready to start back to New York she called him into her little front parlor. "I'm so embarrassed, Mr. Boster," she simpered.

Mr. Boster breezily bade her cheer up.

"I have such a favor to ask you," said she, twisting in her shoes.

Mr. Boster began to fear a touch. But he was game. "Anything I can do, my dearest lady," he said.

"Well," said she, looking into his eyes coquettishly. "This town has never before been honored by the presence of a real New York newspaper man. The nearest was a nice-looking young man who said he was a reporter, and who beat mother out of a week's board. I feel that your visit here marks a real epoch in Shadeville's history. In my album I have the autographs of Admiral Sampson, Admiral Schley, and Gov. Hughes and Senator Platt. Would you be so kind as to let me have your signature—with an appropriate sentiment?"

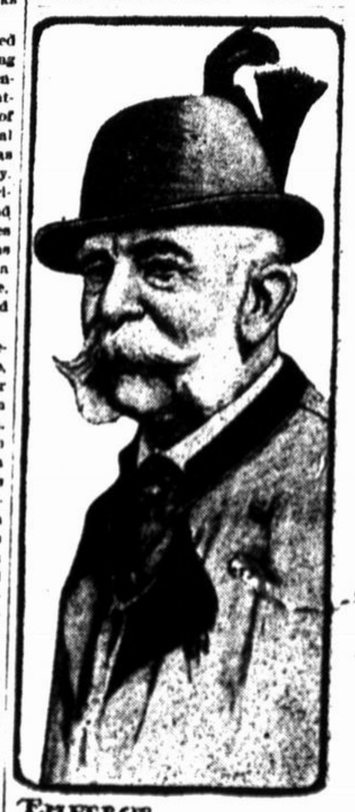
The newspaper man signed, right under Tom Platt's name. As a kind of two-edged sentiment, a sentiment that would cut both ways and leave all hands in discreet doubt as to the writer's meaning, he wrote:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

LATE PHOTO OF EMPEROR.

Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary Shown in Costume of Hunter.

Here is the latest picture of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. It portrays him in hunting costume. Although born in 1830 and the oldest reigning monarch of Europe, having been on the throne since 1848, the emperor is vigorous and ardently devoted to the chase. In fact, hunting has been his only diversion since his consort, Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated at Berne.



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

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Eating the Pie.

"I remember one man from my home town," a Western Senator said recently, "in the good old days before civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the fourth of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town. Wherever I went I would see him, striving for or just after an audience with some department official. By June he was seedy and broken looking, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the Senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time.

"'Well, have you given it up?' I asked, trying to be sympathetic.

"'Oh, I got the job, all right,' he replied with a satisfied smile. 'I'm working now.'"—Success Magazine.

He Had Been There.

Rodrick—Howdy, old man. We are going on a camping trip soon. Did you ever enjoy a camping trip where you had to do your own cooking and sleep beneath the stars?

Van Albert—Nope.

Rodrick—What? Do you mean to say you have never been on a camping trip?

Van Albert—No. I mean to say that I never enjoyed one.—Chicago News.

Learning Early.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class the story of the good Samaritan. When she asked them what the story meant a little boy said: "It means that when I am in trouble my neighbors must help me."—Universalist Leader.

What She Loved.

He—If you don't love me, and if you will not listen to me, why do you always take my boxes of chocolates?

She—I love chocolates.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Father—Well? Tommy—Why isn't there ever a navy of the unemployed?