

SURE HAD GOOD TIME

LIKE THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER DID

Woodmen And Royal Neighbors Enjoy Life As The Old Folks Did Thirty Years Ago

Last Tuesday evening a large crowd, composed of young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, but every one a true blue American, met at the Woodmen Hall, with the full intention of having a good time, and they had it. The Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors gave a dance. Not the usual cut and dried affair that people have dropped into the habit of having of late years, but a real dance. E. A. Bade was chief caller, and the good old time square dances and Virginia Reel were danced. Everybody had a good time, and some old timers that haven't dared get on a dance floor for thirty years, were hopping around kids when Bade would call swing your honey. The affair will not be forgotten by many for years to come, and everybody that attended the affair are hoping that the Woodmen and Neighbors will give another such a dance in the near future, and chances are that they will.

Will Not Seize Home Food

There is no truth in a widely circulated statement that the Government expects to take food supplies from any family. Both the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture join in a statement to counteract what seems to be a deliberate propaganda effect that the Government intends to take from every family all canned goods put up excess of 100 quarts.

This is only one of the variations of the rumor, which has been widely circulated. Another statement is that the Government has been urging the canning, drying, and preserving of fruits and vegetables so that they will be in a convenient form for the Government to handle and transport when it takes them away from the people. Further elaboration is that these goods are to be taken from the American homes and shipped to England.

In one instance a motorist stopped at a farmhouse to fill the radiator of his automobile. In the course of conversation he casually inquired whether the farmer's family was canning all the surplus fruits and vegetables in order to help conserve the food supply. He was informed that the farmer was not doing this because the Government intended to take all the canned goods away except a small part of it actually needed by the family itself.

The authorities state emphatically that no such course has ever been contemplated by the Government. On the contrary, both the Department of Agriculture and the Food Administration are strongly urging housewives to can and preserve, especially at this time, all surplus fruits and vegetables in order that the housewives themselves may have a cheap and plentiful supply of food.

Girls Getting Busy

A regular meeting of the Bradley Girl's Evening Club will be held on Friday evening of this week at the School House. All members and girls desiring to become members of this Club are urged to attend.

At this meeting it is proposed to receive new members, adopt by-laws, commence plans for the year's work in domestic science and calisthenics and do any other business proper to effect a live organization here.

A cooking school will be established this year under the direction of the Kankakee County Home Improvement Association, which school promises many advantages to the girls. This surely is an insurance of the worth and interest that each girl should have in scientific knowledge. Many social features of more than ordinary help and interest will be available in the complete course in gymnastics which will also be given again this year. Miss Kathleen Maloney having been selected as physical director.

Dr. Magruder Sick

Noah T. Magruder is again confined to his bed with an illness which has been affecting him at various times for the past two years. He shows some improvement but is still weak Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Magruder of Rockford, Ill., are at his bedside this week.

Statement of the Ownership, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of the Bradley Advocate published weekly at Bradley Illinois for October 1st 1917.

STATE OF ILLINOIS COUNTY OF KANKAKEE

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Herman Worman, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Herman Worman Bradley Illinois.

Editor, Herman Worman, Bradley Illinois.

Managing Editor, Herman Worman Bradley Illinois.

Business Managers Herman Worman, Bradley Illinois.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Herman Worman Bradley Illinois

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there is none so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Herman Worman Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October 1917.

(SEAL) E. C. VANDAGRIFT Notary Public (My commission expires February 21 1917.)

Farewell Reception

The members of the Irene Rebekah Lodge, the Odd Fellows and Encampment will tender a farewell reception to Rev. and Mrs. John Codd at the Odd Fellows Lodge tonight, prior to their leaving for their new home in Galesburg, Ill. Rev. and Mrs. Codd have been active members of the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs and the members regret to see them leave.

To Hospital

Lester Kniekerbocker went to Chicago Tuesday, where he will enter the past graduate hospital for treatment for a nervous disease that has been troubling him for some time past.

TO HAVE NEW PASTOR

REV. CODD IS GOING TO LEAVE HERE.

Rev. Engel of Dalton City Will Be Pastor For Coming Year.

The United Brethren Church of this city will have a new pastor for the coming year. Rev. Engel of Dalton City, Ill., has been assigned to this church by the conference in session at Bloomington during the past week. Rev. Engel comes well recommended as a pastor, having been very successful in his work at Dalton City. He will move his family here during the coming week, and we welcome him to our midst and extend to him our very best wishes for a successful career as pastor of our church.

Rev. John Codd, who has been with



REV. CODD, Who Leaves Here

the church here for the past two years as pastor, has been assigned to Galesburg, Ill. This change is one of the best conference and comes to Rev. Codd as the reward of faithful service in this field and is a promotion that he has earned. His work here, especially during the past year, has been such as to attract the attention of the conference, and when they needed a strong man to handle the important position at Galesburg left vacant by the selection of Rev. Leach of the Galesburg church to fill the position of Superintendent of this District. Rev. Codd's record made him stand forth as the logical man to select. We believe that Rev. Codd is a big enough man to fill the position assigned him, and wish for him every possible success. He is moving his family to Galesburg today, and while we regret to see them leave us, we are delighted to know that they are moving forward in their chosen profession.

Home On Furlough

Bob Burns is home from Ft. Houston, Texas on a furlough. He reports the boys of Co. L as all being well and contended with the army life.

To Michigan

Mrs. Chaney of South Center Ave. has gone to Flint, Mich., where she will make her future home with her son, John Chaney. Glen Chaney, in tends to leave for Minneapolis Minn. in the near future to join the army.

Farewell Reception

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs tendered a reception to Glen Chaney Friday evening, before leaving to join the army.

Ed. Bartha spent Sunday in Chicago with relatives and friends.

Your Old Clothes "Roof" The Soldiers

Did you ever imagine that the old suit you discarded may go into a roof over your husband's, or brother's, or son's head in one of Uncle Sam's encampments where the soldiers are in training?

The high grade asphalt roofing which our Government experts have chosen to roof the sixteen big encampments is what manufacturers call a "by-product" roof. Its base is a thick, soft felt made of old rags and these rags come from tons and tons of our last winter's clothing that have been collected and made into roofing felt. This information will surprise many people, who may still have in mind the old time paper roofing or tar paper or the later so-called rubber roofing; but these are largely by-gones. The modern roll roofing is made of soft pliable felt which is saturated with several times its own weight of bituminous asphalt. This asphalt has become the established economy product for over half a century or under, which in preference to wood, tar or metal.

FROM COMPANY "L"

JOHN SHEEHAN WRITES TO HOME FOLKS

Describes Life in Camp at Houston and has Words of Praise for Captain Burns

John Sheehan is doing his "bit," he is with Company L in camp at Houston. Incidentally he is not forgetting his friends in Bradley and herewith is an interesting letter just received from him.

DEAR FRIENDS OF BRADLEY.—I am going to tell you a little of a soldier's life in camp at Houston, Texas. It will be two weeks Sunday since we arrived here. There were about four or five thousand soldiers in camp. Well, Co. L marched down Camp Street, just as if we were going to the front ready to fight. When we came to our camp around the first thing we did, we put up our tents and rested. We are very fortunate to have a commander like Captain Burns, for he knows how to treat a soldier and quit work when he has done enough according to his judgment. Well, they have prize-fights, singing and band playing every night at the Y. M. C. A. All in all there are 19,000 soldiers here and more to come. I will tell you about our kitchen. It is 100 feet long by 40 feet wide. We have four cooks and five waiters.

Houston is four miles from Camp Logan. We have 250 in a company instead of 100; this is called French style. Our company's letter will be changed to B. Camp Logan was from 200 to 500 acres of land. Tell your fellow fellows of Bradley they would surely have lots of pep when they get out of Company L. We have shower-bath places, ball grounds and a swell place to go to church. We get up at 5:30, exercise at 6:45, and at 6:50 we go to breakfast. At seven we go out and drill till eleven o'clock, and rest till 1:40 p. m. Then we drill again till four, when we eat supper. After that we rest quite a while till we go to bed at ten. Sleep well, dream sweetly, wondering all the while what is going to happen next morning.

This will end my letter. Tell all my friends that I wish them the best of good luck and health. God bless you all. I will not say good-bye because I hope to see you all again some day.

Your Bradley friend and soldier of Company L

JACK SHEEHAN.

One Year Ago

Miss Della Graville and Mr. Adolp Marcotte were married at the St. Joseph's church.

The Larkin Club gave a farewell party to Mrs. Schubert.

Eusebe Drais was killed in a runaway when returning home with a load of lumber.

Hiram L. Richardson a well known citizen died at his home on Scholary Ave.

A very valuable home owned by Mr. Richardson of Wilmington was shot by a careless hunter on the Richardson farm.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Courtney.

Two Years Ago

Three negro highway men held up and robbed a gang of Italian section men at Manteno.

Mrs. J. Tigha departed this life at her home on Grand Ave.

Frank DeLong had the misfortune to have his foot mashed by a heavy piece of iron while working in the Bradley factory.

Mrs. Monell was taken to the Emergency Hospital for medical treatment.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Anderson.

W. T. Cary cut his hand severely with a chisel.

Three Years Ago

Dr. Abram Lemington Small a pioneer resident of Kankakee passed away.

Are You 100 Years

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 1.—A search for Illinois citizens who will be one hundred years old in 1918, the centennial anniversary of the admission of Illinois into the Union, was commenced today by the Illinois Centennial Commission. Notices were mailed to all the county clerks in the state, asking them to report the names of any persons who will reach the century mark next year.

It is the hope of the Commission that at least one or two persons may be found who were born in Illinois one hundred years ago. The census is not to be restricted to these, however, but will include all who have passed the ninety-ninth year and are now residents of the state.

