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WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER IN WAR

From the Duluth Herald. A German soldier was crossing an open space 1,000 yards away from the allied lines. A British sharpshooter drew a bead upon him and made ready to pull the trigger. A dog wandered along, and the German looked down and passed him. The sharpshooter withdrew his finger from the trigger. The German passed on in safety to his trench. 'I knew he was a good fellow,' said Tommy Atkins, 'and I couldn't kill him.' Just a little episode of war, just a flash of human kinship brightening the darkness of universal hate. But it is the little touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. 'I knew he was a good fellow, and I couldn't kill him.' The same Tommy Atkins, meeting the same dog patting German face to face over a contested trench, would shoot him down or put a bullet into his heart, without a quiver. Then he would be only an enemy, and therefore to be killed. Does Tommy suppose that that dog patting German was the only good fellow on the other side? The other side is full of good fellows—fellows so good that it is a shame to kill them—fellows with wives and sweethearts and mothers and children to mourn for them—fellows good for something in the world—fellows made for some better fate than to be cannon fodder—fellows that under other circumstances and in better acquaintanceship could be boon companions and helpers in time of need to those whose business it is to kill them and whom it is their business to kill. Tommy and Fritz have no quarrel. If the war could be called off, in 10 minutes they might be clanking glasses of beer and ale and singing together their British and German ditties of "When Good Fellows Get Together." They have no quarrel, Tommy and Fritz, yet here they are at each other's throats, killing and being killed, and helping at the same time to kill civilization. If Tommy and Fritz could even get together to talk over the national quarrel, with no diplomats or rulers by to prompt them, they might quickly recognize the good fellow in each other and see the folly of their trying to kill each other for no purpose but to promote a monstrous fiction of national well being that, through war, promotes nothing but human misery. Tommy and Fritz—Tommy and Ivan and Giovanni, too—are good fellows. But they don't see it, and so they are busy killing and being killed. The trouble with the world is that good fellows haven't yet got together across national boundary lines. If they ever do, Mars goes out of business.

Connecticut Takes the Initiative. From the Memphis Commercial Appeal. National guardsmen who are serving on the border have wondered whether or not they will be permitted to vote in the coming state elections.

It has recently Governor Holcomb, of Connecticut, to take the initiative. He has called a special session of the state legislature for the specific purpose of enacting a law which will permit members of the national guard of the state of Connecticut, now stationed on the Rio Grande, to vote in the November election, which practically gives an opportunity of reconstructing the political machine of the state.

There is a precedent for such proceedings. In the civil war the men who were detained from home in military service were entitled to vote, and black ballots were furnished for the purpose. These ballots were marked and were returned to the secretary of state.

This is only right. Because a man sees fit to risk his life for the nation's honor when it is at stake, is no reason why he should be deprived of his suffrage.

Left at home, following more profitable pursuits, this man would vote for the man of his choice in the state and civic elections. His vote should be as the more acceptable because of his allegiance to the nation, and Governor Holcomb is exactly right in calling the Connecticut legislature together in special session in order that the boys at the front, who can not come home may have a right to vote for the candidates of their choice.

In his call for the extra session Governor Holcomb shows himself to be not only a politician but a patriot as well.

Among other things in his somewhat unique call he says: "A large number of electors of this state, who are members of our national state guard, have been called into active military service of the United States, and are now occupying positions of peril beyond the borders of the state. I have been unable to determine how long this compulsory absence will continue or that they will be permitted to return to this state in time to exercise their right to vote at the next November election for presidential electors, congressmen and other officials. That they should have such a right and should be permitted to exercise it is too obvious for discussion, and I am convinced and decide that the needs of exacting such legislation as may enable them to thus exercise their rights as electors constitutes a special emergency, within the provisions of the constitution for calling an extra session of the general assembly." "Give the boys a chance. Let the boys vote."

A Slight Mistake. From the Kansas City Journal.

Willie was a boy and ready to tackle anything that would yield him a living.

He had tried several jobs, but, somehow, he didn't get on in spite of his bright nose. But at last he obtained a berth in a book seller's shop, where he seemed likely to suit.

One day a stranger entered the shop.

"Good morning," he said, in answer to Willie's bright greeting. "I want 'The Letters of Charles Lamb,' please."

"You've made a slight mistake," smiled Willie, ignorant of a book of that name. "The postoffice is just around the corner Mr. Lamb."

Love Is a "Zeppelin." Below us rolled the earth. We were like clouds above the dust and din. We heard St. Peter's violin. For Heaven's gate drew near us there: We rode upon the Zeppelin. The strong ribbed dolphin of the air. A magic carpet was the plain. Men crawled like ants that seemed to doze. A thousand poplars stood in rows. Like soldiers marching in a line. Your mouth, the canyon of the rose. Drank in the sunshine like champagne. And then the glass grew bright for us With wine. Like "a boy and maid" We drank to all bears unafraid Who bravely walk the perilous Ways of the air to advance the shade Of Phaethon and Icarus. Leander for his Lore's sake hurled Himself into the deep, but I More blest than Hero's lover, fly Above green meadows dew-bepeared. While at my side I clasp on high The fairest lady in the world. God's lifted finger looms a spire. And now the city's windows gleam. Our shadow races with the stream And still the ship climbs high and higher But not so high as some my dream. But not to swift as my desire. My lady laughs. O Cruel One! All ships pay toll unto the sea. But I can build a craft for thee. That each itself shall not outrun. And lift on wings of melody My heart's desire to the sun. All ships pay toll unto the sea. Death sounds the last bell of delight; Like the earth earthy, and the night, Love's pleasant face at last shall be: "But she who shares a poet's flight Vay share his immortality." -George Egvestor Vlereck. "Songs of Art-impediment." (Mitchell-Kennerley.)

