

Downers Grove Reporter

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BOOST—DON'T KNOCK

Some magazine might make a hit by putting the picture of a girl in a bathing suit on its cover.

The new mikado has only one wife. This may be taken as an indication that he does not care for war.

Switzerland has forbidden kissing in railway stations—so that trains may depart on time, we infer.

It is said that the new emperor of Japan does not inherit his father's tendency to write poetry. Banzai!

One source of wonder is why the most crowded restaurants usually employ the fattest waiters or waitresses.

New York man threatens to tour Europe on a capital bankroll of \$75. We presume that he is a good swimmer.

Now is the oldest inhabitant running around in circles trying to remember a summer that beats this for variety.

The one redeeming feature of Chicago's new magazine for poets is that there is no law compelling any one to read it.

An expert says that the automobile is not displacing the horse. That, indeed, would be rank ingratitude to man's best friend.

A New York motorist used maple syrup in mistake for lubricating oil on his machine; and a sweet time he had of it, too.

Luther Burbank is one of our best little benefactors, but the crowning glory of his career would be an odorless motor car.

New York man who is married to his mother-in-law says he is perfectly happy. This is a severe blow to the Jokosmiths' union.

Women in Newport have taken up the fad of doing their own marketing. A woman will even descend to work if it is fashionable.

Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, has learned to sing. This indicates that there is hope for some of the 5 cent theater artists.

Pupil in an aviation school in the east fell 200 feet and escaped unhurt. Several football coaches are said to be looking him over.

There may be some truth in the Boston doctor's claim that beans are more nourishing than beefsteak. Look at the Boston Red Sox.

The double decked street car in New York carries 88 persons. Any old car can carry 100, although it will not seat but 50 of them.

Druggists are demanding that physicians' prescriptions be written legibly. What! Take the romance and mystery out of medicine?

The aviators are still trying to make records. The air has a hypnotism of its own that no amount of accident or fatality seems able to overcome.

King George has invented a new fangled kitchen rage, but a glance at his photograph convinces one that he never has invented a safety razor.

A thief at Atlantic City made off with his booty in a motor boat. Evidently he believes in having all the latest improvements in his business.

A Yankee divorcee says that red-headed men make the best husbands. But we never heard of a red-headed man getting a raise in salary on that account.

A New York physician avers that "nobody ever caught a cold through cold, fresh air." This proves our contention that hot air is the more deadly of the two.

The substitution of baseball for cockfighting in the Philippines would cause as a thrill of pleasure were it not for the sad lot of the umpire. Imagine being hawled out in Filipino.

In Chicago telephone girls have been forbidden to flirt in the smallest degree over the line. This is another attempt of the modern Moloch of commerce to snuff out human nature during business hours.

A Chicago hotel clerk has been fined \$200 for flirting. Hotel clerks should confine themselves to the wearing of aprons and the business of cleaning people that there are no other means.

FERTILIZER EXPERIMENTS WITH MUSKMELONS.

A little barn yard manure in the hill makes the muskmelon delicious. A dozen other methods of fertilizing were tried in the experiments of Prof. John W. Lloyd of the University of Illinois agricultural experiment station, but none of them with the success of this method. Phosphate was tried, broadcasting was tried, and mixing soil and manure was tried but the expense and yields did not keep tab, comparatively, with the use of a moderate amount of well rotted manure in the hill. The results of these experiments have been published as a 44-page bulletin which may be obtained free by writing for Bulletin 155. A short concise abstract of this bulletin has also been published.

Prof. Lloyd has been carrying on experiments with muskmelons for years and he has written several monographs in the past which have also been published by the Experiment Station. "How to Grow Muskmelons" is circular 139, and "Marketing Muskmelons" is bulletin 124. Besides these, Circular 154, "The Home Vegetable Garden" gives some brief and general directions.

THE BEST NEWS IN THE PAPER.

