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Lindley Building
Hours: 1 to 3. Daily Except Sunday.

G. B. TOPE, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
Downers Grove, Ill.
Office and Residence: 15 Highland Ave.

DR. W. W. GOURLEY
Res. 135 N. Forest Ave. Phone 294-W
Office 33 Main St. Phone 266-W

FLORIMOND LEBLANC, M. D.
OFFICES
CHICAGO 1045 Huron Trust Bldg. 67 E. Maple Ave.
By appointment 7-9 p. m.

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For the removal of superfluous hair.
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Naval Bed for Paralytics.
One of the great problems in certain cases of spinal wounds with paralysis is how to move the patient sufficiently to make his bed and tend his wounds without increasing his sufferings by moving him.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FOR SALE - Upright piano, in good condition for sale cheap, cash or terms.

FOR SALE - Three Duroc-Jersey Boars, Registered, Nicholas Stock Farm, Phone 164-W-2.

WANTED - .38 Colt or Smith & Wesson revolvers with 5 1/2 or 6 inch barrel. Notify Quartermaster-Sergeant, W. H. Eichelman, Co. H., I. R. M.

WANTED - Competent girl for housework. Mrs. T. H. Slusser, 57 Highland Ave.

TO EXCHANGE - For a small farm near C. B. & Q. A 160-acre place in Southern Washington about 90 miles this side of Portland, Ore.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO IN THE REPORTER

(From the issue of Jan. 30, 1896.)
R. T. Davis of Galesburg was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Stanley, last week.

Miss Carlina Tilton is taking a few days rest from office duties in the city and is spending her time with her cousin, Mrs. W. H. Barnhart. Messrs. John Oldfield and L. P. Naramore visited Kewanee, Ill., last Friday and Saturday and while there sized up the business portion of the town as to values present and prospective.

Prof. Nourse has been engaged by the Congregational people as instructor to the choir commencing this Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nolte of Fairmount, Minn., are visiting relatives and friends here. Mr. Nolte is a brother-in-law of Henry Sucher, who lives just south of town.

John Oldfield is at Commissioner Heatt's this week at Casa making a farewell visit before starting for California.

The following officers of Vesta Chapter, No. 242, O. E. S., were installed Tuesday evening, Jan. 28. Mrs. C. C. Graves - W. M. W. F. Canada - W. P. Mrs. Louie E. Hall - A. M. Mrs. W. S. Carpenter - Secretary Miss N. Roblin - Treasurer Mrs. C. Mochel - Conductress Mrs. J. Bradbury - Asst. Conduc. Mrs. Ella Mann - Chaplin Mrs. Josephine Austin - Marshal Miss Lida Curtiss - Adah Mrs. L. Merts - Ruth Mrs. E. L. Godfrey - Esther Mrs. L. Escher - Martha Mrs. H. B. Gibbons - Electa Mrs. F. G. Brown - Warder W. J. Beidelman - Sentinel.

General Arthur C. Ducat died Wednesday morning after a short illness from pneumonia. He had an interesting career, enlisting in the Civil war as a private and holding a general's commission when peace was declared. His home southwest of town is the show place for miles around and the park the meeting place for everyone during the summer months. After the war he found time enough left

NEW HOME



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Known the world over for superior sewing qualities. Not sold under any other name.
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.
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MERTZ & MOCHEL
Downers Grove

ALASKAN WOLF DOGS - HORSES OF THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 2)

set up a howl pulled at his chain and tried to get at the intruder.

The free dog gave no attention to the din, he walked as unconcerned as an Indian returning from a salmon eat. But when he had passed them, like a flash he turned and sprang at the nearest dog.

And I wondered if this particular dog taunted him with a nasty name as a last challenge, one of those taunts that no one in Alaska will stand for, but as I was not familiar with dog dialect, I could only surmise.

And what a vicious scrap. The Alaskan dogs don't get a hold and stay with it until death, as bull dogs do. They fight according to Marquis of Queensbury, no hitting in the clinches, no fouling.

