

## HAVE UNION MEETINGS

### TWO BRADLEY CHURCHES COMBINE

Interesting Services Are Being Held By M. E. and U. B. Churches

Union revival services are being conducted by the U. B. and M. E. Churches in this city, and are meeting with great success. The services opened at the M. E. Church last Sunday night, Rev. John Codd of the U. B. Church delivering the opening sermon. The choir of the two churches have combined and the music and singing is excellent. Meetings are being held at the M. E. Church all this week, and will be held at the U. B. Church all next week commencing Sunday, Rev. Iver Johnson will open the services at the U. B. Church Sunday and during the week many instructive and interesting sermons will be delivered. The public are welcome at these meetings and are urged to be present.

### McCleary-Aiecher Wedding

The many friends of Hal McCleary and Miss Pearl Aiecher were pleasantly surprised last Saturday when the young couple stole a march on them by slipping away to Chicago and getting married.

They were married at high noon by Rev. McCaffee of the first M. E. church of Chicago. The young couple returned home Saturday night and will make their future home here. Mr. and Mrs. McCleary have many friends here and we join them in wishing them a long and prosperous voyage through life.

### Burglary

The Chas. Shea home was visited by burglars Tuesday afternoon of this week. They carried off a large amount of property and ransacked the house and a sum of money missing.

### Ladies Aid Met

The Ladies Aid society of the M. E. church met at the home of Mrs. F. S. Gustafson yesterday afternoon. An elegant luncheon was served which netted the society a neat sum. The Misses Gustafson, Carlson and Thorbaugh were the hostesses.

### Birthday Party

Miss Lena StJohn entertained a party of friends at her home on South Grand Ave., Saturday evening in honor of her birthday anniversary. The evening was pleasantly passed with games and music and a most enjoyable evening was passed. Refreshments of sandwiches, fruit and cocoa was served. Miss StJohn was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

### Surprise Party

Miss Blanche Ducharme was pleasantly surprised by a party of friends at her home on South Grand Ave., Wednesday evening. The evening was spent with games and music and a most delightful time was had. Refreshments were served.

### Operation

Louis Bertrand Jr. was operated on at the Emergency Hospital Saturday for gall stones and appendicitis. He is getting along nicely.

### Magazines at Bargain Prices

We can save you money on any magazine of any kind, see us. The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 per year. The Ladies Home Journal \$1.50 per year. Etude and McClures \$2.25 per year. When your subscription expires on any magazine you are now taking, send your renewal to us and we will save you money. THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

## Who's Who

Politics, like measles or the grippe, strikes a community every so often, and village and town politics are again disturbing the quiet of the minds of our citizens. Preliminary steps are being taken toward getting organizations together for "putting over" various candidates for mayor, clerk and supervisor and many names have been advanced as possible candidates. As usual in such cases however, every one approached denies any knowledge of the fact they are "running" and the blame for their candidacy is placed upon the shoulders of their friends. "The boys want me to run" is the usual chestnut handed out, and as "the boys" wishes are not yet clearly defined, no sure enough, honest to goodness, candidates have yet approached. In the village, a mayor, a clerk and three alderman are to be elected. The election will be held in April and petitions should appear in the near future. Nobody seems to want to be mayor at the present time, yet we venture to say that there will be plenty of available and capable men to select from when the time arrives.

## Lost His Hat

Bob Cary lost his hat last Sunday night. While on his way to church the high wind that was blowing blew his hat from his head and it could not be found. It was his Sunday hat too, and Bob had to miss church.

## Coming Wedding

One of the prettiest weddings of the season will take place here next Tuesday morning at the St. Joseph's church when Miss Blanche Ducharme, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ducharme, will unite in marriage to August Bertrand.

The prominence of the two young people makes this one of the biggest social events of the season.

A wedding breakfast will be served and the couple will make their future home on a farm near Goodrich, where the young man has prepared a home for his bride.

## Miss Alexine Brodeur is Wedded to William J. McCarthy at Maternity Church Bourbonnais

Miss Alexine Brodeur daughter of Alex Brodeur of Tucker, and William J. McCarthy of Mt. Pulaski were united in marriage at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning at the Maternity church in Bourbonnais. Rev. Fr. Charlebois officiated. They were accompanied by Miss Leah Brodeur and Joseph Brodeur, the sister and brother of the bride.

White crepe de chine was used in the bridal gown with a veil of the Children of Mary and she carried a bouquet of bride's roses. The bridesmaid was gowned in white wool batiste.

The young couple left on a morning train for Chicago thence to Mt. Pulaski, where they will make their future home. The bride's going away gown was a brown cloth suit with fur trimmings and a hat to match.

The bride has been employed for the past three years as a saleslady at the Lecour store where she has made a large circle of friends. The bride-groom is a tailor in business in Mt. Pulaski where they will reside.

## Street Car Derailed

Car No. 10 of the North Kankakee Electric Line due to leave Kankakee at 10:30 p. m. was derailed at the switch at Beardley Store Sunday night; breaking an axle on the car. It was necessary to call out the wrecking crew to bring the wrecked car in.

## Baby Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bartha are the proud parents of a fine baby born to them Sunday. Mother and babe are doing fine and Papa Ed is wearing a smile that won't come off.

Miss Sophie Gustafson has resigned her position at the Bradley Mfg. Works.

## A JOINT INSTALLATION

### BOURBONNAIS LODGES INSTALL NEW OFFICERS

St. Viator's Council, Mont Carmel Council, St. Jean Baptist Society Installed

The joint installation ceremonies of St. Viator's Council No. 31 and Mont Carmel Council No. 30 of St. Jean Baptist Society of Bourbonnais took place last Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at their hall in Bourbonnais. Dr. T. E. Caron, President of St. Joseph's Council of Kankakee acted as installing officer, in place of Mr. Leroy Andy, Third Vice-President of Chicago who could not attend.

Mr. L. J. Vertefeulle, editor of the Franco American, of Chicago was present and made a very interesting talk.

Other addresses were made by Rev. Father Charlebois, C. S. V., pastor; Messrs. Evariste A. Marcotte, the retiring president; Dr. T. E. Caron and L. A. Bertrand of Kankakee.

After the ceremonies a fine luncheon was served and the men enjoyed a smoker.

The newly installed officers of the two societies are as follows:

#### St. Viator's Council

Frederic Legris, Jr., president. Evariste A. Marcotte, honorary president.

Joseph Lesage, dean. Yvon Marcotte, vice president. Dr. Charles T. Morel, recording and financial secretary.

Zephir Boisvert, treasurer. Arsene Beauclerc, master of ceremonies.

Armand Houde and Harvey Marcotte, commissaire-ordinateur.

#### Mont Carmel Council

Mrs. William I. Bergeron, president. Mrs. Antoine Bergeron, dean. Mrs. Joseph L. Boisvert, vice president.

Miss Juliette Biron, recording and financial secretary. Miss Dora Lamontague, treasurer.

Mrs. Louis Kirouac, and Miss Amanda Beaudoin, commissaire-ordinatrice. Miss Emma Beaudoin, mistress of ceremonies.

## Grand Jury Reconvened

The January Grand Jury Reconvened last Monday to take care of several matters that have come up since they were dismissed two weeks ago. J. W. Buxton of this village is a member of the body.

## Bourbonnais Funeral

The little four weeks old baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph LaMontagne of Bourbonnais, who died at an early hour Wednesday morning, was buried at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the Bourbonnais cemetery. The funeral services were held at Maternity church. Rev. Father Charlebois officiated. The little fellow was a twin and had not been strong from birth.

## Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the kind friends and neighbors who so kindly came to our relief during the last illness and death of our beloved wife and mother.

OSCAR FITZPATRICK  
IRA FITZPATRICK  
HOWARD FITZPATRICK.

## Village Dads Entertain

The members of the Village Board and their families entertained the members of the Bradley Fire Department and their families and a few invited guests at a social and dance at the Woodman Hall last night.

The affair was one of the biggest social events of the season and a most enjoyable evening was had by all present.

The evening was spent with music, dancing, games and in a sociable way. An elaborate luncheon was served which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

## Much Damage

The heavy wind Sunday night did considerable damage here, breaking window lights, and blowing down small buildings.

## They Like It

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. T. Z. Jones of Cornell, formerly of this place, renewing his subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

We quote an extract from Mr. Jones letter. "We thoroughly enjoy your paper; it seems to have about all the news worth getting of a local nature, those little items of interest that are especially acceptable to one at a distance."

## Kentucky Death

Mr. John Loy of this city received word the latter part of the week of the death of his mother at her home in Kentucky.

## Baby Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Ducharme are the proud parents of a baby girl born to them Saturday.

The little Miss weighed three pounds when born. Mother and babe are doing fine.

## Baptized

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bartha was baptized at St. Joseph's Catholic Church last Sunday and was named John Edward. Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck of Bonfield acted as sponsors.

## Girls' Club Meet

The Bradley Girls' Evening Club met at the Woodman hall Thursday, and spent the evening playing basket ball.

Five teams were organized with the following girls elected captains:

Marion Hoehn,  
Ruby Monty,  
Mary McCue,  
Virgie Swages,  
Hilda Grill.

Miss Jackson, their instructor, was present and gave them some excellent instructions in gymnasium work.

Jerry Drazy was laid off from work on account of sickness.

## THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS

### SMALL PERSONAL NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

All the News That's Fit To Print. If You Don't Find It Here Come In and Tell Us What's Missing.

Don't take a chance on the slippery sidewalk get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers at the Economy and save doctor bills.

The two little girls of Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Jones of Cornell, formerly of this place are suffering with the measles.

Mrs. E. J. Sturgis was on the sick list the past week.

St. Viators College Basketball team were defeated by a team from Mound College Saturday afternoon by a score of 27 to 25.

Carl Brouson was a business caller here Monday.

Do it now! Subscribe for THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thompson were Sunday visitors a Manteno.

Watch your step and step right into the Economy and get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers.

Mrs. Janke of Chicago visited here over Sunday with her husband, Peter Janke.

Miss Dovine Prais is able to be out again after a few weeks of diphtheria.

Roy Ward has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mrs. Brenimem of Chicago was called here on account of her father's death, Mr. Savoie of Kankakee. She will visit Mr. Art Beland.

Mr. Bohmker of the Bradley factory is able to be at work after a few days of sickness.

Joe Stua has accepted a new position as a chauffeur for Doctor Guertine.

Joe Stua and James Mercer went to Harvey Wednesday looking for work.

Mrs. Charles Shea is on the sick list.

Art Boudreau has gone to Harvey to work.

Mr. and Mrs. English of Manteno were Sunday visitors here.

Mrs. C. St. John was on the sick list during the week.

Earl Schubert of Chicago was a Sunday visitor here.

Mrs. Yando was on the sick list during the week.

Mrs. McPherson has returned to her home in Milford after visiting friends and relatives here.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gay has recovered from an attack of the measles.

Miss Bessie Scanlin who has been visiting at the Buxton home has returned to her home in Mazon.

Buy your kitchen utensils at the Economy, Bradley's handy shopping store.

Co. L of Kankakee will leave the border Saturday for Fort Sheridan in Chicago to be mustered out. Several Bradley boys are with the company.

Mrs. Leban was operated on this week for a tumor.

John Weese has gone to Canton for a few days.

Kelly Catron was laid up a few days with a sore foot.

Fred Traster was operated on at the Emergency hospital this week for a rupture.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hodel of Naperville, Ill., who have been spending the week at the home of Ed Bartha and family, have returned home.

Chas. Allwine of Hammond, Ind., was a visitor here this week.

Mrs. Eugene Richard and daughter are visiting friends and relatives in Chicago.

Bert John of Chicago who was with the He's in Again Co. at the Majestic this week visited his brother, Fred John and family.

Lute Ritter was a business visitor at Buckley and Paxton several days the past week.

Mr. K. E. Peterson of Chicago transacted business here Wednesday of this week.

George Standohar accepted a position in Chicago.

## Letter From England

We are in receipt of a letter from Thos. Marsh, formerly of this place, who left here in December with his family for their old home in England.

Their many friends here will be glad to learn that they had a safe voyage and are now settled in their new home.

We quote below in Mr. Marsh's letter from which it will be noted that there are a great many things he would like to write but could not do so on account of the censorship of the mails.

The letter is as follows:  
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.  
January 2, 1917.

HERMAN WORMAN,  
Bradley, Ill.

DEAR SIR—Just a few lines to you, hoping to find everybody in the best health as it leaves me and the family at present.

We had a safe but very rough voyage as the sea swept the top decks of the vessel, and my daughter would have been washed overboard had it not been for one of the ships crew who saved her. His wrist and legs were badly injured in rescuing her.

We arrived home at eight o'clock p. m. Christmas evening and we did not have any dinner Christmas day, the first time in our lives, as we were busy packing up our luggage preparing to land at Liverpool. We were eleven days at sea and it took us 14 days to make the entire trip.

We were held up only once, but I dare not mention where, when, or who by or anything else about it or this letter would not pass the censors.

I cannot tell you what I would like to, but things are much better here than I ever expected them to be. I have been so busy visiting old time friends and relatives that I have not been able to write sooner. Work is plentiful here and there is no need of anyone being out of work more than a few hours.

Kindly give my best regards to all inquiring friends. Myself and family send you and all our friends our best wishes for a Prosperous New Year.

Yours truly,  
THOMAS MARSH,  
79 Norton St.  
Birmingham, Eng.

## Three Years Old Today

With this issue of THE ADVOCATE we are starting on our fourth year and we hope to make this year the best in our career.

We have tried to give our readers a clean newsy home paper and believe we have filled our mission.

The little new items that are sent in from time to time help to make this your paper, a good live newspaper, and we trust you will continue sending in these items and help make your paper bigger and better with each issue.

It is our determination to give Bradley a good clean newsy paper and to make it better with each succeeding year, but to do this we must have the support of every citizen here.

We thank you for your past patronage and ask your support in the future.

## Present to Each Baby

The state board of health is going to put a premium on Illinois babies. Every infant born during the year 1917 will receive a beautifully engraved birth certificate and its parents will be given the latest edition of the board's book, "Our babies." This was the announcement of Dr. C. St. Clair Drake, secretary of the board, Tuesday. He declared the plan was not for the express purpose of encouraging births, but was originated more for the benefit it is expected to do toward complete birth registration.

## At Washington

Capt. James T. Burns of this city who is with Co. L in Texas was summoned to Washington the latter part of the week to testify before the Sub-committee of military affairs regarding universal military service.

Have you paid your subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

John Stua, Jr., has gone to Milwaukee on business.

Miss Estella Bourelle is on the sick list.

## An Able Talk

If you want to live in the kind of a town  
Like the kind of a town you like,  
You neep't slip your clothes in a grip  
And start on a long, long hike.  
You'll only find what you left behind.  
For there's nothing that's really new.  
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town  
It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid  
Lest somebody else gets ahead:  
When everyone works and nobody shirks.  
You can raise a town from the dead.  
And if while you make your personal stake  
Your neighbor can make one, too  
Your town will be what you want to see.  
It isn't your town—it's you.

# Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID

DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

## High Class Dentistry

Popular Prices and Modern Methods of doing business have built for us the largest Dentist Practice in Kankakee. We guarantee satisfaction. Examination free.

Located over

### Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

Daily 8:20 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sunday 10 to 1

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184



It Depends Altogether

## On How Early or How Late

You send us your order

Which Method of Delivery we use

We aim to reach you on time

**Rice Pudding**—Wash and boil two tablespoonfuls of rice in water to cover. Dissolve a quarter of a box gelatin in cold water, stir into the rice while hot, cool, add a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of chopped preserved ginger, vanilla to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of preserved figs. Put on ice several hours; serve with whipped cream.