The reminiscences of these centenarians will be collected by the Commission, and will contribute to the general interest in the centennial anniversary.

All available names of the centenarians should be sent to the office of the director of the Centennial Commission at Springfield, and the task of collecting their reminiscences will be undertaken as soon as the census is complete.

One hundred years ago practically the only settled portion of Illinois was south of a line drawn through the present counties of Greene, Macoupin, Montgomery, Shelby, Cumberland and Clark. In this territory there were two settled areas. The larger of these was in the west and consisted of the triangle bounded by the Mississippi and Kaskaskia rivers, Sura creek and the frontier lines of survey.

"In this region of less than a thousand square miles dwelled about fifteen thousand people, more than a third of the population of the state, and the average density was not far from eight to the square mile," Professor Solon Justus Buck says in the Centennial History of Illinois in 1918.

The other settled district lay along the Wabash river on the eastern side of the state, extending from the side of York in southeastern Clark county to Saline creek, and having an average width of about fifteen miles. Nearly another third of the population, approximately twelve thousand, dwelled in this region of some fifteen hundred square miles, thus giving it a density about equal to that of the settled area in the west. Between these two districts and north of the one on the Mississippi lived the remaining third of the population, an immense area of at least seven thousand square miles. The density of the population in this region averaged less than two to the square mile.

All of central and northern Illinois was vast prairie land, practically uninhabited except for Indians and a few frontiersmen. In the northern part of the state were the Sauk and Fox tribes, the Winnebago and Potawatomi, Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. In central Illinois dwelled the Kickapoo.

Any centenarian, therefore, who was born in Illinois, must have been born in the southern counties.

The Commission expects to find a number of centenarians who spent their early life in the state and whose reminiscences will be valuable in casting side lights on the early history of Illinois.

The names and biographies of those reported to the Commission will be published in the Centennial Bulletin, a publication issued periodically to give information on the progress made in preparing for the Centennial.

A Familiar Face

Mrs. Emil Miller is acting as assistant post mistress during the absence of Miss Vergie Swan. It seems good to see Mrs. Miller back on the old job.

Another American

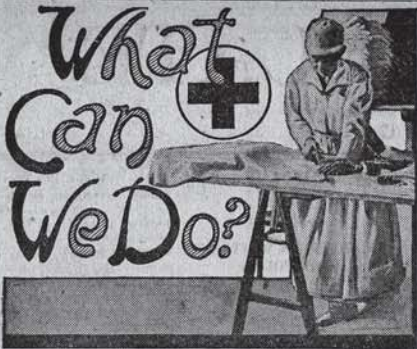
Edward Bartha secured his citizenship papers from the circuit court this week and is now a full fledged subject of Uncle Sam. He has had a true American heart ever since he has been in this country and we are glad to welcome him as a 100% American.

Joined the Army

Theo. Lafleur Jr., left for Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Monday, to enlist in the ambulance corps of the regular army. Good for Theo, while we regret to see our best young men leave us, we certainly are proud of the fact that Bradley is furnishing some of the finest men in the army and navy; and that there are no stokers here.

Fire at Hildreth's

The fire company was called at the home of James Hildreth last Thursday to put out a fire that had started in a clothes closet. The blaze was discovered in time to save the house from serious damage.



Through the newspapers we learn that the Navy League is asking for sewing kits for the marines now in training for service in France. The League calls for 6,500 of these sewing kits and they are inexpensive and easy to make; so here is an answer to the question at the beginning of this article.

The kit is fitted with the following articles: A pair of blunt-pointed scissors four inches long. No. 1 needles, a thimble, an assortment of safety pins, cards woven with heavy khaki, black and white thread and two safety pins strung with khaki buttons.

It is a Velvet Season



"It is a velvet season" say the milliners, and the displays of new millinery for fall leave no room in the mind for doubting this assertion. Plain and panne velvet dominate all the showings. Hatter's plush, with a surface much like panne velvet, is represented, and heavy velours and duvetyn—both velvet in appearance—are in the running. In plain velvet and in velours and duvetyn the quiet, rich colors approved by fashionists are at their best.

are sure to be found on the classiest hats, sharing honors with flat applique flowers made of fur. Since so many hats are made of velvet the ingenuity of trimmers is exercised to place the covering on the shape in a variety of ways, as may be gathered from the group of chic velvet hats pictured here. The combination of two colors in one or two fabrics, as midnight blue and wine-colored velvet, or black velvet with beige velour, in the body of shapes, is a feature worth noting in new millinery. It appears in the smartest patterns.

Julie Stottovley

IS SUBSTITUTE FOR LINEN

Handpainted Olecloth Utilized to Make Attractive Runners and Luncheon Sets. There is a saying that in these days of war prices, only the millionaire's wife can afford to use real linen in her dining room. A great many women are substituting handpainted olecloth for the accustomed lace and linen luncheon sets, says the Philadelphia North American.

Instead of the conventional center and individual platters, two narrow runners crossed at right angles in the center covering four places are particularly good on the small square table. In this case stenciling the ends of the runners, the center one, and perhaps a narrow border design will be all the decorations necessary.

New Tailored Blouse. The new tailored blouse is developed with front and back yokes, from which box plaits are laid, says the Dry Goods Economist, as there may be a cluster of plaits in the center back and on either side of the front. The high collar is not figuring largely in the tailored models, the flat collar that reaches far down the front being favored.

Line Your Muff. Line your winter muff with velvet. If you haven't new velvet, use old. It will never wear out. Is much warmer than silk, and one doesn't have to be constantly rolling, as one does with silk.

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE THE NATION'S ENEMIES BY MARRIAGE

Among the Most Prominent of These Is Gladys Vanderbilt Who Has Been an Angel of Mercy in Austria-Hungary and Who Now Finds Herself Arranged Against Home Land and Family.

London.—American women who have been expatriated through their marriage to foreigners have a pathetic role, indeed, to play during these days that try the souls of humankind. Expatriation, always bitter to the patriot, becomes an overwhelming burden to the American in these times when their country, the noblest of them all, is about to strike the most tremendous and majestic blow ever struck by a nation at war.

Germany, before the war, treated the American woman who came to her arms with great consideration. The touch of business did not rattle at the imperial court because the kaiser himself embarked in trade and was as proud of his pottery as he was of a new regiment.

Her husband is a staff captain with General Dankl in that dangerous Galician region where the Russians once hoped to make the critical drive of the war. Her brother, Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is now in the field in the United States with the Twenty-second engineers, preparing to seek the European battlefields too, where it is within the realm of possibility that he will find himself directly and personally opposed to the dashing young man who married his sister.

So there is a sad young woman over in the far land, laboring for the Red Cross, the wounded and for a cause that is not that of her family and the friends of her childhood. Indeed, it was the death of her own brother, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, that had as much to do with molding American sentiment against the Teutonic powers as any one incident of the war. Whatever may be the fact of the real cause of the underlying break, the public mind holds most prominently the sinking of the Lusitania as an item of resentment, and the most prominent victim of that ocean disaster was her own brother, sent to a watery grave by a torpedo that came from a U-boat.

One brother dead is a noncombatant victim in war, another in his ready fight, a couple of nephews wearing the uniform of America and scores of relatives and friends either in the ranks or in the councils of the republic, the position of this unfortunate young woman is indeed one of the most pathetic stories of the whole cataclysm that is shaking the world.

While she is by reason of these queer international complications the most striking figure in the marital situation, she does not stand alone. A score of titled women, a few hundreds without titles, but still women with hearts and loves, are in the same boat.

And the most pitiful phase of the whole situation is that their adopted countries do not trust them, in spite of any sacrifice they may make. Studying the records of ages, one finds that time and again some woman of high position and high character, who loved, personal wishes and even life itself to serve her own land.

There is a higher law that is not defined that says to every man and every woman that personal ties are secondary to the greater duty of patriotism, and it is this higher law that makes the officials of the central military powers fear and distrust any wife whose land is not their own.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, put the thought into concrete form when he issued an order that no German diplomat in the service of his country might marry a foreigner. The order fell into disregard when the kaiser took the reins completely in his own hands and shortly before the war began, when it was revived. In the meantime there had crept into the German and Austrian diplomatic society a number of brilliant American women who are now under the ban of the old military law and who are alien enemies of their native land without being trusted friends of the one to which Cupid led them.

Notable among them was the Countess Sigary, who was Miss Harriet Daly, daughter of the late Marcus Daly. Her sister is Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of the former ambassador of the United States to Germany. She married Count Anton Sigary, who had held many important posts in the service of the empire and whose position at the court was beyond any possible question. Love and the law also took her from the land of her birth and from the friends and relatives who are cheering for Old Glory while she nurses the sick and seeks the wounded under the imperial banner.

She has given a private hospital to the Austrian forces, and, with New York enterprises, has seen to it that the government also had a first-class X-ray outfit for the treatment of the wounded.

Making up more of the notable list

HOSTAGE ON U-BOAT



Capt. C. M. Crooks of the American bark Christiane, to whom the German U-boat commander who ordered his vessel, destroyed on August 7, gave a receipt for the craft, has arrived in New York and told for the first time the complete story of his experience. Captain Crooks and his 16 men landed at an American port safely. They came from Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, where they landed after the U-boat destroyed their vessel.

GASHOUSE TEST FOR SOLDIERS



of marooned Americans there is the beautiful Mabel Wright, now the Countess Zichy. She was one of the most striking beauties in this country and her face brought her fortune where many rich women of less charm failed.

A famous Italian sculptor used her as the model for a magnificent figure of an angel, and it is said that the Austrian emperor himself bought the work of art.

