

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NATURE THE INSPIRATION, ART THE SONG.

By C. A. Graham. Till the dim, tired eyes have closed out the light forever, spring's green that fades into summer brown, and after flashing out in a transient gleam of gold and purple dies in white, will be the most beautiful and refreshing of things seen.

Every married man has a right to a home—and a home that is a home—when he provides the money to sustain it. When his wife refuses to make a home for him, I don't blame him for leaving her with plenty of time for her own particular fads. A woman can leave a man for failure to provide. Why isn't it just as bad a crime for a woman to fail to make use of what the man does provide, because she is too selfish to bother her head about the kind of home he wants? Greetings to you, brother of the West; heartfelt, hearty greetings. I sympathize with you.—Chicago Examiner.

MOVING PICTURE CENSOR'S DUTY.

By Lewis E. Palmer. The newly formed national board of censors for moving picture shows consists of a governing body composed of representatives of public organizations and an executive committee on censorship on which are two representatives from the Association of Moving Picture Exhibitors of the State of New York, two district school superintendents and a member of the People's Institute. The only paid member is the secretary. The board censors about forty-five pictures a week before they are sent to the film exchanges. Through voluntary assistance it also censors the vaudeville features of moving picture shows and inspects the structural conditions of buildings in which the exhibitions are housed.

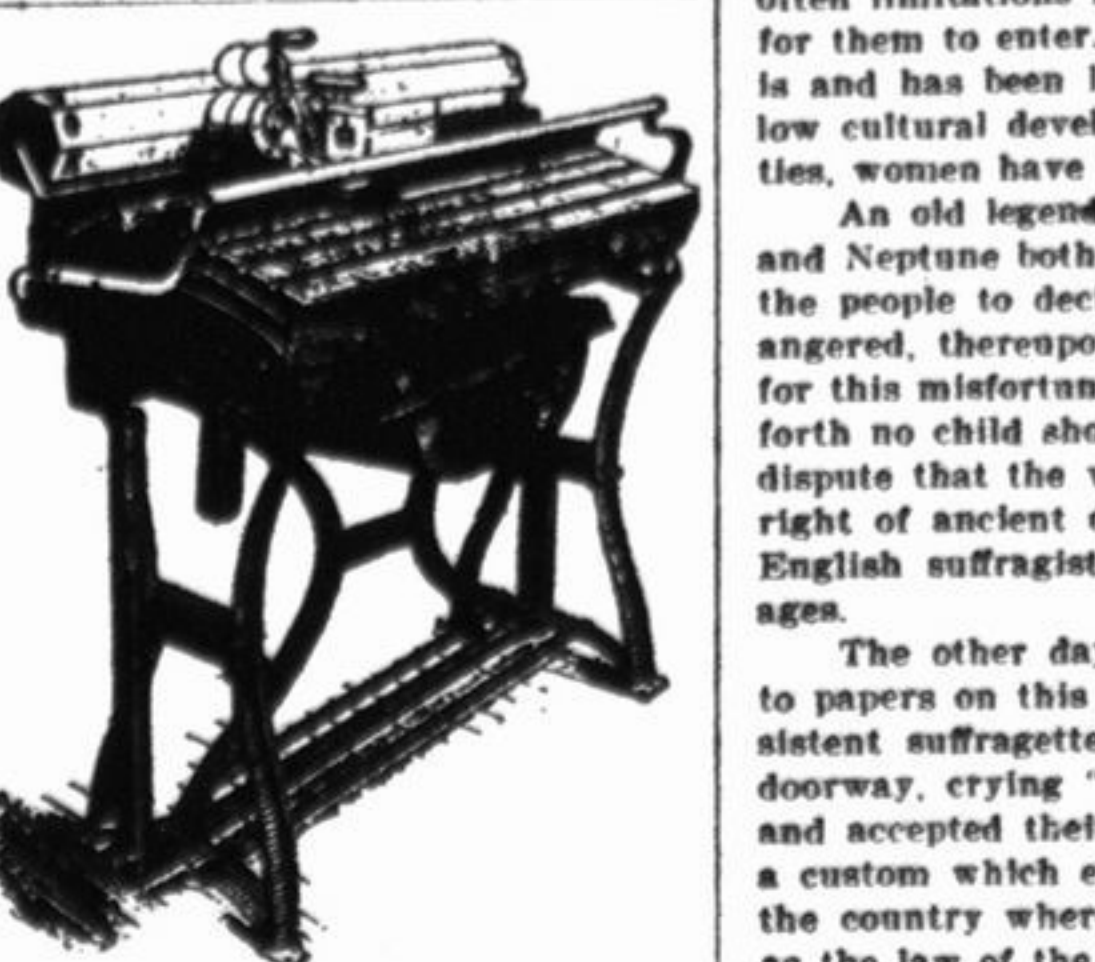
UNATTENDED HUSBANDS.

