

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

(Continued from Page One.)
The Grippe in a very few hours. And Preventives are so safe and harmless. No Quinine, nothing harsh nor sickening. Fine for feverish, restless children. Box of 48 at 25c. Sold by Bush & Simonson.

Bliss, the new County President, is getting things in the shape for the year's work.
The Philathens are planning to celebrate their second anniversary some time in April.

SPORTING NEWS.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.
Table with columns: Club, Won, Lost, Pct.

LADIES.

Table listing names of ladies and their scores.

GENTLEMEN.

Table listing names of gentlemen and their scores.

LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING.

This Statement May Be Generally Attributed to the Lack of Good Health.

We want to talk to people who are nervous, who suffer frequent headaches, who don't enjoy their food, who are irritable, quickly lose their temper, are so tired and worn out that they feel they must give up, and have become so despondent that life doesn't seem worth living.

WHEEZER OR SNEEZER?

Have You Heard of Hyomei for Catarrh, Asthma and Hay Fever?
If you wheeze or sneeze, hawk or spit, snuffle or blow, something is the matter with the membrane of your respiratory tract, and you need Hyomei.

HYOMEI CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by BUSH & SIMONSON.

JUNGLE OF SUGAR CANE

Trains Run Through The Fields of This Plantation

Across the river from New Orleans is one of the largest sugar plantations in Louisiana. It is run with system, energy and intelligence. It has normally 2,000 acres planted in cane, and its sugar mill, representing an outlay of nearly half a million dollars, is capable of manufacturing both the raw and refined grades.

In the tanks the juice is treated with lime and sulphur to remove debris and clarify it, and then is conducted by more pipes to the evaporating pans, where it is boiled by steam in a vacuum, until it becomes syrup. The syrup is then put into other pans, and is evaporated until it becomes sugar mixed with molasses, thence, to the centrifugals (rapidly revolving cylinders), which separate the molasses by centrifugal force, and drain the latter into its own receptacle.

In Cuba, they get seven and eight crops from one planting, and have been known to plant fifteen crops on one field. That is one reason why they can produce sugar cheaper than we can. Another is cheaper labor: a third, that while the average yield of cane with us is twenty tons to the acre, in Cuba it is thirty-five tons.

The negro is the best laborer if only he could be made to work. He is accustomed. He can stand the hard work in the sun. He knows how; but we can't make him work; we can't depend on him. Sign a contract with him and advance a dollar or two on it (they all demand that to bring their goods from the last place), and that is the last you see of him; or if he comes he will leave you in the height of the season without the slightest compunction of conscience. Or if he pretends to work it will be for two or three days only in the week; the rest of the time he will be basking in the sun on the levee or lying about the "blind tigers," where liquor is sold.

"We have demonstrated that the more we pay him the less he works. It is this way: He will work just enough to buy necessary food and clothes. Suppose that costs him \$2 a week; that is, at \$1 a day he will work two days to get it, at \$1 a day three days. Eight years ago we were paying our teamsters \$1 a day and our cutters 80 cents a day. Now we pay the teamsters \$1.50 a day and the cutters \$1.25, and are getting a third less work done than under the lower wages.

"Understand me, there is no prejudice against the negro with us. We came here believing in him, and disposed to treat him fairly. We have always done so. Today we would put a large force to planting cane, but we can't get the men. We have tried Italians, but they are not used to the work nor the climate, and are not so satisfactory. It is as teamsters they fall most lamentably; whereas a negro and a mule understand one another and will work together like brothers."

TIME IN TURKEY.

Way of Measuring and How It Makes For Inefficiency in Service.
Nicholas C. Adossides, writing of the Sultan of Turkey in the American Magazine, says:
"In addition to laziness, there is inaccuracy; the present Turkish official is naturally inaccurate, and habit and conceit make him more so. This perhaps is due to the way in which Turkey measures time. Twelve o'clock in the day corresponds with sunset; that is to say, whatever hour the sun sets, it must always be twelve. Consequently the hours change always, getting later the first half of the year and earlier in the last, which compels everybody to put his watch to daily torture. So no one in Turkey can flatter himself that he has the exact time; the most strict of Englishmen soon lose, his

HARD ON CHAIRS.

Sad Case of Mr. Troggleton, Who Puts Out of Business Every Chair He Sits In.

"Some men are hard on clothes. It is my misfortune," said Mr. Troggleton, "to be hard on chairs. I only weigh about 175 pounds, but somehow I always wreck sooner or later all the chairs I sit in. I seem to have some sort of sag or twist or something in the way in which I sit in a chair that makes me, even when I think I am sitting nicely and quietly, break or start something."

"Of course I never would think of sitting down at all anywhere in a Chippendale or Louis XVI. or any other sort of slender, spider-legged chair, because for me such a chair might as well be mounted on broom spindles. Men heavier than I could sit in such chairs and maybe tip back in them without doing any damage; but if I should so much as stir in a chair like that its legs would crack and groan and it would go down."

"Why in this do you suppose? I am not a restless person. I don't twist and turn and fidget in a chair, and yet no chair seems to stay together if I once begin to use it. I soon sit through a cane seated chair, and I have in time splintered seats of veneer."

"If I use any particular rocking chair for long I start the back away from the arms and if I sit in an armchair I work the arms loose, and any sort of chair that I sit in for any length of time I am sure to start at all its points so that it gets wavy and wiggly, and I am likely to spread a leg or two so that the rungs drop out at two ends."

"Honest Injun, I don't know why it is, but I certainly do seem to be hard on chairs."—New York Sun.

