



The methods of the Chicago School Board need investigating.

Employees of the Chicago School Board should be placed under the civil service law.

A special Grand Jury is needed to investigate the City Council. What is the Civic Federation doing about Aldermanic corruption?

Commissioner Downey should ascertain who the parties are that benefit by the crookedness in street repair work, and then use his ax.

The Northwestern Elevated Road will be nowhere near completion within the specified time—January 1st next. The city should take steps to forfeit its franchise.

The merit system must be applied to the appointment of school teachers. The schools are in danger under the present nefarious system of political pulls and favoritism.

No matter who is behind the Ogden Gas Company—be he Governor or private citizen—it should be made to put the North Side streets in as good condition as they were before tearing them up.

Because the rich down-town property owners do not pay their just share of the taxes, the tax levy is ten million dollars less this year than last. All poor property owners on the West and North Sides will have to make this up. Seventy-five per cent. will be added to their already high taxes to make up what the following rich men wiggle out of paying—their just taxes. These figures are taken from the latest report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics:

Table with columns: NAME OF BUILDING, OWNER, ACTUAL VALUE (Ground, Building, Total), Assessor's Value, and Per Cent. to Actual Value. Lists various properties and their owners.

The Chicago Asphalt ring must be broken up. Until it is none of our streets can be paved or repaved.

Reps may be necessary to break up the Aldermanic-Asphalt combine.

No matter how badly a street needs paving or how much the people want to pave it, the Asphalt ring will allow no paving order to go through the Council unless it is for asphalt.

There is not a single Chicago street in evidence where asphalt paving has been a success.

How much does it cost to choke off an Aldermanic investigation? Everybody knows who the bribe-takers are. Everybody knows who the bribers have to do business with. Why is no action ever taken?

What is the reason that the Civic Federation never gets after the Aldermanic boodlers? Can any one tell?

It is an injustice to reputable men on the Justice Court Bench, and a crime against the Judiciary, that dead beats are permitted to hold office as Justices of the Peace in Chicago.

When will the Chicago Bar purge itself of men who rob their clients and the city?

In Disease. An English professor recommends to persons suffering from dyspepsia, consumption and anemia, or any who need to take on flesh, to eat very thin slices of bread and butter. The idea is that it induces people to eat much more butter, a quality of fat most essential to their nutrition, in a form against which they will not rebel.

Infant Alarm. A French inventor has devised a curious electrical alarm for infants. It consists of a microphone circuit breaker placed near the head of the child in its cradle and connected with an electric bell. A cry from the child will

actuate the instrument and will thus cause the bell to ring, awakening the attention of mother or nurse. Absent-Minded. The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Dusel, of Bonn. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked. "Why?" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?" "Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know

when yours comes around, and I will endeavor to reciprocate the favor!" Politics and Religion. I have no sympathy with the pious notion that a Christian should take no part in political matters until politics is purified. That is rank heresy. Evil never purifies itself.—Rev. U. F. Sveinick, Evangelist, Philadelphia. Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the first lady lawyer in India, who appeared to defend some persons accused of manslaughter, before the sessions judge of Puna, had the satisfaction of seeing her clients acquitted.

