

NEW CURTISS THEATRE

THIS SATURDAY JUNE 9th

ENTERTAINMENT SUPREME

CURTISS VAUDEVILLE featuring
THE AUSTRALIAN SERENADERS

A refined singing act appearing only in the better class Theatres.

FOX & EVANS

The two gentlemen from Mississippi, a real Black and Tan, singing, talking and dancing team.
THE ACT DELIGHTFUL!

The Movie for Saturday is a beautiful Triangle Feature starring
CLARA WILLIAMS in "THREE OF MANY"
This play is spectacular and timely.

Coming next Thursday, June 14th

Kathlyn Williams in "The Ne'er-Do-Well" DO NOT MISS IT!

NEW CURTISS THEATRE

DOWNERS GROVE

Direction HILLIARD CAMPBELL

STOP LOOK & LISTEN

to the program which we take pleasure in announcing for

This Coming TUESDAY, June 12th

The Grand Windup of the SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Look at the cast, note the big names then go to it: Nance O'Neil, Charlotte Walker, Ann Murdock, Shirley Mason, H. B. Warner, Holbrook Blinn and George LeGuere, each and every one of whom will appear in the Seventh Sin.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE in PATRIA the serial beautiful,
and CURTISS VAUDEVILLE.

Tuesday first show 7:30, second at 9:00 o'clock. Coming Thursday, June 21st, special matinee and night, CIVILIZATION, one of World's pictures. Seats 15c. Thursday, June 21st.

This Tuesday THE FIVE MUSICAL MIDDLETONS.

New Curtiss Theatre, this Thursday, June 14th

DOWNERS GROVE

Direction HILLIARD CAMPBELL

Selig's big 10 part Screen Version of the

Ne'er-Do-Well by Rex Beach

FEATURING

Kathlyn Williams & Wheeler Oakman.

in a marvelous story of Love, Romance and Adventure of Panama. A story of a Woman's Soul. It is Action all the way. A play that has met with phenomenal success;

it took New York by storm and has broken box office records wherever shown. We take pleasure in announcing this big production for this

THURSDAY, JUNE 14th

for only 10 & 15 cents per seat.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

It takes two hours and a half to show the Ne'er-Do-Well.

PLEASE COME EARLY!



GAS FOR COOL CLEAN COOKING

Before and After She Knew About the Cabinet Gas Range!

Western United Gas and Electric Company



LOCAL YOUNG MAN WRITES FROM NORTH

Dan Diener Tells Experiences on Mine Hunt in Far Alaska

Continued from Last Week

It was pitch dark when we started out the next morning and the stars were twinkling with all their power, in the deep blue sky. The blanket of snow over the broad river bed was like a great moorland mass before us, while we snowshoed on in a monotonous, mechanical fashion. In several of the far distant trees, we could hear the weird call of the hoop ows, leading their lives to the all too sombre scene. After we had traveled on thus for an hour and a half, the shades of night commenced to fall and we could see the day breaking over you-

der mountains as the great sun was climbing its way into the heavens. The morning scenes in this vast country seem to stimulate ones ambition, and energy into unbelievable proportions. At ten o'clock we found ourselves at the moose crossing on a small creek with a broad channel, about eight miles from our camp. My partner stationed himself here and gave me instructions to go three and a half miles up the river, and circle around into the timber on the left side of the river, and then to come towards him occasionally shooting my gun. All of which I did, but I followed some tracks away up into the hills and down when to my great surprise I heard several shots ring out not a quarter of a mile distant, then another and another. "He got one," I said to myself, almost aloud, and my heart commenced to thump like a huge pump. I fired my gun to let "Dick" know I was nearby, and made all haste in the direction of the gun shot. It was now four o'clock and getting rather dusky. Now and then a twig caught my snow shoes and sent me heading into the deep snow, and it was with no little difficulty that I again regained my feet, all covered with snow. When I came out into the clearing I could see Dick stand-

ing over a dark object, with his snow shoes and gun sticking in the snow beside him, all silhouetted in the gathering gloom. The craggy mountain top horizon burned with a crimson glow. "Hurry up we've got to get busy" were his first words as I came up and stood over the huge body silent in death. A lump arose in my throat as I gazed at the huge ugly thing with its massive head. I was impressed with the scene, for with the fading, dying sun, flowed the life of this innocent beast into a night of calm darkness. I realized that there was no time to be lost for we had to skin and quarter it before it froze. So I suppressed all my emotional thoughts, and there in that flaring light with darkness spread all about us we labored, skinning and quartering it with an ax and a large saw. It was 9 o'clock when we started for camp and it was with great difficulty that we reached it at 12 o'clock, for it was so dark we could not see our trail. It was a very wearisome tramp in the dark and we were completely worn out. The next day, like the Indian, we moved camp to the moose, which afforded us plenty of choice meat for the rest of the trip.

Several days afterwards we moved up the river to the forks and pitched camp on a small creek, in which there was supposed to be gold. Here we sunk several holes to bed rock, prospecting for it, but only finding a little fine gold we moved up further, and did more prospecting, but here found little more, so we started on our journey down river again. The old mine was a failure.