ORDER THESE EARLY

Nice Beef Roast, Sweet Pot Cauliflower, Choice Rutabaga Turnips, Head Lettuce, Cucumbers, etc. Choice apples for pie with cream cheese makes a very nice desert.

Don't forget to stop in

## A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO  
GENE RICHARD, Prop.

### FOURTH ANNUAL SPECIAL MID-WINTER VACATION

To the Far-famed

## New Orleans and the Mardi Gras

Under the direct supervision of the

## Illinois Central

In order that the Carnival Season at New Orleans may be enjoyed under conditions assuring that nothing will be missed, the Illinois Central will run its fourth mid-winter vacation party to the southern metropolis, leaving Chicago and St. Louis in special train Saturday, February 17.

### The Cost is Moderate

and includes: Railroad fare to New Orleans and return. Sleeping car fare to New Orleans and return. Sleeping car accommodations while in New Orleans. Meals in dining car while en route. Grandstand seats for three Mardi Gras parades in New Orleans. Excursion trip from New Orleans on Mississippi River. Sight-seeing automobile ride in New Orleans. Automobile ride through Vicksburg National Military Park.

Particulars and booklet, giving more general information as to this special Mid-Winter Vacation Party, of your local ticket agent or

H. J. PHELPS, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO

## His Illness

"Was your husband very sick?" inquired the woman who was buying bargain lengths of kitchen toweling. Her friend in the flower toque looked at her reproachfully as she tucked her shopping list back in her bag. "Did you ever know of a sick man," she inquired "who was not at death's door? My husband is quite a normal man, so you can infer that he was very desperately sick. I knew what the trouble was the minute he arrived home from the office in the middle of the day. It was a clear case of influenza, and had it been myself or any other woman, she or I would have tumbled into bed and endured it till it was over. But Henry!

"Mary," he began—and I knew it was going to be a hard siege, for he never calls me Mary unless he is making his will or telling me which college he wishes the children sent to in case he dies before they are grown up. "Mary, I'm a sick man! I had such a chill at the office that for a time they thought it was all up with me. Get the doctor. And tell him he'd better bring a specialist with him while he's about it!"

"Well I got Henry to bed and phoned the doctor," pursued the woman with the flower toque. "He told me at the door that Henry had a very light fever, and it would not be necessary for him to call again, and to take the usual precautions. When I went back and Henry inquired, I incautiously told him what the doctor had said. Henry sat right up in bed. He looked terrible with his hair standing ten ways for Sunday.

"And he calls himself a doctor!" Henry roared. "A man without the ability to diagnose a desperate case! And you are satisfied with him! I wouldn't go so far as to say that you want to get rid of me, Mary, but I hope you will never regret trusting Dr. Firstcamp!"

"Of course, this made it pleasant for me, but I didn't have time to think about it, because Henry said he knew he had another chill coming on, and please bring more blankets.

"Then I added his overcoat and an Oriental rug from the floor and he said that, whatever I did, I should somehow try to conceal the fact that he had perished thru lack of sufficient covering. He valued his financial reputation among his friends, he said.

"When I had finished tucking in the heavy couch cover over the Oriental rug, Henry gave one heave and tumbled the towering pile off into the floor. He said he had a horrible attack of fever, and please to take his pulse and temperature. He insisted his pulse was heating so rapidly that he could not count it. When I told him his temperature was only one degree above normal and his pulse fifteen beats overtime, Henry sneered at me. He said it was too bad I never went to night school, and he supposed it was not my fault I could not count.

"He added that usually when people had a temperature like his and were absolutely burning up, something was done for them. He suggested an ice pack for his head, so I fixed the ice bag. When it touched him he howled like a hyena. I explained that I could not possibly serve the ice boiled or otherwise heated—and he retorted that if I understood the first principles of nursing I'd know how to fix an ice bag so it wouldn't petrify a helpless man at first whack. So he threw the ice bag across the room, and it broke my pet fern.

"Then he inquired feebly if I didn't know that nowadays with lung cases they kept the windows wide open. And five minutes after I had opened them he wanted to know whether I was trying to kill him at once! He wanted milk for supper hot, and when he got it hot, he said his temperature had changed and he'd like it cold.

"Of course he felt rocky the next day and he could not talk out loud. He said he was too feeble to do anything more than whisper. He asked to be read to out of the book that we had loaned the Japsons on the North Side—and I had to phone Mrs. Japson to leave the book at a downtown store, and I sent the second maid down after it. He had me brush his hair every fifteen minutes, because he said it soothed him and insisted on the door and telephone bells being muffled, because he was too sick to stand them. When some one called up from the office and I said he was doing nicely, he fairly howled at me. "I'm a sick man!" he hissed. "Tell them it'll be a long time before I shall feel well enough to come back to work!"

"By next day there wasn't a thing the matter with him," pursued the woman in the flower toque. "He hadn't an ache or temperature or a pain, so he said he'd sacrifice himself for my sake and go back to his toil. He walked very feebly down the steps, but at the corner he forgot himself and swung into his old stride and lit a cigar—so I knew he was all right. I called up during the day to inquire and in hollow tones he told me he was sticking it out thru sheer grit, and then he came home and ate a rough dinner for six men, and played cards till midnight! But he had had a narrow escape!"

"That's just the way my husband acts!" said the woman buying toweling.

Capital, \$100,000.00  
Surplus \$150,000.00



Capital \$100,000.00  
Surplus \$100,000.00

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

H. M. STONE, President,  
LAWRENCE BABST, Vice-Pres.,  
H. H. TROUP, Vice-Pres.,  
GEO. EHRRICH, Cashier,  
F. M. LOCKWOOD, Ass't Cashier.

OFFICERS OF THE SAVINGS BANK

H. M. STONE, President,  
H. A. MAGRUDE, Vice-Pres.,  
W. S. VANDERWATER, Vice-Pres.,  
A. M. SHOVEN, Ass't Cashier.

## City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

## Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

Stop Hitting at Nothing

If you are saving spasmodically or not at all, you are HITTING AT NOTHING.

Why don't you turn right about face—adopt a definite plan for saving part of your earnings and achieve for yourself the success you admire in others?

We will aid you by paying four per cent interest, compounded twice a year, on your savings.

Open a savings account here at once!

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

# BIG DANCE

Given by

## Bradley Saloon Keepers and Pleasure Club

at

## Orpheum Hall

Broadway and Wabash Ave.

Bradley

:-

:-

Illinois

## Thursday, February 8, 1917

Good Music

Best of Order

Car to Bourbonnais and Kankakee after the dance

Everybody welcome

Gents 50c

Ladies 25c

Alma McCarty of Chicago formerly of this city was a visitor here Monday.

Robt. Lancaster has decided to quit farming and will have a big sale on Feb. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark and family of the East Side were guests at the S. J. Mann Golden Jubilee celebration at Kankakee Monday.

The Risser Rollins Elevator Co. are transferring oats from their Kankakee Elevator to their Bradley Elevator. Robt. Lancaster is doing the hauling.

Mrs. Peter Garrity and two children left this week for Pittsburg, Penn., on account of Mrs. Garrity's health. She has been ailing for the past six months and it is hoped the change will benefit her.

Elmer Deptais of St. Anna was a Sunday visitor at the Phil. Wamba home here.

Ed Codd of Chicago visited home folks here this week.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pombert has recovered from an attack of the measles.

Mrs. Mary Cazel was on the list during the week.

Mrs. Dowling of Indiana was a week end guest at the Gorman home.

One of the Stelter children was on the sick list during the week.

Louis Beland was on the sick list during the week.

Granite ware of all kinds at The Economy, Bradley's handy shopping store.

N. J. Born of Crown Point, Ind., was a week end visitor here with relatives.

Ray White and wife of Chicago spent several days this week at the J. E. Lancaster home here.

Guss Freier has accepted a position on the Illinois Central as a section hand.

Albert Martin has accepted a position at the Bradley Factory.

The quarantine was lifted from the Malaire home yesterday.

**DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE** MARY GRAHAM BONNER

**ALLIE BAA'S PORTRAIT.**

"A little girl named Allie," said Daddy, "was having her portrait painted. She had to sit every day for a long time quite still, and she used to feel so glad when the time came for her to stop and go out to join her friends in play.

"The lady who was painting her portrait one day said to her:

"Now, you are such a good girl, and you keep so still while I am painting a lovely picture of you to give to your mother, that I wonder if there is anything you would like me to paint for you?"

"The little girl's face was in smiles at once.

"Oh, yes," she cried, "I'd like to have my dollie taken—I mean painted." For she did not see why painting took so much longer than having a picture taken at the photographer's.

"I would love to paint your dollie," said the lady. "Will you bring her with you tomorrow? What is her name?"

"Indeed, I will bring her tomorrow, and her name is Alice Gustava Ariel Star Jewel Bright Cucumber-Green."

"Dear me! What a very long name," said the lady. "How can you ever remember it all?"

"Well, I call her Allie Baa for short," said Allie. "You see, her first name is after me, Gustava is from a Fairy Story I once read, Ariel is from Shakespeare, Star and Jewel Bright are from a book I love almost more than any other, and Cucumber-Green is my name, too—my play name. You see, I call myself Mrs. Cucumber-Green."

"Oh, I see," said the lady. "And what is Allie Baa like? I can never remember her long name, so I'll have to call her by her short one."

"Well, she has a beautiful face, because she has been kissed so much a great deal of the paint has worn off. And the back of her head is brown—because she is supposed to have short brown hair."

"Then you will surely bring her tomorrow," said the lady again, as it was time for Allie to leave.

"The very next day came Alice with Allie Baa held tightly in her arms. She was far from being a beautiful doll, but from the way Allie held her, the lady knew that she was more of a favorite than any other doll could be.

"On Christmas," said Allie, "I always get other dolls, and sometimes I play with them all day long—but when nighttime comes, I must have Allie Baa, and no other doll is so nice."

"Ah," said the lady, "I see." And she began painting on the portrait.

"I think," said the lady to herself, "that I will change the picture of Allie and have her holding her doll, as she is now."

"And how differently Allie looked! No longer was she the little girl sitting stiffly on a chair, looking now and again at the window and longing to be out with her friends. She was not being good because she thought she should, but because she was happy having Allie Baa with her.

"She looked like a real little girl, and the lady was delighted. For before she had seemed so unlike a child. She had looked so sad.

"Yes," said the lady to herself, "I will certainly have Allie holding the doll."

"And then she did a painting of Allie Baa, and it looked just like her. How delighted Allie was!

"She showed the picture of Allie to her—but of course Allie never even smiled. She looked at it just as she looked at everything else.

"You dear, precious dollie," said Allie, "you don't care whether you have a painting of your dear old face or not. But it's a great comfort to your mother!"

"The lady was so pleased at the picture of Allie, and she was proud of herself that she had thought of having Allie bring her doll."

"When Allie's mother saw the painting she said: 'Whatever made you think of having her hold Allie Baa? Why, that is just like my dear little girl—just the way we always see her. How glad I am.' And the lady was happy, for she had made the real mother and the make-believe mother so pleased!"



Alice Holding Her Doll.

give to your mother, that I wonder if there is anything you would like me to paint for you?"

"The little girl's face was in smiles at once.

"Oh, yes," she cried, "I'd like to have my dollie taken—I mean painted." For she did not see why painting took so much longer than having a picture taken at the photographer's.

"I would love to paint your dollie," said the lady. "Will you bring her with you tomorrow? What is her name?"

"Indeed, I will bring her tomorrow, and her name is Alice Gustava Ariel Star Jewel Bright Cucumber-Green."

"Dear me! What a very long name," said the lady. "How can you ever remember it all?"

"Well, I call her Allie Baa for short," said Allie. "You see, her first name is after me, Gustava is from a Fairy Story I once read, Ariel is from Shakespeare, Star and Jewel Bright are from a book I love almost more than any other, and Cucumber-Green is my name, too—my play name. You see, I call myself Mrs. Cucumber-Green."

"Oh, I see," said the lady. "And what is Allie Baa like? I can never remember her long name, so I'll have to call her by her short one."

"Well, she has a beautiful face, because she has been kissed so much a great deal of the paint has worn off. And the back of her head is brown—because she is supposed to have short brown hair."

"Then you will surely bring her tomorrow," said the lady again, as it was time for Allie to leave.

"The very next day came Alice with Allie Baa held tightly in her arms. She was far from being a beautiful doll, but from the way Allie held her, the lady knew that she was more of a favorite than any other doll could be.

"On Christmas," said Allie, "I always get other dolls, and sometimes I play with them all day long—but when nighttime comes, I must have Allie Baa, and no other doll is so nice."

"Ah," said the lady, "I see." And she began painting on the portrait.

"I think," said the lady to herself, "that I will change the picture of Allie and have her holding her doll, as she is now."

"And how differently Allie looked! No longer was she the little girl sitting stiffly on a chair, looking now and again at the window and longing to be out with her friends. She was not being good because she thought she should, but because she was happy having Allie Baa with her.

"She looked like a real little girl, and the lady was delighted. For before she had seemed so unlike a child. She had looked so sad.

"Yes," said the lady to herself, "I will certainly have Allie holding the doll."

"And then she did a painting of Allie Baa, and it looked just like her. How delighted Allie was!

"She showed the picture of Allie to her—but of course Allie never even smiled. She looked at it just as she looked at everything else.

"You dear, precious dollie," said Allie, "you don't care whether you have a painting of your dear old face or not. But it's a great comfort to your mother!"

"The lady was so pleased at the picture of Allie, and she was proud of herself that she had thought of having Allie bring her doll."

"When Allie's mother saw the painting she said: 'Whatever made you think of having her hold Allie Baa? Why, that is just like my dear little girl—just the way we always see her. How glad I am.' And the lady was happy, for she had made the real mother and the make-believe mother so pleased!"

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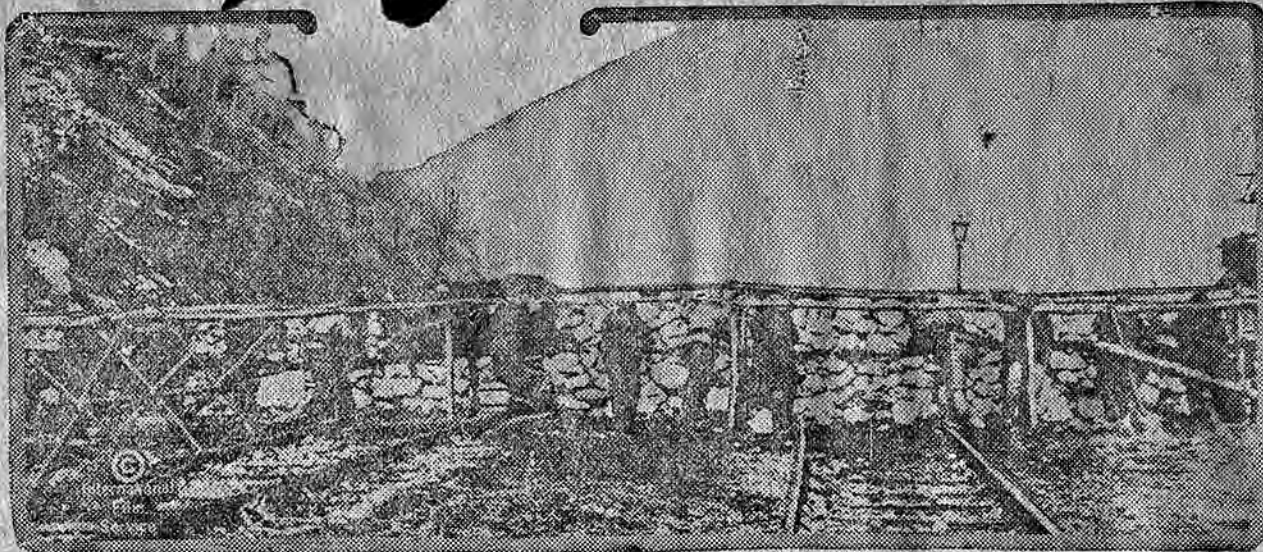
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**BARRICADE ACROSS A RAILWAY**



An Austrian barricade built across railroad tracks on the Italian front.