And among the women who must think of the Stars and Stripes as they regard their noble surroundings is Nora Iselin, now the Countess Colredo-Mansfield. She is the daughter of C. Oliver Iselin, once one of the best-known millionaires in this country. His patronage of yachting and other sports made him famous. Her husband has held the secretarial post at the Rome embassy, one of the places that an Austrian nobleman covets most of all.

From one of the oldest Virginia families there comes Miss Agnes Carroll, who married Count Anton Heusenstamm. The daughter of the late John A. Stewart, Gladys Virginia Stewart, is the wife of Count Julius Apponyi, who is captain of hussars in the Austrian army.

There is the case, Dan Cupid, the traitor, has been convicted of betraying American girls to the enemy. He ought to be shot at sunrise.

SEVEN SONS FIGHTING KAISER

Mrs. Tisdall of New York, One of the Greatest "War Mothers" in Whole United States.

New York.—Clicking her knitting needles over a heavy gray sweater in Hoboken, just across the Hudson river, sits Mrs. W. J. Tisdall, one of the greatest "war mothers" in the country.

She has seven sons, all married, all with from two to six children, and all in military service. Another unusual thing, every one of the seven was an electrical engineer before he heard the call to arms.

But this is not all. Mrs. Tisdall has six daughters, two of whom are doing hospital work. "I can only sit home and knit for my armyself," modestly said Mrs. Tisdall.

The seven sons were born in Dublin of Scotch-Irish parents. The eldest son, John, forty, and Edward, twenty-seven, having both lived some years in Canada, enlisted in the Canadian forces and have come through many months' service in France unscathed.

Victor, twenty-six, left his home in Hoboken, three months ago to join the gallant Canadian Scots. His wife is studying nursing and hopes to be sent across with a Red Cross unit.

Henry Tisdall, thirty-eight, has been in the British army five years and holds the rank of colonel. Trevor Hastings Tisdall, twenty-five, is a member of the engineer corps of the Eleventh regiment, New York, which has been in France two months.

The two remaining sons, William, thirty, and Mark, thirty-four, both residents of Connecticut, were taken in the recent selective draft and have families, but will not claim exemption.

"My father, Thomas McCurdy, fought in the English army with Wellington at Waterloo, when Napoleon came to such an ignominious end," said Mrs. Tisdall. "My brother fell in the battle of Aden in Egypt in 1870. My husband was an officer in the British army until his death 16 years ago.

"While I am glad, of course, that my sons have followed the precepts of their forefathers so faithfully, I am proudest of them for having risen by their own efforts to such positions that they are now able to leave their families well provided for; which is, after all, the greatest duty a man owes to his country."

Learning and Forgetting. The sad defect about the progress of the human race is that while we are occupied in learning one thing we are almost always engaged in forgetting another.

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Could Do No Work. Now Strong as a Man.



Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Jos. O'BRYAN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

Good for Him. One Indianapolis man is in favor of the war—and what it means to certain folk. She wrote to Harry B. Smith, adjutant general, urging that "if the draft board calls for any more men, I wish you would see that they call for ———— (her husband)." Then the letter gave his address and his registration number.

"He is stout and healthy and doesn't do any work, and I think it would be good for him," the letter concluded.—Indianapolis News.

COVETED BY ALL. but possessed by few—a beautiful orchid. 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.

ORCHID ICE CREAM COMMON

It Does Not Bear That Aristocratic Title But Goes by the Very Plebeian Name of Vanilla. Very few of us would ever think of ordering orchid ice cream without a little tremor of the pocketbook, for everyone knows that the orchid is the most expensive of flowers. But there are thousands of persons who eat orchid ice cream daily. Although they probably have not been aware of the distinction, it is none the less a fact. Of course the ice cream is not ordered by the aristocratic name of orchid. On the contrary, it bears the very plebeian name of vanilla.

There are said to be no less than 15,000 varieties of orchid scattered over the earth. All of them have the peculiar artificial beauty and the haunting odor that seem inseparable from this flower, which looks almost as though it were a product of an unhealthy condition in nature. Of all these 15,000 varieties, only one has any practical value, and that is the one from which vanilla comes. The plant grows abundantly in South and Central America, and has been transplanted to other tropical countries, where it is now flourishing.

The Wise Fool. "Age brings wisdom," observed the sage. "But it doesn't leave us much time to use it," replied the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dry battery electric lamps are mounted over a new eye shield to give the wearer light where needed.

Advertisement for Grape-Nuts Food. Text: 'If you never tasted Grape-Nuts FOOD you have missed one of the good things in life'. Includes an illustration of a man and a dog.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATEHERMAN 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.**

H. H. Baker, mayor.
Edward F. McCoy, clerk.
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.
E. A. Marcolli, attorney.
T. R. McCoy, collector.
T. J. Fabry, marshal.
Jos. Supernant, night police.
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade James
McCue, Adolph Book, C. I. Magruder,
and Geo. Bertrand, trustees.

Board of Education

Meets every first Friday following
the first Monday of each month at the
school hall. E. J. Stelter, Pres., C. W.
Beincke, 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,
every Friday night.

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.

W. O. W. Camp No. 69 Bradley Ill.
meets 1st and 3rd Monday of each
month at Woodman's Hall.

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 180

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, 7:00 a. m.
Highmass, English 8:15 a. m. 9:30 a. m.
Vespers, 7 p. m.

FATHER CHARLES BROS, 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. IVER JOHNSON, Pastor.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Low mass, 7:00 a. m.
High mass, 9:00 a. m.
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.

REV. WM. A. GRANOKER, 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 COOP, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.
John Flaqueol, treasurer.

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.

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 Woodman Hall First Sun-
day 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 Sun-
day of each month.

Children of Mary Society.

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

Tornado Insurance

When a tornado destroys your
property, who will pay for the
loss of the property, you or the
insurance company. Don't you
believe that the insurance com-
pany is better able to stand the
loss.

Better see us for tornado in-
surance today.

HERMAN WORMAN
Broadway and Grand Ave.
Bradley, Ill.

His Difficulty.

A man on a holiday trip arrived at
an Eastern seaside resort and went to
the hotel.

Shortly afterward a friend called
and was shown up to his room. He
found the traveler sitting in a chair
surveying with a gloomy countenance
a trunk which stood against the wall.
"What's the matter?" asked the
caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out
of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the
key?"

"No. I have the key all right," said
the other, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell
you how it is. My wife packed that
trunk. She expected to come with me,
but was prevented at the last moment.
To my certain knowledge she put in
enough to fill three trunks the way a
man would pack them. If I open it the
things will roll all over the room and
I could never get half of them back.
Now, what I am wondering about is
whether it would be cheaper to go out
and buy a new suit of clothes or two
additional trunks."

His Chance.

Breakfast was being partaken of at
a Southern boarding-house recently,
and it was thought that the "funny
man" of the company had expended
all his anecdotal loquacity.

But it was not so. The irrepressible
one raised the cup of tea to his lips,
and after taking a little sip laid the
cup on a chair beside him.

Wondering what was the matter,
one of the visitors asked his reason
for doing so.

This was his opportunity. "Well,"
he replied, confidentially, "the tea is
so weak that I'm giving it a rest."

A Noncombatant.

"What side of the war do you take?"
asked the agitated citizen.

"As I flatter myself that I still have
a thumbnail of brains left," said the
irascible old gentleman, "I take the
outside."

About the only time a henpecked
man is allowed to head the procession
is when his wife thinks she hears
burglars downstairs.

**Indignant Missouri Wedding
Reporter**

We have often insisted that you
write a short account of the weddings
that you have. The reporter can't be
anywhere at once. We missed the
wedding of a prominent couple not
long ago by the preacher sticking the
wedding fee in his pocket and hiking
for home and not even calling up the
office and telling us. Any of the pa-
pers in the city would be glad to pub-
lish wedding news. You believe in pro-
gress of your town. Then help your
town papers to get the news. You live
off the public and so do the papers.
Come on with these wedding notices.



"Radeke Beer" Helps Them "To Grow Old Gracefully"

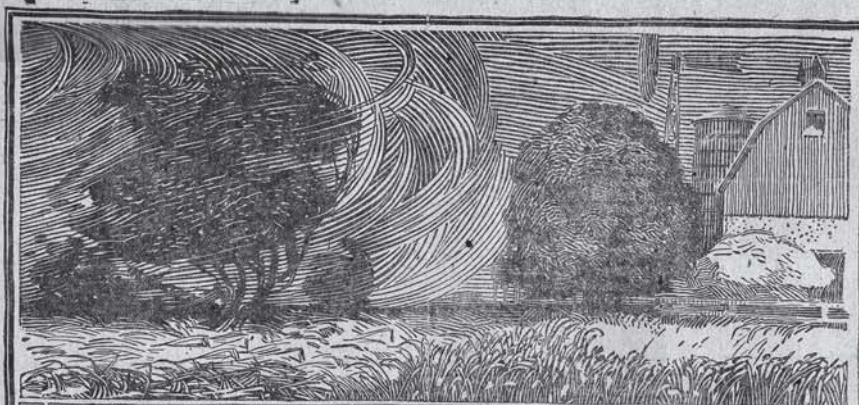
This superb brew is a support to advancing years. It is an aid to appetite and failing digestions. It strengthens, refreshes and invigorates. It preserves health and postpones the ills of age. It makes for contentment and happiness and prolongs the capacity to enjoy the good things of life.

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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

F. D. Radeke
BREWING CO.



Moderate winds are necessary in Nature's scheme.

When whipped into hurricanes (an extreme state) they become destructive. Extremes of every kind are bad. An intemperate use of alcoholic beverages is injurious. On the other hand, it is well known that total abstinence practiced for generations, as in Turkey and India, dwarfs and narrows the mind, impoverishes the body, and causes the eventual decay and subjugation of nations.

