

Downers Grove Reporter

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BOOST—DON'T KNOCK

Hydroplanes are a fascinating study—at a safe distance.

Poets should always apostrophize the weather as feminine.

Every dog has his day because nobody else wants dog days.

Walking is a delightful exercise—when it is not compulsory.

The dictograph should be tried and convicted of perjury unless it tells the truth.

An eastern man offers to teach flying by mail, this at least being a safe way to study.

Vacation and Christmas are the two great agencies for putting money into active circulation.

However, if St. Louis women do wear socks, where will they carry their ohamous rags?

A pessimist is a man who thinks he'll never get a chance to wear his fish net underwear.

An old maid in New Rochelle is reported to have found a burglar under her bed. Lucky old maid.

A Brooklyn dentist has become an aviator, and will now have a chance to work on his own nerve.

A San Francisco woman has a special car for her dogs. This no doubt suits the regular passengers.

Another royalist plot in Portugal has failed. The best thing a royalist plot in Portugal does is to fail.

Rich old lady in Ohio hired an orchestra to play while her dog was eating. No wonder dogs go mad.

Advising us not to eat too much is almost as necessary as telling an Eskimo not to become overheated.

Next to a game of chess probably a balloon race is the most exciting contest that can be witnessed these days.

A Denver preacher says that it is a sin to kill a fly or break an egg. It surely is a sin to break some eggs.

A New Orleans girl went to heaven during a five days' sleep. This is the first mysterious-bourne round-trip record.

"When is a man old?" asks an exchange. A man is old when he loses his hankering to do violence to the empire.

Pittsburg man at the age of eighty-three marries a girl he had known two weeks. But such is the impetuosity of youth.

Girl in St. Louis claims to have killed 10,068,000 flies, and we are willing to take her word rather than count 'em.

Another reason for the unpopularity of aviation among women is that it is impracticable to fly while wearing a Paris hat.

Vital statistics tells us that New York had a murder for every day in July. New York is a great place for an undertaker.

The women's clubs of Chicago have declared war on the "masher." The most effective club in his case would be the policeman's.

Playing roque by electric light is one of Chicago's present activities, though nobody really needs be ashamed to play it by daylight.

As duchesses and princesses are now going up in airships, aviation may justly claim to have been admitted into the higher circles.

Farmer in California became weary of hoeing potatoes in the hot sun and turned highwayman. The glorious citizens of California.

The New Yorker who has invented a machine to tell when a man is in love has gone to unnecessary trouble. When you feel foolish, that's it.

"Listen to your wife," advises a medical expert. Being a medical expert, he well knows the damage that a rolling pin or satrap can inflict.

"It's a commercial age," said H. K. Adair, the western detective, apropos of an octogenarian who had been hounded out of \$9,000 by a girl crook of Baltimore. "It's a commercial age," the detective repeated. "In the good old days a man would draw his sword for his love's sake, but now he draws a check."

SUNDAY WORK.

Notwithstanding all the inconvenience caused by closing first and second class offices Sunday, there will be much sympathy with the desire of postal clerks for a workless day of rest.

It hardly seems necessary that a postoffice employe should be kept from his family on the world's weekly holiday, while he's distributing picture post cards and advertising circulars into private boxes.

The postmaster general has made provision for newspapers and hotels needing Sunday mail, and perhaps some few other classes of the public need such accommodation.

The average business man, however, would do better to break off the habit he has formed of getting his business mail Sundays in all places where the office is open on that day.

If unfavorable news comes Sunday, he rarely can take any steps on that day to save himself from disaster. If good news comes, it will be just as good Monday morning.

It will do the business man good to dodge his ledgers and letters. Let him listen to the songs of the choir instead of reading the howls of his customers because goods are not delivered. Or if he is not a churchgoer, the voice of birds in the woods will be much better than the grumblings of patrons.