**RADIUM IS USED WITH SUCCESS IN ADVANCED CASES OF CANCER**

**Important Palliative Results Have Been Obtained, but It Cannot Be Relied Upon to Effect a Permanent Cure in Late Stages of Inoperable Tumors, Is the Message of Science to the Public.**

New York.—Although radium has produced very important palliative results in advanced cases of cancer, and has even, in a considerable number of cases, apparently caused a complete disappearance of the disease, yet it cannot be relied upon to effect a permanent cure in the late stages of inoperable tumors, and therefore the importance of early diagnosis of cancer is again emphasized. Such is the essential message from science to the public on the present status of the radium treatment, according to Dr. James Ewing of Cornell University Medical college who took part in a symposium on this disease held this afternoon at the American Museum of Natural History under the auspices of Section K (Physiology and Experimental Medicine) of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Other papers of special scientific interest were presented by a number of the foremost students of the cancer problem.

Dr. Ewing spoke from his experience with the radium treatment of cancer at the Memorial hospital with which he is connected as director of Cancer Research and which is receiving, through the generosity of Dr. James Douglas, a large part of the radium now produced under improved processes by the United States Bureau of Mines in co-operation with the National Radium Institute.

**Remarkably Little Scarring.**

According to the speaker the use of radium in cancer has within the last ten years established itself as an excellent method of dealing with benign and malignant tumors of the skin which, when properly applied, it usually removes promptly and with remarkably little scarring. In the major types of cancer of the accessible mucous membranes radium has also achieved considerable success. It has been chiefly tested in uterine cancer in which disease it has accomplished radical improvement of many inoperable cases and several apparently complete cures as attested by post-mortem examination after the patients had died from other causes. A number of foreign surgeons state that their results are better than with surgery and they employ radium in both operable and inoperable uterine cases. The leading American surgeons who are using radium obtain equally good results, but take the opposite position that they prefer to operate in suitable cases.

Referring to the limitations of radium therapy as "numerous and formidable," Doctor Ewing pointed out that "the supply of this metal is small and generally restricted to a few institutions. The requisite skill to apply it safely and effectively and to choose suitable cases is still more restricted. Beginners often do more harm than good and it is easy to discredit the agent entirely. The methods are badly in need of standardization. Underdosage may destroy superficial tumor cells only and leave the deeper ones to grow in the inflamed tissues. Overdosage causes the destruction of normal or diseased tissues, resulting in fistulas, hemorrhage and severe infection. With repeated doses tumor cells appear to become less and normal tissue more susceptible. Excessive scarring often results and prolonged exposure to large amounts often causes a peculiar and severe form of general intoxication. Several workers have had fatal results from their attempts to cure advanced cases. Finally, radium has only a local effect, extending at most to a depth of six to ten centimeters, and if it has

any constitutional influence this cannot be relied upon to deal with extensive local or generalized cancer. Under these circumstances, a general recommendation to the public to resort to radium for all types and stages of cancer is decidedly inadvisable.

**Future of Radium.**

With reference to the future of radium, Doctor Ewing did not venture a forecast, but pointed out that very great significance must be attached to its selective action on many kinds of tumor tissue. In spite of rapid improvement in the technique of application, the speaker believed that on the whole the methods are still comparatively crude, although he had little doubt that exact dosage and accurate adjustment of the apparatus can be worked out to a much greater degree than is now accomplished. "For inoperable cases," Doctor Ewing said, "in conclusion, 'the value of radium, although great, is perhaps already over-estimated. To what extent it may establish itself in the treatment of operable cases it remains for the future to decide.'"

Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood of Johns Hopkins university spoke from the surgeon's point of view on cancer in the human being, dwelling especially upon the importance of the pre-existing lesions which may develop into cancer and in the treatment and removal of which lies the chief opportunity of preventing this disease. Doctor Bloodgood made it clear that cancer in its early stages is easily cured. "The disease," he said, "usually springs from a pre-existing lesion allowed to go unattended. Chronic irritation of a sore may also contribute. In external cancer the warning is visible or can be felt. Unfortunately, pain is rarely present. A mole or a wart, a small area covered with a scab, a small lump or nodule beneath the skin, an unhealed wound, all of these may indicate potential cancer. The appearance of these defects should mean a call upon the physician for examination as to the probability of incipient cancer. Nothing is lost by taking the precaution if symptoms are not found and, on the other hand, the risk is too great to allow the warnings to go unheeded. The question in

nothing to be ashamed of.

"The mortality from cancer," concluded the speaker, "could be reduced considerably if the average person knew how to take care of himself. It is not a 'blood disease,' it is not a disease which people have any reason to be ashamed of. So far as physicians can tell, it is not brought on by ill-health or food. It comes to healthy persons, the healthy man or the healthy woman; but if the simple, easily noticed warnings be heeded the task becomes comparatively easy and the only miracle we have to perform is to educate a million people where we now educate one."

A historical survey of the crusade against cancer through the education of the public was given by Curtis E. Lakeman, executive secretary of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. He said that the first widely known campaign of this kind was initiated by Professor Winter of Koenigsberg, Prussia, in 1891. As a result the cancer death rate of that vicinity had been definitely lowered and a large increase in the number of women applying for treatment in the early and operable stages of the disease had been noticed.

Old Man, Never Sick.

Shelby, N. C.—B. F. Jolly, a farmer and lifelong Democrat, was in Shelby recently. He was seventy-two years of age on January 1, and in all of this long life he has never taken a dose of medicine of any kind, never had a physician, never been under the influence of strong drink, and during the four years of war, when he served with the Confederate army, he never missed a roll call.

Mrs. Ben Lindsey, wife of Judge Lindsey of the Denver juvenile court, who will shortly star in the movies. She will act in a series of pictures built about her husband's work in his famous juvenile court.

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**BALKS AT TRIP FOR "REMAINS"**

Chicago.—Jerry Cohan, an undersized messenger boy, started north the other day from the Auditorium hotel office with a sealed message reading, "Bring remains of Mr. Rosenfield from Graceland cemetery to Mrs. Rosenfield, No. — street."

Jerry began wondering what message carried him to a cemetery. Opening the message, he read it, then got off the car, and returned to the hotel, where he told Miss Flynn, "Say, I will carry anything but a 'stiff.' I balk at the 'stiff.'" and left the hotel for home.

Another messenger delivered the message and took the "remains," which had been cremated, to the proper person.

this case is decided by the physician, and in many cases a minor operation removes a probable cause of the disease.

**Always Gives Warning.**

"No man ever yet had a cancer on the lip or tongue without first experiencing some warning," continued the speaker. "The defect may be a burn from continued smoking or an irritation from ragged teeth. The probabilities of a cure are excellent when men heed such signals of possible danger and are treated at once. Tobacco users are more subject to cancer than those who do not use it. There is no means of preventing cancer of the breast, the appearance of a lump or a discharge from the nipple being the first sign, but when such lumps are at once removed on their discovery, half will be found benign, that is, not cancerous. The removal of benign lumps undoubtedly prevents cancer in many cases, since modern medicine clearly recognizes the danger of benign lumps turning to malignant disease of the breast. The chances of permanent recovery in true breast cancer vary with the exact type of the disease, but are excellent if it is recognized early and completely removed. The chance of recovery grows less and less as the delay is more and more protracted until cancer is incurable from the extent of the local or general involvement. Cancer of the stomach is a more difficult proposition, but even in such cases there is usually a warning. Abnormal sensations of daily recurrence should not be neglected. So-called indigestion or what is styled 'colic' may be the warning. The chances are that it is not, but it may be so. If the pain, the sensations, the message from this part of the body comes time and time again, especially among people over thirty or forty years of age, a physician should surely be consulted."

**When Work Is Hard**

That kidney troubles are so common is due to the strain put upon the kidneys in so many occupations, such as jarring and jolting on railroads, etc. Cramp and strain as in barbering, moulding, heavy lifting, etc. Exposure to changes of temperature in iron furnaces, refrigerators, etc. Dampness as in tanneries, quarries, mines, etc. Inhaling poisonous fumes in painting. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and six boxes cured me. I am now in good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**A Missouri Case**

J. W. Millsam, architect, 1485 Clara Ave., St. Louis, Mo., says: "Two years ago I began to suffer from spells of backache. Gradually the trouble grew worse and my back got so stiff and sore, I couldn't stoop to put on my shoes. I also had rheumatic twinges in my limbs and the kidney secretions were scanty and painful in passage. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and six boxes cured me. I am now in good health."

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**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Saved.**

Aunt Beatrice was engaged. Beside had been allowed to attend the betrothal party. That night she shortened her prayers by dropping the beloved aunt's name from her lengthy petition. Her mother was shocked.

"Why didn't you pray for Aunt Beatrice tonight?" she said.

"I didn't suppose she needed to be prayed for now she is engaged," said Bessie.

**Horse-Shy Young Men.**

The discovery is being made that many young men who have reached manhood in the last ten years do not know how to harness and attach the horse to the buggy, crank the beast, step on the horse-starter, engage the clutch and get across the country under one horse power.—Indianapolis Journal.

**WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY**

is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

**Eighty Per Cent.**

The Browns are celebrating their silver wedding next Saturday.

"Their silver wedding? Why, they've been married only five years."

"I know, but that's five times as long as anybody expected them to stay married, so they feel they are entitled to a discount."—New York World.

Pimples, boils, carbuncles, dry up and disappear with Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Don't get into the habit of giving advice simply because you want to get rid of it.

Ninety-three per cent of the floor of the ocean is devoid of vegetation.

An ounce of intuition may be better than a pound of tuition.

**WHAT IS LAX-FOS**

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara (a tonic-laxative) Pleasant to take

In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by the addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS is pleasant to take and does not gripe nor disturb stomach. Adapted to children as well as adults. Just try one bottle for constipation. 50c.

**Fact Versus Fancy.**

A good story is being told of a reply given by a student to a question set in an examination paper:

"If 20 men reap a field in eight hours," ran the question, "how long will it take 15 men to reap the same field?"

The student thought long and carefully before setting down the answer, and when he handed in his paper this is what the examiner read:

"The field having already been reaped by the 20 men, could not be reaped by the 15."—Tit-Bits.

**FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE**

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

**The One to Warn.**

"I warn you," said the southsayer, in a tone with ice down its back, "that an enemy will soon cross your path, and—"

"Ah, warn him," returned the speeder. "I drive a Riprancer car."—Kansas City Star.

**When Work Is Hard**

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Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**A Missouri Case**

J. W. Millsam, architect, 1485 Clara Ave., St. Louis, Mo., says: "Two years ago I began to suffer from spells of backache. Gradually the trouble grew worse and my back got so stiff and sore, I couldn't stoop to put on my shoes. I also had rheumatic twinges in my limbs and the kidney secretions were scanty and painful in passage. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and six boxes cured me. I am now in good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Saved.**

Aunt Beatrice was engaged. Beside had been allowed to attend the betrothal party. That night she shortened her prayers by dropping the beloved aunt's name from her lengthy petition. Her mother was shocked.

"Why didn't you pray for Aunt Beatrice tonight?" she said.

"I didn't suppose she needed to be prayed for now she is engaged," said Bessie.

**Horse-Shy Young Men.**

The discovery is being made that many young men who have reached manhood in the last ten years do not know how to harness and attach the horse to the buggy, crank the beast, step on the horse-starter, engage the clutch and get across the country under one horse power.—Indianapolis Journal.

**WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY**

is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

**Eighty Per Cent.**

The Browns are celebrating their silver wedding next Saturday.

"Their silver wedding

**THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE WEEKLY FARM LETTER**

HERMAN WORMAN, Editor & Publisher  
Office: 182 Broadway, Bradley, Ill.

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

Entered as second-class matter January 30, 1914, at the post office at Bradley, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

**DIRECTORY**

**Village Council.**

Frank Begnoche, mayor.  
Jos. Grill, clerk.  
E. J. Stelter, treasurer.  
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.  
F. L. Martin, E. Gonderman, Harry Baker, Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade and James McCue, trustees.  
Meets at Village Hall first and third Monday of each month.

**Board of Education**

Meets every first Friday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. E. J. Stelter, Pres., C. W. Begnoche, Sec'y, M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmore, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

**Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.**

Meets at Odd Fellows hall, Broadway and Wabash, every Thursday evening. Visitors welcome.

**Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.**

Meets at Odd Fellows hall, Broadway and Wabash, every Tuesday evening.

**Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.**

Meets at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

**Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.**

Meet at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, second and fourth Thursday of each month.

**Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.**

Meets the second and fourth Monday of each month in Modern Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

**Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.**

Meets the first Monday of the month at Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

**St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of Foresters.**

Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month at Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

**St. Joseph's Court No. 190**

St. John the Baptist Society meets every fourth Sunday at St. Joseph's hall at 11:30 a. m.

**Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais**

First mass, 7:30 a. m.  
Highmass, 10:00 a. m.  
Vespers, 2 p. m.

FATHER CHARLES BOIS, Pastor.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**

**SUNDAY**

Sunday school 10 a. m.  
Epworth league, 6:45 a. m.  
Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

**WEDNESDAY**

Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon.  
Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. E. S. WAMSLEY, Pastor.

**St. Joseph's Catholic Church.**

Low mass, 8 a. m.  
High mass, 10 a. m.  
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.  
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.

Rev. Wm. A. GRANGER, Pastor.

**U. B. Church, Bradley.**

Sunday School at 10 a. m., Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Y. P. C. E. meeting 6:30 p. m., Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Rev. JOHN COBB, Pastor.

**Village of Bourbonnais.**

F. E. Legris, president.  
Eli Marcotte, clerk.  
John Flageole, treasurer.  
C. T. Morrel, E. J. Lamarre, George Arsenau, Oscar Byron, E. A. Marcotte and A. F. Marcotte, trustees.

Meets every second Monday of each month.

**Mystic Workers Lodge 1242**

Meet the first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows Hall, Broadway and Wabash.

**S. S. P. and Z. Austrain Society**

Meet first Monday of each month at Staudohar Hall.

**Bradley Pleasure Club**

Meets every Wednesday night at Supreme Building, West Ave.

**Bradley Encampment I.O.O.F.**

Meets 1st and 3rd Friday night of each month at I.O.O.F. Hall, Broadway and Wabash Ave.

**St. Peter and Paul Society.**

Meet at Staudohar Hall First Sunday of each month.

**St. Anna Sodality.**

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall at 3:30 P. M. First Sunday of each month.

**Holy Name Society.**

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall Second Sunday of each month.

**Children of Mary Society.**

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall at 3:30 P. M. Third Sunday of each month.

**EFFECT OF GOOD ROADS ON FARM LAND VALUES**

**Selling Price of Tillable Farm Land Increases More than Total Cost of Improvements.**

To determine as far as possible the exact dollars and cents effect on a county of the improvements of bad roads, specialists of the Office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering of the department made economic surveys in eight counties in each of the years from 1910 to 1915, inclusive.