Gold Going Abroad.
It is an old-time superstition among Wall street speculators that exportation of gold is "a bear point on stocks." This originated in the days when the country was poor and the bulk of its business was being done with capital borrowed from Europe.

But that is all ancient history. We have long ago bought back the bulk of our securities from European capitalists, and as a result of our enormous exports during the last ten years the old world owes us money. We have the enormous sum of \$1,653,891,907 gold in the United States and enough currency of other kinds to bring the total amount to nearly three and one-half billions, which would allow \$35 to every man, woman and child included in our present population, estimated at 88,209,000.—New York Herald.

Found a Better Place.
Mark Twain says: Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house—he roomed outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's, popped out of an upstairs window.

"Where did you put that key, you black rascal!" I roared.

"Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it!"

Chicago.

I love Chicago. I love her at her noisiest, her smokeiest, even in her rickety street cars. I love her great buildings and I love her slums. I love her men who make millions and are not puffed up over it, and I love her men who lose their millions and smile. I love her lake and her river, teaming with commerce. I love her temples of God and her temples of art and science and learning. I love her beautiful parks and residences, and I love her property, her poor. I love her because I see in her power that will some day sway the nation, away the human race. I love her because I love work and energy and enterprise and courage and faith.—Bishop Muldoon.

With the Tuddy Fellows DO THE BUSINESS

HUMPTY DUMPTY.
I have broken my head; an abrasion And found it would mend again soon.

I have broken my head; an abrasion Was all you could see by next noon.

I can crack a smashed dish with more plunger. I can crack a bad joke and not kill; But the hopeless, the mendless disaster Is to break a new ten-dollar bill.

WATCH CHARM.
Edna—Now that they are engaged she watches her all the time. You see, she is such a flirt.

Edna—Firt? Why, he used to call her a charm.

Edna—Yes, and that is why he keeps a watch on her.—Chicago Daily News.

RAPID TRANSIT.
(Mrs. Blunder has just received a telegram from India)—"What an admirable invention the telegram is!" she exclaimed, "when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—Tit-Bits.

QUITE SO.
"Someone people run through their money." "Very foolish." "Quite so. Wealth was made to roll in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SHOPPING WOE.
"What on earth are you doing with those turkey feathers?" "They're from the turkey we had for Thanksgiving. My wife wants me to see if I can't match it for Christmas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHRISTMAS VERSE.
"I wonder if white paper is really so high?" "Why do you wonder?" "I notice they still use it to print poetry on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OVER THE TURKEY.
"Will father be an angel?" asked the little boy. "He's got whiskers and angels don't have any." "Well," replied the grandmother, "your father may get there, but it will be by a close shave."—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS POSITION.
Youngun—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? Well, what part of the machine do you consider me? Oldun—Oh! you're one of the cranks.—Pick-Me-Up.

A BRIGHT REMARK.
"I believe I'll go in for ocean baths. They are said to be very beneficial in December." "And you're not apt to find anyone else using the ocean, either."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ONLY ONE.
"Preachers usually marry young." "Yes; that's the only game of chance a preacher is permitted to play."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

REAL SARCASTIC.
"I saw a noted millionaire on a street car the other day." "So?" "And he paid his fare like any other citizen."

A RUSE.
"Was this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before." "Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word you press this key and it makes a blur."—Boston Transcript.

THE GIFT.
"What did your wife give you for Christmas?" "Well, it looks like a bunch of nothing, lined with what-d'ye-call-it cloth, and decorated with thingum-bobs inside and out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Western Drama.
Lee Haney, advertising manager for the Midland Railroad, was once manager of a theatrical company playing "My Wife's Fat Uncle." One day the company struck Falls City, Neb. At each performance about five supers were needed. Among the supers secured at Falls City was a young fellow who had been working on a railroad construction gang. He told all his friends that day that he was to appear with the company that night. When the curtain went up half a dozen young men who knew him were in the front row. The young super persisted in whispering to these friends over the footlights. The stage manager was very much worried over the actions of the super, but could not come out before the footlights and call him down. At one place in the play, when the super was right up near the footlights, one of his friends, in a loud whisper, said: "How you gettin' along as an actor, huh?" "Fine," was the reply in a hoarse whisper.

"Gals" to be with the show reg'lar? asked the youth in the audience. "Don't know yet," replied the super, after he had taken a big chew of tobacco out of his mouth. "I ain't saw the foreman of the company about it yet."—Denver Post.

REPORTER

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FOR SALE—A FAMILY HORSE CHEAP! Just the kind for a family of children. M. A. Backsteder, Phone 1182.

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\$3,500 BUYS NEW STRICTLY MODERN 7 room house, about one acre ground, north side; easy terms. E. D. Lindsey, 128 Highland av.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN, HOUSE and 60x200 foot lot. Address J. H. Reporter Office.

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WANTED—FRESH MILCH COW. Address Box 58, E. P. D. No. 2.

WANTED—SEVEN MAGAZINE RE- quires the services of a man in Downers Grove to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods unusually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary \$1.50 per day, with commission option. Address, with references, R. C. Pearce, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.

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FOR RENT—FIVE ROOM FLAT, NINE decorated; gas, bath and furnace. 157 Middaugh av.

FOR RENT—EIGHT ROOM HOUSE, COR. Maple av. and Markey pt. Enquire of Fred Buschman, 183 Maple av.

FOR RENT—ROOM HOUSE WITH heating plant, laundry, bath, toilet, electric light, refrigerator, etc. Enquire at 334, Downers Grove, Ill., or call at 81 Carpenter st.

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