The wear and tear of business grinds particularly hard on the man who insists on opening his mail Sundays. With all his assistants gone, he feels helpless in the lonely silence of his store or factory. Difficulties seem mountains, and the rest day God and the law have given us is fretted away needlessly. If his mail lies until Monday, with his helpers around him difficulties will not seem half so big.

Of course the time the postal clerk works Sunday has been compensated for by time given some other day. But such irregular rest hours don't count. Even a postal clerk likes to keep step with his fellow men, to work when they work, and play when they play.

SCHOOL BEGINS.

No matter what strife of tongues and flats may separate one gang of kids from another, there is one point on which all can agree. That is hatred of school.

And what wonder. Boy life today does not have the compulsions of a former generation. The farm boy who had to drive the cows, milk them, rake scatterings after the hay cart, and stow the hay away under the eaves, was glad enough to see Sept. 1 come. Sitting down in a cool and quiet room with no farm hands to prod his weary legs along was almost heaven.

The city or town boy of today has few such compelling tasks. Through summer he wanders free as a bird. Confining him in a school house is about as difficult and popular as catching a flock of swallows and caging them. It can be done, because the dread figure of the truant officer is potentially at the door, but you must expect the wings will flutter against the bars.

Increasing Speed of Propeller. An officer of the United States navy has found that the power of a high-speed vessel's propeller is increased about ten per cent. by placing ribs on the faces of its blades to decrease the partial vacuum that always occurs there.

Yearly. "George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day." "Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."

Look on the Bright Side. Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when you have found it continue to look for it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—A. A. Willits.

Wrong Kind of Genius. "That man has spent all his life wasting his unquestionable talent and ignoring opportunities for success." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has a positive genius for wrestling defeat from the jaws of victory."

Defined. "Pa, what does it mean when it says a man has arrived at years of discretion?" "It means, Johnnie, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun."—Judge.

Montessori Method Defined. Probably you have heard vague rumors in the publications of this country—daily, weekly and monthly—of the "Montessori Method." Have you ever wondered just what this phrase means? Well, here is the answer, simply and directly expressed. Are you ready? The Montessori Method is the education of the stereoscopic sense, alias the visual perception of differences and dimensions, in children of pre-kindergarten age. That's all there is to it.

The Draw. "It's a commercial age," said H. K. Adair, the western detective, apropos of an octogenarian who had been hounded out of \$9,000 by a girl crook of Baltimore. "It's a commercial age," the detective repeated. "In the good old days a man would draw his sword for his love's sake, but now he draws a check."

INSPIRATION OF THE COLORS

Sentiments That the Soldier Associates With the Flag Have Turned Many Battles.

Instance after instance could be quoted from military history in which the mere sight of the colors has inspired men and carried them to ultimate victory when the tide of battle appeared to have turned against them and all seemed lost. Great generals have themselves taken the colors in their hands and rallied their forces to supreme effort in the hour of trial. Obviously it was not the mere piece of tattered silk that wrought these wonders; it was the sentiment inseparably associated with the colors that acted as the spell.

We know, too, that the capture or the loss of colors has always been assigned a vital importance by the world's greatest commanders, because they knew that these regimental emblems typified all that their possessors held most dear—prestige, honor, victory. Let any man visit Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides, and, taking on the solemn spirit of the hour, gaze down into the circular shrine in which lies the huge porphyry sarcophagus containing the body of the great captain whose legions made all Europe tremble. Apart from the sarcophagus itself, what is it that most impresses nine out of every ten spectators? Surely the stands of colors—the trophies of war—that stand grouped round the tomb. They are the mutely eloquent witnesses to the greatness of the man whose dust rests in their midst.—London Telegraph.

FROM AN AUSTRALIAN DIARY

Voracious Ants of All Kinds—One Species that Evinces Fondness for Sheet Lead.

About noon it got too hot for anything and I took a well earned swim in a secluded creek, amid shoals of fish, large and small, who apparently resented my intrusion, from the way they came and stared at me.