This study of the increase in the values of farm lands in the eight counties reveals the rather interesting fact that following the improvement of the main market roads the increase in the selling price of tillable farm lands served by the roads has amounted to from one to three times the total cost of the improvements. The increase in values in those instances which were recorded ranged from 63 per cent to 80 per cent in Spotsylvania County, Va.; from 68 to 194 in Dinwiddie County, Va.; 70 to 80 in Lee County, Va.; 25 to 100 in Wise County, Va.; 9 to 114 in Franklin County, N. Y.; 50 to 100 in Dallas County, Ala.; 25 to 50 in Lauderdale County, Miss.; and from 50 to 100 in Manatee County, Fla. The estimates of increase were based for the most part upon the territory within a distance of 1 mile on each side of the roads improved.

In Spotsylvania County a careful record was made in 1910 of 35 farms located on the road selected for improvement. Of the 7 farms sold in 1912 the prices actually paid show increases of from 37 to 116 per cent over the 1910 valuation. The average value after the roads were improved was \$28.26 per acre, as compared with \$17.31 previous to the improvement. In 1913 four transfers of farm land were on the basis of \$30.11 per acre, whereas the properties were listed in 1910 at only \$13.89 per acre. It appears that the 1,451 acres sold in 1914 increased in value \$28,500, or 80 per cent, or from \$24.46 to \$44.10 per acre.

In Dinwiddie County, Va., the actual price of 43 farms sold or offered for sale from 1909 to 1914 ranged in price from \$8.38 to \$43.74 per acre before the roads were built, and from \$24.70 to \$73.60 per acre after the roads were improved.

In Lee County, Va.; a study of eight tracts along the roads before and after improvement indicated that these properties increased about \$23 per acre, or about 70 per cent.

In Wise County, Va.; a study of eight representative farms located on roads showed that they increased in value from an average of \$49.06 per acre before improvement to \$79.44 after the roads were improved. There were increases in other sections of from \$60 to \$90 or even \$100 per acre.

In Franklin Co., N. Y.; the figures seem to indicate that the change from earth, sandy, and loam roads to bituminous macadam was followed by increases averaging \$12.50 per acre, or about 30.7 per cent.

In Dallas County, Ala.; careful investigation seemed to indicate that road improvement has added at least \$5 to each acre of land within a half mile of improved roads. Tracts sold at from \$8 to \$10 per acre were sold again after road improvement at from \$20 to \$25 per acre.

In Lauderdale County, Miss.; the total assessed valuation of real property outside of the city was \$2,757,546. This increased in 1914 after road improvement to \$3,183,809, or 15.4 per cent. Local real-estate men place the increase in land values on account of improved roads at from 25 to 50 per cent.

In Manatee County, Fla.; careful study of sales and real-estate records indicated that the improvement of roads has added from 15 to 100 per cent, or at least \$15 per acre, to the selling price of all lands within one-half mile of improved roads. This would give a total of \$611,000, or more than twice the value of the bonds issued.

**New Officers Installed**

The St. Joseph's Court W. C. O. have installed the following new officers for the ensuing term.

Chief Ranger, Carrie Algair.  
Vice Chief Ranger, Mae McAndrews.  
Recording Sec., Sue Durand.  
Financial Sec., Lillie Wade.  
Treasurer, Irene McAndrews.  
Trustees, Margaret Chaplinski, Arneline Martin, Evadean Caveney.

Sr. Conductor, Nellie McCay.  
Jr. Conductor, Clara Beates.  
Outside Sentinel, Ida Gay.  
Inside Sentinel, Ella Hassett.  
Chaplain, Fr. William Granger.

Mrs. E. DeLong is visiting relatives in Odell.

John Graham has recovered from a sick spell.

**PUBLIC SALE**

**COL. T. J. CLARK, Auctioneer**

will sell for the undersigned at the Boisvert farm 40 rods east of the north end of the Bradley Factory, 40 rods east of the Interurban Station, 3 1/2 miles west of Exline, on the Adelor Boisvert farm.

**THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1917**

Beginning at ten o'clock A. M. the following described property:

**8 Head of Horses and Mules**

Consisting of one gray team, 6 and 8 years, one horse one mare, well matched, weight of team 2600; one bay mare, in foal, weight 1400; one black mare, 10 years old, in foal, weight 1400; one team black mare mules, well matched, 9 and 10 years, weight 2600; two black horse colts coming 2 years old.

**SEVEN HEAD OF CATTLE**

Consisting of 3 milch cows, 1 coming in soon, one 2-year old heifer with calf; two 10-months' old heifers; one 10-month old bull.

**ELEVEN HEAD OF HOGS**

Consisting of 1 red boar and 10 shoats about 90 lbs. each. 4 doz. Plymouth Rock chickens. 1 Collie dog two yr. old.

**Farm Implements**

One wagon and box, 1 truck wagon and rack, 2 flat racks, 1 flat turn table dray wagon, 1 dump box, 1 hay rack, 1 mower, 1 gang plow, 2 cultivators, 1 plano binder 8-foot cut, 1 set work harness, 1 set of breeching harness, 1 water tank, 1 tank heater, 1 corn planter, 3 slip scrapers, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 cream separator, 1 churn, several 1 and 2 hbl corn shellers, feed grinder and feed cutters, these shellers, grinders and cutters are all new and will go at your own prices, several other items of tools and machinery to numerous to mention.

**HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE**

1 oil stove, 1 round dining room table, 1 square dining room table, 1 iron bed and springs, twenty-four yards of all wool carpet, nearly new.

**Terms of Sale**

\$5.00 and under cash; over \$5.00 a credit of twelve months will be given; purchaser to give note with good and approved security without interest if paid when due; if not paid when due seven per cent interest will be charged from date of sale; seven per cent discount for cash. No property to be removed until terms of sale have been complied with. As I am quitting farming everything will be sold without reserve.

**Lunch Counter on Grounds**

**ROBERT L. LANCASTER**

F. F. MARCOTTE, Clerk

**WANT ADS**

FOR SALE—A good seven room house, full lot on Wabash Ave. A bargain. Inquire at the Advocate office.

FOR SALE—Cheap—good residence lots in Bradley. Inquire at The Advocate office.

FOR SALE—A six room house, a good home. A bargain. Inquire at the Advocate office.

F. L. Galbraith was on the sick list during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Conn of the East Side are moving to Monticello, Ind.

The quarantine has been lifted from the Riche home.

Mrs. Arthur Martin is on the sick list suffering with neuralgia.

Mr. Elmer Walters of Prairie Ave., is on the sick list.

J. E. Kramer of St. Louis visited his daughter, Mrs. Harry Vallat and family during the week.

Mrs. H. Bartram and son are still on the sick list.

Ben Vickory returned to work Monday at the Mann Corporation after being off for a week or more on account of having a piece of steel removed from his leg that had been in there for the past 17 years.

Mrs. Gross of South Wabash Ave., who was operated on at the Emergency Hospital the later part of the week is getting along nicely.

R. C. Cary has returned to work at the Bradley factory after being off on account of sickness for a week.

Household necessities of all kinds at the Economy, Bradley's handy shopping store.

Three cents a week pays for this paper. Can you afford to be without it at this price.

Mr. O. Lancaster is on the sick list.

Frank Cooper was on the sick list the past week.

Geo. Brown of Norris who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Wright of the East Side since Christmas returned home this week.

The Moler Barber College of Chicago, Ill., wants men to learn barber trade. They offer splendid inducements and a short term complete. They mail free a beautiful catalogue and ask all our readers to send for it. 52-2t

Chas. Book who was operated on for a rupture last week is getting along nicely.

Mrs. M. V. Lucas and family were visitors at Cluster Park for three weeks.

**B** BURRELL Mail Order Service will save you money on everything you buy for home or farm. If we haven't it in stock, we get it for you. We buy direct from factories. 200 N. East Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

**Water Rent Due**

Your water rent is due January 1st. Make payment any time during day or evenings up until nine o'clock at The Economy, Broadway and Grand, Bradley.

HERMAN WORMAN, Collector.

Tell your neighbor to mail in his subscription to THE ADVOCATE today. The price is only three cents per week; he needs the paper and we need the money.



**Kindly Mail Check**

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly, And casts round the office a halo of cheer. He never says, "Stop it; I cannot afford it, I'm getting more papers than I can read;" But says, "Send it; our people all like it— In fact we all think it a help and a need." How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum, How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes our hearts dance; We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him— The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Hart has been on the sick list for the last two weeks.

Ed Monty and family will move on the Solilegn farm some time in February.

Bill McCarty was here Tuesday from Chicago visiting his sister and friends.

Oscar McCue arrived here Wednesday from Hammond to spend a few days with his folks.

Miss Margaret Stick who has been down with the measles is recovering rapidly.

Mrs. Walter Spivey went to Exline Wednesday to play for a dance.

Wm. Richmond who has been down with the grippe is able to be out again.

Frank Damler has returned to work after being laid up a month with rheumatism.

Harvey Saindon has been down with the rheumatism for the last week.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for all the home news.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Knickerbocker entertained Mrs. H. Ferryman the past week.

The Peddicord children have recovered from a siege of the measles.

Mrs. Dan Callahan of South Wabash Ave., has been on the sick list.

E. L. Butts has accepted a position at the Lafayette barber shop in Kankakee.

Mrs. Art Martin who has been on the sick list for some time is much better.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Grines has recovered from an attack of the measles.

Lee Yott who has been on the sick list is better.

Read the home paper THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Mrs. Ben Studer entertained her mother and sister of Minnesota during the past year.

Mrs. Fred Johns of South Center Ave., who has been on the sick list, is improving.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. F. Gustafson last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Van Piper entertained her sister, Mrs. Foreman, of Joliet the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Martinson of Hammond visited relatives here the past week.

Mrs. Commodor Heil was on the sick list the past week.

William G. Hinton of Harvey formerly of this place was a Sunday visitor here.

John Walbeck was a week end visitor in Chicago.

Mat Gerdesich is driving a new Studebaker automobile.

Little Marceline Supernant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Supernant, is down with the grippe.

George Lambert has traded his garage for a farm in Alberta, Ind.

Thos. Coyer returned home from Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. George Staudohar of Grand Ave., has been down with the grippe.

Irvin Swan is on the sick list.

Frank Gardesick and wife are moving in with his folks.

Harry Tighe has been on the sick list the past week but is improving rapidly.

Art Lagesse accepted a position as coal man for F. L. Martin & Sons.

Cyril Gay has accepted a position at the Bradley Factory.

Miss Mildred Lagesse left last week for Minnesota.

Wm. Labarge is on the sick list.

Henry Rumelard was hit in the eye with a piece of iron while at work at Turk's factory.

Mrs. F. C. Nicholson of Osborn, Ill., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Cecil Thomas, of this city.

Levis Guiss and wife are moving in the Frank Gerdesick place on Grand Ave.

Mrs. O. Martin of this city organized a new Larkin club last week.

E. C. Vandegrift is on the sick list.

Miss Carrie Allegaier is on the sick list.

Iline and Romane Gay are improving very rapidly from the measles.

Edward Bartha was a business caller at Bonfield Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hodell of Naperville are spending a couple of weeks at the Bartha home.

Mrs. Wm. Labarge is on the sick list.

John Pechauers has been on the sick list.

John Hassett has accepted as position as fireman of the C. I. S.

Mrs. Dave Walters is on the sick list.

Hiram Richardson is on the sick list.

Lewis and Ferdinand Lewrent were visitors here from Clifton at Emit Saindon Sunday.

Miss Roasile Saindon has been on the sick list.

Marcel Hempton and Art Bellmore left Saturday for Kansas City, Mo.

**Her Perennial Hat**

"It's simply awful the amount of money women spend on hats," said Perdita to her husband over the morning coffee. "I think I'll just get out my last winter's hat this morning and see whether I can fix it up for another season."

"Things always look bright to one in the morning, even a last winter's hat don't they?" answered Paul. "But how many times have I heard you express your belief that clothes ought to be like nature's foliage and the spring flowers fresh every year."

"Yes," answered Perdita. "I believe I have voiced some such opinion, but there are some flowers that are perennials. That is they come up every year."

"And do you think there are such things as perennial hats? I wish it were true, for such a theory would materially alter a man's financial condition, and the sight of his wife's hat springing afresh each year from the depth of its handbox would enliven his spirits and give him a new philosophy of life."

"Don't be silly, Paul!" remonstrated Perdita. "Of course a woman can't wear her last year's hat just as it is, but if she is clever with her hands she can give a twist to the shape and by freshening up the flowers or feathers, make the whole thing look like a perfectly new creation."

"I don't know much about styles," answered Paul, "but I remember a certain feather that overhung one of your winter hats, which I think was called a willow plume, but which seems to have vanished from the headgear of the present. Would it be possible to modernize one of those?"

"Well, of course, the willow plumes are out of it," admitted Perdita, "but it is possible to have them curled."

"And change the weeping willow into a curly birch or a curly bunch," laughed Paul. "Well, you are certainly most ingenious, my dear, and I often think that the dexterity and resourcefulness that women employ in the matter of clothes would make for grand success in a business career."

"Oh, yes, we are resourceful enough," said Perdita. "However, I was wondering whether, after all, it was a wise economy to save on a hat, for you see that a woman feels when she has economized in one thing—"

"That she can be extravagant in a dozen other ways," interrupted Paul. "I have a faint recollection of one of your fits of economy that caused you to refrain from buying a winter suit and permitted you to put the money saved from the suit into a mahogany bedroom set."

"But I have never regretted that set," declared Perdita, "and I think it was the most economical thing I ever did. If I had bought the suit it would have been worn out by this time, whereas the mahogany is as good as new."

"And it cost four times as much," declared Paul, who was beginning to see the drift of the conversation and was hurrying through his last waffle in order to escape.

But he could not manage the waffle with sufficient celerity, so he did not escape.

"Of course," said Perdita, "if I do fix up my old hat, I think you ought to get me that new gas stove you promised me so long ago. I am tired of stooping down every time I look in the oven—"

"But I thought stooping was considered healthful exercise," declared Paul.

"After all," mused Perdita, not heeding Paul's suggestion, "a hat is the poorest thing in the world for a woman to economize on, for really I do not believe that my brain is quite a different brain when there is a becoming hat above it, not at all like what it is when covered by some makeshift of a thing."

"Oh, go on down and order a new one," declared Paul, mentally staving off the gas stove.

"Well, I don't know but what I might as well," said Perdita, "and so, after all, I shall not have a perennial hat."

"Anyhow, the subject is perennial," said Paul, rising, "and its roots grow stronger every year."

**Mamma's Little Helper.**

When unexpected company came to dinner, little Betty was told privately that she and mother would have to have oyster soup without the oysters. The young lady was much flattered at her share in this sacrifice to hospitality, and apparently disappointed when she found one small oyster in her plate. Holding it up on the spoon, she inquired in a stage whisper: "Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Smith have this oyster, too?"

**Justice, With Mercy.**

Magistrate—You are charged with having sixteen wives. What have you to say for yourself, sir?

Prisoner—I really couldn't help myself, judge.

"Nonsense!"

"It was this way: Five years ago I went to a summer resort, and for six weeks I was the only man there."

"Discharged."

A street car wheel which its Maine inventor claims is noiseless in reality is a wheel within a wheel, the two being separated by rubber cushions.



**Radeke Beer, Madam, is Brewed for YOU**

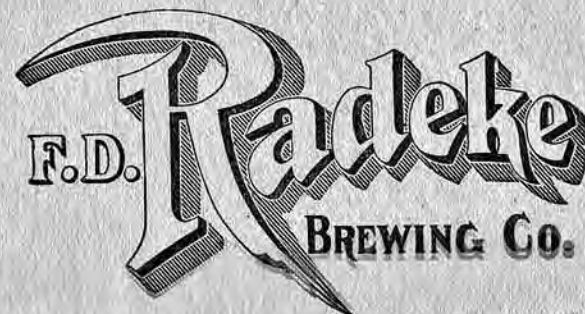
This surpassing beer is brewed expressly for your home—for housewives and hostesses, for home folks and home guests. It is unique in flavor. It's pure, that's sure. It's quality is supreme. It is a welcoming and ever-welcome beverage and claims a high place in your ice box or refrigerator.

