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ON THE FUNNY SIDE

A Utilitarian View.

A Brooklyn man, confined to his home by illness, recently surprised a visitor by revealing that he was studying Latin. "Why," asked the visitor, "do you bother about Latin? That's a dead language. If you must study, why not take up German, or French, or Spanish?" The sick man smiled. "My doctor says I have not long to live," he said. "That's why I study Latin. It's a dead language, and, as I'll be dead a long time, it's likely to come in mighty handy."

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Do You Want To Save Money

on that Manure Spreader, Silo Filler, Windmill and Gasoline Engine you're going to buy this Spring? Then get the best—the machines that wear the longest—cost the least for repairs—that are handled by the best dealers—and in short, the machines built right here at home in Northern Illinois—

The Appleton Quality Line

Now that you have a little spare time, come over and see us—let's get acquainted. We want to show you our magnificent factory and let you see how carefully we build our machines—what splendid material we use. We will show you the points that give our spreaders the longest life—the lightest draft—the best spreading—tell you why our silo fillers have greater capacity and use less power than any other machines rated at the same capacity—show you the features of construction that make it possible for us to insure our windmills for five years for \$2.50 against damage by tornados and cyclones or any other cause except misuse—prove to you that our engines deserve their name—Appleton.

You will want to see our huskers too, and find out all about them—possibly arrange to have one delivered through your dealer next fall.

We have some real bargains in spreaders we have taken in trade. They have been rebuilt and will give you the service of a new spreader at a fraction of the cost.

We want to send you some mighty interesting advertising matter and a beautiful four-color hanger which we are just getting out. Let us have your name today so that you will be sure to get one.

Appleton Manufacturing Co.
14 Island Avenue, Batavia, Illinois

Ambassador's Privileges.

An accredited ambassador is wholly free from the jurisdiction of the courts of law or of any other authority in the country to which he is sent. His house is as sacred as his person. It is regarded not as belonging to the country in which he is living, but as a part of the country which sent him. It could no more be entered by the police than a town could be occupied by the soldiers of another nation. This protection is extended to the inmates of the house. If a wrong is committed by some one in the employ of an ambassador in any capacity, the only means of redress is an appeal to the ambassador or to the government which sent him, and which will not, it is supposed, allow a wrong to be sheltered under the peculiar privileges granted its representative.

Inscrutable Way of Providence.

With reference to the final extinction of the latter day successor of the Delmonico restaurant, it is related that two Germans, fresh from Chicago, once visited New York, and one well acquainted with the city invited his friend to dine at Delmonico's, where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine were ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of \$11 was presented. This they considered an extortion.

They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend then said:

"Do not swear, Yawoop. It is wicked to swear. God has punished that man Delmonico."

"How?"

"I haf mine pocket full mit shpoons."

A Sure Test.

"Have you proposed yet to that North Side girl?" "I can't seem to get a chance." "Can't get a chance, eh? Better turn your attention elsewhere, then. If your girl wished it, you would get a chance all right."

The Sincerest Flattery.

Everything about Aunt Dorothy seemed lovely and wholly desirable to Bobby. Even an accident that broke a piece from one of her front teeth produced at last what seemed to her small admirer an attractive result.

On his first visit to the dentist Bobby bore with more or less patience the work which had to be done, and then made a request.

"Right in the middle, in front," he said, "I should like a copper-tooth like Aunt Dorothy's."—Youth's Companion.

Easy Waiting.

A newspaper woman, a spinster, went to interview a member of one of the leading firms in Boston and was told to wait five minutes for him to be at liberty. Three-quarters of an hour later he came hurrying toward her with, "Well, Miss W., I would never wait so long as this for any man!" "Oh, Mr. Cole," she retorted, "if you had waited forty-five years for a man you wouldn't mind an extra half hour."



PRIDE.

"What is you goin' wif dat fahin' pole?"

"T's gwine fahin'."

"What you gwine fahin' foh?"

"You doesn't speck me to sit down an' loaf all day wif all dese gossipy people kin see me an' not look like I was doin' sumthin', does yer?"

Serotic.

He told himself, "I have great nerve." The neighbors said, "A healthy nerve!"

Strictly Fitting.

"When Miss Jones is asked to sing anywhere, she prides herself on her appropriate selections."

"That so?"