The big husky rushed to his chained antagonist. For a second the two dogs eyed each other—then a strike and a get-away, quick as the wink of an eye. The most of the trail dogs are part wolf and they fight like their ancestors—strike like a steel trap and jump away. But once at it they never quit. There is no mercy shown by beast or man in Alaska fights.

I watched the contest for several minutes before the din of the chained dogs attracted attention and the owners came and stopped the combat. The free dog would rush in, snap his jaws and blood would spurt. Once to avoid a rush he jumped too far and came within reach of the chain of another dog. Snap, and his hip was laid open with an ugly wound, but the wounded dog never looked at his second antagonist. His mission was to kill the first dog, and they would have fought to the death if the men had not beaten them apart with clubs and stones.

Huskies are recognized as the best breeds for sledding, but the Indians want the malamutes—half wolf. I had often heard it stated that the ancestry of a dog could be determined by the way in which he howled. Let a steamboat whistle and every dog will chorus in, according to the music he inherited. The "just dog" will bark, while the wolf breed beasts let out the long, lonesome howl of their forefathers.

The trail dogs of Alaska don't want any petting or familiarity. They are wonderful in their affection and fidelity, when they know who the boss is, but they won't make friends with strangers. They are supremely indifferent to any advances. They want you to leave them alone, and a wise tenderfoot will.

White men drive from seven to nine dogs on an outfit, depending on the load and the trail. They harness them fan-shape, spread out so they do not interfere with each other. The load is from 100 to 150 pounds to a dog. Indians will drive a team of malamutes 70 miles a day. White men can't equal the Indians for speed or endurance. The natives understand dogs better, know better how to handle them and to take advantage of the trail.

The dogs are wonderful in their endurance and strength. The will pull until they die, rather than quit, yet it is a peculiar fact that very few of them will pull on a dead load—that is pull hard to start a sled. Once start it, and they will strain to the last, but they won't start.

The general impression is that dogs are fed entirely on salmon. If they were they would not live long. Salmon alone for a steady ration will kill them. With the fish is alternated oat meal, fresh bacon and mush. Raw animal food is most relished by the dogs, but it is not often this is plentiful.

The price of dogs range from \$50 up, and how far "up" depends altogether on how badly a buyer needs them. If there is a stampede they go up faster than the price of shoes since the war opened. And they rent from 50 cents per day up, the limit of the "up" based the same as above.

The dogs are wonderful in their trail intelligence. They will follow a snow-covered trail that their driver could not, and in many ways they exhibit almost human reasoning. Like the men who mush with them, they are not all alike. Some are just curs, who have little instinct and they know little but to be hind dogs and pull. But in almost every team there are dogs who would rather die than be set back from the lead and dogs who will die in a fight to a finish if they are put behind.

New dogs are constantly being raised and broken in on sleds, and an experienced musher will watch them as a jockey does his runner. A dog behind will snap at the heels of one who is soldiering on the job, then the dog beater begins to take an interest

after attending to the details of a large insurance business to write two books on military tactics. He was at one time adjutant-general of the state and reorganized the national guard regiments, putting them on an up-to-date footing.

in that purp. If he knows dogs, he knows that this one is buying an ambition, like a politician, to get up to the front, and he must encourage this ambition at the same time he must not arouse the jealousy of those ahead for once he gets something started he is going to lose one or more dogs, for some day they are going to fight it out.

About the most dreaded calamity in a free-for-all fight in harness on an emergency trip, and these quite often occur. A good teamster can smell a coming family fight days in advance. He can't understand their language, but he can sense something wrong, and he will use every expedient known to dog training to settle the differences. However, sometimes they will stop without warning and go in for a general fight, tangling up the harness, overturning the sled and becoming a living bunch of maddened beasts, and the trail follower who can stop this fight and save all the dogs is eligible to a place on the League to enforce Democracy and Peace.

A lead dog taken out of the team is a dangerous dog. Often because of sore feet or an accident one has to be cut out, and it is an act of mercy to shoot it. They have an almost human pride and ambition to lead, and they are heartbroken when set back.