*A food product of golden barley and aromatic hops*

**Radeke Beer**

**Made in Kankakee**

*A telephone message to us will bring a case promptly to your door.*



**This May Happen to You WHY TAKE THE CHANCE?**

**News Item from Kankakee Republican**

Thousands of Dollars worth of property is burnt and many people injured and killed every year by explosions of this kind.

**DOING NICELY**  
Mrs. Frank Enos who was severely burned about the face several days ago when she was cleaning some clothing with gasoline, and the fumes from the escaping gas was ignited, is doing nicely.

Send your clothes to this Modern Cleaning Plant and don't take a chance of this kind for the small amount it cost to have your

**CAUTION FIRST SAFETY WILL FOLLOW**

**Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing**  
Neatly and promptly done in a MODERN AND SANITARY WAY

**THE PARIS CLEANING COMPANY**

M. E. CHAPMAN, Prop.

Bell Phone 450. Ind. Phone 1013. 147 North Schuyler Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

**Bradley Agency: B & M BILLIARD HALL, Bell Phone 1697**  
179 Broadway, Bradley, Ill.

**Majestic Theatre**

**A Genuine Musical Treat For One Solid Week**

Starting

**Sunday Matinee Jan. 28th**

BOYLE WOLFOLK'S Lasalle Musical Comedy Co.

GUY VOYER and 30 others who can act, sing and dance

Change of Play Nightly Matinee Daily

Prices

Mat. 10c, 20c, and 30c Nights 10c, 20c, 30c & 50c

**MAJESTIC TODAY AND TOMORROW**

**-:- 5 -:-**

**Feature Acts of Vaudeville and Feature Pictures**

**WESTERN VAUDEVILLE PROGRAM**

Mat. Daily 10 & 20c Nights two shows 7:30 & 9:00  
PRICES: 10, 20 & 30c

**The Sum and Substance**

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.

Wm. Dressler has been on the sick list.

**DR. E. G. WILSON**

Physician and Surgeon  
**Kankakee, Illinois**

**DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD**

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Room 6 and 7  
City National Bank Building  
BELL PHONE 377

Miss Elouise Lambert entertained some of her friends at her home Tuesday night.

Gus McHarry is on the sick list.  
Tom McCoy is on the sick list.

□□□□□□

**THE VALUE** of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere

□□□□□□

A Pleasant Place to Spend a Pleasant Evening

The best of

Liquors, Wines, Cigars and Sandwiches

Our draught beer is always just right

**Tony's Place**

Broadway

Bradley, Ill.

The wise buyer knows that the biggest values to be had in

**Hardware, Furniture, Enameled Ware, Aluminum Ware, Stoves, Ranges, Carpets, Rugs, Tools, Cutlery and Household Necessities**

are at

**The Economy**

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave.

Bradley, Ill.

**Good Things To Eat**

The freshest of bakery goods, bread, pies, cakes and rolls. Soft drinks of all kinds. Cigars, tobaccos and candies. A full line of school supplies. We sell the Guarantee Tablets.

**MAT PALZER**

Opposite School House

**The Eagle Bar**

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

**Baby's Spine Grows Straight Stays Straight in the**

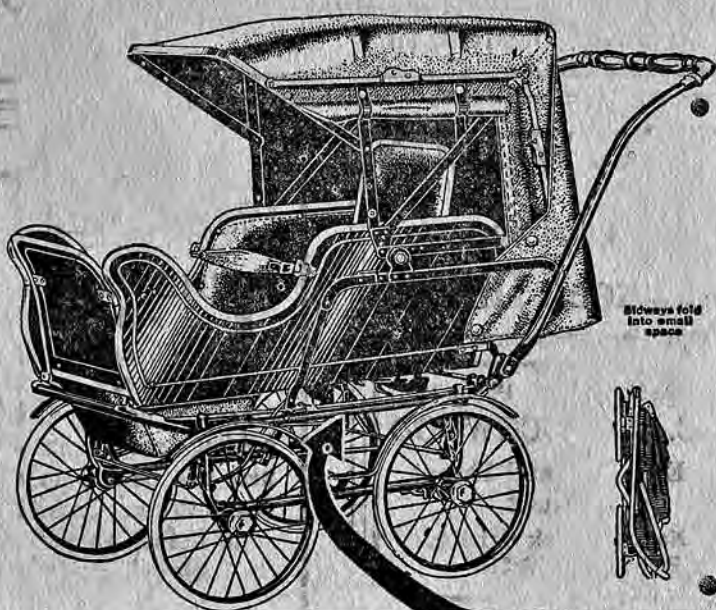
Baby's spine will be protected against jolts and jars and bumps in the Sidway Collapsible Baby Carriage. You can adjust the Sidway Springs (an exclusive feature) so there will be just the right support as weight increases with growth. You can do this with two fingers, instantly. Then you'll be sure of protection for the soft bones of Baby's back.

**Sidway**

Collapsible Baby Carriages

are long enough, wide enough for complete, full length comfort. The Sidway is large enough for a crib. There's protection for baby from rain, snow, cold, sun in the Fabrikoid hood, made by the Dupont Fabrikoid Co. of Wilmington, Del. The Sidway collapses easily, quickly, occupies small space. It goes with Baby when traveling in auto, buggy, boat. The Sidway is easy for mothers at curbs. Built like an automobile—workmanship, materials, quality the best. The Sidway wears long, looks fine, built for real service.

Find out more about the Sidway before you buy that carriage for Baby. Come and let us show you our complete line of Sidways. All prices for all nurses.



**THE ECONOMY**

Broadway and Grand Ave.

Bradley, Ill.

**Looked Like Rain**

"Oo-oo-oo-ee!" cried Miss Lillian Zander, dropping her driver and clapping her hands across her lips as she squealed. "I hit him!"

"Huh!" remarked her escort, somewhat peevishly, as he saw the far-away figure of the player in front suddenly double up in a way that no golf form ever calls for. "He'd no business to be in the way anyhow!"

Beal's peevishness sprang from several causes. In the first place, Lillian had overdriven him by forty yards, which was something no sweet and sympathetic young woman should allow herself to do, in the second place, she had squelched all his efforts at conversational tenderness since they started out from the clubhouse, and in the last place, he knew that the man whom her golf had so impolitely swatted was Stuart—big, brawny, hateful Stuart—the champion of the club and the adored of every woman who knew him.

It happened just as the disgusted Beal had felt in his bones that it would. Stuart had dawdled after he had looked back—some girls have the faculty of proclaiming that they are pretty several hundred feet away—and Lillian had hurried, being filled with contrition. "Oh," she had called before she quite came up with the injured one, "I'm so sorry! Are you badly hurt?"

Stuart hastily adorned his face with a trace of pain. "Nothing I can stand!" he assured her heroically. "Don't mention it nothing at all. Don't concern yourself one instant I beg you—er—hello, Beal! Miss Zanders, I'm indeed happy to meet you!" he ended as Beal performed the introduction.

"Aren't his shoulders wonderful!" Miss Zander murmured dreamily, as Stuart reluctantly marched along in his foursome.

"Oh, I don't know!" said her escort acidly. "Of course if you admire beefy people"—Beal weighed 135—"and then Stuart is so doggone stuck on himself and his game!"

"Um!" said Miss Zander, half closing her eyes as she making a mental note. "Do you know I believe I'll practice lots now that dad has joined the club! I never used to think I'd care much for golf!"

"I'll help you every Friday morning," Beal promised eagerly. Stuart never came to the club Fridays.

"That was a perfectly wonderful drive!" she cried enthusiastically, just as Beal topped his ball and rolled it a meager thirty yards into a ditch. He looked at her suspiciously for sarcasm and found her eyes glued on Stuart, who was in the act of leaving the next tee. It was a horrible game that Beal played thenceforth. He barely rescued her when they had gone back to the clubhouse. They had seated themselves at a veranda table when he saw the victorious Stuart approaching with his eye on Lillian. Without doubt he was going to pause and assure her that his injuries were still bearable, and that she was not to worry. And Lillian would turn on Stuart her sympathetic, apologetic eyes—

"Ow!" groaned Beal slumping down in his chair, hands to forehead. "My head—I must have got a touch of sun—"

He recovered after Stuart was safely past.

In the station bus Beal found Stuart magically seated on the other side of Lillian. Or was it that Lillian was seated next Stuart?

"I never can tell you how sorry I am!" she was murmuring to Stuart.

"I'm so glad you did it!" Stuart was telling her fervently. "Otherwise—I might not have met you for days and days!"

"It looks," said Beal savagely, "like rain over there!"

"You promise to be a wonderful player, Miss Zander," Stuart went on. "Your drive now—"

"Oh!" Lillian murmured, "but I'm so ignorant of the fine points!"

"If I might—" Stuart interrupted. "I've played with your father—I should be so delighted to coach you—"

"Oh, Mr. Stuart!" Lillian breathed ecstatically. "And a player like you—how can I thank you—"

"Next Friday morning, then" Stuart said, as he helped her out of the bus at the station.

"But—" interrupted Beal at her elbow indignantly as he heard his Friday being snatched away from him.

"Thank you, yes!" Lillian told Stuart. "I appreciate the sacrifice on your part—spilling your game just to help me!"

"It will be the pleasantest game of my life!" declared Stuart.

"Isn't it perfectly good of him, tho?" Lillian murmured joyfully, as Beal engineered her into the car that Stuart wasn't in.

Beal's eyes popped out and his lips opened savagely. He teemed with vivid conversation. Then thru the car window he glimpsed Stuart's big, athletic frame—and Stuart was casually glancing back to see where Lillian was. "Aw, what's the use!" he growled bitterly.

"What?" murmured Lillian, dreamily. Her eyes were on the forward car where Stuart was.

"I said," Mr. Beal spoke distinctly and hopelessly, "that it certainly does look like rain."

Very young men are not always so shy about speaking of a woman as they are about speaking to her.

**Her Memory**

From Life.

Warrington had really no right to be angry. He was not engaged to Virginia, merely engaged with her in a somewhat tempestuous summer flirtation. Down in his heart he knew it for just that. But he was angry no less, for she had allowed a "bulking ass" newly arrived at the Inn to "hog her whole program and make him look a fool before everyone."

"Ah, ha!" cried the still small voice, "so it's pride, not heart." And that made him more angry than ever.

So he went away from the ball-room out onto the dim veranda and strode up and down muttering things better left unuttered. Presently he stepped at the far shadowed end, lit a cigarette, snapped his case viciously and said "damn."

A demure voice just behind him said "shocking!" and he turned to confront a small figure in a big chair backed up against the wall.

"I repeat, shocking," said the voice—a very nice voice. And giggled—a very ripply little gurgly little giggle.

His anger went away. "Mysterious lady of the shadows," he said (he was very good at that sort of thing), "does my righteous wrath amuse you?"

He came nearer. He had thought he knew every girl at the hotel. Here was a strange one, and pretty. Very. He decided that monopolizing Virginia had been a mistake.

"It's not a night for wrath, righteous or otherwise. See!" and she stretched out her arms to the great moon hanging low over the golf links beyond.

He hunted for a chair. This was bulky. And when he had drawn one up, quite close:

"Whence do you come, all silvery with the moon, to chide me for my sins, moon-maid?"

Without doubt he was outdoing himself.

She laughed softly and leaned toward him, elfin in the pale shimmer of light. "I am Romance," she breathed, "and this is my night. The night the moon and I conspire to make magic."

He secured a slim hand. The pace was telling. His voice was a little husky.

"Your charms are very potent, moon-maid," he said, "it is magic, isn't it? It—it doesn't happen like this—really?"

Their eyes met—clung. "You—you take my breath," he stammered. "Does your heart mean what your eyes are saying? Don't—don't look at me like that unless you do—mean it."

She didn't answer in words. She, too, was breathing quickly.

He released her hand, and sprang up—half turned away. Then he dropped to the arm of her chair. Swiftly he took her face in his two hands. The throbbing of her throat intoxicated him. "I—I—love me," he stammered.

Her lips moved. A sob more poignant than words. They kissed for a long time.

There were footsteps down the veranda. She drew away. She recognized her mother's voice and Miss Nelson's. She was thinking very quickly. Should she send him away or end it now—end it all now?

"You darling—you darling. I—I love you," he was saying.

She leaned to him. "Kiss me. Kiss me—quickly."

The voices were quite close now.

"Mother," she called, "here I am." She laughed. "But I guess you know I wouldn't run away. Mother, this is Mr.—ah—Brown, and we have been discussing—doctors. Mr. Brown has an uncle in exactly my condition. Hopelessly paralyzed."

She said it calmly. The world reeled. His brain was numb. She was being wheeled away by the nurse. A wheeled chair—God!

"Good night!" she called.

A cripple. He had kissed her. Horrible! He made for the bar.

In her room while the nurse was making her ready for bed, the mother said "How strange you look, dear. And how—how beautiful."

She flung her arms wide in an intoxication of triumph. "Mother," she half sobbed, "all my life to now I've been just—just a thing—a cripple. Now—now—I am a woman."

"Oh, God!" she cried, her eyes starry. "Life is good—good. For now—now I have—a memory."

Well Disguised.

The customer came forward to attend to the nervous old beau who was mopping his bald head and shining poll with a big silk handkerchief.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The customer looked at him over attentively, bestowing special notice on the gleaming knob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, thoughtfully, "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

The average man is seldom very polite—unless he is trying to sell you something.

**Magazine Prices Going Up!**

But Our Price To You Remains The Same

OUR OFFER IS EFFECTIVE UNTIL SEPT. 1, 1917

Today's, Women's World, Home Life and Better Farming is by far the biggest magazine value of the season. We've told you so all along. We believe you agree with us.

**But Here's More Good News**

Today's Magazine has recently announced the purchase of The Housewife, a 50c publication of high standing, and beginning with February, 1917, issue the two magazines will be merged under the name Today's Housewife. The result will be a bigger and better magazine than ever before. The subscription price which is now 50c will be increased to 75c or \$1.00, and will probably become effective April 1, 1917.

Woman's World had just announced that its subscription price will be raised from 35c to 50c. This change will take place early in the Spring, and will be accompanied by a corresponding improvement in physical and editorial make-up of the magazine.

**It's Like Striking Oil In Your Back Yard**

We are still offering these magazines, together with a year's subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for \$1.75. Get your subscription in today.

**The Bradley Advocate**

**The Fashion**  
FOR MEN QUALITY CLOTHES FOR BOYS  
252 East Avenue, Kankakee, IL

**MARTIN & SON**

Coal and Transfer

Moving A Specialty

**Looks**

"I wish Udella wouldn't take up with such queer looking friends," moaned Mrs. Fuddles. "Gracious! Every once in a while she brings a new friend home and each one of them is worse than the one before."

"Such queer looking gobs! I don't like their looks. I don't like their voices. And this last one is terrible! She has a voice like a croaking frog and a strange look out of the eyes. I do wish Udella would make better selections in her choice of companions."

"But you can't tell much about people by their looks," said Fuddles. "You have to try them out before you can tell. That's what Udella does—she proceeds to try them out."

"For my part, I have never been able to tell anything about people by their looks. Now, there's Buskirk. When he first came along with that patent process of his I wanted to know mighty bad what kind of a fellow he was and how much I could stake on him. But there was no way of knowing."