It was the first of February when we again camped at Portage creek only nine and a half miles from the Happy river road house on the Government trail. The next day I decided to go to the road house to get our mail, also to break trail for our camp load, the following day.

It was rather cold when I started out, and I snow shod as fast as I could to keep warm and at the same time reserving my strength. When I had followed the windings of the river for about three hours, I saw a column of smoke ascending before the timber that formed a dark background far in the distance. It was a welcome sight and I felt quite relieved when some time later I stepped into the warm room of the log cabin, a typical scene of the far north stories. The proprietor lying upon several blankets spread on the floor, reading an old magazine, said "where the h— are you from?" I told him and then he remembered when we had gone up the river. "Don't you know its d— cold; what you traveling in this kind of weather for?" "Well," I said, "I was anxious for my mail and to get back to the partly civilized people as soon as possible," for I felt that I had been shut up in a destitute world, and the first link of civilization was very welcome. "Your name's Diener," he said gazing at me steadily, drawing long puffs of smoke from his ancient corn cob. "Yes," I said. "Any mail for me?" "Mail, wait until I see." He walked over to the table in the corner, got a package and scrutinized most belong to you," he said, and handed me a bundle of letters, thirty-eight in all, a two months accumulation, and he watched me in silence. I was certainly surprised and started to read one that was from brother Rube at Seward, when I realized the time was flying and I would have to hurry to get back to camp before dark. So I got up to get my mittens that were drying near the stove and started to leave when the old man called me into the kitchen and gave me a cup of hot tea. "You are not going back to camp tonight are you," he said; "sure," I said, "I've got to make it." "Why its pretty cold boy, you better stay here." "No," I said, "I got to make it." He went out and looked at the thermometer and

told me it was 53 degrees below. I went and looked to see if he was right and I was sure surprised to see the thermometer the low I had seen it for some time. I was somewhat frightened to think of the trip back to camp that I still had to make, but solemnly determined to do it. So in spite of the warning that I would freeze, I bid the old man goodbye and started off for camp, with my bundle of mail. He called to me to come back, but I trudged on retracing my steps back over the river. A light wind was blowing and it pierced my face, though little exposed, like red hot needles. The wind gradually died out and I could feel it getting colder. I snowshoed faster to keep warm but I was getting rather tired and many times would like to have rested a bit but I was keenly aware of the consequences and forged on. My eyelashes and brows became small balls of frost from my breath, the corners of my eyes were frozen shut so that I could hardly see, my shoulders and fur cap were covered with frost from my breath also, and my hands and feet started to get cold. It was at this time I had several thoughts that frightened me and I was doubting whether I could make it as I pushed on in a mechanical fashion, like an automaton. I then got a glimpse of a light ahead and thought I was "seeing things," but as I gazed around and got my bearings I found myself near the camp. Fifteen minutes later I was before the tent hardly able to stand, all worn out from the cold and my efforts. I could hear the sizzling of some frying meat as I stopped and took off my snow shoes. "That you Dan?" Dick called out, and I said "Yep." "Well, hurry up in here and get some supper." "My God, I didn't think you'd come back tonight, boy, its 58 below." "The duce," I said, "I'd almost swear it was seventy." But my imagination ran wild.

AT THE CURTISS NEXT WEEK

"The Ne'er-Do-Well," filmed as a spectacular drama by the Selig Polycope Company is considered by many as Rex Beach's greatest story. In "The Ne'er-Do-Well," fascinating Panama scenery is shown, including the work of digging the Panama Canal, the interiors of old Spanish homes, glimpses of the interior of the tropical jungle, and odd and interesting nooks and corners. The cast in "The Ne'er-Do-Well" includes Kathlyn Williams, Eugenie Besserer, Wheeler Oakman, Frank Clark and others. Almost the same cast of stars that added to the real-



This is the most remarkable shingle made—the Moss Green Sal-Mo Sectional Asphalt Shingle. A sensation in the building world. Handsomest shingle ever made. Color of fresh woodland moss. You will want it for your house. Be sure to see this remarkable new color in

SAL-MO
Sectional Asphalt Shingles

Not only richest in color but most durable. Guaranteed 10 years. And not expensive. Self-spacing. Cost only about half for nails and labor in laying that you would pay for ordinary shingles. Be sure to see these shingles. Ask to see the green ones, or red or white if you want those colors. Get our estimate. We can show you how inexpensive it is to cover your roof with Sal-Mo Asphalt Shingles.

Also ask for Reliance Roll Roofing for stores, factories, farm buildings, etc.

LORD LUMBER COMPANY
TELEPHONE 20

INTERNAL TURKEY AND THE GREAT WAR

At the Methodist church next Sunday evening an address on the above subject will be given by Rev. Ernest Pye, who speaks of Turkey and the conditions prevailing there, from personal experiences. From 1911 to 1916 Mr. Pye was instructor in New Testament and Theology in Anatolia College and Marsovan Theological Seminary, Marsovan, Turkey. For some time after the outbreak of the war the American teachers were allowed to continue their work, but on May 10, 1916, the entire American staff was placed under military arrest and, after six days detention, were given military escort out of the province en route to Constantinople. From there, by way of Sophia, Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, Christiana, and Bergen, Norway, the party reached New York early in July. During this period of enforced furlough Mr. Pye is using the opportunity to build into his teaching equipment with a view to returning to a somewhat new arrangement of classroom responsibilities at Marsovan as soon as the political settlements of Europe make such a return possible.