Several newspaper men from different cities got to discussing the other day what was the best news in the newspaper they were reading together. One of them insisted that the game between the leaders in the two league baseball championships attracted the most readers. Another persisted that it was the page of political speeches for the day. A third argued that the best news in that paper was the column of classified advertising, under the heads of Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc. He argued that the information in these columns was read with keener interest than anything else, because it related more to people's daily lives.

The women, he continued, were particularly affected by such advertisements as those for housemaids, and of housemaids looking for positions. Even if they were not looking for servants themselves, it threw a bright light on their own household troubles.

The men, he said, were touched by the things that were being offered for sale. The farmer found out which of his competitors was trying to dispose of market produce; owners of houses were interested to see what other houses were selling for. Men that rented houses were always looking out for something better than what they had.

Whether or not the newspaper brother was right, it is certain that a column of classified advertising always comes down very close to home life. It is scanned by a great many people who enjoy seeing what others are trying to buy or sell, even if they are not searching for anything themselves.

If then you have any unsupplied wants, or you wish to sell anything, if you want a better job, if you want help, the classified advertising in this newspaper gives you an audience listening with keen interest to know about the trade you want to make. A small amount invested in this form of advertising brings quick and wonderfully cheap returns. It is a singularly efficient form of salesmanship.

Sympathy. Sympathy is the power of putting ourselves in the places of other people. It is just in such sympathy that so many of us fail; and it is sympathy that means wise toleration. We must be able to oppose at times, and oppose vigorously. There are points on which we ought to feel strongly enough to be indignant, if need be—questions that can rouse our anger and make us unbending.

A Prayer. We receive out of the dark hand of mystery the gift of sunny days. We pledge ourselves to take them with a hearty will, and live them out to the full measure of the power of joy—yet never with a loose or temporary mind. In the moments we will not forget the hours, nor in the hours the years, nor in the years the complete stature of our lives, framed in eternal silence.—Max Eastman in the Twentieth Century Magazine.

Fear of Diseases in False Hair. Cleveland's health officer is said to claim that the false hair worn by women is more insanitary and dangerous than most things which the modern woman deprecates as insanitary. In some states they are gathering data to show the number of contagious diseases which can be traced directly to false hair.—National Food Magazine.

Costly Camel's Hair. The most costly of all the white animal hairs imported is that of the camel. The camel is commonly of a dirty brown color, but parts of its body may be white, as may be streaks in its mane, called veins. The camel's hair is of superior strength, and its fine white hair of sufficient length is used as a substitute for natural white human hair. White hair of the camel is worth \$25 an ounce.

Boy Owes Life to Dog. A number of young boys were playing on the banks of the Bolton and Bury canal at Pendleton, near Manchester, England, the other afternoon when one of them slipped into the canal, which is nine or ten feet deep. A retriever dog playing near by at once jumped into the water and brought the boy to a place of safety.

LEGAL NOTICE.

(OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.) Report of the Condition of

First National Bank

At Downers Grove, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Sept. 4th, 1912.

Table with columns: RESOURCES, Liabilities, and Total. Includes items like Loans and Discounts, U.S. bonds, and Capital stock.

WILLIAM H. BLODGETT, Notary Public. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of Sept., 1912.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Located at Downers Grove, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 5th day of April, 1911, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

Table with columns: RESOURCES, Liabilities, and Total. Includes items like Loans on real estate, U.S. bonds, and Capital stock.

V. SIMONSON, Cashier. State of Illinois, County of Du Page, ss.—Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of Sept., 1912.

The Universe, an Accident. The universe, together with its parts, is nothing but a number of accidents, ever changing and being renewed at every breath and linked together in a single substance and at each instant disappearing and being replaced by a similar set. In consequence of this rapid succession, the spectator is deceived into the belief that the universe is a permanent existence.—By Nur-Addin 'Abd-Alrahman Jami.

Real Financier. Robbing Peter to pay Paul is an old expedient, but the ingenuity of a man in Washington improved even on that simple method. He stole his landlord's watch and then sold it to pay the rent. Such resourcefulness ought soon to put him in the frenzied-finance class.