I found on emerging from the water that a host of blue brown ants had taken possession of my clothes, and when they were shaken out they re-venge themselves by biting my bare feet in a way which was exceedingly painful.

There are thousands of ants everywhere, says a writer in the Gentlewoman. Some of the anthills are three feet high and six feet across—but except for a sharp nip at the time, the ordinary ant's bite is not noticeable. But if a soldier ant or a bull ant or a green head (an ant about one and a half inches long, with a green head) bites you, it is not to be forgotten, because they take quite a big piece out.

Then there are the white ants (not really ants, but termites), which cheerfully eat the inside out of the beams of the wooden houses, and recently have been eating the sheet lead on the top of the Sydney museum. The city fathers thought this was going a little far, so now the ants are preferred inside the museum with samples of the half consumed lead as warning to all who allow their appetites to run away with them.

It Isn't Vener That Really Counts.

It's what a man is, not what he has, which makes him a real man, after all. Acquired powers have their fascination, it must be admitted, but compared with genuine qualities, are not important. Which do you wish—the ability of a husband to swear at you in seven languages, or a loving-tenderness that will prompt your husband to speak words of sympathy to you in commonplace accents? Are you contemplating living with cleverness that can cut you to the heart, or with a great tenderness of nature that can sympathize?

Technical facilities, encyclopedic information, polished manners, all acquired points, usually attract a woman. They are veneers, and the wise girl will look beneath. A continental bow, a polite speech of apology with a French phrase thrown in, can never counterbalance the black eye given in a blind rage.

Corner on Idols.

H. E. Huntington of Pasadena, Cal., has done a foolish reactionary thing. He has bought 57 idols, brought them from their original Japanese temple, and installed them in his grounds so that he can worship Buddha in seclusion. How much better it would have been if he had got statues of some of the American idols and put them up so that the populace might worship. He could have several political favorites, Mammon, two or three baseball heroes, several moving picture cowboys, a ten-foot statue of an American silver dollar, a leading vaudeville actress, an aviator, a fat hog for Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha visitors, and statues of a bull moose, an elephant and a donkey.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Preserving Their Morals.

When the fuse blew out for the fifth time in five minutes the woman who, with her four small children, occupied the seat nearest the motorman, clamored for assistance in removing her brood to a seat in the rear of the car. "You needn't go to all that trouble, madam," said an old gentleman reassuringly. "There is no danger. You are just as safe here as in any other part of the car." "Oh, I'm not afraid," she said. "I want to get the children away some place where they can't hear the motorman."

CLOSE TO HEART OF NATURE

Sanitariums in the Black Forest at Which Marvelous Cures Have Been Recorded.

In an article on "The Friendly Summer Trees" in the Woman's Home Companion Frank A. Waugh, professor of horticulture in Massachusetts agricultural college said:

"In Germany one finds all kinds of cures. Every enterprising town has one. Often the 'cure house' is the finest public building in the city. A German talks of going to his cure as an American of going to his vacation. There are milk cures and mud cures, mountain cures and surf cures, but my choice is the forest cure. Not only does it best please my personal taste, but I notice that it gets the more serious cases—those where radical and heroic cures are needed. First of all there are the tuberculosis patients strewn about on their cots under the pungent shades of the Black forest as about Dr. Trudeau's camp in the Adirondacks. Then there are the devotees of indigestion and the nervous wrecks, bilious, alcoholic and society wrecks, drug fiends, bridge fiends and everybody; that is, everybody who can spend the money to come hither for the forest cure. Naturally in Germany, as in America, folks who have to work and support families cannot afford to be cured. They can't even afford the disease in the first place. "It is curious how friendly the forests are to sick and discouraged people. The trees reach out their arms to shelter them. In the stillness of the morning and through the long nights they whisper reassuringly to every one who listens."

PET AVERSION OF THE SAILOR

Stormy Petrel is Regarded with Disfavor by Even the Most Stout-Hearted Seamen.

There are few persons who have crossed the ocean that have not observed the stormy petrel skimming along the surface of the water. They fit past the vessel like swallows, taking their scanty portion of food from the waves.