BUDWEISER is a happy medium—it is a mild Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop brew—truly the drink of Moderation. Its use has always spelled Temperance, and it brings to mankind a kindly sense of good cheer, banishes old dull care, and its life-giving juices are beneficial to all. **BUDWEISER** sales exceed all other beers by millions of bottles.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 124 acres

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Look up any state analysis on coals and you will find that this coal is at the very top of the list. It is highest in heat and lowest in ash. It costs no more than any other good coal. Try a load on our recommendation. It has been our leading coal for 25 years and has stood the test of time. We have it in both lump and egg sizes.

Chas. Wertz Co.

BOTH PHONES
150

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Coal and Transfer
Moving A Specialty

The Eagle Bar
Math. Gerdesich, Prop.
Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

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

Evil of Parties

"I think a party should be avoided at any cost," observed Wadding. "I would give Gertrude her choice between a bicycle and a party, and I'm sure that, like a good sensible girl, she will take the bicycle and forego the party. Most girls would make such a choice and it is better so for every body."

"Parties are rough on the furniture and they are rough on the kids. Now look at that last party. Jennie Giggins broke a plate—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Wadding, "Jennie Giggins wasn't invited to the party. She ought not to count. Her sister was invited and she just came along with her sister."

"Well, you want to figure on younger sisters being brought along and breaking plates. There's little Willie Neepance, he nearly put his eye out at the last party, Gertrude said."

"Well, Willie is so headless. He struck his eye stooping to get the ball that you know perfectly well they were throwing at them valentines."

"Yes, well, you must always expect boys to be boozing from such and their eyes out. Another girl tore her stockings and she was a sight when she went home. I know it made her parents our enemies to have her coming home from a party at our house looking as if she had been thru the siege of Mafeking."

"Parents object to getting their children banged up that way and they hold us responsible for all the injuries received at our houses. Then there was the little girl who went home crying. That looks awful, to see little girls leaving our house precipitately and running home with a grievance."

"But Johnny Swattle tore her hair ribbons off."

"Well, you should look forward to nothing better than Johnny Swattle's tearing the girls' hair ribbons off and sending them howling to their mothers. The mass expected us to protect their dears from such attacks. And didn't little Amy have her clothes nearly torn off playing 'I spy'?"

"I tell you parties are bad for the people who go to them, and it is especially bad on the furniture, and the guests know that fact as well as the hosts. It is hard enough for grown people to keep from breaking and scuffing the furniture, much less children. For my part, I never go to your brother's house to dine, but what I fear I will get myself into serious trouble over putting my feet on his mahogany table."

"Your feet on the table!" gasped Mrs. Wadding.

"Yes. There is the most comfortable foot rest you ever saw projecting from the pedestal of your brother's dining table. But I can't get my feet on it without making a grating noise which arouses suspicion and gets me in bad. But no man can resist it. It is fate. That's the real reason why I avoid dinner parties at your brother's house if I possibly can."

Not Missed

"There is no one," remarked a politician who has been a candidate for Governor of Missouri, "who can take the wind out of a fellow sails so effectually as an old time, leisurely Missourian. For example:

"After a twelve years absence during which I had forgotten all the minutiae, got my name in the paper a few times and bought a new suit of clothes, I went back to the little old country town where I had been a poor but ambitious youth."

"I expected a reception committee to meet me, but it did not. However seeing the grandeur of my new clothes and stiff hat, my old acquaintances came round and shook hands quite cordially—all except old Bill McClanahan, who kept the general store. Old Bill sat at the back of the stove, handy to the sawdust box. He never noticed me; didn't even glance my way."

"I was plighted, angry in fact, I walked back to the town and got right in front of my old friend, so that he had to look upon me in all my glory."

"Slowly, casually, he looked up from under the flap of his old white hat and remarked:

"Arthur, you been away somewhere haven't you?"

His Suggestion

Possessed of very fine instincts, Mr. Right was much offended by an experience in a restaurant the other day. Sitting opposite him was a man who ate his feed in a vulgar way that offended the higher sensibilities of Right.

"Pardon me," he interposed. "May I be so bold as to offer a suggestion?"

"If you like," rudely answered the other, as he continued to maul a chicken bone.

"I should imagine," was the caustic rejoinder of Right, "that you would have considerably less trouble with that bone if you took it out on the mat!"

First Steps

"Thump-rattley-bang!" went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,' she answered.

"Well, I know you were playing with your feet," he said grimly; "but don't step so heavily on the keys—it disturbs my thoughts."

His Dramatic Gifts

"Speaking of trials," said Mrs. Philbin in a conversational tone. "Albert has gone on the stage!"

"Not really?" the other woman shrieked after they had caught their breaths.

"No," said Mrs. Philbin, "not really—just on the amateur stage. But it's not worse than real acting. I don't know anything better calculated to make a staid, grownup man kick up his heels, buy new neckties and generally conduct himself in a kitchinish way than a request that he lend his presence to an amateur production. It bolsters him up in his secret conviction that he is a perfect mime of undiscovered genius."

"Oh no!" he said at first. "You don't want me! I never acted in anything in my life and I can't do it! I'd ruin the piece! Get some one else! Afterward he told me that he hated to disoblige them but he really couldn't do it. I congratulated him on his good sense, whereupon he looked at me as tho he had caught me trying to poison him. He said he regretted to see how little confidence I had in his ability and was pained at my exhibition of jealousy."

"Then he raced to the phone and told the committee that just to oblige them and help them out of a hole he'd take the part."

"After that Albert was lost to the family. He passed three whole evenings running his hands thru his hair and memorizing his part. If I spoke to him he would stare at me wildly as tho he belonged to another sphere."

"After he went to the first rehearsal life became very hard at home because Albert took to going over what he called the 'business' of his part. It is disconcerting to have a man, even if he is your husband, rush at you from behind portieres and wander about with the furniture in his hands muttering to himself."

"Mrs. Lemmock called one evening and asked Albert to come over thru from the dining room into the parlor shaking his fist and yelling, 'I have you now, you moral leper, and your life—your life is not worth an hour's purchase! You can't blame Mrs. Lemmock for taking it personally, especially as Albert's fist was flourishing within an inch of her nose."

"During this time if I remarked to Albert that the cook was going to leave he would stare at me and say, 'So—at last, Montmorency, I have unmasked you! It was impossible to carry on any conversation with Albert for weeks. He was always bursting out with bits of his part. Finally he insisted on my learning the part that is dovetailed with his, so that he could practice at home."

"Now, I love my husband and always try to please him, but I consider this my crowning act of self-sacrifice. Of course Albert was working for the public applause, but if any one wants to know what is my idea of zero in pleasant pastimes, I should mention rehearsing a part that you aren't going to play. Anyhow, it's upsetting to have your own husband lean over you tenderly, gaze into your eyes and make desperate love to you in dime novel style! It makes you feel so queer!"

"By the third rehearsal Albert had begun to talk about his art and to speak of well known stage people by their first names. He mentioned the public as tho he had it eating out of his hand, and he adopted the fetag walk. When he staired down stairs he quaked like a camel and when he walked upstairs I always thought of elephants. He knocked all the bric-a-brac to pieces parading thru the rooms and when he talked he either boomed or hissed. He demanded potatoes in a voice of tragedy and took to standing before mirrors in profile frowning over his shoulders. He said the mirrors were old and worn out, and that was what gave him a curve out instead of a curve in."

"He got terribly fretful and when I objected to his mood that I should make allowances for the artistic temperament and that the stage manager had told him if he had gone on the stage when he was a youth he undoubtedly would have played Manfred. Albert gloomed, as a trained actor and had me jumping six ways at once hunting up his costume and buying grease paint and eyebrow pencils and false hair and letting him repeat his part to me and assuring him that he was entrancing in it."

"When I was worn to shreds the play was given, and I had my revenge. I went around into the wings to see if Albert needed any help, and fell over a shivering, cowering, chattering individual trying to hide between a canvas tree and a rustic gate. To my amazement it was Albert."

"He grabbed me with two ice cold hands, and clung to me for dear life. He said he'd die if he had to get out there before all those people. Oh, he moaned, wouldn't I save him?"

"I looked him in the eye and said, 'Albert this is just another phase of the artistic temperament, and I won't flicker an eyelash to help you! And if you fall in your part I—I'll leave home!'"

"Albert was ill for two days after the play from the nervous strain, and when he got up and around he felt quite sane again. And I may add he's a great deal more humble than he used to be!"

When a girl is told she's as pretty as a picture, come valentines don't count.

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Children love to play in nurseries furnished with clean, warm, cheerful

NEPONSET

Floor Covering

It's the good fairy of the floor. Dry, sanitary, resilient to the step, easily kept clean. Lies flat without tacking, and won't curl. Makes dull, dingy rooms look like new. Tough, long-lived fabric, product of the century - old manufacturing experience

of one of New England's oldest firms. Made in scores of appropriate designs, specially suitable for nurseries, kitchen, pantry, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, halls, closets and even dining-room and living-room. Come in and pick your favorite patterns today.

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Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney and bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 35c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barker of Chicago were called here by the sickness of her father.

Open Season on Game

BOB WHITE QUAIL—Nov. 11th to Dec. 9th, inclusive. Daily limit 12.

PRairie CHICKENS—Oct. 1st to Oct. 15th, inclusive. Daily limit three.

SOUTHWEST—Aug. 1st to Jan. 31st, inclusive. Daily limit 15.

ESTRIPES AND FLOVINGERS—Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th, inclusive. Daily limit 15.

MOURNING DOVES—Aug. 15th to Aug. 31st, inclusive. Daily limit 10.