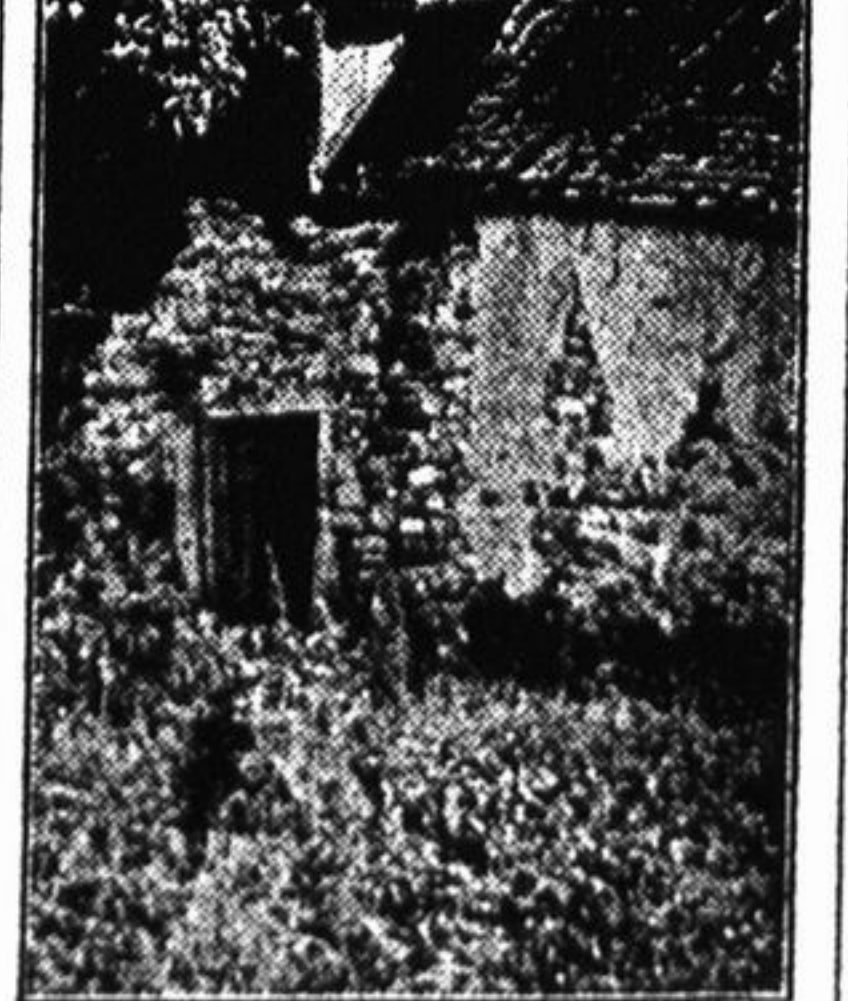
Deserves No Credit. "When a man can do a thing that you can't," observed the philosophical boarder, "you generally explain it on the theory that it's nothing for him to be proud of—he's merely gifted in that direction. Can I have another cup of coffee, Mrs. Irons?"

SHE DIED FOR WITCHCRAFT

Story of Early Days in a New York State Village—Woman Slain With Silver Bullets.

Esperance, N. Y.—Esperance, meaning hope, is one of the oldest villages in these parts. It was known as State Bridge in the Revolution, a name which occurs often in the military orders issued at the time Gen. William North, an aid on the staff of Washington, lived there for the time, for the scenery is splendid and the village nestles by the creek at the very bottom of a great basin spreading out to the north, south, east and west. The atmosphere is always clear and the verdure usually is tinged with the rich blackness which it gets from thunderstorms.

General North bought the land where the village now stands and established a system of ground rents



Home of "Witch."

which every one buying a lot and owning a house had to pay, a practice which continued for over a hundred years. His daughter, Henrietta, described as a gifted woman, changed the name of this pretty spot to Esperance.