HOW BIRDS TALK. Conversation Carried On in Chirps by Feathered Songsters. Birds have no difficulty in making themselves understood, with a variety of calls, to their young and to each other. We do not notice much variation in the chirping calls of the English sparrows; but probably our talk is equally monotonous to them. No one could accuse the English sparrow of want of sagacity. Nor are they so instructive a bird as is commonly supposed. At the country place from which the Listener writes there are no English sparrows nearer than the outskirts of the village, at a distance of half a mile. This spring, however, the Listener noticed a pair of them, male and female, inspecting the premises, and in particular studying the accommodations, from the English sparrow point of view, of a certain shed and henhouse. Evidently they did not consider the quarters eligible for their young, nor any other around the place, nor any other of their species. After a good look around they left the premises to the possession of chirping sparrows, orioles, robins, red-eyed vireos and other native Americans. A single male English sparrow was seen last summer on the shores of a lake near by, but he was evidently a wanderer, for none had been seen there since. The neighborhood abounds in chippers, song sparrows and vesper sparrows; and there are two pairs of kingbirds, one of which has a nest of young ones on the branch of a buttonwood tree which overhangs the lake. The Listener was the witness, the other evening, of a proceeding on the part of one of these kingbirds the like of which he had never seen or heard of before. At the side of the house, almost underneath a huge basswood tree, there stood a hen and a brood of chickens about two weeks old. It was at sunset, but the light was still strong. The chickens were running about the yard, when suddenly there swooped down from the branches of the tree a kingbird and lighted exactly on the back of one of the chicks, seizing it with its claws very much as a hawk might have done. The chicken screamed pitifully, and the Listener, whose solicitude for the chicken was greater than his interest to see what the bird might do, rushed out and scared the intruder away. Has anyone else ever heard of kingbirds wantonly attacking chickens, or any other bird, except a hawk or a crow? Probably the kingbird would attack any bird that threatened its nest, but does it attack other feathered creatures without provocation?—Boston Transcript.

Not So Surprising. While we smile at the lack of information exhibited by our cousins across the seas concerning matters that are as familiar as A, B, C to us, it is not at all probable that some of us live in a vitreous tenement ourselves. How many bright American youth, who are fresh from their geographical, could name the different counties in England; or could tell whether Leeds and Birmingham were in York or Lincolnshire, Herts or Kent? Yet very likely these same youth would laugh long and loud if an English cousin should locate Boston in Missouri or St. Louis in Texas. When we reach the Antipodes, many Americans carry a still more startling and varied stock of misinformation. How many realize that it is a five days' journey across the channel that separates New Zealand from Australia, the two great islands of the Australasian empire? How many know much about the political situation of Victoria and New South Wales, of Queensland and South Australia? How many can locate the Banda Sea or the Sulu Sea, or tell where the placid waters of the Celebes Sea bask under the torrid rays of the equator? How many realize that it is a railway journey of 2,000 miles between Adelaide and Brisbane, and that this little strip of coast constitutes largely the inhabited portion of the island continent?—New York Advertiser.

Condensed Poetry. "Bolt it down" is a pretty good newspaper maxim, but even a newspaper maxim needs to be obeyed with discretion. Charles Metcalf, who has been writing advertisements for a drama in New York city, had an unpleasant experience in connection with a compositor of one of the great dailies in that city. Metcalf wrote a poetical advertisement as follows: From half-past eight till half-past ten, You laugh and laugh and laugh again. Imagine his surprise when a matter-of-fact compositor set up the advertisement and it appeared: From 8:30 to 10:30 You laugh and laugh and laugh again. —Live Matter.

Horse Power in Lightning. Modern scientific discovery is fast unraveling the greatest mysteries of nature, and it now appears that there are but few things that are hidden from the gaze of him who looks for them in the proper way. Lightning was formerly one of the greatest enigmas among natural phenomena. To-day we know that the average electromotive force of a "bolt" of lightning is about 3,500,000 volts; that the current is 14,000,000 amperes, and that the time of discharge is about one twenty-thousandth of a second! In such a "bolt" there is energy equal to 2,450,000 volts, or 3,284,182 horse power.

To Light a Tunnel. A novel way of illuminating a tunnel has been devised in Paris. Reflectors throw light from many electric lamps sixteen feet above the rails to the sides of the tunnel, where it is again reflected by burnished tin, a soft and agreeable light. The trains automatically turn the current on and off in entering and leaving the tunnel.

Made Soap in Pompeii. In the unexcavated city of Pompeii, the preservation of which has been the means of revealing many antique customs, there is to be seen a soap manufactory, with all the kettles and other paraphernalia pertaining to the business. Also a quantity of soap, evidently the product of this ancient "soapery."

A Fier. Speaking of hog cholera, Miss Blunt remarked the other day, as she hung to the strap, "What a pity it wouldn't break out in our street cars."—Boston Transcript.