ENGLISH COCK PHEASANTS—Oct. 1st to Oct. 5th, inclusive. Daily limit five.

DUCKS—Feb. 15th to March 31st, inclusive. Daily limit 15.

GEESSE—Feb. 15th to March 31st, inclusive. Daily limit 10.

BRANTS—Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th, inclusive. Daily limit 10.

COOTS (MUD HENS)—Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th, inclusive. Daily limit 15.

RABBITS—Sept. 1st to Jan. 31st, inclusive. No limit.

SPARROWS, CROWS, BLUE JAYS, BLACK BIRDS, CHICKEN HAWKS, COORMOBANTS—Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, inclusive. No limit.

POUR BEARING ANIMALS—Nov. 1st to March 31st, inclusive. No limit.

All other birds protected. See section six of game laws.

The use of ferrets is prohibited.

The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure
By WELDON J. COBB
MY LADY VITRIOL

There was no shadow of a doubt in my mind as I entered the office of the United Bankers' Protective association that Resilius Marvel was studying out a new "case."

"He devoted to me in an abstract way, the glass-slatted table before him some a dozen or more little rolled-up sheets of paper. I knew they represented puppets he had been moving about, shaking up, almost talking to, almost making them talk to him—organizing, combining, analyzing, in that winnowing fashion with a sieve of amiability."

"I think I've got it," he said, sweeping his mitts from the table with an air of precision and finality. "You those come in at the finish, probably. There were in at the start, and will leave a glittering idea of what it is all about when I speak one word—Ransom."

"That is suggestive," I told Resilius Marvel, "but scarcely enlightening. I thought that Alison Ransom was a closed chapter in the suppressed sensations of local banking circles."

"What! with one hundred thousand dollars unaccounted for, and the gas peddler with all his accounts described the great one. "Hardly!"

Ransom had been anybody's friend until everybody's favorite. He had striven into banking about a year previous in the city, rolling in the steam of a college full of financial resources and expecting some day to gain a presidency in a jump. His uncle was the big man in the Unity National bank, and Alison skipped over messenger's and teller's shoes and the currency pen in a very brief period, and had charge of the ponderous and opulent money vaults with three men to help him fill an easy job. Then one day a big sensation was given at the Unity National. Ransom used a bank policeman who had left the institution two hours previous, the former handed over to a treasure chest, returned with the keys, and showed and scared looked. They bore the satchel casually enough, now, for one side of it showed a circular gash with half the surface flapping loose, and emblems where there had been fifty thousand dollars in neatly packed and labeled national bank notes.

In a word, this happened: A bank at Riverton, a suburb twenty miles out, had made a special deposit of the money noted and to be sent for personal delivery when required. It was a special fund and a larger sum than the ready cash than the suburban bank cared to risk carrying. Besides that the transaction was by the Unity National. The call of that summing had been anticipated for several days. Ransom was deputized to deliver the money and bring back a receipt.

She never qualified for the receipt and his and his guard never got as far as the suburban bank. Once toward the train and occupying one seat together, in order to rest comfortably the handbag was unlocked and the satchel was set on the car floor. The guard retained hold of the end of the chain, and Ransom set his feet firmly on the satchel so it could not be nudged about by passing it. She and he both in spite of all their aggression, as they neared the end of their brief journey and lifted the satchel to rehandcuff it to the wrist of Ransom, it was snatched.

"Thank you, some one occupying the seat directly behind had reached under the tilting footrack, had inserted a keen shoe blade within the leathery receptacle and had quietly lifted out its contents. The train had stopped at all local stations, so the clever thief might have left the train at any one of six stops.

Not a soul recalled even noticing the missing passenger. The shoe blade was found on the car floor. Also an extra, light and somewhat peculiar as to its end fitting—which more meant. It was now in the possession of the man who had snatched in my mind the little history I am trying to epitomize in my struggling, faulty "case."

Neither money nor thief was found. The possible history led me to Resilius Marvel. It marked him, however, as an unlikely wight with a truth in his record. Then followed a happening that placed him in the "sundee" class. It was in connection with the bank and vaulted in my mind the little history I am trying to epitomize in my struggling, faulty "case."

Neither money nor thief was found. The possible history led me to Resilius Marvel. It marked him, however, as an unlikely wight with a truth in his record. Then followed a happening that placed him in the "sundee" class. It was in connection with the bank and vaulted in my mind the little history I am trying to epitomize in my struggling, faulty "case."

At all large banks the Unity National maintained its actual cash reserve in permanent form. Thus there were packages representing \$100,000, \$50,000, even \$100,000. In these the notes were of large denomination, usually \$100, \$10,000, and some \$10,000 bills. To facilitate the work of the bank examiner, these packages were originally certified and sealed at the special sub-treasurer and stamped as to amount officially. When the government examiner visited the bank he

would simply count the packages, accepting their stamped value, tossing them aside and aggregating amounts, then again in a small change for a dollar.

One day it was necessary to use a large amount of the reserve cash, a \$50,000 package included in the aggregate was found to contain, instead of fifty \$1,000 bills, exactly fifty cents. That package had been passed from hand to hand for over a year, its stamped value always accepted without hesitation. The cord enclosing it, fully covered with government seals, was apparently all right. There was nothing in the exterior appearance of the package to indicate tampering or substitution.

Here was a cold, clear fact, however—\$49,950 short. The sub-treasurer agent looked over the opened package, casually inspected the coverings, and calmly called attention to three facts that were incontrovertible: the string was not in the original position, the seals were not government wax and the paper enclosing the package did not bear the government wax mark. In other words, the government seal was broken by delivering the package to the Unity National. Some one had substituted the one containing the one-dollar bills a month back—two, three, six—or yesterday, or to-day. It was the duty of Alison Ransom to guess how the fraud had been done, for he was responsible for the deeds and misdeeds of the department.

Resilius Marvel had been called in. It took him a day to decide that nobody in the bank had worked the substitution. When he came to examine the wrapper that had enclosed the substituted bills, he found that it had been a discarded covering for some other package at one time, such as were thrown into the waste room. The figures had been changed, but the official stamp helping through the impenetrable seals, they had been broken in opening the package so their recent real condition could not be estimated.

At the time I was a silent loungeur in a dark corner in Marvel's private office when he very rapidly described this same Alison Ransom. I felt sorry for the young fellow, for he was so artless, so distressed, so clear in his statements, that there was not a single word to be said for him. He had brought the visitor's register with him. Spread out on the same glass-topped table where I went over it lines by lines by the visitor's eyes, soon disposed of. The representatives of country banks came under cynosure with no results warranting suspicion. Every name on the register was called off rapidly and authoritatively until they came to a delicate lie announcing Miss Vera Titchener. "Credited to whom?" Marvel had challenged, keeping his finger on the penciled initials upon the name and looking Ransom squarely in the face, who flushed like a schoolboy and blurted out: "Myself."

I noticed Marvel just there start slightly. "A friend—a relative?" "A friend, yes," answered Ransom; "well, I might better say an acquaintance. It is the name of the lady who at the time. She expressed a wish to go through the bank and of course I had to be courteous. Then she brought a friend. She was very much interested in her details, saying her father and her uncle had been in that line one."

"Talk, fair?" intimated Marvel, and I knew he was prompted to pursue the topic by the vagrant thought now in my mind.

"Talk, fair—very fair," acceded the young fellow, with almost a sigh. "Light blue eyes—one disguised?" continued Marvel.

"Correctly," exclaimed Ransom, with a hard stare. "What a strange question to ask, sir! Blue eyes! Disfigured? Indeed, no, sir—eyes black as a shoo, and very bright and—beautiful as the name. After that explained the speaker, with a slight laugh, "for to tell you the truth, I fancied I was in love with Miss Titchener at the time."

"And now?" interrogated Marvel, motioning me to speak. "I have not seen her for weeks. I understand she has gone abroad."

The color of the eyes seemed to settle the matter with Marvel, and he checked the name. After that evening I considered the case abandoned, for I had not heard Marvel mention it since. The bank quietly buried the circumstances, but young Ransom let his unemployed "week later."

I understood that he had joined some small brokerage firm. There was no imputation as to his honesty, but the luckless loss of \$100,000 to the bank stood against him on the records.

"This glass eye specialist," pursued Marvel, "is also the owner of that \$50,000 from the satchel young Ransom and the bank officer carried on the suburban train."

"Oh, you know that?" "Oh, considerably more."

"I can realize that, for you never waste time on preliminaries that have not a final important issue. I presume this Perret had retired from his professional duties to enjoy life as a man of wealth and leisure!"

of the Ransome incident. I use the singular, for the substituted sub-treasury package and the rifed bank satchel were parts and parcels of one plot, schemed out by one master mind, with more to come."

"I am interested," I said, and prepared to listen.

Marvel opened the broad drawer of the table to take out a long, thin article. It was a cane, slight in looks, but I found later on handling it, strong and rigid as a steel bar.

"The cane you found in the car where the satchel was ripped open," I began.

"No," he dissent; "one something like it, but this is quite another cane. Naturally, losing one, the original owner supplied his equipment with another."

"Equipment?" I repeated.

"Kit in better," added Marvel. "See here."

He held it so that the lower end was directly towards me. He manipulated some clutch or screw in the handle. Then protruded then from the hollow bottom of the cane a sloping piece of metal about half an inch square.

"It looks like a screwdriver point," I remarked.