By Winifred Black. A thriving Western man, who lives in a thriving Western town, says he is going to get rid of his little Western wife, because she is too climbable. "When I go home at night," says the thriving Western man, in the papers which he has prepared in his divorce suit, "I never know who is going to meet me—the cook, the housemaid or my wife. Generally it is not my wife. She's always at the club, reading papers on I have told her she can go and live with her club if she wants to, and I'll hunt for some woman who will think more of me than she does of Dante or Ibsen."

I suppose we women ought all to be very indignant at the story of this thriving Western man—especially at the story of the "Broader Selfhood" and the "Higher Life"—but I'm afraid I have a good deal of sympathy for him. He's all wrong about the club, though. It isn't the club that's to blame, or Dante or Ibsen either—it's the woman. If she wasn't reading Dante, she'd be reading "The Duchess" or embroidering

PRINTS TICKETS AS NEEDED.

German Railroads Have Unique Machine for Reducing Work. With a view of reducing the work of a railroad ticket office, and for the purpose of rendering the pastboard or other material of a ticket valueless up to the moment of purchase, an ingenious printing machine which prints the tickets called for, has been invented and placed in use in Germany. Now, instead of being surrounded by thousands of different tickets for the stations of the railways of Germany, there is only a small unpretentious machine standing beside the clerk at the ticket window. In this, the tickets are printed with lightning rapidity when the travelers give their destination. The only stock the clerk has to trouble about is an adequate supply of blanks, while the only book-keeping is the totalling of an automatically printed duplicate record upon which every ticket printed and sold is mechanically registered by the machine.



PRINTS TICKETS WHILE YOU WAIT.

troughs, carrying in edgewise position, small printing plates corresponding to every purpose for which tickets are issued. At the back of the machine, upon an octagonal drum, is carried an indicator on which is inscribed the name of every station upon the system, arranged in alphabetical order. Along the top of the machine travels a small, light carriage. The operation of the machine is simple.—Popular Mechanics.

After waiting several weeks without hearing from her story, the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire." Promptly came the editor's response: "Dear Madam—I have read your story, and after giving it careful consideration I should advise you to put it with the other irons."—Success Magazine.

Reply to Variety Critics. The varieties are not the sinks of iniquity they are sometimes said to be. High spirits and levity are there in abundance, but, considering these few years are the best of one's whole life as far as opportunities for enjoyment and bodily health go, this is not so bad.—Tattler.

Aside from the new pictures that come weekly before the board, there are thousands of old subjects in different exchanges scattered throughout the country which ought to be withdrawn, but like the many "best sellers" among books their day will be short and dusty shelves will make effective censors.

In New York City alone there are some 250 motion picture theaters, with daily audiences of a quarter of a million or more, and a Sunday attendance of half a million. Chicago entertains daily some 200,000 people in its 345 picture shows and Philadelphia's 158 nickelodeons claim audiences of 150,000 every day of the week.

Replies to letters sent to the principal cities of the country, combined with statistics compiled in Insurance Engineering for April, show that in 13 leading cities of the country there are 1,987 moving picture exhibitions. A statement of the number who attend all the exhibitions in the country would be a mere guess, but 4,000,000 a day is given as a conservative estimate.—The Survey.

