

The Lyceum Banner.

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For the Lyceum Banner.

LIGHT FROM DARKNESS.

LOUR head aches, and you are real blind, aren't you, grandpa Gray?" said little Louie Clark. Does every thing look dark, grandpa, not a bit of light?"

"No," Mr. Gray said, "things look bright, and the world seems a very good and charming world. I am old and blind, and very poor; but these afflictions seem light when you come and cool my head."

"Then you love me a little, don't you grandpa?"

"Yes, child, I love you for the light and joy you bring to this poor heart. And, then, I always loved the patter of child-feet, the music of young

voices; I love honest, romping children like you; they bring back my childhood, and remind me of my own little girls that went to heaven many years ago."

"I guess you would like to go to heaven, too, grandpa, and then if your head ached one of your little girls could get a pitcher of water and cool and bathe it as I do."

"I would like to go," Mr. Gray said; "but I must wait my time."

"Oh, I wish you would go, grandpa, then you'll see my ma'ma and give her my love."

"Yes, Louie, and I will tell her how softly your young hands have rested upon my poor aching head; and I will tell her what a comfort you have been to me. And I will tell my own little girls, that out of darkness indeed cometh light, for you, Louie, have been as a light in dark places. An old man's blessing will rest upon you forever."

GERTIE GRANT.

A SINGING MOUSE.—For several nights past one of our citizens

on Warren street has been awakened by a singular sound in the room resembling the gentle rippling of running water; at times scarcely audible, then swelling full and clear, filling the room with the strange melody. On lighting the gas the sound would cease, but exploring the room in the dark to determine its precise locality, it would continually change position, always evading the attempt to locate it. The matter was quite a mystery for several nights, until on suddenly turning up the gas while the sound was audible in one part of the room, a mouse was seen to run hastily to his hole, where he quietly finished his song without molestation. The concert is given regularly every night.

Syracuse Journal.

Reported for the Lyceum Banner.

HOW AN ACORN BECOMES AN OAK.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHILDREN OF THE CLYDE (O.) LYCEUM, DEC. 1, 1867.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I hold in my hand an acorn. It is a beautiful, little, hard nut, and you would never imagine that it could become an oak. But it contains wrapped up in itself the germ of the monarch of the forest, and the manner of its growth is wonderful and interesting.

I take my knife and cut through the outside shell. It is of fine material, and is varnished. What is that for? Why, nature does not want the water to get through to the kernel, and so she has laid on a coat of varnish to prevent it. I strip off this coat, and what have we now? The plump kernel. What is it? A loaf of bread! and a very nice little loaf the squirrel thinks it. It is made just like a loaf of bread. Bread is made of flour, and flour is principally starch. Grind the acorn in a mill and it will make very good flour.

I cut into the pointed end of this loaf, and find a little bud. It is the germ. It is the infant oak. How does it ever grow, and get out of such a place?

I will tell you.

To make it do so, in other words, to sprout into a tree, we must bury it in the dark soil. The wind shakes it off the tree, and it falls down, and the rain washes the soil over it, and the leaves cover it up from the winter's cold, and when spring, warm and sunny, heats the earth, the heat penetrates to the acorn, and its life is quickened. This little bud never could grow if it was not sustained until it could send out roots to get its own food. Nature foresaw this, and hence it is placed in the middle of a loaf of food. The kernel is to sustain it until it gets large enough to sustain itself.

But starch cannot be dissolved in water, and the young plant cannot feed on anything unless it is first dissolved. This starch should be sugar, and sugar it must and does become. The loaf could not be made of sugar, in the first place, for it could not be preserved in the soil. Starch can be converted into sugar, and this is the way the bud is fed. When your mother wishes to make a loaf of bread, she puts yeast into the dough; so nature puts a kind of yeast in among the starch of the acorn, and just as soon as it becomes moist by the rains, and warmed by the sun, it sets to work converting this starch into sugar. The bud drinks the sweet juice and at once begins to grow. It bursts the shell, and starts downward, directly towards the center of the earth. [The subject was here illus-

trated by drawings on the black-board, the speaker drawing as he spoke, and continuing so to do until an oak was, as it were, *built up*.] Botanists call this root the *descending axis*. It shortly sends out numerous thread-like rootlets, and these have knobs at their ends, which drink the moisture from the soil. The little plant thus begins to get its own food.

But we have so far only roots. The moisture they take up from the soil is crude, and before it can be used by the plant, must be worked over, or digested. To do this it must be exposed to the air. The sugar from the kernel has already been thus perfected through the leaves of the parent oak. It can be at once used to feed the little plant.

From the side of the descending axis, a bud is thrown out, and ascends straight towards the surface. This we call the *ascending axis*. When it reaches the atmosphere it at once spreads out a green leaf. The leaves of plants are their stomachs and lungs at the same time. In them, the crude sap drank up by the greedy roots, is brought in contact with the air, and the light and heat from the sun, and thus prepared to build up their hard stems, or be deposited in the seed.

Now our little oak has a stem, roots, and a leaf, yet you would never think it was an oak. Its first attempt at making a leaf is not much like an oak leaf. After a while it throws out others, each time making a better one, until it succeeds in making just such leaves as adorn the coronal of its mother.

Our baby oak is now situated in this manner: It has a multitude of roots in the earth from which it derives its food, a stem going up into the air, and if it has received proper attention from the rains, it has several leaves, and is a few inches in height. By this time the store of nourishment furnished by the acorn has been exhausted, but our baby oak does not care, for it is now independent; the black mould supplies all its wants. You might search at its roots for the acorn, but even its hard shell has decayed, and if you doubted that the acorn would become an oak, you now doubt that the oak but a short time before was an acorn.

Well, how does the tree now grow?

The sap taken up by the roots ascends to the leaves, where it is digested. Then it is able to build up the tree and comes down between the wood and the bark, every year adding a thin layer to each. You know when you slip the bark off from a tree, in the spring, how pulpy the outside of the wood appears. You understand me, boys, if you have ever made a whistle out of a limb of hickory or alder, to see it miserably wither in the pocket of your school teacher. This pulp is young wood; it is made up of cells, and by autumn be-

comes dense hard wood. I said a layer was added to the bark—on the inside, of course,—and hence the old bark is crowded out, and cracks, and becomes very rough on most large trees. In the hickory it splits and hangs in long strips, giving it the name of shag-bark.