"He had eyes that said as plain as could be: 'I am a regular boob. I would talk war to a stranger with a protruding chin and loan a lawyer my watch and chain.'"

"But the nose was altogether different. The nose said: 'You couldn't put anything over on me and you couldn't keep me off your premises with a bull dog. I put my foot in the door and there it stays. You can't shut the door in my face and keep me out. And I'll say until you carry me out feet first.'"

"Then the mouth said: 'I am innocent, childlike and bland. I am liable to get lost on my way to Sunday school.'"

"Then the chin butted in and said: 'I'm a devil in my own home town.'"

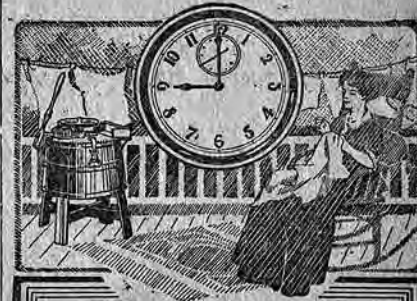
"So how in the world can you decide a person's makeup if you judge him according to his looks?"

"A dog never chooses his friends by their looks. There's that little Noodles across the street. Does he choose decent looking dogs for his associates? His best friend is the sneakiest plug ugly you ever saw in your life."

"Even cats are unintelligible in their tastes. That tiger of the Bontragers has killed hundreds of cats because he didn't like their looks, fuzzy little white kittens, purry little tortoise shells, cats that looked like picture cards, black and white and solid colors, cats that you and I thought cute and lovable."

"And what kind of a cat did he finally take up with? A poke necked, miscellaneous colored, ornery old creature who was peeling off in spots, sore eyed, limpy, a mean looking misfit with a whine more repulsive than his looks. You and I, judging from that cat's exterior, can never know the beautiful personality that Tiger discovered underneath that unpromising outside."

Laws should be enacted compelling young physicians to practice on cats—because one life out of nine wouldn't be missed.



**Be Done With Your Washing When the Morning Is Young**

No need of slaving till way into the afternoon. The high-speed mechanism of

**MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHING MACHINE**

washes perfectly—rapidly—heavy pieces and light fabrics. A child can run it. It insures freedom from fatigue, slop and worry. Let us show you this labor-saver—now. A five-year guarantee. Finished like a beautiful piece of furniture.

\$12.75

**The Economy**

**Advertise**

IF YOU  
Want a Cook  
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Advertising Brings Customers  
Advertising Keeps Customers  
Advertising Insures Success  
Advertising Shows Energy  
Advertising Shows Pluck  
Advertising Is "Big"  
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Advertise Long  
Advertise Well  
ADVERTISE  
At Once

**In This Paper**

**An Ordinance**

Providing for the sale of Lot six (6), in Block thirty-three (33) in the Village of Bradley, County of Kankakee and State of Illinois.

WHEREAS, the Village of Bradley, a municipal corporation of the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, is now the owner in fee simple of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, which said above described real estate is now vacant and,

WHEREAS, in the opinion of the Board of Trustees of the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, said above described real estate is no longer necessary, appropriate or required for the use of such Village or profitable to, or its longer retention for the best interests of the said Village, therefore:—

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE SAID VILLAGE OF BRADLEY, COUNTY OF KANKAKEE AND STATE OF ILLINOIS:—

SECTION I. That proper steps be taken to obtain bids for the sale of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, in accordance with Section 144, Chapter 138 of Courtright's Statutes of the State of Illinois, which said described real estate is now owned in fee simple by the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, and which said described real estate is now vacant and not used by the said Village.

SECTION II. That bids for the sale of the said above described real estate be received up to 7:30 p.m., of the 5th day of March, A.D. 1917, by the Village Clerk of the said Village, and that said bids be considered and opened at the regular meeting of the said Board of Trustees, to be held at the Village Hall in said Village of Bradley, on the 5th day of March, A.D. 1917, at the hour of 7:30 p.m. of said date.

SECTION III. That the Village Clerk of the said Village be authorized and directed to publish this ordinance and proposal of sale, in the Bradley Advocate, a weekly paper duly and regularly published in said Village of Bradley, Illinois, for a period of not less than sixty (60) days, in accordance with the provisions of the Statutes of the State of Illinois, in such cases made and provided.

SECTION IV. This ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its due passage, approval and publication.

The above and foregoing ordinance was duly passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 18th day of December A. D. 1916.

WM. DRESSLER,  
Village Clerk.

Approved by me this 18th day of December, A. D. 1916.

FRANK BEGNOCHE,  
President of Board of Trustees.

**Notice of Proposal of Sale of Real Estate**

Public notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an ordinance passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1916, sealed bids will be received by the President and Board of Trustees of said Village, for the sale of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in said Village of Bradley, Illinois, which said above described real estate is now vacant and not used by the said Village.

That said bids will be received by the Village Clerk of said Village, up to the hour of 7:30 p.m., on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, and that said bids will be considered and opened at a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Village, to be held at the Village Hall in said Village on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 7:30 p. m. of said date.

The President and Board of Trustees of said Village reserve the right, by a majority vote of said Board, to reject any and all bids.

Dated this 19th day of December, A. D. 1916.

WM. DRESSLER,  
Village Clerk of the Village of Bradley, Illinois.

**Say "Hello"**

When you see a friend in woe, walk right up and say, "Hello!" Say, "Old Brother, how'd' ye do. How's the world a usin' you?" Waltz right up and don't be slow, laugh and shake and say "Hello!" Slap the brother on the back; bring your hand down with a whack. His clothes are poor—makes no show, never mind, just say "Hello!" That home-spun shirt may conceal a great, strong heart true as steel; that old coat

# REMOVAL SALE

Right after this sale we move our new store 1 block north of present location on the same street

## 242 East Ave, Kankakee **LASSERS & CO.** ACROSS From I.C. DEPOT

The largest portion of our stock must be sold, regardless of cost or value. Positively the biggest money-saving proposition in Kankakee county. Never before was merchandise slaughtered to such sacrificing prices. Note below a few of the items mentioned and compare them with prices you are accustomed to paying for similar goods.

Every piece of goods purchased in our store absolutely GUARANTEED or your money refunded

**SALE STARTS SATURDAY JAN. 27 CONTINUING up to and INCLUDING SATURDAY FEB. 17**

CARFARE one way, REFUNDED to out-of-town customers with purchase of \$5.00 or over

In accordance with our policy to begin each season with a new and fresh stock we must sacrifice this beautiful line of Men's Overcoats and Suits. We offer for this sale high-grade clothing made by leading manufacturers in good all-wool fabrics. These suits and overcoats are strictly hand tailored. Fit guaranteed and alteration free!

Men's Work Suits—All sizes and styles mostly dark colors. Many of these are higher priced suits that are slightly out of date. Clearance sale price only <b>4.95</b>	Young Men's and Youth's Suits—In serge, clay worsteds and homespun, just the thing for the first long pants suit. Clearance sale price <b>7.45</b>	Men's Blue Serge & Worsteds Suits—in all sizes, styles and color. This is a very choice lot and contains remarkable values up to \$18, at <b>10.00</b>	Men's Stratford and Walton Brand Clothes—All sizes and styles, serges, worsteds, mixtures, values up to \$27.50 at less than wholesale price <b>16.45</b>	Men's Overcoats, new pinch backs and all the latest models, in grays, browns and mixtures. We offer a \$12 value for this sale <b>7.98</b>	Men's Overcoats—regular \$20 values, in brown and grays including genuine black kerseys, special for this January Clearance Sale <b>14.95</b>	We are offering a special lot of young men's overcoats in beautiful materials. A very snappy model. Special for this January Clearance Sale <b>12.98</b>
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<b>BOYS' CLOTHING</b>		<b>NEW FALL SKIRTS</b>	
Boys' School Suits—Mixtures and worsteds, all colors and sizes, 5 to 16, Norfolk and pinch back jackets, plenty of big sizes, prices range for sale 2.39 and <b>\$1.98</b>	Boys' Overcoats and Mackinaws—The latest effects in mackinaw cloth overcoats, pinch back models, warm and made to stand rough wear sale price \$5.48, 3.48 <b>\$2.45</b>	We have just received an unusual lot of skirts that we have purchased before the rise in price. Silk Taffetas—In all styles and colors, plads, mixtures and black latest styles 7.98 6.98 and <b>\$4.98</b>	All Wool Worsteds—In plaids, stripes and plain colors, sale price 5.98, 4.98 and <b>\$3.98</b> Serges and Poptins—In plain colors, very pretty models \$4.48 to <b>\$2.48</b>

**SHOE BARGAINS**

Dr. Reed's Cushion Shoes for men, all styles, broken sizes 6.00 7.00 values at <b>\$3.98</b>	"Whitcomb" shoes, \$2.50 values <b>\$2.19</b>	Dr. Reed's Cushion Shoes for ladies, all styles, broken sizes, \$5.50 and \$6.00 values, at <b>\$3.98</b>	House Slippers—Martha Washington styles, front gores and comfort shoes, only <b>\$1.25</b>
Fine Shoes for men, all the latest styles, all sizes and lasts 4.50, 5.00 and 6.00 value <b>\$3.48</b>	Men's Dress Shoes—Medium Weights well made \$2.50 values only <b>\$1.98</b>	Ladies' High Grade Dress Shoes in dull and patent leather, cloth and dull tops newest styles, made to sell at \$4.00 and \$4.50 now <b>\$2.48</b>	Boys' Shoes—Celebrated "Iron-Wear" shoes, inlace only, now at the pair <b>\$1.39</b>
Men's Fancy Dress Shoes—Cloth and kid tops, both tan and black at only <b>\$2.48</b>	Boys' Shoes—Special—Solid leather copper toes, shoes that sell for 2.50 at only <b>\$1.98</b>	Ladies Dress Shoes in broken sizes, all styles and leathers \$3.50 values <b>\$1.98</b>	Girls' Gun Metal School Shoes—All styles and sizes, cloth tops and kid tops, prices from \$1.98 down to <b>\$1.49</b>
Men's Dress Shoes—The famous <b>\$2.48</b>	Boys' Elkskin Shoes—Best values double sole, 2.50 values at \$1.75 and <b>\$1.48</b>		

## LASSERS & CO., 242 East Ave., Kankakee, Ill.,

# GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

**Sale Starts Thursday January 25th**

The Parisian offers its High Grade stock of **Ladies' Ready-to-wear** at Quick Disposal Prices! Read!

**First Come First Served**  
No Reservations

We are going out of business is right, we have other interests that demand our attention and we must dispose of this store and its stock at once. In repricing the stock for this sale, absolutely no attention will be paid to cost prices. This is a case of selling out quick and we will not permit prices to stand between our desire of getting the business. Here is a sample of the prices:

**Any Dress Serge in the stock at \$5.00**

**ANY COAT UP TO \$15.00 \$5.00**

**Any SUIT in the store for \$5.00**

Court St. and Dearborn Ave. **The PARISIAN** Kankakee Illinois

and shabby vest cuts no ice, but do your best to make him happy here on earth and to feel that he's of worth. Don't you know that such a chap has every day his sure mishap? All he needs is hearty cheer to make him happy while he's here. Don't let him think that the earth was dead against him since his birth. Crack his shell—draw him out; don't let him whine, sulk or pout. Make him tell you all the woes of his heart before he goes. Don't tell him to go up and hump; tell him not to be so slow, but get around and say "Hello!" I'm alive, what can I do to help myself as well as you. Do not wait until he's dead to strew bouquets around his head. Nice words spoken are out of place if not spoken before his face. Make him see that you're his friend, and will stay such to the end. Yes, tell him now, though he's rough, "Why, old Brother, you're just the stuff this world needs to make it go; now brace up and cry "hello!" There are plenty such about, that are worth the digging out. In this way you surely can make him think that he's a man. He will always think of you and his best friend, tried and true. In the future you will know what good it does to say "Hello!"

Have you paid your subscription?

Mrs. Sam Wilson returned the latter part of the week from Glen Ellyn, Ill.



# Nan of Music Mountain

By  
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

Frank Hamilton Spearman is America's foremost writer of railroad adventure stories, and his work is in constant demand by leading periodicals and publishing houses. For a number of years he was a railroad man in the Rocky mountain country, and the robust fascination of that life is reflected in this serial. We believe that you surely will enjoy "Nan of Music Mountain," because the characters are unusually impressive, the plot well made and the movement vigorous.

THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER I.

### Frontier Day.

Lefever sat sideways on the edge of the table. His subdued whistle, which seemed meditative, irritated De Spain more or less, despite his endeavor not to be irritated. It was like the low singing of a teakettle, which, however unobtrusive, indicates steam within. In fact, John Lefever, who was built not unlike a kettle, never whistled except when there was some pressure on his sensibilities.

The warm sun came streaming through the windows of the private office of the division superintendent at Sleepy Cat, a railroad town lying almost within gunshot of the great continental divide. De Spain, tilted back in the superintendent's chair, sat near Lefever—Jeffries had the mountain division then—his feet crossed on the walnut rim of the shabby, cloth-topped table. His chin lay on his soft, open collar and tie, his sunburnt lips were shut tight, and his nervous brown eyes were staring at the dull finish barrel of a new rifle, that lay across Lefever's lap. At intervals Lefever took the rifle up and, whistling softly, examined with care a fracture of the lever, the broken thumbpiece of which lay on the table between the two men.

From the main street side of the large room came the hooting and clattering of a Frontier day celebration, and these noises seemed not to allay the discomfort apparent on the faces of the two men.

"Hang it, John," blurted out De Spain peevishly, "what possessed you to send for me to do the shooting, anyway?"

His companion answered gently—Lefever's patience was noted even among confined men—"Henry," he remonstrated, "I sent for you because I thought you could shoot."

De Spain's expression did not change under the reproach. His features were so regular as to contribute to this undisturbed expression, and his face would not ordinarily attract attention but for his extremely bright and alive eyes—the frequent mark of an out-of-door mountain life—and especially for a red birthmark, low on his left cheek, disappearing under the turn of the jaw. It was merely a strawberry, so called, and after knowing him, one forgot about the birthmark in the man that carried it. Lefever's reproach was naturally provocative. "I hope now," retorted De Spain, but without any show of resentment, "you understand I can't."

"No," persisted Lefever, good-naturedly, "I only realize, Henry, that this wasn't your day for the job."

The door of the outer office opened, and Jeffries, the superintendent, walked into the room; he had just come from Medicine Bend in his car. The two men rose to greet him. He asked about the noise in the street.

"That noise, William, comes from all Calabasas and all Morgan's gap," explained Lefever, still fondling the rifle. "The Morgans are celebrating our defeat. They put it all over us. We were challenged yesterday," he continued in response to the abrupt questions of Jeffries. "The Morgans offered to shoot us offhand, two hundred yards, bull's-eye count. I thought we could trim them by running in a real gunman, so I wired to Medicine Bend for Henry. Henry comes up last night with a brand-new rifle. This is the gun. The lever," he added with a patient expletive, "broke. Henry got to shooting too fast."

"That wasn't what beat me," exclaimed De Spain curtly. And taking up the offending rifle, he walked out of the room.

"What do you think, William?" Lefever grumbled on. "The Morgans ran in a girl to shoot against us—Nan Morgan, old Duke Morgan's little niece. And I never before in my life saw Henry so fussed. The little Music Mountain skirt simply put it all over him. She had five bull's-eyes to Henry's three when the lever snapped. He forfeited."

"Some shooting," commented Jeffries, rapidly signing letters.