Mr. Pye is a nephew of Mrs. Phyllis Tenney and of Mrs. M. P. Oliver, of Downers Grove.

NEXT TUESDAY AT DICKE THEATRE

Tense Situation and Dramatic Surprises Mark Five-Reel Drama Produced by Lasky for Paramount—Cleo Ridgley and Wallace Reid Featured.

Consistently leading up through a series of tense situations to a climax that holds the spectator's every iota of attention captive with expectation and curiosity as to the outcome. "The Yellow Pawn," a five-reel photodrama from the studios of Jesse L. Lasky, is an unusually strong offering.

Cleo Ridgley and Wallace Reid are the featured players, and both acquit themselves in a manner that leaves no doubt as to their ability to grasp and to convey, through the medium of the screen, a dramatic situation. And the story by Frederick Arnold Kummer, adapted for the screen by Margaret Turnbull, abounds with dramatic situations and surprises, at no time during the running of five reels is the spectator able to guess what the next play in the game with human pawns will be.

The supporting cast to the two leads handle well the parts assigned. William Conklin is the District attorney, Mr. Kuwa the servant, Tom Forman the assistant district attorney, Irene Aldwin the wife's sister, George Webb the cousin, and C. H. Geldert, the girls' father. Some of the lightings are especially good, as are the exteriors. Directed by Georg H. Melford.

Will be shown at the Dicke Theatre Tuesday, June 12th.

Teaching Child to Read. A child is best taught to read in natural method, by means of objects. His words or short sentences containing the same words repeated in different connection, are written on the blackboard, and he quickly learns to recognize these and to read at sight, first words in script, then in type. When he is made to copy the blackboard words at each lesson, he learns to read and write both at the same time.

CORN CULTIVATION

Killing Weeds is Most Important Object. Shallow Cultivation Gives Largest Yields.

"Illinois farmers can add most to our food supply by increasing the yields of corn. At this date proper cultivation is the only practical means of making such increases," says W. I. Brookson, Assistant in crop production of the University of Illinois. If the entire corn acreage in this state could be given the tillage, which the experience of the most successful growers has proved best, the yields would be materially increased.

Kill The Weeds. The most important reason for cultivating corn is to kill the weeds. Weeds reduce the yields by depriving the corn of plant food, moisture and light. According to experiments conducted by Prof. J. G. Mosier at the University of Illinois, covering a period of eight years, corn grown on land where the weeds were allowed to grow produced an average yield of 7.3 bushels per acre, whereas, on the land where the weeds were kept down the average yield was 46.9 bushels per acre. At the Ohio Experiment Station, a similar experiment, during a period of three years, showed that land on which weeds were allowed to grow produced an average yield of 6.7 bushels per acre, and land which was given good cultivation produced an average of 52.8 bushels.

Cultivate Shallow. The cultivation of corn should be shallow. The greater part of the corn roots system is in the plowed area. Frequently a considerable proportion of the entire root system is in the upper two inches of the soil. The most important function of the roots is to absorb water and plant food materials in solution. Obviously, if the roots are cut off, as is done by deep cultivation, the yield of the plant will be reduced. In an early experiment at the Illinois Station covering a period of four years, pruning corn roots to a depth of 4 inches at a distance of 6 inches from the plant caused a decrease of 12.5 bushels per acre, as compared with adjoining land given shallow cultivation, and a decrease of 16.9 bushels per acre as compared with a neighboring plot from which the weeds were removed by scraping with a hoe. At the Missouri Experiment Station 13.4 bushels more corn per acre was raised on land given shallow cultivation than on that given deep cultivation. At the Indiana Experiment Station, land tilled 2 inches gave 2.7 bushels per acre more corn than land stirred 3 inches deep. If one cultivation is necessary to kill the weeds, this should be given soon after the corn is up rather than later.

Cultivate When Needed. The number of cultivations will depend upon the condition of the soil and the weed growth. Ordinarily, three or four cultivations will give most profitable results. More cultivation may slightly increase the yield but such increases are not likely to pay for the additional cost.

Dutch First to Improve Plow. The Dutch were probably the first to introduce improvements worth while in the plow. They devised the first plow that turned a furrow, all plows before that time being merely used to break the surface of the ground. The first patent for a plow went to Joseph Folpamb in 1780. Joseph Newbold patented one in this country not long afterward, but Jethro Wood really invented the plow in use today. His instrument was the first to have a mold-board, a share and a land side in three pieces, so that they could be replaced or sharpened singly when worn.

In Other Days. Until a New Jersey man tried to corner the potato crop of his neighborhood the mosquito was considered the most undesirable predatory insect produced in that section of the country—Washington Star.