Every year a layer is thus added to our baby oak. In twenty years it becomes a sapling. It catches the breath of the winds, and they shake and bend it, but this only makes its roots grow stronger, and its stem stand straighter.

It will take 300 years for it to become an ordinary sized oak. I have counted the annual layers I spoke of on the stumps of fallen trees, and many times found them exceeding 500. You may know that any of the large oaks you see in the forests, were at least saplings when Columbus discovered America.

Well, a century or two passes, and an acorn has become a magnificent tree. The storms in vain try to dash it to earth. It stretches up its giant trunk in defiance; it dares the thunderbolt of heaven, and in the calm days the breeze makes music among its leaves, and the birds carrol the day long in its secure retreat. The Oriole suspends its nest from its tiny sprig, or the eagle nestles its young in its strong arms. Millions of acorns every year grow on its limbs, furnishing food for the frisky squirrels that chatter there, or dart up or down its stem like gleams of light. Its sturdy, green and massy foliage is the pride of summer, and its sedate brown is the glory of autumn. And yet all this beauty and strength and usefulness were confined in the tiny shell of an acorn!

There are no miracles equal to those performed constantly before our eyes, and no book is so splendidly illustrated, or as interesting as the Book of Nature.

A LITTLE girl went with some visitors to her father's barn where she showed them a great many things, explaining as she went. Taking up the pitch-fork she said: "This is the fork our hoesy eats his hay with."

ANOTHER little girl heard her mother call the cradle a pretty little nest. She went up to it and put her hand down under the beautiful quilt, as though trying to find something. "What are you looking for, Dolly?" asked her mother. "I'se seeing if there's any eggs in sissie's nest."

SCRATCH the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell the act for years to come. How forcibly does this figure show the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

FROST WORK.

BY L. M. DELANO.

IF any of my young friends think there is nothing pleasant in winter but skating and coasting, I wish they could look with me through my north window, this bright morning and see the fancy work *Jack Frost* has done while we were snugly tucked away in our warm beds.

First we will notice the delicate tracery on the window panes, forming beautiful pictures of nearly every variety of leaves, from the bright feathery ferns to the noble palm of the tropics.

Outside, the whole world seems decked in pearls and diamonds that dazzle one's eyes with their brilliancy. That row of young pines across the river looks like a file of soldiers clad in armor of burnished steel; like the warriors of ancient times; and the clump of cedars below seems covered with beautiful, white flowers.

Those square blocks of rock, each with its cap of snow, resemble large loaves of *cake* decorated with frosted sugar; even the dried mullen stalks, which never claim much beauty, seem to have been transformed by fairy fingers into slender columns of shining silver. No object, however rough or unlovely, has been neglected by this universal beautifier.

Look at this willow tree, close to the house, is it not a perfect "thing of beauty?" Its long drooping branches glitter like strings of pearls which, as the sun strikes it with more ardor, fall in sparkling fragments to the ground.

Do you know that our grand old river is the Fairy that furnishes material for *Mr. Frost* to make all these pretty things, and that it is only where there is open water there are just such charming views? Well, there are many beautiful scenes in this world, if we only look for them with hopeful eyes and cheerful hearts. As the *wise* ones tell us, that everything we see, or do, leaves an impression with us always; we must try and seek out all the good and lovely things we can and treasure them up in the storehouse of memory.

Watertown, N. Y.

A COUNT was taken, one day recently, of the number of vehicles of all classes which passed through Broadway, New York, opposite the Astor House, between 7 o'clock in the morning and 8 o'clock in the evening. The following is the result: Total number of vehicles up Broadway, 6,810; total number down Broadway, 7,491.

For the Lyceum Banner.

SNOW FLAKES.

BY MRS. E. W. ADDLEMAN.

The air again is filled with flakes
Of falling snow;
What is thy mission, little ones?
I long to know.
O! tell me why you come in drifts,
Dancing and sporting in the whiffs
Of wind and storm.

Hast any business here, I pray,
This frosty morn,
That thou hast come so far away
From thy blue home?
Or dost thou come to sojourn here
A little while, then disappear,
As oft thou'st done?

Come, tell me of thy life above,
Sweet little friends;
And for thy time, I'll give my love
To make amends.
Tell me if He who dwells above,
Has sent thee with a mine of love
To scatter here.

Hast 'hou a duty to fulfill
To this cold earth?
Or, hast thou come of thine own will—
In sport and mirth?
I pray you tell before you go,
Whether you come for weal or woe;
Come, speak to me.

Hast thou tongues? then let them talk,
And tell, forsooth,
Nor all my earnest efforts balk,
To know the truth.
I ask, in all sincerity,
What can thy little mission be,
Thou pretty ones?

Thy little feathery forms I see,
But can't divine,
Nor fancy for the life of me,
What errand's thine;
I cannot guess what is thy duty,
Unless it is, to add new beauty
To this sphere.

I waited but a little while—
Perhaps a minute—
When all their voices, sweet and wild,
Were blended in it;
This answer came, to me so dear,
For everything was made so clear,
And truthful too:

"We have a mission to fulfill,
And it is this:
To act as little scavengers—
'Tis not amiss,
Although 'tis not poetical,
It is at least quite ethical,
My little Miss.

We spread our mantle o'er the ground
To save from harm;
We lay our little bodies down
To keep it warm;
To gather up the noxious vapors,
We seem to you to cut such capers,
As we descend.

And while we lie upon the ground
So quietly,
E'en then we are not idle found,
But piously
Fulfilling great creation's law,
Gathering up but to restore
To earth again,
The treasures that would else be lost,
Or robbed of life by old Jack Frost."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

NO. V.

The Earth and Moon.

THAT the Earth is a globe, and moves about the Sun in common with the other planets, is one of the clearest demonstrations of astronomical knowledge.

The contrary opinion entertained a few centuries ago has been proved untrue by some of the plainest and simplest laws of nature.