"We expected some when Henry unslung his gun," Lefever went on without respecting Jeffries' preoccupation. "As it is, those fellows have cleaned up every dollar loose in Sleepy Cat, and then some. Money? They could start a bank this minute."

Sounds of revelry continued to pour in through the street window. The Morgans were celebrating uncommonly. "Rubbing it in, eh, John?" suggested Jeffries.

"Think of it," gasped Lefever, "to be beaten by an eighteen-year-old girl." "Now that," declared Jeffries, winking up as if for the first time interested, "is exactly where you made your mistake, John. A gunman shoots his best when there's somebody shooting at him. That's why you shoot well—because you're a gunman, and not a marksman."

"That boy can shoot all around me, Jeff."

"For instance," continued Jeffries, "if you had put Gale Morgan up against Henry, and told him to shoot at each other, instead of against each other, you'd have got bull's-eyes to burn from De Spain. And the Calabasas crowd wouldn't have your money. John, if you want to win money, you must study the psychological."

There was abundance of railery in Lefever's retort: "That's why you are rich, Jeff?"

"No, I am poor, because I failed to study it. That is why I am at Sleepy Cat holding down a division. But now that you've brought Henry up here, we'll keep him."

"What do you mean, keep him?" demanded Lefever, starting in protest.

"I mean I need him. I mean the time to shoot a bear is when you see him. John, what kind of a fellow is De Spain?" demanded the superintendent, as if he had never heard of him.

Lefever, regarding Jeffries keenly, exclaimed with emphasis: "Why, if you want him short and sharp, he's a man with a soft eye and a snap-turtle jaw, a man of close sneaks and short-arm shots, always getting into trouble, always getting out; a man that can wheedle more out of a horse than anybody but an Indian; coax more shots out of a gun than anybody else can put into it—if you want him fat, that's Henry, as I size him."

Jeffries resumed his mildest tone: "Tell him to come in a minute, John."

De Spain himself expressed contemptuous impatience when Lefever told him the superintendent wanted him to go to work at Sleepy Cat. He declared he had always hated the town, raised one objection after another to leaving Medicine Bend, and Jeffries finally summoned a show of impatience.

"You are looking for promotion, aren't you?" he demanded threateningly.

"Yes, but not for motion without the 'pro,'" objected De Spain. "I want to stick to the railroad business. You want to get me into the stage business."

"Temporarily, yes. But I've told you when you come back to the division proper, you come as my assistant, if you make good running the Thief River stages. Think of the salary."

"I have no immediate heirs."

"This is not a matter for joking, De Spain."

"I know that, too. How many men have been shot on the stages in the last six months?"

"Why, now and again the stages are held up, yes," admitted Jeffries brusquely; "that is to be expected where the specie shipments are large. The Thief River mines are rotten with gold just now. But you don't have to drive a stage. We supply you with good men for that, and good guards—men willing to take any kind of a chance if the pay is right. And the pay is right, and yours as general manager will be right."

"I have never as yet generally managed any stage line," remarked De Spain, poking ridicule at the title, "no matter how modest an outfit."

"You will never learn younger. We must have a man to run that line that can curb the disorders along the route. Calabasas valley, De Spain, is a bad place."

"Is it?" De Spain asked as naively as if he had never heard of Calabasas, though Jeffries was nervily stating a fact bald and notorious to both.

"There are a lot of bad men there," Jeffries went on, "who are bad simply because they've never had a man to show them."

"The last 'general' manager was killed there, wasn't he?"

"Not in the valley, no. He was shot at Calabasas Inn."

"Would that make very much difference in the way he felt about it?"

Jeffries, with an effort, laughed. "That's all right, Henry! They won't get you." Again he extended his finger dogmatically: "If I thought they would, I wouldn't send you down there."

"Thank you."

"You are young, ambitious—four thousand a year isn't hanging from every telegraph pole; it is almost twice what they are paying me."

"You're not getting shot at."

"No man, Henry, knows the hour of his death. No man in the high country knows when he is to be made a target—that you well understand. Men are shot down in this country that

have no more idea of getting killed than I have—or you have."

"Don't include me. I have a pretty good idea of getting killed right away—the minute I take this job."

"We have temporized with this Calabasas outfit long enough," declared Jeffries, dropping his mask at last. "Deaf Sandusky, Logan and that squint-eyed thief, Dave Sassoon—all hold-up men, every one of them! Henry, I'm putting you in on that job because you've got nerve, because you can shoot, because I don't think they can get you—and paying you a whaling big salary to straighten things out along the Spanish Sinks. Do you know, Henry—"

Jeffries leaned forward and lowered his tone. Master of the art of persuading and convincing, of hammering and pounding, of swaying the doubting and deciding the undecided, the strong-eyed mountain man looked his best as he held the younger man under his spell. "Do you know," he repeated, "I suspect that Morgan's Gap bunch are really behind and beneath a lot of this devilry around Calabasas? You take Gale Morgan—why, he trains with Dave Sassoon; take his uncle, Duke—Sassoon never is in trouble but what Duke will help him out." Jeffries exploded with a slight but forcible expletive. "Was there ever a thief or a robber driven into Morgan's gap that didn't find sympathy and shelter with some of the Morgans? I believe they are in every game pulled on the Thief River stages."

"As bad as that?"

Jeffries turned to his desk. "Ask John Lefever."

De Spain had a long talk with John. But John was a poor adviser. He advised no one on any subject. He whistled, he hummed a tune. He extended his arm, at times, suddenly, as if on the brink of a positive assertion. He decided nothing, and asserted nothing. But concerning the Morgans and their friends, he did abandon his habitual reticence. "Rustlers, thieves, robbers, coiners, outlaws!" he exclaimed energetically.

"Is this because they got your money today, John?" asked De Spain.

"Never mind my money. I've got a new job with nothing to do, and plenty of cash."

De Spain asked what the job was. "On the stages," announced Lefever. "I am now general superintendent of the Thief River line."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that I am to be your assistant."

"I'm not going to take that job, John."

Lefever took off his hat and twirled it skillfully on one hand, humming softly the while.

"I believe you'd better change your mind, Henry, and stay with us."

"No," returned De Spain meditatively, "I'm not going to stay. I've



"Some shooting!" commented Jeffries.

had glory enough out of this town for a while." He picked up his hat, poked the crown discontentedly, and, rising with a loss of amiability in his features and manner, walked out of the room.

The late sun was streaming down the full length of Main street. The street was still filled with loiterers who had spent the day at the fair, and lingered now in town in the vague hope of seeing a brawl or a fight before sundown—roisterers from the Spanish Sinks, and gunmen and gamblers from Calabasas and Morgan's gap. The Morgans themselves and their following were out to the last retainer.

## CHAPTER II.

### De Spain Changes His Mind.

Before De Spain had walked far he heard music from the open-air dancing pavilion in Grant street. Stirred by an idle curiosity, he turned the corner and stopped to watch the crowded couples whirling up and down the raised platform under paper lanterns and red streamers to the music of an

automatic piano. He took his place in a fringe of onlookers that filled the sidewalk. But he was thinking as he stood, not of the boisterous dancing or the clumsy dancers, but of the broken lever and the defeat at the fairgrounds. It still rankled in his mind. While he stood thinking the music ceased.

A man, who appeared to be in authority, walked to the center of the dancing-floor, made an announcement that De Spain failed to catch, and looked toward a young couple standing in an attitude of waiting at the head of the hall.

All eyes being turned their way, De Spain's attention as well was drawn toward them. The man was powerful in stature, and rather too heavy, but straight as an Indian. His small, reddish face was tanned by the sun and wind, and from the handsome hat down to the small, high-heeled and spurred boots, he wore the distinctive cowboy rig of the mountains. De Spain seemed to recall that this particular fellow had crowed the loudest when he himself forfeited the shooting-match earlier in the day.

But De Spain, unamiable as he now was, looked with unconcealed interest at the man's dancing partner. She, too, was browned by the mountain sun and air—a slight, erect girl, her head well set, and a delicate waistline above a belted, brown skirt, which just reached the tops of her small, high tan riding boots. She wore a soft, French-gray Stetson hat. Her eyes, noticeably pretty, wandered about the platform, reflecting in their unrest the dissatisfied expression of her face. A talkative woman standing just in front of De Spain, told a companion that the man was Gale Morgan, a nephew of Satterlee, laziest of the Morgans. De Spain at once recognized in the dancing partner the little Music Mountain girl who had been his undoing at the target.

The energetic piano thumped the strains of a two-step. Gale Morgan extended his arm toward Nan; she looked very slight at his side. Then, responding with a sort of fery impatience to her partner's guiding, she caught the rapid step of the music, and together the two swept down the floor. The spectators soon showed their admiration of the dancing with unrestrained handclapping, and followed with approving outcries. Every swaying step, every agile turn proved how sure Nan was of herself, and how perfectly her body answered to every exaction of the quick movement of the dance. Gale Morgan seemed the merest attendant for his partner, who, with quickened pulses, gave herself up more and more to the lively call of the music.

Once the two swung away out, near to De Spain's corner. As Nan whirled by, De Spain, either with the infection of the music or from her nearness to him, caught his breath. His eyes riveted themselves on her flushed face as she passed—oblivious of his presence—and he recalled how in the morning she had handled her rifle in the same, quick, sure way. De Spain could not dance at all; but no one could successfully accuse him of not knowing how to handle any sort of a gun. It was only now he forgave her, unasked, the humiliation she had put on him. He felt an impulse to go up to her—now that she had stopped dancing—and congratulate her honestly, instead of boorishly as he had done at the match.

But while he thought of this the two dancers disappeared, and a new and rougher party crowded out on the floor.

"Now, isn't that a pretty bunch!" exclaimed the talkative woman again. "That's the Calabasas gang. Look at Sandusky, that big fellow, with the crooked jaw. And Harvey Logan, with his black hair plastered over his eyes. Why, for one drink those two fellows would turn loose on this crowd and kill half a dozen. And there's two of Duke Morgan's cowboys with them, boozing old Bull Page, and that squint-eyed Sassoon—he's worse than the others, that fellow—a fine bunch to allow in this town."

It had become second nature to De Spain to note even insignificant details concerning men, and he took an interest in and remarked how very low Logan carried his gun in front of his hip. Sandusky's holster was slung higher and farther back on the side. Logan wore a tan shirt and khaki, Sandusky, coatless, was dressed in a white shirt, with a red tie, and wore a soiled, figured waistcoat fastened at the bottom by a cut-glass button.

The Sleepy Cat gossip commented on how much money these men had been spending all day. She wondered aloud, reckless apparently of consequences, who had been robbed, lately, to provide it. Her companion scolded her for stirring up talk that might make trouble; averred she didn't believe half the stories she heard; asserted that these men lived quietly at Calabasas, minding their own affairs. "And they're kind to poor folks, too." "Sure" grimaced the obdurate one, "with other people's money."

De Spain, discontented, turning again into Main street, continued on to the Thief River stage bar. After look-

ing the horses over and inspecting the wagons with a new but mild curiosity, awakened by Jeffries' proposal, De Spain walked back toward the station. He had virtually decided not to take the job. Medicine Bend was his home. He knew every man, woman and child in the town. Before the tragic death of his father, his mother had lived there, and De Spain had grown up in the town and gone to school there. He was a railroad man, anyway—a modest trainmaster—and not eager for stage-line management.

As he passed Grant street again he encountered a party on horseback heading for the river bridge. Three of the men were riding abreast and a little ahead. Of these, the middle horseman was a spare man of frankly disreputable air. His face was drawn up into a one-sided smile. Satt Morgan's smile was habitual and lessened his stern aspect. At his right rode his cousin, Duke Morgan, older, shorter and stouter. His square, heavy-jawed, smooth-shaven face was lighted by hard, keen eyes, and finished by an uncompromising chin. Duke was the real head of the clan, of which there were numerous branches in the Superstition mountains, all looking with friendliness or enmity to the Morgans of Morgan's gap.

The yellow-haired man riding on the left, with a red face and red-lidded, squinting eyes, showed none of the blood of his companions. But David Sassoon, the Calabasas gambler, quondam cowboy, and chronic brawler, stood in some way close to the different Morgans, and was reputed to have got each of them, at different times, out of more than one troublesome affair, either by sheer force of arms, or through his resourceful cunning.

These men were followed by a younger man riding with a very young woman. De Spain knew none of the front-rank men, but he knew well Nan Morgan and her dancing partner. Gale's face lighted as he set eyes on De Spain, and he spoke quickly to Nan: "There's your handsome Medicine Bend gunman!"

Nan, glancing toward De Spain, seemed aware that he heard. She looked away. De Spain tightened up with a rage. The blood rushed to his face, the sarcasm struck in. If the birthmark could have deepened with humiliation it would have done so at the instant of the cold inspection of the girl's pretty eyes. Gale, calling ahead to the others, invited their attention to the man on the street corner. De Spain only stood still, returning their inspection as insolently as silence could. Each face was faithfully photographed and filed in his memory, and his steady gaze followed them until they rode down the hill and clattered jauntily out on the swaying suspension bridge that still crosses the Rat river at Grant street, and connects the whole south country—the Spanish sinks, the Thief River gold fields, the saw-toothed Superstition range, Morgan's gap, and Music mountain with Sleepy Cat and the railroad.

De Spain, walking down Grant street, watched the party disappear among the hills across the river. The encounter had stirred him. He already hated the Morgans, at least all except the blue-eyed girl, and she, it was not difficult to divine from her expression, was, at least, disdainful of her morning rival.

Reaching the station platform while still busy with his thoughts, De Spain encountered Jeffries and Lefever.

"Jeffries, I'll take that Thief River stage job," announced De Spain bluntly.

"What's the reason that fellow changed his mind?" demanded Jeffries, when Lefever joined him later in his office.

"Don't ask me," frowned Lefever perplexed. "Don't ask me. Henry is odd in some ways. You can't tell what's going on inside that fellow's head by looking at the outside of it." Jeffries grunted coldly at this bit of wisdom. "I'll tell you what I should think—if I had to think: Henry De Spain has never found out rightly who was responsible for the death of his father. He expects to do it, some time; and long ago some of these same Morgans lived on the Peace river above his father's ranch."

What steps do you think De Spain will take to get accurate information about the Morgan gang and begin his campaign against them? Will he go himself as a spy into their stronghold near Calabasas? Or will he attempt to make love to Nan Morgan and use her as a tool?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Worked Both Ways.

White—So Green is applying for a divorce from the widow he married a month ago, is he? Whatever possessed him to marry her, anyway?

Brown—Her wonderful conversational powers, I believe.

White—And why is he applying for a divorce so soon?

Brown—Oh, for the same reason.

## SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicate "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

### Good Reason.

"Why do you never take Gladys out in your automobile?"

"Because she gets on my motor nerves."

### THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

### A Severe Mother.

Boston Mother—Do you know Willie Bump?

Little Son—Sure, I soaked that bone-headed shrimp on the beizer the last time I seen him.

Boston Mother—What awful language! You should say "I soaked that bone-headed shrimp on the beizer the last time I saw him."

### Similar.

"That reminds me of some of the newfangled poetry they're printing in the magazines nowadays," observed the man who was viewing the parade of the Punkville Preparedness League.

"One account of the rhythm, I suppose," suggested his friend.

"No, on account of the irregular lines."

### A Generous Arrangement.

"Are you going to make any New Year resolutions?"

"No. I'm not going to be selfish. When I think of any improvement that's needed in my own case, I think of the many others who doubtless share the need. So I get our congressman to introduce a bill."

### Effort to Be Consistent.

"Thought you approved of the eight-hour law."

"I do approve of it."

"Then why do you want it repealed?"

"Well, even a law shouldn't be compelled to work overtime."