Habited in black and making their appearance generally in larger numbers just previous to, or during, a storm, they have long been regarded by the superstitious not only as foreboding messengers, but as agents in some way responsible for bad weather. Nobody can tell where they come from or where they breed. Sailors assert they hatch the egg under the wing and rear the young on pieces of flotsam. That mysterious origin has given rise to an opinion prevalent among mariners that they are in some way connected with the supernatural agencies of the air.

They are variously known as stormy petrels, witch birds, the devil's birds and Mother Carey's chickens. Their sudden appearance often makes the stoutest hearted seaman flinch. Original Panamans. The Choctaw Indians, who live on the southwestern coast of Panama, are believed to be descendants of the tribes which inhabited that part of the world when Columbus discovered Santo Domingo.

They are tall and stalwart, with kindly natures, a free hospitality and an innate honesty. Few white men have ever been among them. Tribes of a somewhat similar nature are also found on the southeast coast, many of them having never seen a white face in their lives. While the republic of Panama nominally rules this section, the truth is that these Indians govern themselves entirely, and have absolutely no intercourse with the white. They do not allow a white man to visit their lands and still fly the Colombian flag. Their houses are grass huts, their clothing is almost nothing, but they seem to enjoy life in spite of the fact that they are unacquainted with the benefits of religion, fashion, society and government.

Careful Milkman.

The other day when the milkman, who is a new man on the route, called at Mrs. Green's apartment, to collect the bill, she said to him severely; "Do you know that several mornings lately I have not heard you whistle when you left the milk on the dumbwaiter?" "Sure that's good, ma'am," returned the milkman, complacently, oblivious of the note of severity in Mrs. Green's voice, "and I hope I'll soon get it down so fine ye'll not hear me at all. Ye see, ma'am 'tis impossible for me to be leavin' the milk any later than I do, but since the day ye told me I came too airly and woke ye from your sleep in the mornin' I've been careful to blow the doombwaiter whistle as softly as I can so as not to disturb ye. But sometimes I do put more breath into the toob than I intend to, and thim's the times ye hear me whistle."

Yorkshire's Many Acres.

One often hears it stated that Yorkshire can boast more acres than there are letters in the Bible, and most people, on hearing the statement for the first time, are inclined to doubt its accuracy. It is perfectly true, however. Authorities differ as to the exact acreage of Yorkshire, one giving it as 3,822,848 acres, another as 3,771,843; but as the number of letters in the Bible, according to laborious computation, is only 2,568,496, the acres beat the letters with something to spare.—London Times.

"TO THE LEAST" SHALL BE GIVEN

By ADA WILKERSON.

Ever since Joshua died Mary Ann Penrose had been saving up to buy a new altar cloth for the church.

Joshua was Mary Ann's husband, and he had been dead ten years. In life Joshua had been a great trial to his wife. He was a carpenter, and a good carpenter, when they were married. He had built their little home himself, and presented it to Mary Ann on her wedding day.

"That's how I come to still own it," she said the day she told me about the altar cloth.

"Josh would a' sold it long ago if it hadn't been all mine. He hit me once, when he was in liquor, 'cause I wouldn't sign it over to him so he could sell it. But I wouldn't. I was always firm in that, no matter how much Josh wanted money for pain killer."

"The place where he busted his shoulder once when he fell off a scaffold always hurt in damp weather, an' Josh just naturally took to drinkin' to ease the pain. It's a blessin' the Lord never sent us any children. He would a' sold the clothes off their backs for drink. But when he was himself he always said he wouldn't ever take my home away from me.

"Goodness knows I had a hard enough time to save money for the taxes. I used to hide it in the old brass teapot I kept 'way back in the corner of the cupboard, an' he never once thought of lookin' there.