That it revolves on its own axis, is a truth which every rising and setting sun illustrates. Either the Earth moves around on its axis every day, or *the whole universe* moves around it in the same time. There can be no other opinion on this point. Either the Earth must revolve on its axis every twenty-four hours to produce the succession of day and night, or the sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars, and the whole frame of the visible universe must move around the Earth in the same time.

And to suppose the latter case the fact, would cast a reflection upon the harmony of creation. The beetle that turns on its ball in a moment might as well imagine that the whole of the starry heavens had made a revolution in an instant. We may receive this then as an accepted fact, and may also continue the analogy to all the other planets and heavenly bodies, viewing them as globes or spheres. This form or figure is probably owing to the rapid revolutionary motions of the planets on their axis and around the central point, assuming that shape when the bodies were in a fluid state; for it is also a pretty well established fact that all of these bodies have become solidified or condensed from masses of nebulous or gaseous matter, thrown off in the process of nature from parent or central orbs.

Thus it is supposed, and with strong reasons to support the theory, that our Earth, as well as all of

her sister planets, emanated from, and are collections of matter,—originally thrown into space from the Sun, as the centre of the system, when each one was formed into a globe or sphere, and assumed its place as a satellite or attendant of the parent globe.

But this branch of the subject may be too much complicated and too mysterious to be understood by youthful minds, so I will leave it for the present and proceed with plainer things.

The Earth, as she sweeps through the vast realms of space, and performs her unvaried revolution about the Sun, is attended by a most lovely companion, in the shape of her younger sister and friend, the Moon, styled by poets "Luna, the lovely queen of night."

The Moon is distant from the Earth 240,000 miles, and is about 2,000 miles in diameter. She revolves about the Earth in 29 days, 12 hours and 44 minutes; the time which elapses between one new moon and another.

There is no object, within the scope of astronomical observation, which affords a greater variety of interesting investigation than the Moon in all of her various phases and motions.

It is an opinion, held by many accomplished astronomers, that only one hemisphere, or the one side of the Moon, is ever seen from the Earth. She revolves on her axis in the same time that it takes to perform the revolution about the Earth; this is the length of the year,—and there is but one day and one night in her year. The inhabitants of one half of the Lunar world—if there be any—are totally deprived of the sight of the Earth, unless they travel to the opposite hemisphere, which we may presume that they do, if only to obtain a sight of the sublimest object in the sky, for the Earth would appear to them *ten times larger* than the Moon does to us; and as the Moon is illuminated by the reflected light of the Earth, as well as by the direct-light of the Sun, her nights are nearly as bright as her days; and that side of the moon which is towards the Earth may be said to have no darkness at all, the Earth shining upon it with extraordinary splendor when the Sun is absent.

When viewed through large telescopes, the Moon presents a most wonderful aspect. Besides the large dark spots which are visible to the naked eye, we perceive extensive valleys, shelving rocks, and long chains of high mountains. Single mountains occasionally rise to a great height, while circular hollows, like great craters, more than *three* miles deep, seem excavated in the plains.

Lord Rosse said that with his monster telescope he could distinguish any object on the surface of the Moon which was sixty feet in height. A

building of the size of the Capitol at Washington could readily be seen. It is not generally supposed that the Moon is inhabited, though Professor Fraunhofer, of Munich, announced that he had discovered an edifice resembling a *fortification*, with *several lines of road*. The celebrated astronomer, Schreter, conjectures the existence of a great city on the East side of the Moon, also an extensive canal and fields of vegetation.

WHAT OUR BABY DID.

The other day Nettie was eighteen months old, and she celebrated the event in the following style, with a regularity and promptness which almost defies competition: 1st. Upset a quart of milk upon her bran new flannel gown. 2d. Put the hair brush in the slop pail. 3d. Took a spoon from the table and plastered the carpet and floor with soft lard, and then wiped it off with the clean dress just put upon her. 4th. She did not "string spoons on the cat's tail," but took another form of expressing her devotion to that pet, by trying to cram it into her father's boot. 5th. Found her way into the pantry and upset the kerosene into a pan of meal that had just been sifted for use; and, to cap the climax, greased her little red shoes with the mixture. 6th. Ate some bread and milk and went off to sleep. These things were done in spite of careful watching, and (as we have since learned by experience) is but a fair sample of her every day life. Babies are mischievous! What can a mother do with three or four little fellows at a time, and keep the house in order? We've resolved never to find fault if supper isn't ready just at the right time.—*Selected*.

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.

One of the sweetest incidents we have noticed for many a day, and one which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination, has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related: "A lady visited New York city and saw on the side-walk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in the shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and folorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity, said: 'Are you God's wife?' Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to a better advantage?"

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All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

 Single Copies, Five Cents.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, P. O. Drawer 5958, Chicago, Ill.

THE GREAT ELEVATORS OF CHICAGO.

The stranger visiting Chicago will be astonished at the sight of great sombre, gloomy-looking buildings which tower above and overhang the river, here and there, on either side. They will arrest his attention, and, at the same time, afford him some instruction, for these are the Grain Elevators of Chicago—the massive storehouses which receive and discharge the cereal product of the broad fertile valley of the Mississippi. All the millions of bushels of grain which are annually housed in Chicago,—the granary of the world,—pass through these wonderful buildings.

Forty-seven thousand freight cars employed on the railroads which center at Chicago, gather in the wheat, the corn, the rye, oats and barley, and each car, as it comes into the city, is passed inside the doors of one of these Elevators, when its contents are drawn up by steam power and stored in the bins prepared to receive it. These bins are very large, sometimes a hundred feet deep,—and of course there are a great many of them,—for each particular kind of grain, and for different grades of the same kind, there are separate bins.

The elevating is done by means of endless belts, running from the top of the building to the ground. On these belts little buckets of sheet iron are fixed. As the belt is revolved, the buckets go up full, turn over the top, discharge the contents, and come down empty. And so this process is kept up until all the grain is lodged in its proper bin, or compartment. The grain remains here on storage until wanted for shipment by the way of the Lakes to New York, when the vessels are run up alongside the Elevator, a spout is turned into the hold of the vessel, and in a few hours she is loaded with thirty thousand or forty thousand bushels of grain, ready for her departure Eastward.

It is this facility for handling large quantities of grain in bulk, in a very short time, and at a very small expense, that has made Chicago the largest primary grain market in the world.