WOMEN AND THE RIGHT OF PETITION

UNDAUNTED by failure of the woman's special car, as tried out recently, the Boston 1915 committee has decreed that certain benches in the famous Boston Common should, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., be reserved for the exclusive use of women. This setting apart of a certain space to be used by women only is quite different in spirit from many of the old customs, rules and laws under which in earlier days women were limited to specified places. This order comes in response to their entreaty. It grants a privilege or protection. The older rules were often limitations keeping them out of places deemed too holy or too serious for them to enter. Yet though the degree of protection or seclusion needed is and has been largely determined by the roughness of the time and the low cultural development of the people, in many early, primitive communities, women have had elective and tribal rights.

An old legend relates that when Cecrops was building Athens, Minerva and Neptune both wished to be honored as the city's deity. It was left for the people to decide. By the vote of the women, Minerva won. Neptune, angered, thereupon sent a flood. The men of Athens, blaming the women for this misfortune, deprived them of the right to vote, and said that henceforth no child should bear its mother's name. Which legend proves beyond dispute that the voting privilege for which women are now clamoring is a right of ancient date, just as the right to petition Parliament claimed by English suffragists is one that was not refused them even in the middle ages.

The other day, writes H. B. Chamberlain, London correspondence sent to papers on this side of the water, word that a group of these noisy, persistent suffragettes had succeeded in surrounding Premier Asquith at his doorway, crying "Petition! Petition!" and that he had descended the steps and accepted their petition. Had he refused he would have departed from a custom which even as early as 1429 was regarded as a woman's right in the country where common law, a collection of old customs, is recognized as the law of the land save where it is expressly overridden by acts of Parliament. And this shows that women, the poetic idealization notwithstanding, are as human as men when wronged, as quick to feel righteous anger and to desire that their rights be granted and their wrongs redressed.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen. An easy way to flatter the average woman is to tell her that she has a pair of inscrutable eyes. The fellow who brags "I take my wife with me wherever I go" forgets to add that his wife sees to it that he does. Another thing that you live to regret is having told her, during the courtship, that she was far, far too good for you. The woman with unlovely feet considers the girl who goes a-wading in the creek in the country a perfectly shameless creature. When a woman brags to her cronies that her husband is terrifically jealous of her, it's a sure sign that he has reason to be, but isn't. Queer, isn't it, how persistently she tries to gouge from you some piece of information which if you were foolish enough to reveal it to her would make her perfectly miserable? One of the penalties of knowing a lot of women is that they all insist upon sending you rafts of picture



Stella—Did she keep him at arm's length? Bella—Worse; she held him at hat's width.

Patron—Have you pigs' feet? Walter—No, sir. It's a bunion makes me walk that way.—Scranton Truth.

Her father—You must remember, sir, that we only have one daughter. Her Suitor—Well, I—er—er—only want one, sir.

The Beggar—Sir, I was not always like this. The Victim—No, last week you were lame in the other leg.—Cleveland Leader.

"What's the matter? Doesn't life look rosy?" "Not much. My creditors are after me, and life is more of a dun color."—Stray Stories.

"Talk," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpt' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—Washington Star.

"I thought you and Mrs. Brown were the best of friends." "We were, until we rented a summer cottage together."—Detroit Free Press.

Rich Uncle Ebenezer—So you are named after me, are you? Small Nephew—Yes, Ma said it was too bad, but we wanted your money badly.

Fat Man—What! Are you going to let this small fave me for once. It is his birthday, sir.—Flegende Blatter.

Nervous Old Lady (to deckhand on steamboat)—Is there any fear of danger? Deck-hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.

Patience—Do you know the name of that piece? Patrice—Do you mean the one the woman was singing or the one the pianist was playing?—Yonkers Statesman.

"How do you manage to live without work?" asked the kind lady. "I don't, ma'am," answered the hobo. "I'm allers workin' somebody."—Chicago Daily News.

"A pessimist," said the Philosopher of Folly, "is one who, when he has the choice of two evils, chooses both and sticks around to wait for more."—Cleveland Leader.

Mother (complainingly)—Will seems to have forgotten us at college. His letters are so short. Father (terse)—So is Will when he writes 'em.—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Dyer—Have you ever called on the policeman in the next apartment? Mrs. Gossip—No; the walls are so thin that I know all about their affairs.—Brooklyn Life.