### Some Reason for It.

"That man Jones backed me into a corner last night and kept me there two hours telling me the bright things his two-year-old boy has said."

"Gosh! You must owe Jones an awful lot of money if you'll stand for that!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Experience Teaches.

Spiffer—I have often wondered at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your—

Wiffer—If it's more than a dollar, old top, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself.

Paraguay has valuable forest resources, the most important of which is quebracho, particularly rich in tannin.

Before Drinking Coffee, You Should Consider Whether Or Not It Is Harmful

"There's a Reason" for Postum

# Women of Middle Age

Many distressing Ailments experienced by them are Alleviated by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is Proof by Women who Know.



Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—Mrs. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

She Tells Her Friends to Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies.

North Haven, Conn.—"When I was 45 I had the Change of Life which is a trouble all women have. At first it didn't bother me but after a while I got bearing down pains. I called in doctors who told me to try different things but they did not cure my pains. One day my husband came home and said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash?' Well, I got them and took about 10 bottles of Vegetable Compound and could feel myself regaining my health. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and it has done me a great deal of good. Any one coming to my house who suffers from female troubles or Change of Life, I tell them to take the Pinkham remedies. There are about 20 of us here who think the world of them."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

You are Invited to Write for Free Advice.

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

## Pigs on Aerial Joy Ride.

The Kohnsche Zeitung amuses its readers by a little story of two German aviators, flying from their base at Varna, who came down at the little town of Mangalia in the Dobruja. So pleased were the natives to see the two aviators that they gave them a pig each.

The question arose how to transport the "costly gifts" to the base. The problem was solved by making room in the body of the airplane, and the quartette flew away for Varna. Apparently the pigs felt quite at home, for the Kohnsche Zeitung says the four enjoyed the trip.—London Chronicle.

## GOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN

Children love Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti because of its delicious taste. It is good for them and you can give them all they want. It is a great builder of bone and muscle, and does not make them nervous and irritable like meat. The most economical and nutritious food known. Made from the finest Durum wheat. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful color book. It is sent free to mothers.—Adv.

## Horticulture in Mustaches.

Children are consistent and logical in their thinking, if nothing else.

Uncle Jim removed a mustache he had worn for a year or so. A relative remarked she never had seen Uncle Jim with a mustache, and another member of the family said: "Oh, yes, he grew it about two years ago." "Did he plant the seed?" little Bobbie asked.—Indianapolis News.

## COVETED BY ALL

but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

In his own case a man looks upon cowardice as a "safety first" idea.

Peace on earth has a poor show at the present writing.

# Bolivar Women Endorse "Outside" Treatment For Children's Colds

Instead of Dosing Delicate Little Stomachs They Recommend the External Treatment—Vap-O-Rub.

Mrs. M. J. Porter, and Mrs. J. Jacques, of Bolivar, Mo., and Mrs. M. E. Ferrel, on Rural Route No. 2, like all intelligent mothers, believe internal medicines are bad for children, and yet cold troubles must have some kind of treatment. When Vick's Vap-O-Rub was introduced here from the South last season these ladies found it filled the need exactly. Vap-O-Rub is a salve, which, when applied to the warmth of the body, is vaporized by the body heat. These vapors, inhaled with each breath, carry the medication through the air passages to the lungs, and, in addition, Vick's is absorbed through the skin, relieving the tightness and soreness. This two fold action makes Vap-O-Rub useful for a wide variety of inflammations—from inflammations of the air passages and lungs, such as head colds, catarrh, asthmatic troubles, bronchitis, and deep chest colds—down to inflammations of the skin and tissues, such as

burns, bruises, stings, piles and muscular soreness.

Mrs. Porter says—"Vap-O-Rub is very fine for core throat, rheumatism, etc. I take pleasure in recommending it."

Mrs. Jacques says—"I have used several bottles of Vick's Vap-O-Rub, and have found it better than internal medicines."

Mrs. Ferrel writes—"We have given Vap-O-Rub a fair trial and find it excellent for croup, colds, sore throat, etc. It is certainly fine for children. We have also found it very good in cases of sunburn, fever sores and muscular rheumatism." Three sizes, 25c, 50c or \$1.00.

NOTICE:—Last winter, in order to acquaint their customers with Vap-O-Rub, a number of druggists throughout the state presented complimentary jars to a few of their customers, on condition that they give this preparation a thorough trial and report the results. By kind permission these reports are now being used in this series of advertisements.



## WINTER DAIRYING IS QUITE PROFITABLE

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When asked why they preferred to have all their cows fresh in the spring, a number of farmers in a northwestern state said positively that winter dairying did not pay in that section. The agent of the cow-testing association, therefore, investigated a number of farms to determine whether it was the best practice in that region to have cows fresh in the spring because there is then plenty of grass, and "grass is a cheap feed." He found that the spring-freshened cows gave milk for a time while the pasture was good, but as hot weather and flies came on, the flow gradually decreased until by fall they usually were dry. As the owners thought it did not pay to feed a dry cow, the cows were allowed to browse around all the fall, picking up what feed they could, and in many cases they were forced to "rustle" around the straw pile all winter. As a result, in the spring many cows emerged with ribs showing and were considerably weakened by the time they freshened. They therefore got a poor start in the season, and in many cases their milk records the following year were still

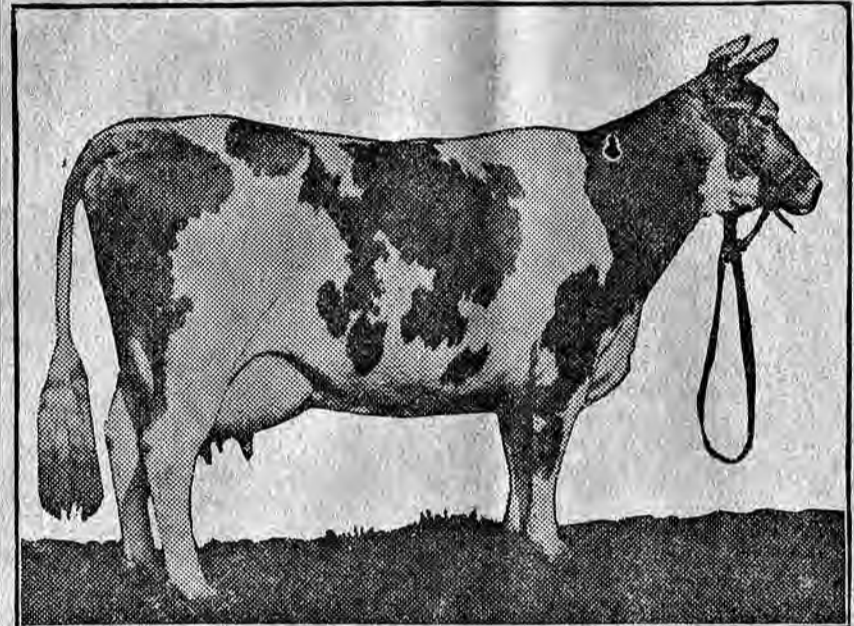
lower. It was not surprising, the agent points out, that the average cow, so mishandled, could produce only about 150 pounds of butterfat a year. Many so-called scrub cows, the agent points out, if freshened in the fall and given the right kind of feed and treatment during the winter before coming on grass for the latter part of their lactation period would prove to be moneymakers. This opinion seems to be supported fully by the records of the cow-testing association in the same general locality. These records show that the average farm cow that freshens in the fall not only produces more milk and fat, but also is more profitable to keep. In one county many cows which freshened in the fall won a place on the association's honor list for January and continued to produce heavily during the winter. When grass

came in the spring these same cows picked up their naturally waning milk flow and finished up with a good yearly production before going dry late in summer. What is still more important, however, from the profit point of view, is that the fall-freshened cows produced the larger part of their records while milk prices were best. With the common idea that "grass is a cheap feed," therefore, this agent would couple the fact that "butterfat is usually cheap at the same time."

### High January Record.

The highest January record of this association was made by a cow which produced 1,730 pounds of milk, or approximately 200 gallons, 3.7 per cent test, or 64 pounds of butterfat. Her milk, however, was sold on a city milk route and brought 20 cents a gallon, or approximately \$40 for the month. On the other hand, if the owner had sold his product on a butterfat basis, he still would have received \$19.20. As it cost him \$5.37 to feed the cow, his profit on a butterfat basis would have been \$13.83.

On this farm the cows get practically all the alfalfa hay and corn silage that they will eat up clean, and in ad-



MOST DESIRABLE TYPE FOR DAIRY HERD.

dition a grain mixture of equal parts of rolled oats, bran, and shorts. Each of the heavier producers gets about ten pounds of this mixture daily. In addition to being well fed, the cows stand comfortably sheltered in a warm barn most of the time and have access to plenty of good water.

During the month six cows in this herd averaged 54.8 pounds of butterfat, worth more than \$16, while the feed cost was approximately \$5.37 apiece. The records kept by the cow tester gave the dairyman exact knowledge of the cost of feed and production in the case of each animal, and thus enabled him to cull out "boarders" and regulate his feed in proportion to the milk production of each cow. The association record for the farmer, however, seemed to establish the fact that, in the region mentioned, winter dairying can be made to pay.

than broadcast sowing and covers the seed to a more nearly uniform depth. Less seed, also, is required in drilling. The seed should be covered usually about one and one-half inches deep. The rate of seeding should be two bushels to the acre under average soil conditions and two and one-half bushels on heavy soils.

Every two or three years oat seed should be treated for smut to hold the disease in check. This year is a good time to begin. A formaldehyde solution will probably save your field several bushels an acre.

A germination test is always advisable, but especially so this year, for tests are showing up poorly. Rigid grading with a fanning mill will also help to get a high test.

## METHOD TO DETECT SUDAN GRASS SEED

Differences in Size, Form and Physical Characteristics Noted by Government.

Seed specialists in the United States department of agriculture have developed a method whereby seed of sudan grass may accurately be distinguished from the seed of Johnson grass, which, while valuable in some sections, is considered so troublesome a weed in others that state laws prohibit its admission.

Careful study of the seeds of the two grasses has disclosed differences in size, form, color and physical characteristics which are easily detected under a good glass. Seed inspectors and others interested in determining the purity of sudan grass seed may obtain a technical description of this method in Department Bulletin 406, "Distinguishing Characters of the Seeds of Sudan Grass and Johnson Grass," which will be furnished on application as long as the department's supply lasts.

## DRILLING BEST WAY TO PLANT OAT CROP

Fall-Plowed Land Is Preferred and Seeding Should Be Done Early as Possible.

(By C. P. BULL, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

Oats grow best when sown with a drill in a fine and firm seedbed about two or three inches deep. Fall-plowed land is to be preferred. Seeding should be done early.

Oats follow a cultivated crop in a rotation. Fall-plowing is best. If the situation demands spring-plowing, the earlier it is done the better. Following spring-plowing, the soil must be worked back, so as to unite the furrow slice and the "pan." A good seedbed can be made on clean land when corn was grown last year by two diskings and a harrowing with a slant-tooth harrow. Drilling gives a more even stand

## BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

## CAN'T GET BEAR OUT OF CAGE

Newly Arrived Bruin Presents Problem to the Attendants at Brooklyn Zoo.

How to get Brooklyn's new bear out of the cage that he came here in is one of the problems that is confronting the Prospect park zoo authorities, according to the Eagle of that city.

"The cage is so strong that it looks as if nothing less powerful than dynamite would open it," one officer explained. "It is made of very heavy planks, spiked together with shipbuilders' spikes. The cage was built by the same men who made Norwegian sailing vessels, the most durable in the world."

The difficulty of getting Bruin out of the box led to a question as to how the Norwegians, who sent him managed to get him in. The only hole in the cage is barely big enough to let him get his nose out.

"I guess they must have tied his feet, or wrapped him up in a net and then built the cage around him," one of the tall Scandinavians on the Christianiafjord said.

## CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS

Are Usually Remarkably Soft and Clear—Trial Free.

Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet Soap, and assist it now and then as needed by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. Nothing better to make the complexion clear, scalp free from dandruff and hands soft and white. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## She Simply Couldn't Refuse.

"Would you mind if I went into the smoking car, dear?" asked the bridegroom.

"What! To smoke, sweetheart?" retorted the bride.

"Dear me, no," replied the young husband. "I want to experience the agony of being away from you so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

## Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## Paradoxical.

"Why didn't you try for the position?"

"Fat chance!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that my chance would be mighty slim."—Boston Evening Transcript.

## SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE

and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.—Adv.

## Good Reason.

"I am studying out the best way to abate the smoke nuisance."

"That's easy. Buy good cigars."

The Dutch Indies in 1915 produced 1,440,000 tons of petroleum.

## The New Method

(BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.)

Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance over-working the sick kidneys, hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner as a similar congestion in the head causes headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, bags under the lids, and lack ambition to do things.

The latest and most effective means of overcoming this trouble, is to eat sparingly of meat, drink plenty water between meals and take a single Anuric tablet before each meal for a while.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Anuric. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, begin immediately with this novel treatment.



Mr. Witz—"Do you know what's good for rats?"  
Miss Stone—"Why, poison, of course."  
Mr. Witz—"No, that would kill them—cheese."

Do you know what's good for a cough, throat and lung troubles, that will allay inflammation and insure a good night's sleep with free and easy expectoration in the morning? The answer always the same year after year, is

## Boschee's German Syrup

Soothing and healing to bronchial and throat irritation. 25c. and 75c. sizes all Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Your grandfather used it 51 years ago. Try it yourself and see how it stops a hacking cough like magic.

## BEEES MAKE HIVE OF HOUSE

Four Swarms Removed From Building When a Fifth Arrives at Iowa Home.

Four swarms of wild bees recently have removed from the two-story house of Earl Berryman on the East side of Rockwell City, the Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette says. Three of them were located under the shingles on three corners of the building and one was back of the weather boarding near the eaves on the south side of it. About three bushels of combs were removed, but the amount of white comb honey was not nearly so great as the fine yield this year from good hives in the neighborhood.

A fifth swarm arrived and endeavored to gain an entrance to the building at the eaves on the south side. Failing to find a suitable opening, this swarm clustered within and around a four-inch drain tile lying in the grass near the building.

## ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

## Regrets Inevitable.

He had proposed and been rejected.

"Very well," he said coldly, "there will come a time when your treatment of me will be regretted."

"I shall never regret it," she replied.

"Oh, I don't mean you," he returned.

"I refer to the man whom you will finally accept."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

## A Comprehensive Comment.

"This is our baby," burred Proudpop. "What do you think of him?"

"Ah! A very seldom sort of infant, I should say," politely replied Philo Pumpelly.—Kansas City Star.

The Christmas belle is satisfied if she gets a ring on her finger.

## Don't fool with a cold. Cure it.



The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Crip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store

## ANTI-FROST

A real accident preventer, keeps clear and transparent despite severe frost, snow, rain or fog; excellent for store windows, eye glasses, etc. Full size can for 25c. Dealers and Jobbers. Write, Atlas Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## PATENTS

Style pamphlet free. Kansas Store, 25-27 N. Grand, St. Louis, Mo.

## SHOES AT RETAIL

WHAT HIGH PRICES MEAN means to Rochester-Oakton Mines. Write Bimuel O'Connell, Lovelock, Nev.

## "ROUGH ON RATS"

Ends Rats, Mice, Bugs, Fleas, and other pests. 15c and 25c.

## W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO., No. 3-1917.

## LOSS OF POWER

and vital forces follow loss of flesh, or emaciation. These come from impoverished blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood, stops the waste of strength and disease, and builds up healthy flesh.

Thin, pale, puny and scrofulous children are made plump, rosy and robust by the "Discovery." They like it too.

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fever, or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.