There are twenty of these large Elevators in Chicago, having a gross storage capacity of eleven millions of bushels. The largest single Elevators contain one million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels, the weight of which would be more than thirty thousand tons.

WHY DO CHILDREN DIE ?

Mrs. C. F. Corbin has told, in her "Woman's Secret," many things that the world ought long ago to have known. The world does *know*, but it needs to be reminded of its wickedness and weakness.

She has asked : Why do the little children die ? Who will answer ?

We make the following extract from the book. It is worth more than a hasty reading :

It is a short story, and easily told. Four out of five of all the children born, die before they are five years old. But who shall estimate all the agonies compressed into those two lines ? The novelist may linger over the bier strewn with flowers of sentiment ; with well-feigned tenderness, may touch the quick soul into tears. But when the flowers are all faded, the tears all shed, the depth of that agony lies fathomed below. It is not the hopes wasted or the love poured out in vain, that make the loss irreparable to the mother's heart. Other children may come, and the hopes bloom, and the loves twine again. But the spirit and the essence of her own life were in the child ; the best powers of her soul were blossoming and bearing fruit there. It is her purest, most intimate, farthest-reaching aspiration, which, to mortal eyes, has gone out in blackness and darkness for ever. Her life opens out henceforth by that great window which the loss of the child made, into the hollow gulfs of eternity. Blessed for her if, instead of cold and clammy dampness, the pure light of heaven streams through the breach. When the stars go out, and the ocean ceases its plaint to the shore, and all the finite things fade in the white light of eternity, and the mother's soul may be made whole again. Till then she walks bereaved.

MISTAKE.

"C. Q." said in our last BANNER : "I enclose you ten dollars towards supplying the poor children of some Lyceum with the LYCEUM BANNER. Give ten copies to the first Lyceum that sends you *thirty* yearly subscribers." Our printers, by mistake, said "ten" instead of thirty.

What Lyceum will order the "ten copies?"

Will some one send \$10 to furnish papers to Lyceums that have not the means of sending for a single copy ?

STAMPS.

We have two thousand back numbers of the LYCEUM BANNER that we will give to those who will send stamps to prepay postage.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REVOLUTION. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON and PARKER PILLSBURY, editors; SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor. Two Dollars a year, in advance.

The Revolution is a folio of sixteen pages, neatly printed, bound and stitched. It advocates educated suffrage, universal suffrage of sex; it pleads the cause of womanhood, and all righted souls can plead.

We are agents for the *Revolution*, and will send it and the **LYCEUM BANNER** one year to any one who will send us \$2.50.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Terms—Fifty Cents per year in advance.

Is issued monthly, and devoted to the universal adoption of the principles of Communism, Community of Property and Labor, Unitary Homes and Industries, Freedom, Equality, Friendship and Fraternity. It is published by the Reunion Community, and managed by A. Longley, St. Louis, Mo., to whom all communications and subscriptions should be addressed.

NEW MUSIC.

LYCEUM MARCH, composed for the piano, by J. M. Bradford, Musical Director of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Brooklyn, N. Y. Published by S. Winner, Philadelphia. Price, 35 cents. For sale at this office.

We have received a small pamphlet containing the Constitution of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, and two addresses by members of the Executive Board, A. A. Wheelock and A. B. French. Both gentlemen urge the importance of organizing Progressive Lyceums.

ANOTHER DOLLAR.

F. W. BALDWIN writes: "Enclosed find two dollars for the **LYCEUM BANNER**, one of which is to apply to the time that I *should* have subscribed and *didn't*; the other to pay in advance from January, 1868."

Thank you, Frank. The extra dollar will send sunshine into another home that has long been darkened by misfortune. Wish others, who can well spare a dollar, would look about and see if their neighbors' children, and all the Lyceum children, have the **LYCEUM BANNER**.

We hear daily of Lyceums that are without books or papers for the lack of a few dollars.

FOR SALE.

The *Revolution* the *Banner of Light*, and liberal books, are for sale at our office, Room 21, Pope's new block, Madison street.

SUCCESS.

The *Banner of Light*, in speaking of our enterprise, says: "The **LYCEUM BANNER** improves with age. We trust it is now on a sure basis, and that it will prove a permanent success."

Our success seems, indeed, beyond a doubt. Thanks to the good army of children, who call for the **LYCEUM BANNER**; to the faithful workers who by pen, and by obtaining subscribers, have aided us; to the editors of the *Banner of Light* for brave words and noble deeds, thanks.

LITTLE BOUQUET SUBSCRIBERS.

We are supplying the subscribers of the *Little Bouquet* without compensation, hoping to retain them as subscribers to the **LYCEUM BANNER**. We print only what papers may be needed to supply our subscribers. Will the *Bouquet* subscribers who intend continuing our paper make the fact known by sending their names and dollars?

A red X will remind them that their subscription has expired.

PERSONAL.

Leo Miller is doing a good work in Wisconsin preaching, and organizing Lyceums.

Elvira Wheelock has been speaking in this city. She is now in St. Louis.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, and Moses Hull, are sending us subscribers on their second hundred; Mrs. S. E. Warner is on her last half hundred. Good and faithful workers.

☞ If, as is said, sweet sounds will harmonize the world, our readers will not fail to remember, with blessings, the music and the songs in the **LYCEUM BANNER**. For these things we are indebted to Mrs. M. A. Whitaker, Miss E. B. Tallmadge, Emma Tuttle and "E. T. B."

CONTRIBUTORS are not forgotten but awaiting their time.

☞ Read Hudson Tuttle's sermon about the acorn.

ERRORS OF THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellowman with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow*.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

TWENTY TOES.

A NURSERY STORY.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

IT is not every nursery which can boast as ours does—*two babies*—"little *fin* babies," as our tiny two-year old neighbor across the street calls them,—defly making an easy "f" do duty for a hard and angular "tw" Our twins are a boy and a girl, the prettiest little couple you can imagine, and we are so proud of them that we naturally expect all our neighbors, far and near, to be interested in them, their plays, their cunning tricks, and all their pretty little naughtinesses. I have even thought they might do to talk about in the LYCEUM BANNER, and if you think me silly, set it down to a mother's vanity, and when you have a pair of twins in your own home, be sure you keep quite clear of such foolishness.