Bacon—A woman who wants to vote is called a Suffragette, is she not? Egbert—Well, yes, that's what she's called if there are ladies present.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Tell me," said the lovers' youth, "what's the best way to find out what woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied Puckham promptly.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?" "To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."—Cleveland Leader.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between vision and sight? Tommy's Pop—Well, my son, you can fatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight.—Philadelphia Record.

"I've got a good story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before." "Is it really funny?" "Yes, indeed it is." "Then you haven't told it to me before."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Miss Gushing—Why, how do you do, dear? I didn't think you would remember me. It's a whole year since we met. Miss Carter—I didn't recall your face at first, but I remembered your dress.—St. Louis Republic.

Lady—But poverty is no excuse for being dirty! Do you never wash your face? Tramp (with an injured air)—Pardon me, lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy and 'genic.—Punch.

"Why don't you bring out an umbrella on a drenching day like this?" Inquired a man of a neighbor's son. "Since father gave up his club he's never brought home any more umbrellas," replied the lad.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Hostess—What do you have to leave at this early hour? The Guest—I'm sorry, but it's necessary. The Hostess—And must you take your wife with you? The Guest—Yes, ma'am—I'm sorry to say, I must.—Cleveland Leader.

"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?" "Yes, dear, I hope so," some day. "I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow. "Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother. "Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."—Tit-Bits.

"My dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, her face flushed with the excitement of her afternoon in the kitchen, "I want you to be perfectly frank with me now. What would you suggest to improve these doughnuts I made today?" "Well," replied Mr. Newlywed, lifting one with a slight effort, "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

An Animated Mirror. Mark Twain is constantly receiving photographs from men who have been told that they look like him. The latest one is from Florida, and Mr. Clemens is said to have written the following acknowledgment: "I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are more like me than any of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirror-like frame, I could shave by you."—From Success Magazine.

Marriage is a failure—as any spinster will tell you.

Downers Grove Reporter published in the Year 1922. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered at the Downers Grove Postoffice as second-class matter. Mailed every Saturday. PUBLISHED BY THE DOWNERS GROVE PUBLISHING COMPANY (Not Incorporated) C. F. SWANN, Editor and Manager. Telephone 564. 64 So. Main St. Downers Grove, Ill. ARRIVAL OF MAILS From West: 6:00 a. m. 8:57 a. m. 9:53 a. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:34 p. m. 5:06 p. m. 5:38 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. Albert C. Stanley, P. M. DOWNERS GROVE. (9-23-08) OFFICIAL TIME CARD ADV. 19 Effective Sept. 27, 1920. (Subject to change without notice.)

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Advertisement for Stover Engine Works. 'The Beauty of the Stover Engine is that it is so simple a child can run it.' Includes an illustration of a man operating a large engine. Stover Engine Works, 25 River St., Freeport, Ill.

Advertisement for J. L. Mead Cycle Company. 'WANTED—A RIDER AGENT' and '8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-HEALING TIRES'. Includes an illustration of a bicycle tire. J. L. Mead Cycle Company, Chicago, Ill.

Advertisement for Lew F. Edwards Decorator. 'DON'T EXPERIMENT. You Will Make No Mistake if You Follow This Advice.' Includes an illustration of a house. Lew F. Edwards, 108 Foote Street.

Advertisement for Scientific American. '60 YEARS EXPERIENCE PATENTS'. Includes an illustration of a person. Scientific American, 415 Broadway, New York.

Advertisement for G. H. Bunge. 'THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE LIGHT RUNNING NEWHOME'. Includes an illustration of a sewing machine. G. H. Bunge, Buffalo, N.Y.

Advertisement for C. V. Wolf. 'CUT FLOWERS POTTED HOUSE PLANTS'. Includes an illustration of a flower. C. V. Wolf, 153 Prairie Ave., Chicago.

Advertisement for SEEDS. 'SPECIAL OFFER: Made to build New Homes. A trial will make you our permanent customer.' Includes an illustration of a seed packet. SEEDS, 153 Prairie Ave., Chicago.

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