On the hill above Esperance is an old stone Presbyterian church whose exact date is not known. But there is a tradition connected with it which goes back until it was a vivid memory in the minds of men. During the Napoleonic wars, a soldier of France wandering westward with his wife and babies to find a home came to the pretty hamlet on the Schoharie and decided to stay. The man did not live long, and soon passed out of mind and memory, for neither he nor his wife could talk a word of English, so they made only a few acquaintances and fewer friends.

Left alone the widowed woman lived in a little house on the outskirts of the village, planting her garden, raising chickens, and managing in her frugal French way to live. Perhaps she went to the town, gaunt and hungry to pick up some odd work or to ask for some relief. At any rate she could not talk English and was mysterious. They called her "the Grenadier woman," and before long some misfortune was laid to her, so that the townfolk came to look upon her as a witch.

This sealed her fate. In a solemn convulsion in the church her death was voted, and she was shot with silver bullets molded from teaspoons some one had brought from down east. The men chosen for the task peered in at her cabin window, and saw her cooking in front of the open fire. Two little children were playing on the floor beside her when they raised their clumsy guns and fired.

She was buried with a stake through her head, and an evergreen tree was planted to mark the spot. One of the boys who remembered the occurrence lived to be past ninety years of age and told it to the last with all the vividness of youth, pointing out where her cabin stood and often visiting the tree. This man was appointed postmaster by Andrew Jackson and removed by Grover Cleveland in 1855.

REACH U. S. AFTER HARDSHIPS

Mother and Three Tots Walk 250 Miles; Sleep in Fields to Save Money.

New York.—"My but that's a game bunch," said an immigration officer as he passed Mrs. Mary Sklivinek and her three children, Edna, nine; Josef, seven, and Anne, five, through the large office.

Five years ago the woman's husband, Josef, a farmer of Beraum, in Bohemia, determined to seek his fortune in the new world. By hard work and self-denial they finally sent him on his way, and later heard from him in Colorado. A year ago his letters ceased, and the mother decided to follow. By selling everything she owned, the mother secured money which she thought enough for the journey. To make doubly sure, she and the little ones trudged the 250 miles from Beraum to Bremen, carrying their little bundles of clothing. It cost less than ten cents a day for food and they slept in the fields. It was a month's journey to Bremen, and there they engaged passage in the steerage of the steamer Neckar, and reached here a few weeks ago. It was decided they were not likely to become public charges and were allowed to enter. The mother has a few cents over the train fare to Denver.

JEANNETTE'S JIMMIE

A "PLAIN" HUSBAND

By ELSIE GUNLER.

Jeannette, looking very mournful and wearing a long face, came and threw herself on the grass at my feet.

"What's the matter now, child?" I inquired, as I bit off the end of a thread that simply would not go through the needle's eye.

"She did not answer me for a minute or two; just leaned her head against my knee and let her clasped hands fall in her lap, and then: 'Cousin Bess, do you think Jimmie is awfully plain?'"

"Plain? Jimmie awfully plain? Why, what on earth do you mean?" That time the thread did go in the eye of my needle, but I stuck both needle and thread in my work, for I knew it was useless to try to sew when Jeannette wanted to talk to me about Jimmie. But this was the limit. Jimmie plain!

"No, indeed, I don't think him plain. Whatever made you ask such a foolish question, child? You are not getting tired of Jimmie, I hope!" "Tired of Jimmie—oh, Cousin Bess, you know I'm not; I love him with all my heart, and, of course, I think him handsome; but Edith Samuels said she didn't see how I ever came to marry such a plain man."

"Well, what did you tell her?" "I didn't answer. I was too angry I just turned away from her and went over to Mrs. Stimpson and helped her make tea; but I can't help wondering if all the girls think Jimmie is a 'plain' man."

"My darling little coz," and here I leaned over and kissed her shining golden hair—"You know as well as I do that Jimmie could hardly be called a beauty. His nose is too long and too large for that. His ears do stand out a trifle too much and his mouth is perhaps a bit too wide for perfect symmetry; but—well, even if he is a bit plain in looks, what does it matter? Is he not a kind husband and a good man?"