I suppose all babies play with their toes when they are undressed. That isn't wonderful at all. But did you ever think how much nicer it would be to have twenty toes to count than just ten? Such romps as we have in our nursery with our twenty toes. Just after the gas is lighted, mamma takes one baby, and nurse Mary takes the other, and we sit down to undress the little tota. That very instant Major Stubs makes a dive for his feet, and in about a minute and a half he has a red stocking crumpled in his hand, and proceeds to stuff it in his mouth, trying, at the same time, to give a very triumphant shout: but as the stocking is *not* a musical instrument, the result is a smothered squawk, as near as possible like the crow of a very young rooster. Miss Slimsey proceeds with a more dainty and fine-lady air, but she is equally successful in divesting herself of shoes and stockings, and then commences the merriest dance of feet. The great Charity Ball didn't show anything half so pretty as my babies' twenty toes, all flying in the air at once. Presently the little romps get sobered down a trifle, and then we commenced the regular games.

Nurse Mary says: "Major, let me count your toes. You've kicked so much to-day, I'm afraid you must have lost some of them off."

So she commences, "Onery, twoery, sissery, sen," and so all the way through to "tilbury, ten." Always there are just ten, and when Miss Slimsey's are counted with the same result, Mary gives up her fears for that evening that any are lost.

Then we "shoe the colt, shoe the colt, shoe the wild mare; stick a nail here, and stick a nail

there." Think what a blacksmith shop it makes of our nursery to shoe four colts every night in it! There is much giggling and crowing all the time the little colts are being shod, and however fast we nail on the shoes, they kick so hard all day, that they are sure to need shoeing just as much next night.

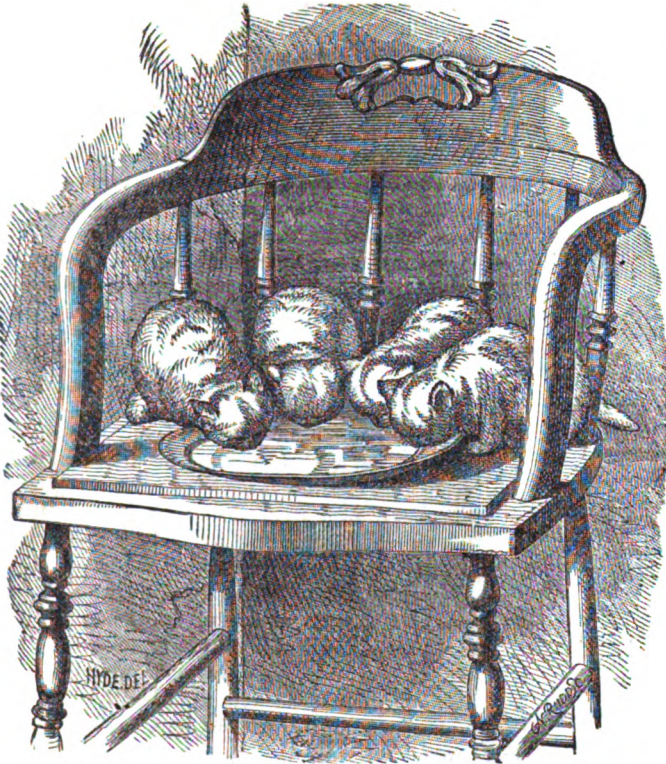
Then we play "This little pig went to market," and "This little pig wants some corn." Twenty little hungry pigs to be looking out for their provender, and four little titmouses to cry "Que, que, que, que, can't find my way home." It makes great fun, I can assure you.

By that time the babies are dressed in their soft white flannel night-gowns, and look prettier than they have all day. We call them our little "lambies" then, and when papa comes in, as he is sure to do just about that time, he can't help putting down his brown-bearded face for a kiss.

Instantly twenty active little fingers are plunged into his hair and whiskers, and papa cries out lustily, and declares that if Sampson had been the father of twins, he would have blessed the hour that Delilah played the barber for him. But getting his head released one way or another, he takes a baby on each arm, and goes off on a long walk with them; a walk which generally terminates in the land of Nod; and he brings them back to mamma with heads drooped to one side as you have seen flowers droop on their stalks after the sun went down.

Meantime, our three-year-old, Frank, who reasons very logically, "Mamma has two babies littler than I, so I am a big boy," which conclusion is about as truthful as some others the logicians have arrived at, and who has been waiting all day for just such an opportunity, rushes to mamma's side with the exclamation, "You has got no baby now; you can take me." And when he is curled up in mamma's arms, like a little squirrel in his nest, he begins to make demands for a story. "Sing a song a sixpence," and "Hey diddle, diddle," and "Jack and Gill," and "Mother Hubbard," and always at last he says, "now, mamma, please tell me about dear little sister Gracie who lives up in the sky."

So we talk about little Gracie who closed her wonderful blue eyes four years ago, and went to live with the angels, and how pleasant and good we must be, so that she will love to come back and play, and tell stories with us. And as the babies lie asleep by her side, and Frank's head droops heavily to her shoulder, mamma often fancies that dear little Gracie bends over us all, and whispers a good night blessing that is full of tenderness and peace.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MINNIE'S KITTENS.

MINNIE GRAY has four little kittens, a black one, a white one, a spotted one, and a gray one. She has names for them all. One she calls Tabby; one, Rosa; the black one she calls Topsey; and a wee little one she calls Tiny. They are all cunning and pretty; but the smallest one attracts more attention, for it seems more sprightly and playful than the others; this one particularly pleases Minnie, and she takes more pains with it than with the others. She teaches it tricks, such as jumping through a hoop, leaping over a broomstick, &c. When she sits down it will climb upon her shoulder, and put its nose to her face as if to kiss her. It will make a little purring noise, as if contented, when it is in Minnie's lap, or on her shoulder. The others, too, come in for their share sometimes, and will come around her, look up into her face as if to say, "Why don't you pet me too?" Then she will take them up, smooth their soft fur, and they, too, will purr, and appear very contented. They love to go to sleep in Minnie's lap, for it is a nice warm place.