There are storms in the North Land that dogs will refuse to face. An instinct tells them they cannot make it, the whole team will refuse to go on and beating will not persuade them. Then the driver must find what shelter he can and wait until the storm is over. If he has plenty of provisions, can find wood, and can get some kind of shelter from the wind, he can live it out, but if he is short on dog food and the animals are famished—well, many an Alaskan story of a musher having been found frozen to death and eaten by his dogs, doesn't tell the real story. The driver was torn to pieces by his famished wolf dogs. That is the true story.

When a camp is made for the night about all the care the dogs need is their supper, unless they are crippled or have sore feet. The trained husky will dig a hole in the snow, roll up in it and the wind will soon drift a covering over him, and only the depression in the surface, caused by their bodies thawing the snow, will indicate there is a dog around the outfit. It is very seldom a dog will desert, and when one does it will usually come back, follow the team at a distance and finally surrender.

Last winter a young fellow mushed from a point near Circle City across to Fairbanks. Two weeks later he started back, but never got through. Miners found some of the dogs with remnants of the harness on them and search over the trail found his bones, picked clean of all flesh, and there was every indication that his team dogs had devoured him. The place where his bones were found was a camp, there was plenty of fuel, and the camp was sheltered. He had a load of provisions when he started out and the trail was less than 100 miles. No one will ever know the cause of the death. Alaska has had many such tragedies. Its a land of fearful odds in favor of the white death.

It is not unusual for dogs to go back to their wild ancestors and run with the pack. A miner told me that he lost a husky and five years later it was shot from a bunch of wolves that was prowling around a caribou that had been killed. He knew the dog from its particular marking. It had gone to the wild bunch and became one of them.

A successful dog driver must be boss from the start; he must rule with an iron hand and a keen lash, while at the same time he must know how to coax as well as beat. When a dog once realizes the driver is boss, he will not give much trouble, and if the boss has discrimination enough to both pet and whip at the right time, he will soon have a team that will face almost anything and seldom balk.

The Alaskan dogs were a revelation to me and I was wonderfully interested in them. But I was of no interest to them. I could not get acquainted, they would have none of me. There is little wagging of the tail and nose rooting with these half breeds. Their only friends are the trail followers.

The Brute.
"Where have you been tonight?" she asked bitterly, as he snatched in about 11 o'clock. "Was it business again this evening?"
He made no reply, but sat down to the cold supper that was on the table. "Aha, the difference in a short time!" she went on. "I have been trying to solace myself tonight by reading some of your love letters. Here is one," holding it up, "that you wrote one month before we were married; in this you say that you feel as if you could eat me. Oh, the affection, the passionate love expressed in those words! It is one month after marriage," she continued, beginning to weep pearly tears, and sob like the throbs of a steamboat engine, "only one month after marriage, and now—"
"I wish to goodness I had!" mumbled the unfeeling brute, with his mouth full of ham.

MORE ABOUT FOOD LECTURES

NOTE—These columns are in charge and the co-operation of the is invited in the way of making this dep.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. Norman Gould Oliver, Pastor.
In spite of the bad weather the Union meetings of the five churches have been a decided success, exceeding all expectations. If you want to show your approval of this Patriotic move come and add to the crowd contagion and get acquainted with the brotherhood in Christ from other churches.

ST. PAULS EVANGELICAL GROVE STREET CHURCH

Rev. Paul Crusius, Pastor
Sunday school 9:15 a. m.
Let us tell you about 400,000 children who will starve if we don't help. Morning service in English 10:30 a. m.
Evening service 7:30 p. m. The five united churches of Downers Grove hold their service in our church this evening. The Rev. Mr. Oliver of the Baptist church will preach. Mr. Grey will lead the inspiring singing, music by the united choirs of group 1 Come and worship!
Young People's meeting 6:30 p. m. The young people of all the five churches! It's uplifting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST

Sunday service, 11 a. m.; Wednesday, 8 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m. The reading room is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 to 4 p. m. The Bible and Christian Science literature may be read or purchased of the one in charge. Visitors are welcome.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH OF EAST GROVE

Sunday school, 10:30.
Morning service, 11:30.
Evening service, 7:30.
All are welcome.