"But since he's been dead I miss him. Poor old Josh! He was a good husband, an' I always wanted to give somethin' to the church as a memorial. I thought about one of them fancy winders, but they cost too much, so I settled on an altar cloth, white satin, all worked in gold, like the old one, only lots nicer, with more gold and some pieces of glass that look like jewels.

"I saw one once, when I was visitin' in the city, an' I have my mind set on one like it.

"It would just do me good to set in Grace Chapel every Sunday an' see one of them handsome white and gold cloths hangin' over the pulpit.

"I had money fer it all saved up—a hundred and fifty dollars—in the teapot. Teapots is safer than banks. An' I was a-goin' to go to the city to git the new fixin's, when along come that poor, forlorn woman, Mrs. Quick, sellin' buttons and thread, lace, darnin' cotton and needles she had in a basket. She told me she had tramped all the way from the city. Her husband was killed workin' on the railroad, and she was tryin' to git money to buy her baby some clothes.

"Poor soul! She was staggerin' sick when she come to my door. I just had to take her in—she was a nice, clean little woman, too—an' so white an' miserable lookin'.

"Of course, I had to git the doctor; but he couldn't do nothin' to save her—she hadn't had nourishin' food or the right kind of livin' for so long. Her strength was all gone.

"Both of us did everything we could, and Miss Artman come over to help, but it wasn't any use. Doctor said the baby had taken all his mother's vitality—an' you ought to see what a husky little fellow he is. He's asleep now, but when he wakes up I'll let you hold him a while. He's just as pretty and bright!

"His mother give him to me before she passed away, an' said she wanted him named for his father—David—so I have named him David Joshua Quick.

"It took all the altar cloth money

for medicine for the mowser and clothes for little David—and the funeral; but Josh, he'll understand that my memorial to him will be the up-bringin' of the livin' child, 'stead of the altar cloth.

"Last Sunday I went to church early, before anybody else was there—and I told the Lord how I had to use the money I saved to decorate his house. And it seemed as I knelt there and looked at that old cloth a-hangin' over the pulpit that the gold looked brighter and better than it had for a long time, and it seemed when I had finished tellin' my story to the Lord, it seemed I could hear a whisper through the silence, like the trees outside the window were a-whisperin' together, and it seemed like it said: 'Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my children, thou hast done it unto me.'

"So, I guess the Lord understands, too."

Drew the Line.

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on for eleven o'clock, and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself: "I'll have a smoke."

He had just filled his pipe, and was about to light it, when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly removing the pipe from his mouth, he said: "Be-e-egorra, Ol've wor-kerd wid Germans and Hengarr-rians, and Ol've wor-kerd wid Oitalians and niggers, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work beside me Ol gets up."

The Way to Date.

"You say you hope to become engaged to a suffragette?"

"Well, I'm going to submit the question to a referendum consisting of her two sisters and her parents."

Grape Juice Punch.

Cook together one pound sugar and half pint water until it spins a thread. Take from the fire and turn over a cup of strong tea. Add the juice of six lemons and the same amount of oranges with a quart of grape juice and stand aside over night. When ready to serve add sliced fruits and the water, plain or mineral, with ice in the punchbowl. If desired, cut one-half pound marshmallows into quarters and allow three to each glass.

Egg Salad.

Make a cup from the crisp leaves of lettuce. Remove the shells from hard-boiled eggs, slice them across with a sharp knife and arrange the slices in the cup without breaking them. Break hickory nut meats in medium sized pieces and sprinkle generously over the top of the eggs. Garnish with a rich mayonnaise dressing and top with a brilliant green mint cherry. Chill well before serving.

Orangeade.

Squeeze out the juice of an orange, pour boiling water on a little of the peel and cover it close; boil sugar and water to a thin sirup and skim it; when all are cold mix the juice, the infusion and the sirup with as much water as will make a rich drink; strain through a jelly bag.

Potato Puffs.

Boil six potatoes and put through rice. Beat one egg; mix with it one-fourth cup milk; add the potatoes, piece of butter and salt. Form potatoes into fancy shape, brush with egg and bake in hot oven.



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