HAD HIS NERVE WITH HIM. The Centipede Was Harmless, but the Stranger Didn't Know It. The Hawaiian Islands are almost as well off as Ireland. St. Patrick drove all the venomous insects and reptiles out of the green isle, but the Hawaiians claim that the reptiles and insects left on Mr. Dole's domain are in no sense of the word poisonous. People who have particular dealing with venomous insects imported from the islands make the same claim. A local fruit importer said yesterday: "Very frequently we receive consignments of bananas and pineapples packed in dried grass and leaves. In taking the fruit from the boxes it is not uncommon to find a big centipede crawling along the stalk between the bananas, doing his best to get used to the California climate. "Tuesday afternoon I was opening a box of bananas and pushed my hand through the straw to get at the stalk. I felt around for a few seconds and thought I could feel something moving around on the back of my hand. I had often heard of the presence of centipedes in fruit shipments, so I carefully withdrew my hand so as to make as little commotion as possible. Imagine my surprise and alarm to see a five-inch centipede slowly crawling up my arm. I was about to strike it when a fruit packer, standing near by, warned me to make no attempt to get rid of it, but to let it crawl up at its leisure. I had forgotten the fact that they were not poisonous, and I know I got as white as a sheet, believing every moment that it would sink its claws into me and send its powerful poison through my blood. "I looked at it with fear and trembling, but did not dare to move a muscle. It lifted its head and seemed perfectly satisfied to remain where it was. I could hardly restrain myself from shaking it off, but my companion warned me again and again to keep quiet. All I could feel was a tickling sensation. The tickling increased, and I was almost ready to faint with suppressed excitement. Finally the centipede looked up at my sleeve and slowly made for it, moving all the legs in unison. The sensation by this time was unbearable, and I feared I would be unable to remain calm until the thing got entirely off. My flesh seemed to shrink away as the horrible creature proceeded, but in a few more seconds, every one of which seemed an hour, it had settled itself comfortably on the fabric of my clothing, and with a motion quicker than I was ever known to make before I routed it with a stick and sat down, peeping from head to foot. It was the most thrilling experience I ever figured in and it made me sick the rest of the day. My companion began to laugh as though he would die of merriment, but I saw nothing particularly humorous in the situation. "You are crazy," he said, "to get frightened over a little thing like that. Do you not know that Hawaiian island centipedes are not poisonous? I told you to keep quiet just to see how long your nerve would last. If the thing had sunk every claw he had into your flesh it would have only caused a little swelling and nothing more. I have had several of them strike me, and I apply a little ammonia or salt water and cure it up in half an hour."—San Francisco Call.

New to the Country. I had overtaken an old farmer in the road, and as we jogged along together we turned a bend and came upon eight or ten men, who had a prisoner in their midst, and were making preparations to hang him to the limb of a tree. "Here—what's all this?" asked the old man, as we came to a halt. "Gid! to hang the kuss!" was the brief reply. "What fur?" "Stealin' that hoss over thar." The "hoss over thar" was tied to a tree, and the farmer took a good look at him, and then at the prisoner, and asked of the latter: "Say, didn't you come along to my place this mornin'?" "Yes, was the reply. "And didn't I sell you that hoss fur thirty dollars?" "Yes." "I am sure I did. How does it come about, then, that they ar' goin' to hang you fur hoss stealin'?" "I dunno." "He bought that hoss of you, did he?" asked the leader of the band, who was arranging the noose. "He surely did, and no doubt he's got my bill of sale in his pocket. Yes; I sold him that critter at 8 o'clock this mornin'." My name's Thompson, and I guess some of you know me." "Look a-here!" exclaimed the leader, as he turned on the prisoner, "did you buy that hoss?" "Yes." "And you've got the bill of sale?" "Yes." "Then why in blazes didn't you say so when we run you down fur a horse thief?" "Wall," replied the man, as he looked around and yawned, as if bored with the proceedings, "I hain't bin in this kentry but three or four days, and I didn't know what the custom was!" They hauled him off his feet twice, just to make him acquainted with the ways of the country, and then rode off in search of new game.

In Doubt. "Did my vocal lessons disturb you?" asked the young lady with musical ambition. "Not that I know of," replied the truthful young man. "Why, I should think you'd know if they did."

When a church member has nothing else to do, he starts out to raise money for the church.

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