"Yes. Yesterday when they asked her at the truant school for a song, she gave them 'Days of Absence.'"

Still Adored the Ring.

Maud—When you broke the engagement, of course you returned the diamond ring he gave you?

Ethel—Certainly not. I don't care for Jack any more, but my feelings have not changed toward the ring.

Changeable.

Briggs (at picture exhibition)—Seems to me I've seen this "Early Spring" canvas of Dauber's before.

Griggs—Shouldn't wonder. It's the same one he had on view last December as "Late Autumn."

Better Still.

Edna—Did Mabel get that six-shooter she spoke of providing herself with as a protection against burglars?

Eve—No; she got a six-footer—Judge.

Familiar Note.

Wife (dining at restaurant)—John, dear, can you see what those people at the next table are eating?

Husband—Can't see at all, but it sounds like colery.

Ahead.

"Your wife is up-to-date."

"Up to date. Why, man, she's three months ahead of me now."

AMUSEMENTS.

CORT.

"Ready Money" still continues to entertain and delight Chicago theatergoers as no play has for many seasons. Despite the fact that the majority of playhouses in the big city are closing for the season, owing to the approaching hot weather, this delightful comedy, written by James Montgomery, runs on with no abatement in the large attendance it has enjoyed throughout its entire thirteen weeks. "Ready Money" is a play that both thrills and refreshes its auditors, and does much to make theatergoing worth while.

AT THE MOTIOPHGRAPH.

FILM STORY.

At the Motiograph Saturday, June 22.

WANTED—A Wife (April 11).

Tired of leading the lonely bachelor life, Tom resolves to dispose of himself in wedlock, and having no particular girl of his dreams, advertises for "a pretty wife."

Of more than a hundred responses from willing girls, old maids, grass widows and otherwise, Tom chooses that of an orphan girl, twenty-two years old, signing herself "Mary Smith," and arranges to meet her on the arrival of the express in Range Town. A striped parasol is to be the mark of identification.

Tom engages a bridal suite at the hotel, and in his Sunday best, goes to meet his bride-to-be. His heart beats faster at sight of the striped parasol, but great expectations are quashed on discovery of the ugliness beneath it.

Meanwhile the boys have smuggled the real, pretty Mary Smith to the home of one of their married number and left her in the care of the wife while they follow the fate of Tom. But Tom has already had enough of his supposed intended and makes his get-away at the first opportunity. Riding in the woods he meets with the real Mary, who, out for a walk, has sprained her ankle. He carries her to the house and learns the true story. Love is instantaneous and mutual and the boys return to find the joke turned on themselves.

MILK INSPECTION IS NO FUN

Incident Showing How Hard It is to Force Sanitary Rules on Dirty People.

The trials and tribulations of a milk inspector trying to force insanitary people to live according to sanitary rules are shown in the issue of the Healthologist, the official organ of the Milwaukee health department. The story follows:

A Milwaukee milk inspector during a farm inspection, came upon a place hopelessly filthy, disorderly and run down. A motherly person with a big heart, but firm and weird convictions, listened to the young man's suggestions. Then looking over her spectacles pityingly, she said:

"Boy, my mother was ninety-seven years old when she died. She was dirtier than I am, and lived in a dirtier house and drank dirtier milk. If she could stand it I guess there ain't no reason why I and the city folks that get milk from this farm can't stand it too."

And not being able to answer that argument, the milk inspector left her—kindly withal, but yet voicing her indignation over "them there new fangled ideas of cleanliness."

Power of Vegetable Growth.

A tar macadam pavement stretching from the school of gunnery at Shoeburyness (Eng.) to the sea is at present in a state of violent if silent eruption. About a fortnight ago the surface became covered with what may be called "blisters," raised a little above the common level, which attracted much wondering attention.

From each of these, in a few days, a series of cracks appeared, extending themselves in rays from a center. Finally came up a broad, soft shoot, looking extremely well pleased with itself and its work, which proved to be so old and well known a friend as the thistle. At this moment there are hundreds of those bold intruders showing defiantly through the pavement, affording a most interesting illustration of the power of vegetable growth.

Blackbirds' Courage.

At Heriot Gardens, a new and pretty suburb of Burntisland, a cat upon a garden wall was about to pounce upon a female blackbird sitting on her nest of eggs, when her mate, which was on the watch, sounded the alarm.