THE COOK SAYS

What do you do with the string you take off boxes and parcels? asks cook. You should tie the lengths together and roll it into a ball. When the ball gets quite big, knit the string into a piece of plain knitting about a foot square. It makes a capital dish cloth, and the knots in the twine take all the hard and burnt pieces off pots and pans better than anything.

Two made from freshly boiled water is superior in flavor. Coffee is better when made with cold water, as this method extracts the oils more quickly and effectively. Cook the coffee for a few minutes after it has reached the boiling point or the oils will be quickly dissipated and the coffee will be flat, without aroma.

When it reaches the boiling point, an eggshell, a little of the white of an egg, or a teaspoon of cold water will precipitate the grounds. A small bit of butter makes the coffee rich and smooth.

If eggs are scarce and you are making pumpkin pie, use a tablespoon of flour in place of one of the eggs you would have used, and you will never know the difference. Pie crust will bake more quickly to a delicate brown if the slightest sprinkling of sugar is sifted over it, and just a suspicion of cold water.

Any woman who owns a sterling or German silver purse will be glad to know, thinks cook, that common baking soda and water will clean it in a few minutes. Just take plenty of soda and a little water and wash between the hands or with a brush. Rinse and dry.

Jewelry is kept bright in a damp climate by being covered with talcum powder and placed in a box. It is tarnished when taken from the box, but when brushed becomes clean and bright. To clean fine jewels make a soapuds and boil it. Pour into it a tablespoon of ammonia, place the jewels in it, cover the vessel and allow the pieces to remain in the suds over night. Polish with a chamois and tissue paper. This will clean the carved pieces beautifully.

If you place in a cardboard box a layer of ordinary flour, then lay the forks and spoons or other household things upon it and cover thickly with flour, the pieces will remain quite bright for any length of time. Knives after having been thoroughly cleaned should be rubbed with vaseline, then wrapped in tissue paper. This will prevent rust.

It is a good idea, thinks cook, to keep a piece of sandpaper over the sink to clean pots and pans.

Never buy spices in large quantities as they lose their flavor before you can use them.

If you want to be sure that bread pudding will be light, add a little baking powder to it.

Don't forget to make grape jelly as it is one of the most useful of all sweets. Sweet pickled apples are delicious served with meats. They may be made just as pickled peaches are.

Lemon juice and cayenne are excellent used in French dressing instead of black pepper and vinegar.

When next making white sauce use olive oil or peanut oil in place of butter.

A Few Automobile Figures. From the Washington Times.

With 14 different makes of automobiles priced below \$700, and with other low priced cars constantly appearing on the market, this country is fast outstripping every other section of the world as a nation of automobile owners.

It is estimated that the end of this year will find a total of 4,000,000 cars owned in the United States with a value of \$2,000,000,000. No other product approaching in unit value the automobile has ever been sold in such quantities. One citizen in every 25 owns a car.

What has made possible this remarkable record? Price? What has made possible the price? Intensity of production! No industry in the world unless it be the manufacture of munitions in the war countries approaches the remarkable efficiency in the automobile industry. Nor is this confined to the manufacture of cheap cars. The high priced cars for the detail, the material, the machine work that is in them are just as low priced as the cheaper cars. You pay for what you get and get what you pay for in most instances, and the seeker for expensive body work, luxurious trimming and great fineness of detail does not expect to get it for a few hundred dollars.

What the limits are to the development and sale of the motor car no one knows. Good judges say that this country can use 12,000,000 cars, which would mean about one to every family. The farmer is the important factor in reaching this total, and the west is fast becoming the best territory for sale.

Whatever the prospect, we have not really reached the limit either in the matter of sales, the matter of low price, or the matter of perfect efficiency. The competition of manufacturers assures us of progress along all these lines.

Still Unsold. For a year after the outbreak of the war the dye shortage was a very proper subject for general conversation. It was regarded as serious and people wondered if we might not see the day when butter-nut brown and a few other homemade colors would be the only relief in an otherwise snow-white world, but the dye shortage dropped out of sight. People were aware that things were not just as they used to be. There was something strange, not to say weird, in the appearance of stockings, and garments took on strange hues during their visits to the laundry; but, on the whole, things were very much as they had been. The manufacturers also subsided after a period in which they could see nothing but ruin unless dyes were forthcoming.

Then came the Deutschland and we renewed our interest in dyes. The famous undersea merchantman brought us a cargo of colors, and at last the dyestuff embargo was broken. Other cargoes were to follow, and there was to be great relief among the dyers.

But the Deutschland is back at home now and her cargo of dyes, according to a recent account, is still in New York waiting for purchasers. There has been absolutely no haste to buy, and those who might buy intimate that they are getting along very well without German dyes. They also say that they will continue to get along until the price, which is from 80 to 1,000 per cent above the normal, comes down.

The conclusion from all this seems to be that we were all wrong when we worried about dyes. We are not helplessly dependent upon any nation for dyes, and never were. We only thought we were.