Cats, though very useful in the way of catching rats and mice, are sometimes selfish creatures, and when Minnie wants to give the little ones milk to

drink she often sets the dish in a large arm-chair, so the old ones will not get it away from them. Minnie loves her little kittens, and takes a great deal of pleasure with them. I hope all the children who read this little story will not only be kind to little kittens, but to all creatures, for our Father has made them all. LIZZIE.

Rochelle, Ills.

A BAD TEMPER.

It is martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear the eternal round of complaint and mourning, to have every pleasant thought scared away by this evil spirit, is in time a sore trial. It seems nothing, but it is like a perpetual nettle, always rubbing against you, and irritating and annoying you more than the severest injuries. Worst of all is a bad temper in the home. Its influence is irre-

sistibly diffused through all its members. The sunniest temper is by degrees soured by the presence of such a person.

You may say that one ought not to feel the bad temper of another, but it would be equally reasonable to lay a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin and expect it not to draw. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect. One uncomfortable temper in a family will, like a raw northeast wind, chill the whole family circle, and seems to have power to penetrate into every room of the house.—*Selected.*

LIGHTS.—Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless compared with the light which the sun sends into our windows—which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley—which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few.—*Channing.*

DICKENS walks ten miles or so in the country every afternoon. He is a vigorous pedestrian.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HOWE.

There's many a gem enshrined in my heart
And many a love blossom too;
Gems that sparkle in Friendship's light,
And flowers that are dripping her dew.

Mine eyes grow soft with fond delight,
While I count the treasures o'er,
That wash to my feet in the waves that break,
On the sands of lake Memory's shore.

I gather them up like a gleeful child,
Those memories bright as pink-lin'd shells,
With tones that thrill my fainting soul,
Like the tinkle of silver bells.

Ah! here is an hour from childhood's years,
I know by the violet smell—
A morning walk where dewy tears,
From rose and grass-blade fell.

And here is a tress of golden hair,
Close by is a penciled thought,
And farther on is a little song,
And the prayer my mother taught.

Another still wave with soft wet lips,
Just kisses the strand at my feet,
And leaves a gift—a pure white pearl,
Flung up from the heart of the deep.

'Tis the gift of a child:—a handful of flowers,
Their petals still breathing perfume,
As fresh and fragrant as in earlier hours,
Ere time had stolen half of their bloom.

I cherish the gift, for I so love the flowers,
Which God has strewn thick in our way;
But dearer I prize the sweet love of the child,
Who sent me that little bouquet.

THE KIND DRIVER.

A LADY, sitting at a window with some friends, saw a wagon and a pair of horses coming down the road, driven by a stout lad.

"Here comes a kind driver," she said. "I've noticed the way he treats his horses, and their obedience and attachment. Wait until he gets near and I'll speak to him."

So when the lad came opposite to the house, the lady called out,

"Good morning, Benjamin. Won't you show my friends what a bright pair of horses you have? Make them shake hands."

The lad called, "Whoa!" to the horses, and as soon as they had stopped he said, speaking to one of them, "Tom, shake hands!" when instantly the horse lifted his foot in a pleased, gentle way, and gave it into the boy's hand, who, after shaking it and letting it fall, said,

"Now, Tom, the other;" and up went that also. Then he went around to the other horse, and he did the same thing in the same pleased and gentle way.

"Now turn round and come on," called out the lad; and instantly, without the crack of a whip or a loud command, the docile animals turned carefully to the wagon to which they were harnessed, and followed their kind driver as a dog would have followed his master.

"Thank you, Benjamin," said the lady, "I wanted my friends to see how much more obedient animals can be made by kind than by harsh treatment."

As the lad drove on with his horses, pleased with the notice that had been taken of him, one of the ladies said:

"This reminds me of a little pony that is managed entirely without a whip, his driver only carrying a bit of straw in his hand. The pony obeys his master with all the docility of a dog. He has but to say, 'Tom, come here a little;' or, 'Tom, a little farther,' and pony, just as if he could do everything but say 'Yes' in reply, instantly does what he is told. On being asked one day if he never used the whip, the driver answered, 'Oh, sir, if I were to use a whip, he would feel it,' meaning that if he were to strike the pony, the animal's feelings would be hurt as much as his body."

Hundreds of stories like these could be told, all showing how obedient and gentle horses, as well as other animals, will become through kind treatment. We saw in a newspaper the other day this pleasant incident:

During the war, on one of the heavy marches, a six-mule team with a colored driver, in climbing a long, steep hill, came to a halt, the tired animals refusing to pull any longer. At this the wagon-master, a cruel and profane man, got very angry and swore dreadfully. Up went his long whip over the heads of the mules, and he was about lashing them terribly when the colored teamster bent eagerly forward and cried out,

"Hold on dar, boss; don't whip dem mules!" and getting down from his wagon-seat, he walked round his team, touching the head and neck of each animal, as if examining the harness, but saying to the mules as he did so, "Look here! Who give you dem oats ebery mornin'? Who takes dese mules to de spring twice a day? What yer hitched to dis wagon for, anyhow?" Then returning, he gathered up the reins, and the faithful mules bent forward and tightened the traces. "Go on wid dis wagon, and stop foolin'!" cried the driver, and on went the wagon, not stopping until it was over the hill.—*Children's Hour.*

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

LANSING, MICH.

Our Lyceum is doing a good work. We are delighted with the progress we have made in the past ten months. Little Charlie, eight years old, is giving the history of birds, giving one each Sabbath. Georgie, of Sea Group, the history of trees. Miss Lathrop, the use of plants; and Master Darling, the biography of noted men.

In conversation upon the general question—"What advantages have the teachings of the Lyceum over that of the common Sabbath School?" the following replies were given: Fountain Group—"It does not scare us about the devil." Miss Reed—"It teaches us that it is right to reason upon all subjects." Miss Steadman—"It tells us of a beautiful hereafter, where all will progress in knowledge and goodness, and eventually be happy." Miss Ryan, (who always has a pointed reply,) said, "The Sabbath School puts in, but the Lyceum draws out, causing the young mind to expand and unfold like the beautiful rose-bud."

Question. "Is Sunday any more sacred than other days?" Reply by Miss Cornell—"God created all things, and all days were given us for good works, for growth of soul, and unfolding for a higher life."