"Yes," nodded my friend, "this cane is a masked screwdriver. About three months since a man, leaving the name of William Goldsmith, started to leave a street car. In doing so his foot met an obstruction. He plunged forward, struck the floor and was lifted out to the street to await an ambulance, having suffered a dislocated shoulder. The company was glad to settle with him for fifteen hundred dollars. Investigation showed that a screw holding a metal plate to the bottom of the car had come loose and worked up nearly its length. The charge of negligence against the railway company, therefore, was paid. I heard of the case quite incidentally, but when I did two points suggested immediately interested me. I had on my list an ambulance-chaser worker who had been an scrobbler, and who had the power of throwing his shoulder or hips out of joint to order. His graft was to work accident street car

"Not at all. He acted for others, and others, or rather on other, received the bulk proceeds of the clever satchel robbery. This same person received also the \$50,000 from the substituted treasury package. The work was done by another of his efficient aids—Miss Vera Titchener."

"The man who holds the strings in this double looting of the Unity National," continued Marvel, "is Malachi Purvols, banker."

"The end and front of the combination is Purvols," he re-asserted. "This is for private use only, of course, as we want no premature explosion. Now, then, a social end comes in the form of a ladies' drawing party. I am away from that phase of activity. I have sent for you as an empirical co-efficient. You will cultivate Purvols. You will be invited to some social function, you will meet Miss Titchener, possibly Perret, in a new guise, certainly Alison Ransom."

"When you have visited the inner social circle of the tribe Purvols," proceeded Marvel tersely, "report to me. I especially expect a close study and analysis of this Miss Titchener's eyes. Particularly note how far this foolhardy, but ingenious young Ransome is infatuated with her. This is all new to you. It will be very old to you far a week, after the mine is exploded."

I left Marvel, feeling somewhat thoughtful. I knew I left him just as he would wish. He had given me a mission to perform, with explanations, if necessary, to come later. I knew his methods so well that I accepted directions and prepared to follow them out.

Now as to Malachi Purvols, this much was interesting to me: He cleared his small private bank through our institution. He was a new-comer in the local financial community, but so precise, prompt and reliable in all his dealings that he had won considerable notice as a coming scalper on the outside of the legitimate banks. Some of his dealings had been large. His balances were not bad, he collateralized everything securely and seemed to have ample capital. So far as I could surmise he was too shrewd and going a man to commit

"What was working, and how far was my candid opinion of the honesty of young Ransome helping the plans of Resilius Marvel? I asked myself as I reached home that night. When I reported to him the next day he did not enlighten me any further than to observe:

"Very good. I see the light, and the end."

"The end" did not seem to materialize very rapidly. In fact, at the end of the month I began to suspect that somewhere in the skin of mysteries, a strand had knotted, somehow. In the meantime I had received a blank from the Guaranty Indemnity company as one of the referees of Alison Ransom, who, as stated, had secured to obtain a \$100,000 surety bond as cashier for the banking house of Purvols & Co. I had showed this to Marvel.

"Answer it in the usual way," he directed me.

It was five weeks after this, one evening, that Marvel flashed past me on the street with two men whose guarded way of looking forward told me they were in his company with a purpose.

"Tomorrow," he said, simply, in a low tone.

"Tomorrow it was—the crisis, though not the most important, for a part of my breakfast was complacent. The rest of it, after I had taken up a morning paper, was ruffled and unsatisfactory."

In glaring headlines the print told of an enormous embezzlement—cashier of the banking house of Purvols & Co. had disappeared two days previous, carrying away with him over \$200,000 in cash and securities. No trace of him was expected in any part record of young Ransome was renewed, at some pains it seemed to me. To the public the incident seemed a fitting climax to the career of a young man who had left another bank "under suspicion of being involved"—so runs the world away.

Great unctious in behalf of the departed banker was exercised in statements that no possible loss could accrue to Purvols & Co., nor to their depositors, as the missing cashier had been bonded by the Guaranty Indemnity company for an amount equal to the amount of the defalcation.

I had just reached my room that evening, when a telephone call announced my friend at the other end of the line. "Come at once to the Cafe Majestic," he said.

He led me three squares away when I had joined him. I noticed that we passed the pretentious gilt and glass building of the Purvols' banking house. Then, when a court intersected the street just beyond the place, Marvel took the lead toward a gloomy, boarded-up structure that had once been a warehouse.

Four men sprang suddenly into view as Marvel pushed open a door, but drew back as they recognized my guide. Then up two flights of stairs we went and into a lighted room. Its door was ajar, and a faint glow showed. Again Marvel was in himself a password. As we came into the room I noticed two professional looking men standing near a cot. Upon it, white and motionless lay Alison Ransom. I could not control the wave of pity that involuntarily swept over me. The rigid calm of that handsome young face was apparently that of one dead. Then a faint moan, for my friend asked one of the men: "How will it end, doctor?"

"He will live, I think," was the response, made guardedly. "Some depressing narcotic, subtle as the old opium, has been administered. The purpose seems to have been to reduce mind and body to a permanent state of helplessness. At his right sat the

lady introduced to me as Miss Titchener.

I must say she was very attractive, but more in manner than in beauty. There was a sinuous, dallying softness to her smile that wrapped about the casual observer invitingly, though to me in a menacing warning. As to those eyes, I saw them not until the end of the evening not once did I find the opportunity to meet them, much less to scrutinize closely. She had long hair, of a wavy, undulating, popping through them sideways an evasive trick of shifting and concealing their expression. They were black—jet black. I learned that much, but nothing more."

But I must discover, an important one, I learned not much later. Purvols had pressed me to remain, intimating business. It was when most of the guests had departed that he took my arm, nodding to Ransome, and we three soon ensconced in a little boudoir of a boudoir, temporarily in use as a smoking room. On top of the lighting of the cigars, in his usual quick business way, Purvols spoke to me in a friendly manner.

"You know Ransome?" "Very well, I am glad to say," I responded, and caught a grateful gleam from the eye of the young man in question.

"He has told me his history," proceeded Purvols. "I do not care to re-traverse it, but you of all men, from the same bank where he served, can answer one question finally—he is strictly honest, if unfortunate?"

"I think no one has ever doubted that."

"He has applied to me for the cashier of my bank," went on Purvols in a rush of words. "I know he is untrained, or rather too quickly trained. It is only a question of plasticity as to my suggestions, and—trustworthy. I am about to handle large sums as trustee for a Russo-American syndicate. They require heavy bonds, and this young man must qualify for a large surety."

"Any liability company would furnish it, I think," was my reply to this.

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condition of lethargy, rather than to produce a distinct toxic effect."

"You are diagnosed," I said, "assured Marvel." "Within an hour I shall probably know the properties of the medicine."

"That will aid us materially," was the reply.

There seemed to be a great many ramifications to the operations of Resilius Marvel. I was beginning to understand conditions. The alleged London banker was a subterfuge on the part of Purvols to secure a new \$100,000 from the surety company. The plan was to cause the disappearance of the unsuspecting Ransome until the conspirators were ready to embark with their loot for parts unknown.

I further knew, as Marvel entered another room, that he had discovered the men whose part it was to keep the men denounced as the absconder out of the way. Three men were ranged on a bench along the wall, handcuffed, and three men guarded them. I soon knew, too, that the end one was Ted Perret. My friend brought a letter from me, and I extended it with a pencil to this man.

"It is understood that I'm to get the benefit if I sign?" said Perret.

"You will go free, unfortunately, if Purvols wills," I replied.

"I promise nothing," he spat.

He dispatched a man with the letter. Within half an hour Purvols came into the room. He was pale, breathless and crushed as Marvel placed him on the rack.

"Your course can be plain or crooked, as you choose," advised my friend. "What I demand is the \$100,000 you secure from the bank in your clever riddle. Give the company will protect itself. I advise you to close up business and depart for new fields after that. I regret that the policy of the banks is to avoid public scandal. If your friends would have a long spell of rest from business activities—including my Lady Vitriol."

"Hat!" exclaimed Purvols with a spasmodic jerk of his head—"you know she is?"

"She was a bold woman, with her foreign record so well known, to venture into prominence again," said Marvel. "She is waiting for you—after you have settled your bill with the bank."

It was a foregone conclusion that the prime mover in the plot, Purvols, should see his way clear to turn over the \$100,000 belonging to the bank. With a knowledge of the action of the drug administered in their possession, the physicians knew how to cope with its deadening effects, and Alison Ransom was soon out of danger.

"You gave me the right you advised me of the intention of Purvols to employ the young man as his cashier," Marvel told me. "I was ready then to spring the trap as to my Lady Vitriol. He had been giving them a little more rope might cost the net more securely. At her first visit to the bank our Miss Titchener managed to get possession from the waste paper basket of one of her treasury wrappers. On the second occasion she made the substitution. As to the satchel episode, she utilized what she had learned of the bank routine from Ransome, and posted her ally, Perret."

"Ransome's eyes will be glad to see the affair cleared up," I remarked.

"And a certain young lady with whom Ransome has fallen in his net really will be glad also," added my friend. "He will take her away back to her, I am sure, a wiser and better man for his severe lesson."

"And my Lady Vitriol?" I asked Resilius Marvel the next morning.

"There are no fewer than two bits, vitreous objects from his pockets. They were delicately carved disks, exquisite ly constructed and tinted."

"My Lady Vitriol," he enlightened me, "has had two or three beautiful years ago. She got into trouble trying to blind a grand duke or something of that sort out of jealousy. The corrosive vitriol struck her own eye as a young man who was a fisherman, notoriety and the name as I gave it to you. It took me a week to account for the missing eyes of blue—another to secure these duplicates of the filmy disguise she now wears." "Looked at me with an interest at the filmy sheila. They represented no mean workmanship."

"It must have taken an artist to make these," I submitted.

"Yes, and my Lady Vitriol is a real artist herself in her line, as you have seen," was the reply of Resilius Marvel.

Wanted Her for Himself.

"There are some good stories of Anglo-American history in my new published volume of Recollections."