Acting together, both set upon the cat with a vigor that hustled it off the wall into a neighboring garden. The birds pursued it along the path, keeping at close quarters till it escaped under cover. Victory was complete, and the enemy has not approached the place since.—London Globe.

Silent English Crowds.

Silence is a great characteristic of an English crowd. It seems. The English people are generally very quiet. Once I went to Shepherd's Bush with my French friend. He said to me, "Can you believe that there are some ten thousand people in this ground? Just shut your eyes, you would feel you were standing in a desert!" Yes, he was only too true. In France or Japan they would make deafening noises.—Observations of a Japanese in England.

The Reason.

"Say, Pat, an' why do they call loife a train of events?" "Sure, Molke, I'm ashamed of ye. An' did y' niver hear 'tis made up of births and exits?"

WHY WE DETEST PARASITES

Feeling of instinctive revulsion is Justified, for They Are Carriers of Disease.

The feeling of instinctive revulsion against parasites of all kinds which characterizes humanity generally, and which is due to something much more than the mere pain or annoyance that their bites might inflict, become more interesting as further discoveries show the role of insects in the spread of disease.

Unfortunately this natural abhorrence has not been enough to protect man under conditions of poverty and uncleanness from harboring such parasites, and now those who understand how much more than a mere personal annoyance is in question from the existence of parasites must take up the problem to eradicate them.

The possibility of the bedbug conveying relapsing fever, typhoid and leprosy has been suggested and apparently there is no parasite of man that may not be a mode of disease conveyance. Flies, fleas, mosquitoes and bugs not only are all under suspicion, but most of them are also actually demonstrated as ordinary and frequent conveyors of diseases of various kinds.

Health authorities must now take up the problem of getting rid of insect parasites in order to stamp out disease.—From the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Mother's Chair.

Mother's chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in its sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was. It was a very wakeful chair! In the sick day of children other chairs could not keep awake—it kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their children. Songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or garret, but it holds a quietly power yet.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

Parliamentary Law.

No one man is responsible for parliamentary law. It was born of deliberative exigencies. Its rules, precedents and usages are contained neither in statutes nor court decisions and are only binding when a deliberative body chooses to make them so. Most of the rules now accepted had their origin in the English parliament. Changes have been made to meet the needs of our legislative bodies, even as changes were made in the English parliament—parliamentary law growing from the simple procedure of the Anglo Saxon town moot to the more complicated deliberative machinery of today.

How He Treated Her.

A certain osteopath was treating a young woman who had very weak ankles and wrists. As she lived in a town quite a distance from his own city, he was forced to leave the city Saturday of each week and go to the town in which the young woman lived, give her the treatment Sunday, and return to the office Monday. A friend once asked the osteopath how he had arranged to give the young woman the treatment for her ankles and wrists when she lived at such a distance, and the osteopath replied: "Oh, I go out and treat her week ends."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Had to Rename His Villa.

The residents of a certain suburb of Chicago were for a time governed by a passion for giving sweet, poetical names to their "estates." There was one such man who built a handsome villa, calling it "The Nutshell." Thus was the home introduced to his friends, and it became widely known. To the surprise of all, therefore, the name was one day suddenly changed to "Sylvan Nook," and a flood of inquiries soon began to pour in.

"Why have you given your home a new name?" a friend asked. "What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?"

"I sickened of being joshed about it," said the owner, with a sigh.

"There isn't a boy within two miles hereabouts who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell to ask if the colonel was in."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Tallest Tree in the World.

The tallest tree in the world is the Australian eucalyptus, reaching a total altitude of 480 feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are 276 to 376 feet in height and 108 feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings it is believed that some of these trees are from 2,000 to 2,500 years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to be on the island of Kos, off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old, but just how many no one has dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry around it, and the trunk is 30 feet in circumference.

Stool of Repentance.

For many years in front of the pulpit in Scottish churches persons under censure sat during the service. Afterward they stood to receive public rebuke. From this practice we derive the "stool of repentance."

Do You Know—

That an old electric light that burns very yellow and dull is consuming about four times as much electricity as the new drawn wire tungstens do?

Do You Know—

That the new drawn wire tungstens can be burned at any angle and that they are not as fragile as the first tungstens made?

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That The **DICKE TOOL CO.** sell the new tungstens at much reduced prices? **Tel. 50J-50R**