Miss Baily—"The Bible tells us that God created the world in six days, and rested the seventh, and this is why we are commanded to keep it sacred. But the earth is not yet perfect, not yet finished, so I infer the seventh day has not yet come."

Other members replied—"Nothing in Nature obeys this law of rest, so we think this idea originated with man. The mighty cataract thunders forth in power; the gentle breeze or tornado travels on the Sabbath as well as other days; all nature is alive and active with growth and expansion; yet it is beautiful and good to set apart one day in seven, to meet for social and intellectual growth, for interchange of thought that will beget higher and holier aspirations; but we do not believe this earth was created in six days, or that God ever rested from labor."

One little girl replied, "if one day is better than another, it is the day on which we do the most good."

We have a choir of fourteen little singers, who add much to the interest of our school, and occasionally they sing beneath the window of some friend, or where the sick are confined, and breathe forth such sweet music that one might fancy them a group of little angels. They sing all the music that is given in the LYCEUM BANNER, for which we return many grateful thanks.

Will other Lyceums please tell us what they are doing? We like to know how fast they are progressing.

Yours in love,

MRS. S. D. CORTYLL.

EVANSVILLE, WIS.

We have a flourishing Lyceum here, which was organized last June, by Miss Whitfield, with about thirty scholars. It now numbers over sixty, among which are some of the best speakers. All seem to be learning *very fast*.

Our first entertainment took place New Year's eve. It was pronounced a perfect success. The exercises commenced at 7 o'clock, consisting of music, marching, speaking, gymnastics and singing. A beautiful arbor contained the gifts which the Queen had distributed by her pages, making the anxious hearts of all the children glad, for not one was forgotten or neglected. The Conductor received a nice book from the leaders. Mrs. Nelson, musician, who did much toward teaching the scholars, making it interesting, received an elegant silver fruit basket from the scholars. I love to read to my little girl, from the LYCEUM BANNER, of the many little hearts made happy by being so kindly remembered, both Christmas and New Year. I wish more in our place would send for this excellent paper, and read it to their children.

Yours truly,

MRS. L. R. BEACH, Sec'y.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR EDITRESS:

You and the readers of your dear little Journal will be pleased to learn that on Saturday last, Jan. 25th, the New York Lyceum held its *fifth* Anniversary Festival. At an early hour the children, with their leaders, officers, parents and friends, assembled at Masonic Hall, where the Lyceum is now held. Bright were the young faces, and merry the hearts of the darling little ones, as group after group came trooping in, and eagerly did they join in the lively sports and innocent amusements of the gala day. Sweet and refreshing was the presence of childhood. Most truly a rest and solace was the sight of those fair children in the fresh grace of their innocent delight. And their love! how like a delicate baptism of supernal blessedness it fell upon the heart! Many a dear little dimpled hand we clasped, and many rosebud lips were pressed unto our own, making us young again, by the sweet contagion of child-like affection.

A bountiful supply was provided for the "indoor picnic," and when the children were "tired of

play," the tables were spread by ready hands, through the center of the hall, and all enjoyed the rich repast.

Under the admirable superintendence of the excellent Conductor and Guardian of Groups, Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, every thing was done with quiet despatch, and the most perfect order prevailed throughout the entire day.

After dinner came the distribution of gifts. The beautiful "Queen of Favors" was escorted to her throne, and, assisted by her pages, she made happy the heart of every one of her subjects, little and big, (including the former Conductor and Guardian,) by bestowing mysterious packages from the fairy kingdom of Santa Claus.

With a heartfelt God speed for this, the first Lyceum, and for all that are now in existence, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

MARY F. DAVIS.

STONEHAM, MASS.

Being a scholar in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in Stoneham, Mass., and reading, with much interest, in the LYCEUM BANNER, of the good time other children had on Christmas eve, I feel as if I would like to say that we were not idle here about that time.

I will tell you what some of us have done to assist in helping our Lyceum. About three months before our Festival, six of us (girls) agreed to meet once every week, to see what we could do in making up different articles to sell from a little table of our own when Christmas eve should arrive. So we commenced our work, and *did* meet every week, earnestly working, making such things as pleased us most, some of which were very useful, and when sold amounted to *almost twelve dollars*. This money has been expended for books, and these books have been presented, in our behalf, to the Lyceum.

Now, will not the children of other Lyceums follow our example, and say that we have done well for little folks, in a great and good cause?

I give below a few verses which we had prepared for the occasion of presenting our books:

To all who belong to our Lyceum band,
'Tis six of your number before you stand;
Who have earnestly labored to give for the right,
Still loving our cause, we cast in our mite.

Our minds, though but young, have been earnest and strong;

We have cheerfully labored, never thinking of wrong;
With youthful ambition our time has been lent,
And all we have gained to you we present.

We hope from our efforts some good yet to see,
And trust from our toiling that we blessed shall be;
Pray, teach our example wherever you go,
And say to the world, 'twas no outside show.

M. A. LOVEJOY.

Questions and Answers from Philadelphia Lyceum.

To the question, "What is Sin, and what are the consequences of Sin?" the following answers were given:

TEMPLE GROUP, No. 2.—1. Sin, defined religiously, means offenses against all of God's laws; it is sometimes most disastrous in its consequences to the mind, soul and body.

2. Sin is a vice which violates or neglects the laws of Nature; in many cases it leads to intemperance.

EXCELSIOR GROUP.—1. Sin is a violation of moral and physical laws; the consequence thereof is the suffering we endure by the violation of those laws.

2. Sin, is acting contrary to our knowledge of right; the consequence thereof will be suffering and unhappiness.

STAR GROUP.—1. Sin is using that which was intended for a blessing and a good, to a bad purpose; the consequences are pain and suffering, with a consciousness of having done that which ought not to have been done.

2. Sin is doing wrong; the consequence is unhappiness.

MOUNTAIN GROUP.—Sin is doing what our conscience tells us is wrong; the consequences are we go on from little things to greater, and are thus made miserable and unhappy.

BANNER GROUP.—Sin is the violation of any physical, moral or social law; the consequence is unhappiness.

Questions and Answers from Milwaukee Lyceum.

"Should we always follow the dictates of our consciences?"