One particularly amusing one hinges upon the marriage of her brother, Gen. Charles Campbell, to a Miss Wemyss at Cambridge.

The bridegroom (writes Lady Logan) appeared to take a very languid interest in the ceremony, being very slack in answering the responses.

The Eurasian clerk thereupon took upon himself to draw him in his part; but when it came to the question "Will you take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and the zealous official replied for him in a loud nasal chant. "Yes, I will," General Campbell electrified the congregation by turning round in a towering passion, and shouting at him: "It'll be banged if you do, sir!"

The effect, to put it mildly, was decidedly marked. All eyes turned to everybody; but, anyway, it put more life into Campbell's participation in the rest of the service.

Good Humor Appreciated.

"Good words," he said to me, "of the very best articles of dress one may wear in society."—Thackeray.



I MUST SAY SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, BUT MORE IN MANNER THAN IN BEAUTY.

and insurance companies, and when the case was shown me I grieved that his end had been used to lift the screw in an odd corner long or give a clever schemer an opportunity to stumble over something. When I ran down this alleged William Goldsmith and had a look at him, I recognized him as an odder fellow of the local books, but now apparently returned to his former harvest fields. He had come back, it seemed, with a new repertoire. His former prize dodge was the lost eye."

"The lost eye?" I queried in amazement.

"Yes, it is a trivial element in the great aggregate, but to explain briefly—William Goldsmith, alias Tod Perret, originator of quite a clever scheme for raising the wind when in need of funds. He would approach a fruit stand and make some slight purchase. Suddenly he would put his handkerchief up to his eye and appear greatly distressed, while pulling over the stock in a frantic search. He would inform the proprietor of the stand that he had lost his glass eye, and the proprietor would tell him to make a closer look and he would call again and gladly give twenty-five dollars if he found the eye. In about an hour an accomplice would appear, also make a purchase, pretend to find the eye, disclose it, and the stand man having in mind the reward offered for it would bargain for it at ten or fifteen dollars."

"And this Perret?"

"This glass eye specialist," pursued Marvel, "is also the owner of that \$50,000 from the satchel young Ransom and the bank officer carried on the suburban train."

"Oh, you know that?" "Oh, considerably more."

"I can realize that, for you never waste time on preliminaries that have not a final important issue. I presume this Perret had retired from his professional duties to enjoy life as a man of wealth and leisure!"

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending or an all-day back-ache; each in its way enough to sus- pect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 725 more deaths than in 1880 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thou- sands recommend them.

A Missouri Case

Harry C. Smith, blacksmith. Me, says: "I had a bit back and kidney trouble. My back pained me almost constantly and the pain was worst when I tried to stoop. Spots flared before my eyes, blurring my sight. Kidney weak- ness caused my con- siderable annoyance, too. I used Doan's Kidney Pills cured me; I know they are the best."



Doan's Kidney Pills Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 39-1917. Where there's a will there's always an heir.

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. Darken your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Making it Sure. Prisoner—Listen, judge; I'll stop drinking for a month. Judge—I believe you; thirty days.

PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezone or afterwards.

This little drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get a bottle of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—Adv.

Waited Eighteen Years for It. Talk about the returning traveler, and how he feels his heart beat when he returns to his native shore from a long, long sojourn in a foreign land! Here's Frederick R. Brown, New Eng- lander by birth and a resident of Bog- ota, Colombia, for 18 years as consul, newspaper correspondent and general agent.

He landed in this country a few days ago, perfectly tickled to death, as the girls say, to get back to the U. S. A. But did he fall down and kiss the shores or offer burnt sacrifices? He did not.

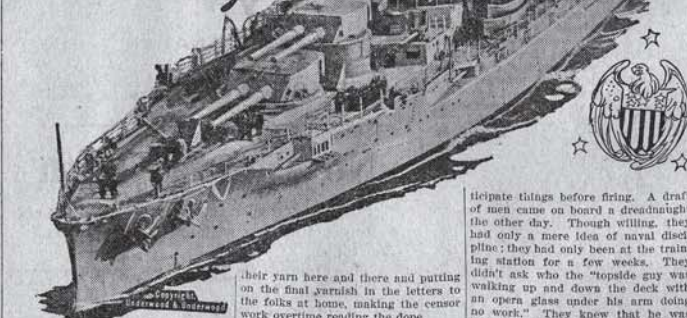
He had been longing for a good-sized dish of corned beef hash ever since he went to Colombia 18 years ago. He had been saving up a corned beef hash appetite all these years. So when he landed the first thing he did was to go to a restaurant and order five portions of his favorite food.— Earl Goodwin in Washington Star.

Wonderful! "How are your nephew and his bride getting along by this time?" "Finer than frog hair!" triumphantly replied the Missourian. "They've been married nearly a fortnight now, and, by cripes, they are still speaking!"—Judge.

When it comes to mistakes the sup- ply always exceeds the demand. Nature doesn't use self-made beauties for her patterns.

Advertisement for Post Toasties cereal, featuring the character Bobby and the slogan "I'm helping to save white bread by eating more Post Toasties."

What the Boys From Our Farms Are Doing in Their Uncle Sam's Navy



By HENRY REUTERDAHL, Lieuten- ant, U. S. N. R. F., in the Philadel- phia Public Ledger. AT 5 P. M. to Bill, Here she blows!" and before I could finish, the torpedo exploded and the Rockingham was done for. Winged, we lay there with the sea surging in and filling up the insides of the ship.

"We didn't shove off, the ship did the shoving and left us floundering in the boats, me nursing a skun knee from sliding down a boat fall. We were in two boatloads, white and Hawaiian, and us sailors all gathered in one.

"Say, it was a long way from home and mother, and some of us kids just new to the game and never before on salt water, and sort of lonesome, with wet sea rocking up and down and at us. I come from a farm in Wisconsin.

"The chief gunner's mate in com- mand was some bird; he said we be- lieved the real 'goes' but I was seasick to my tummy, though I didn't let on. We were pulling like the devil.

"But it was getting more and more lonely and awful wet. I remembered the old wheeze, 'The moon coming up, too!' And while I was sitting there, pulling on the oar with one hand and showing a ship biscuit in my face with the other, I couldn't help thinking that at last the Germans got the Rocking- ham, having two years ago tried to torpedo her. I couldn't help thinking how the ship's lamp trimmer told me that in the middle of the night the foremost crashed down and as the ship stopped the skipper came out of his room trailing his pajamas and howling out everybody, not knowing what happened. Anyway, they all had to take to the boats, and after paddling around all night and waiting for help they found the old ship still afloat at daylight, so they climbed on board again and got back to port.

"Makin' out smoke, we heeled toward it, and in a little while up lum- bers a steamer above the horizon, us hoisting the colors on an oar. She looked like a square-head tramp. Finally she changes her course and picks us up. And, believe me, those Scandinavian guys were the real stuff, and gave us lots to eat, and we cheered up some when we heard that she was bound for the U. S. A.

"The boy should see us land, dressed up in all kinds of sea rig borrowed from the tramp's slop chest, us looking like going to a masquerade. Hitting the beach, some high-ups get us all to- gether and we take passage for the fleet at Base No. 1, and get back again to our old home.

"And, say, weren't we the real heroes when we came over the gangway? I guess yes—like a circus parade swag- gering up Main street, with the rest of the rubes looking on wild-eyed. We had seen war all right, and right in the eye, too. That's what I wrote mother."

This was the kid's story. Shift the scene to the dreadnaught down at the base—these youngsters talking it all over among themselves, touching up

their yarn here and there and putting on the final varnish in the letters to the folks at home, making the censor work overtime reading the dope.

But chivving it over among them- selves, the lads suddenly discovered that they had been cheated. So they organized a delegation to wait on the gunnery officer of the ship. In the eyes of the young bluejackets who had just come over to the game, the gunnery officer stacks up highest, for he is in charge of the shooting irons of the dreadnaught and is the whole thing—like the angels rolled into one, and emanated at that. With the kid he has the muzzle velocity of a 15-inch gun, and to the youngsters the skipper, in comparison, is just a myth—some invisible power in gold lace.

Now, the training given is most in- tensely in character; each man is made to specialize as far as possible, and every effort is made to perfect each member of the crew in the work to which he is assigned. The most likely youngsters, then, those who have never seen anything larger than a 32-bore shotgun, are assigned arbitrarily, to start with, as gun pointers and gun captains; the betty, strong, well-built lads are made shellmen and loaders; men of quick minds are assigned as sight-setters and telephone operators; and these men are trained, trained, and instructed, cautioned. Al- ways drilled together, they are made to feel that if any one of them falls down in his particular job, the work of the others is spoiled. It is all team-work, like on the diamond.

So this gang laid aft and waited on the gunnery officer and presented their case thus wise: "Of course, mister, we are going to be the next fellows in the gun crew to go abroad, ain't we?" "Certainly not; you had your trip; you have just come back."

"No, sir, we didn't just come back; we never got there. You know when we left you said we were going to Eng- land, and we never saw England at all. We ain't going back home and have all the fellows say us and say to feel that if any one of them falls down in his particular job, the work of the others is spoiled. It is all team-work, like on the diamond.

Here you have a sample of the mettle of these youngsters, some barely a month in the outfit, but getting the punch and absorbing the spirit of the service, the willingness to do the job, the desire to play the game. It is now tolerably well known that the picked men from our battleship fleet have been sent to man the guns of the armed American merchant vessels that go abroad. This started first several months ago and a gun crew and their officer in command would make a round trip, over and back across the ocean and then return to their ship. You know how well these men have done their duty, and truthfully their exploits have been reported in the public press.