S. ANDREWS EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Rev. Hugh M. MacWhorter
Priest-in-Charge
Feb. 3, 1918. Sexagesima Sunday.
7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
9:45 a. m., Sunday school.
6:30 p. m., Bible Class.
7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Organizations
Choir, Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m.
Woman's Guild, every other Thursday.
Altar Guild, first Tuesday of the month.
Woman's Auxiliary, second Tuesday of the month.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, Pastor.
Sunday—8 a. m., Mass, reading of the Gospel and Epistle of the day, sermon; 10 a. m., High Mass, reading of the Gospel and Epistle of the day, sermon; 3:30 p. m., vespers, benediction, sermon; baptisms, 2:30 p. m.
Week days—Holy Communion, 7 a. m.; Mass, 8 a. m.
Men's Sodality meets on the fifth Sunday of the month; Married Women on the first Sunday; Young Ladies on the second Sunday; Boys and Girls on the third Sunday.
Holy hour adoration every Friday from 3 to 4 p. m.

NEWSY NOTES FROM AND BELLS

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LIBRARY NOTES

Hours
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Three to Nine P. M.

New Books
The Major, Connor
Turn About Eleanor, Kelley
The Forfeit, Cullum
The American Ambassador, Bryne
Webster-Mans Man, Kyne
At the Sign of the Oldest House, Tompkins

Missing, Ward
The Wishing Ring Man, Widdemer
The Witness, Lutz
The Second Fiddle, Bottoms
Miss Million's Maid, Ruck
Cabin Fever, Bower

Better Meals for Less Money, Green
How to Grow Vegetables, French
Juvenile
Marooned in the Forest, Verrill
The Shadows of the North, Althaler
War Books
Manual of Military Training, Moss

PAGE GHOST OF MUNCHAUSEN

Prince of Story Tellers Would Be Interested in This Wonderful Tale of Adventure.

One of the big ocean liners was several days out from New York on a trip across the Atlantic. It was dinner time, and those at the table fell to telling stories about their experiences at sea. Finally it was the turn of a person who had previously been boasting of his lineage. He told this "yarn" says the Youth's Companion.

"It happened a number of years ago," said he, "on my fifteenth trip across the ocean, when we ran short of some provisions, particularly eggs, milk, fruit and fresh meat. We were very fortunate to have on board a resourceful fellow named Brand, who pulled us out of the difficulty in good shape. First he went to the hatchway for eggs, but, as they were a little too old to eat, they were used for cooking, and he requested the captain to have the ship lay to. This operation was repeated until we had eggs enough to go round.

"Then, at Brand's suggestion, the captain fired a ship's rocket into the Milky Way, and all we had to do was to hold buckets and catch the milk as it poured out of the hole made by the rocket. For a fruit supply we let down buckets over the side of the ship and picked up enough ocean currants to last for a week. The next day we had foul weather, which provided us with plenty of ducks and chickens. Some of these we ate and others we kept to replenish our egg supply."
"I was on that very trip," spoke up a wag at the end of the table. "It was the steamer Baltic, in October, 1908, New York to Liverpool. We also had on board a fair-sized goose, which was overlooked in some way. I'm sure they never ate the bird, but I've wondered, all these years until today whatever became of it."

Tragedy of Childhood

Nothing is more despicable than to deceive a child in any way. Their plastic young minds receive and hold impressions that we can never eradicate, try we ever so hard. In spite of all the grownups can say the little ones never feel the same love and respect for those who have deceived them. Even careless funmaking may leave the scar which nothing can quite eradicate. Do not break a promise to a child, and do not lie to it, even in fun, for the great tragedy of childhood is to lose faith.

Honey and Syrup.
Honey and syrup instead of sugar will make victory just as sweet—and bring it much sooner.

Shoes that Stay Comfortable
You need not necessarily sacrifice style to get shoes that will stay comfortable. But you must be sure that you are properly fitted, and proper fitting is an art that we have mastered in a highly commendable manner.
Morris Shoe Store,
32 South Main St. Downers Grove