This question was before the Milwaukee Progressive Lyceum for discussion, Sunday, January 19th. It occasioned quite a lively debate. The following are a few of the many remarks presented upon that occasion.

SHORE GROUP.—Not always, when it conflicts with our judgment we should abide by judgment and not conscience.

IDA MAY HAINES.

When I act according to the dictates of conscience I act up to my highest ideas of right, and that is the best I can do.

HATTIE LEWIN.

BANNER GROUP.—If justice is the standard of conscience, conscience will be a safe guide.

MARY LEWIN.

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
Teaches me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heaven pursue." *

BERTIE SHERMAN.

We do the best we know when we act conscientiously, and that is what I think we should do.

SARAH PHILLIPS.

We do not always do right when we act according to the dictates of conscience because our judgment or education is at fault.

NELLIE HENSLEY.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 19 letters.

- My 8, 5, 8, 11, 1 is a kind of tree.
- My 7, 18, 17 is to a simple number.
- My 12, 9, 4 is a personal pronoun.
- My 19, 2, 7 is something every body has to do.
- My 15, 16 is an abbreviation.
- My 17, 2, 14 is used in a boat.
- My 8, 10, 18, 16 is a vegetable.
- My 8, 6, 16 is a useful insect.
- My whole is an American authoress.

HERBERT N. LANPHEAR.

I am composed of 22 letters.

- My 19, 11, 6, 7, 18 is a place for stationery.
- My 8, 20, 12, 17 works wonders.
- My 18, 7, 18, 15, 16, 18, 2 farmers gather in autumn.
- My 7, 17, 1, 16, 22, 9, is the reward of charity.
- My 10, 8, 19 is a metal.
- My 16, 1, 14, 22 is a mantle ornament.
- My 21, 18, 10 is used by fishermen.
- My 5, 8, 12, 22 is money.
- My 12, 17, 3, 17 is a measure.
- My whole is a saying old and true.

NELLIE M. LUKENS.

I am composed of 18 letters.

- My 15, 18 is a vessel used in cooking.
- My 14, 8, 12 is a very useful animal.
- My 8, 8, 17, 10 is a part of a house.
- My 4, 11, 5, 5 is what little girls love.
- My 2, 5, 18 is an intoxicating drink.
- My 16, 6, 12 is not old.
- My 5, 2, 9, 10, 15 is a girl's name.
- My 7, 18, 2 signifies yes.
- My whole is essential to success.

MYRON A. MYERS.

WORD PUZZLE.

- My First is in ale, but not in rum.
- My Second is in vine, but not in grape.
- My Third is in wine, but not in beer.
- My Fourth is in iron, but not in steel.
- My Fifth is in like, but not in river.
- My Sixth is in sun, but not in moon.
- My Seventh is in boy, but not in girl.
- My Eighth is in negro, but not in slave.
- My whole is a prominent speaker.

F. C. CASE.

ANSWERS IN No. 11.

- Rebus—It is an ill wind that blows not any good.
- Enigma, by Clara Roberts—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.
- Word Puzzle, by Eugene Wilson—Abraham Lincoln.
- Enigma, by A. H. F.—Not answered.

ANSWERS IN No. 12.

- Enigma, by Waldo F. Bates—Mary L. Woodard, Leroy.
- Enigma, by Nellie M. Lukins—Charles Dickens.
- Answered by C. A. Wright, Myron A. Myers, Herbert N. Lanphear, M. J. Gale, Alice E. Henry, Daniel L. Shont, Frank Organ and E. Worsley.

TO ENIGMA WRITERS.

Be patient; your puzzles will have a place in time. Do not make word puzzles too long; forty-three letters are too many. Answers should always accompany the questions. Who will give the solution of the Geographical Enigma?

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I was awakened one morning by a city in China, which was perched on a fence near my window. From an adjoining room I heard a division of Great Britain, and I called a river of South America to make a fire, as I felt a division of South America. And going down stairs I found that one of the lakes of North America had spilled a division of Europe on my highly prized city of Belgium, while putting on the table my breakfast; consisting of a division of Asia, seasoned with a city of South America, also a cape of Massachusetts, an island of Oceanica, a city of France stopped with a city of Ireland, and basket containing a river of Africa and other fruits. I paid a division of Africa for my breakfast, and then asked one of the islands of Oceanica for some sugar to feed an island of Africa, that was hanging in my chamber. —Selected.

A BRAVE DEED.

The Lawrence papers relate that, on last Friday week, a number of boys were engaged in sliding down hill and across the ice on the Spicket River. The sport had proceeded a short time when there was a crash, and a son of Mr. Patrick Flynn, aged about nine years, disappeared under the ice. A little fellow eleven years of age, who was standing on the bank, pulled off his jacket, and running to the hole, plunged in. The boy Flynn had been carried down by the current, but the brave lad followed under the ice and succeeded in seizing him, and with admirable presence of mind broke the ice over them with his fists and emerged into the air, he sustaining the drowning lad by "treading water," an art known to good swimmers. A man in the neighborhood got a plank, but called upon him to let go his burden, as it was impossible to save the two, and both would be drowned. This Peter sturdily refused to do, and clung to his load, skillfully holding him in such a manner as to avoid being dragged down, of which at one time he was in great danger. Finally by great exertions both were safely landed. The name of the boy who accomplished this perilous feat is Peter McRobie, a son of a resident of the neighborhood. There is the making of a hero in that brave boy.

*For the Lyceum Banner.***I KNOW THOU ART GONE**Words from the *Manual*.

Music by E. T. B.

1. I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest, Then why should my soul be so sad, I
2. In thy far a-way home where-ev-er it be, I know thou hast vis-ions of mine, For my

know thou art gone where the weary are blest, And the mourner looks up and is glad. I
heart hath re-veal-ings of thine and of thee, In man-y a to-ken and sign . . . In the

nev-er look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beau-ty is there; And I
hush of the night, on the waves of the sea, Or a-lone with the breeze on the hill, I have

hear a low mur-mur like thine in re-ply, When I pour out my spir-it in prayer.
ev-or a pres-ence that whis-pers of thee, And my spir-it lies down and is still.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by Lee H. Kimball, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Northern District of Illinois.