"Yes, indeed, Cousin Bess; but sometimes I wish he was better looking!" "Now, see here, Jeannette, all women are beauty lovers and idealists. Where the eye adores the heart is very apt to follow—for a time. But when it comes to choosing a husband, a life partner, most women are wise enough to place more value on other qualities than beauty in a man, and well for them that they do. Beauty in a man, as a rule, does not make for the traits of character that insure a success of married life."

"Yes, I know. But, oh, I hate to have other people think Jimmie plain." "Stop saying it, you foolish child. Stop thinking it, even; put it out of your head. Your friend Miss Samuels has not been able to get a husband of her own, most likely for the reason that she says disagreeable things about other girls' husbands. Sour grapes, I call it."

"But, Cousin Bess—" "Not a word, I will not listen to another word. It is the homely qualities hidden behind the homely features that bring happiness to the man's lucky wife. You know Jimmie tries to make you happy."

"Yes, he does. He's kind and sweet and good to me." "Handsome features too often spoil a man, or at least the amount of feminine attention they attract does that for him. The strikingly good-looking husband is very often a failure. When he mingles with men and women, especially the women, he will nearly always—on airs, like a proud

old peacock, to the benefit of strange eyes, and his poor little wife is left neglected in a corner.

"Jimmie takes the best of care of you, dear. He provides you with every comfort in life and a few of the luxuries. He is a clean-thinking, upright man; a good citizen, possessing far more than ordinary intellectual ability; gentle in manner and speech and, best of all, loving his little wife with all the great love in his manly heart. Jimmie may be 'plain' looking, but he will not remain that way long. His good qualities will prevent that."

"Oh, Cousin Bess, I'm so glad I told you what Edith said. It has worried me, worried me. But now I see it all so differently. You always do help me, dear, no matter what my trouble is. Jimmie is not plain. His soul is positively beautiful, and I shall always see that shining through his dear eyes."

The little lady kissed me, and, with a happy laugh, ran back to her household duties, while I resumed my sewing, thinking how little physical beauty counted in this busy world.

California Woman's Good Shot.

While walking through the woods near Cohasset, Cal., Mrs. W. H. Pillsbury of Chico shot a large brown bear that measured six feet from tip to tip.

Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury were walking from their summer home near Cohasset to the "Promontory," a high point from which an excellent view of the whole valley can be had. Mrs. Pillsbury had a 30-30 carbine. Suddenly she saw a large bear coming down the hill about forty yards away. "It's a bear, shall I shoot it?" she shouted to her husband. Pillsbury answered in the affirmative, and his wife asked: "Where shall I shoot him?" "In the head," came the answer. With deliberate aim the woman fired, hitting the animal square in the right eye, killing him instantly.

The hide weighed 70 pounds and the weight of the carcass was estimated at three hundred pounds.

STOWAWAY NEEDS A VISION

Explains That He Received a Divine Summons to Preach to Benighted Chinese—Is Shipped Back.

San Francisco Cal.—Harold Yates, a frightened youth, who had seen a vision and started for the Orient to preach to the Chinese, was brought back to San Francisco on the steamer Nile, which reached here recently.

Yates' "call," by which he was summoned to spread the message of the gospel among the heathen, led him to stow away on the steamer Manchuria, which left here Friday.

Captain Friele of the Manchuria listened to the young man's account of his vision, after he had emerged from his hiding place, but decided that it did not entitle Yates to free passage and the stowaway was transferred to the Nile when that vessel was met in midocean.

Yates, who was employed as a bell-boy at a local hotel, was awakened with difficulty last Friday morning by another bellboy. He explained that he had been listening to a divine summons to the missionary field and hurriedly packed a few belongings and boarded the Manchuria, where he hid in the hold.

Huge Telescope Dedicated.

Pittsburg, Pa.—A new 30-inch photographic refractor telescope, valued at \$150,000, said to be the third largest instrument of its kind in the world, was dedicated at the Allegheny observatory, Riverview park, in the presence of a distinguished party of scientists and visitors.



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