But in hunting the U-boat little has been said about the long, untiring watches and the ceaseless vigil that these men must keep while crossing the sea, and particularly when nearing the danger zone. And these calls from the fleet have been so great that raw recruits have been specially trained to man the comparatively small-caliber guns which our merchant vessels carry. Intensive training has been the order of the day, and the fleet is full of bully stories of how these young and com- paratively inexperienced men have taken to the gun.

There is such a thing as being gun- shy, and even old-time men might an-

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.

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA

And Rashes That Itch and Burn—Trial Free to Anyone Anywhere. In the treatment of skin and scalp troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply Cuticura Ointment. If there is a nat- ural tendency to rashes, pimples, etc., prevent their recurrence by making Cuticura your daily toilet preparation. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic agent. It is a natural substance, for more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

What is Castoria. In a Chicago police court a woman was hauled charged with the theft of an umbrella. "What have you to say for your- self?" asked the magistrate. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Well," said the accused, "I guess I am one of the guilty parties, your honor. The umbrella had the name of M. Barker on the handle, W. E. Morgan stamped on the inside of the cover and I stole it; from this man here, whose name is Hilgins."—Chicago and Comments.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH

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

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, highlighting its benefits for constipation and general health.

Advertisement for Carter's Iron Pills, targeting chalky and colorless complexions.

Advertisement for Western Canadian Soil, promoting fertile land for farming in Canada.

Advertisement for Absorbine, a medicinal product used for various ailments like rheumatism and skin issues.

Advertisement for Murine Eye Remedy and Post Toasties cereal.

Advertisement for 'Every Woman Wants' featuring a 'Poudre' product and 'ANTISEPTIC POWDER' for personal hygiene.

A LETTER FROM CAMP

BRADLEY SOLDIER BOYS WANT LETTERS

Boys in Camp Want Home People To Write Them Offener—Do Your Bit—Write To Them

THE ADVOCATE has received a letter from the Bradley Boys in Camp with Co. L. at Camp Logan at Houston Texas, and the boys say they are lonesome, and want to hear from home folks offener. The boys are doing their bit and the folks at home should do theirs and write the boys often. Little time and energy is needed to write the soldiers, but the little time brings great results in cheerfulness to the boys. Do your bit, write to day. The letter written by the boys show that they will appreciate hearing from home folks. Here is the letter.

September, 23rd 1917
 Friends—We arrived here all O. K., but we are very lonesome for news from our home friends. We would very much appreciate if some of our friends would drop us a few lines once in a while. The weather up here is very warm and we are doing some drilling worth while, which makes it still warmer than if we were doing nothing. I am bringing this note to a close, hoping to hear from our friends soon.
 Respectfully Your Home Soldier Boys
 Co. L. 3rd Ill. Inf.
 Camp Logan
 Houston Texas

Mr and Mrs. Roy Case have moved their household goods from Grand Ave to 544 M. Dearborn Ave.

Dorothy the 2 month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. LeBarge is on the sick list.

Mrs. A. Webb who has been visiting relatives in Kirkville for the past 3 weeks has returned home.

Link and Pete Mercer who have been working in Hammond, Ind., for the past 3 months have resigned their position and returned home.

Gene Dubois has resigned his position at Blue Island.

Link Mercer has accepted a position at the lounge factory.

John Safaron has returned home after spending the past 3 months in Blue Island and Bellwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family who have been in Watseka for the past week has returned home.

Pat Dohalan spent Thursday at Kensington.

Olga Pulantnik of the East side has resigned his position at Blue Island and returned home.

Mrs. Wm Becker who has been visiting relatives at Alpasso, has returned home.

Matt Gardish spent Sunday in Joliet with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Short of Chicago will move to this city the last of the week where they will make their future home.

Clarence Helms who has been visiting in Chicago for the past five weeks will return home this week.

Mr. E. F. Dubois of Cleveland, Ohio was called home by the sickness of his uncle Mr. Henry Goss.

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladders. A trial 35c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at the drug store. 6-18.

Gene Dubois who has been on the sick list is well again.

Wm Boyd visited friends in Watseka Friday.

Mrs. A. Peppin is visiting friends and relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barber of Chicago spent Sunday at the Dubois home on Grand Ave.

Clide Leatherman of Watseka spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Boyd.

James Matties of Watseka spent Sunday with Wm Boyd.

Mrs. Wm Boyd has returned home after spending the past two weeks with relatives in Porter, Ind.

Mr. Henry Goss is seriously ill and it was necessary to call his son and daughter of Chicago and Iowa, to his bed side.

Sanol Eczema Prescription is a famous old remedy for all forms of Eczema and skin diseases. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. Get a 35c large trial bottle at the drug store. 6-18

Frank Wright of Harvey, Ill., spent Sunday with home folks here.

Mrs. Charles Mercer is visiting friends and relatives at Chatsworth.

Mrs. Frank Erickson has returned home from Bloomington, Ill., where she attended the conference of the U. B. Church of this district.

R. A. Townley will move his family to Kankakee next week, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Edwin Beebe is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. Sylvia Richmond has returned home after spending 3 weeks with friends in Sparta, Wis.

Judge Carey has returned home from Groversville, New York where he has been visiting his sister. The Judge is looking fine and dandy and seems to be getting younger instead of older.

Womans friends is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin Tonic. Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug store. 6-18

Health Notes

There are two very simple but effective remedies for that kind of sleeplessness that comes from overwork or nervous exhaustion. One is to have the feet very warm. Put them against a rubber bag filled with hot water. A rubber bag is better than an earthen bottle, as it will retain the heat for hours. The second method is much more simple. Discard the pillow, turn over and lie on the stomach with hands clasped under the forehead to fit the head a trifle. This will often send one to sleep.

The thing to do if you are desirous of losing flesh is to restrict your diet to clear soups, lean meats, vegetables which contain iron but no fat, such as spinach, carrots, beets, turnips, squash, egg plant, oyster plant, celery, tomatoes, Brussels sprouts, cabbage and string beans. Eat no corn, potatoes, either white or sweet; lima beans, peas, white bread, thick gravies, mayonnaise dressings, or salad; in fact any dressing that contains much olive oil, or dessert. Eat fruit in the place of dessert, cut out cream and sugar in your cereal; in fact eliminate cereal altogether from your menu.

POVERTY OF WEALTH.

A great abundance of food does not make a great nation. The invincible Roman legions lived for days at a time on wheat which they gathered and ate as they marched. The richest men of the earth dine as frugally as mortar mixers. Andrew Carnegie could afford to send vessels to every land to gather its delicacies for his table; his favorite dish is oatmeal. Frank Vanderlip, head of the City National Bank of New York, could employ a legion of chefs to procure epicurean feasts for his delight; Vanderlip eats only two meals a day. The Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo could have died on ambrosia and nectar. In some times feasted his guests, but he limited his eating to a boiled potato and a chop. Some authorities state that Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo was due to an acute attack of indigestion. It does not require wealth to purchase the ideal amount and kind of food. The man with a million at his command should not spend any more for food than a cabinet-maker. Many a man can trace his physical ills to the day when prosperity began to load his table with luxuries. Plato said the names physicians designated diseases by showed that their patients had overeaten and underworked.

The men who can afford idleness seldom want it. No Lincoln, Carlyle or Washington ever watched the clock. Edison labors 18 hours a day, not because of the final reward that it will bring, but because of the happiness he finds in it. Michael Angelo when painting his immortal pictures in the Sistine Chapel worked with such enthusiasm that for weeks at a time he never removed his clothing. Walter Scott arose at five in the morning and wrote some of his novels when he was employed as a clerk. Ruskin uttered a great truth when he said, "If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if you want power you must toil for it; if you want wisdom you must toil for it; if you want health you must toil for it; if you want wealth you must toil for it; if you want honor you must toil for it; if you want respect you must toil for it; if you want love you must toil for it; if you want life you must toil for it; if you want heaven you must toil for it; if you want God you must toil for it."

Money can purchase copies of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but God gives the sunset away free. Money can employ musicians to perform for a private concert, but the song of the lark in the tree, and the music of children's laughter is for the millionaire and the poor man alike. Wealth cannot purchase the great things of life. It can not buy a contented mind and a serene life. It cannot purchase good news and beauty. —Dale H. Carnegie in Leslies.

The Housewives Questionaire
 "Not long since," says Mrs. Mary Pattison, in her private printed volume on "The Principles of Domestic Engineering," "the Federation of Women's Clubs in New Jersey determined to discover, if possible, where the woman stood in relation to her own domain. To this end several thousand questionnaires were sent to the women throughout the state." Some of these questionnaires, with constructive answers by a New Jersey club woman, follow:

Q.—What is your most serious house keeping problem? Ans.—The problem of waste and of being always ready for the unexpected.
 Q.—On what basis have they built the best results, ideal and practical? Ans.—On the basis of the highest possible standards.
 Q.—What do you consider the most important problem to be solved in the home? Ans.—The raising of household from the commonplace plane to one of cultural activity.
 Q.—What has been the chief hindrance in your housekeeping? Ans.—Lack of knowledge and the right source of knowledge.
 Q.—What utensils are best for cooking, and why? Ans.—The lightest, the most readily cleaned and the most conveniently shaped.
 Q.—What is your opinion of the solution of the servant problem? Ans.—Elevate housework, standardize house-making, and professionalize houseworkers and the servant problem will take care of itself.
 Q.—Best method of cleaning stoves and chimneys? Ans.—Never let them get dirty.
 Q.—What is your idea of an ideal kitchen? Ans.—A design and arrangement for the least possible expenditure of effort in every necessary operation, air from four sides and an atmosphere of cleanliness, comfort and beauty.

Instead of swathing the ordinary brick flower pot in crepe paper or otherwise trying to disguise it, give it a coat of black paint.

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