

MRS. G. BOOK DEAD DIED SATURDAY MORNING AT 9:15

Was Buried Wednesday Afternoon—Funeral Conducted By Rev. Johnson

Mrs. Gust Book departed this life at her home on N. M. Cleveland Ave. Saturday morning at 9:15 and the remains were laid to rest in Monong Grove Cemetery Wednesday afternoon, following services which were held at the M. E. Church, by Rev. Iver Johnson.

Mrs. Book has been amongst us for a number of years and has many warm friends here who were grieved to hear of her death. She was of a sociable and pleasant disposition and was loved by all who knew her. Her death came after two weeks of illness, and was a surprise to all, as but few realized that she was ill. She was a member of the Swedish Lutheran Church, and of Pansy Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Cecelia Albertson was born in Norway on June 23, 1861, being 56 years old at the time of her death. She came to this country in 1878 at the age of 17. She was united in marriage to Gust Book in 1891. To this union were born four children, one dying in infancy and three surviving, Mrs. Saylor of Lee, Ill., Mrs. Harrison of Minnesota and Otto Book of this city.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

BRADLEY SEWER CASE

DAMAGES ALLOWED PROPERTY OWNERS

Assessments Fixed By Commissioners Reduced in Several Cases—Will Be Built

The objections to the assessment roll in the Bradley sewer case were heard in the County Court last week and the jury returned their Verdict Saturday evening after being out for two days. A. E. Cook was allowed damages for the sewer passing thru his ground and his assessment for benefits was reduced from \$969.27 to \$289.60. The assessment of the I. C. B. R. was reduced from \$2358.64 to \$2257.50. The New York Central was reduced from \$2336.00 to \$1776.63 on right of way and from \$2332.20 to \$2357.72 on other property. The North Kankakee Elect. Ry. Co. was reduced from \$2188.00 to \$1662.00.

At the time the estimate of cost of production was made, the engineers claimed that the estimate was 15% higher than actual production cost so it is believed that the reduction of the assessment will not effect the construction of the sewer and that the sewer can be built. Bids will be called for in the near future by the city council and if low enough bids are received, no doubt contracts will be let.

Village Board Proceedings

Village Hall Bradley Ill., Sept. 17 1917.

Meeting was called to order by president, and all members were present except Magruder.

Minutes of adjourned meeting of Tuesday evening Sept. 4th, 1917, were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read and referred to the finance committee for their approval.

Bell Telephone Co.	2.50
Standard Oil Co.	455.54
Bradley Advocate	24.50
Adolph Conols	3.45
Illinois Central	10.00
Illinois Central	64.78
The Lueth Bros	28.80
Geo. Anderson	151.60
Joe Vassport	89.10
Mr. Martin	30.00
Jesse McCue	12.50
C. Gukaurki	22.75
West Labarge	2.50
E. F. McCoy	7.00
Lee Lagasse	1.00
Art Baldwin	21.25
Frank Rister	24.00
Joe Suprenant	37.50
Wm. Heisler	15.00
Wm. Spivey	30.00
J. Fahy	37.50

Arthur Spivey..... 5.00
John Beland..... 15.00
After due consideration the finance committee reported, they found all bills to be correct except the bill of the Standard Oil Co. for \$5.00 car rental, which was held for investigation.

Moved by Bade, seconded by McCue, that report of finance committee be accepted and bills be paid. Carried.
Specification for deep well equipment was read and referred to the board.

Moved by Book, seconded by Lambert, that we advertise for bids for deep equipment as per specifications. Carried.

During the week licenses were issued to Emery Soulligne and Arthur Spivey for teaming.

As there was no further business to transact, it was moved by Bade and seconded by Bertrand that we adjourn. Carried.

Approved Oct. 1, 1917.
E. F. McCoy
Village Clerk

ILLINOIS 100 YEARS AGO

NO HIGH COST OF LIVING IN 1818

Following Facts Were Compiled From The Centennial Publications

It was easy for all men to be free and equal on the wide, uninhabited prairies of Illinois at the time this state was admitted into the Union. An English colony which settled here under the leadership of Morris Birkbeck and Jacob Fowler, found conditions so different from those in England that they were greatly discouraged. They expected to farm the prairie land on a large scale. They soon discovered that this could not be done because of the scarcity of labor.

"No white man or woman," wrote one of the Englishmen, will bear calling a servant but they will do your work. Your hirelings must be spoken to with civility and cheerfulness."

The reason for the absence of the laboring class and the independence of those who labor was not hard to find. One writer said: "A man used to work will earn in one day what will suffice for the wants of a backwoodsman a whole week. If he be sober and industrious, in two years he can own a quarter section of land, buy a horse, plow, and tools. The lowest price for labor now is \$13 per month with board and lodging." He then gives two years' profits and necessary expenditures in order to show that the laborer could very easily purchase his own farm at the end of the period. His figures are as follows:

12 months at \$13. 00.....	\$156 00
12 months at 13. 00.....	156 00
Total.....	312 00

EXPENDITURES	
Clothing for 2 years.....	\$ 100 00
One-quarter section of land.....	50 00
One horse, harness and plow.....	100 00
Axe, grubbing hoe, etc.....	15 00
Total.....	305 00

"After putting in his crop of maize," this writer continues, "he can supply himself with meat and some money by hunting, or he can earn one dollar per day in splitting rails for his neighbors. Many men begin as independent farmers with half the above mentioned sum, but they are thorough backwoodsmen. Now is it not evident that white land can be bought no matter how far from navigable rivers, at \$2.00 per acre, and when there are tracts they may squat upon for nothing, that labor will be for many years limited in price only by the ability of those who want it to pay for it. It is indeed the only expense; and it is so overwhelming that I would rather farm in old England with a capital of two thousand or three thousand pounds than on the northwest of Ohio."

Mr. Harry Lohselle has returned home from Chicago Heights, where he has been working for the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harrison of Gracville, Minn., are at the home of Mrs. Harrison's father, Gus Book, where they were called on account of the death of Mrs. Book.

Vic Sandstrom, who is on the wad with the Gravis Vandeville Co., and who are showing at The Majestic, is spending the week with friends here.

WE HAVE NEW PASTOR

REV. ENGLE AT THE U. B. CHURCH

Will Preach Sunday Comes Well Recommended And Has Been Successful

Rev. Fred W. Engle the newly appointed minister of the United Brethren Church of this city, has moved his family here from Dalton City, Ill., and will take charge of the work next Sunday. At the morning service Rev. Engle will take as his subject: The Winning Church, while the evening sermon will be Christ the Foundation.

Rev. Engle comes to Bradley highly recommended as a pastor, and a man of unflinching efforts in his work. He is taking charge of the church in its new location and invites the cooperation of every member of the church to help make the coming year a banner year for the church.



REV. MR. ENGLE

Narrow Escape

Harvey Sandton, had a narrow escape from death, or serious injury Wednesday morning, when an Illinois Central train struck the wagon which he was driving. The train had come to a stop and cut the crossing when Sandton started across the tracks. As the air brakes were released the cars started backwards and caught the wagon, completely wrecking it. The team became frightened and broke away from the wagon. Mr. Sandton jumped from the wagon and thus saved his own life.

Joined The Army

Edward Mulligan, and Arthur Haggese have joined the U. S. Army enlisting with Co. H. at Camp Logan near Houston Texas.

Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolf entertained a number of their friends at their home on North Grand Ave., Wednesday evening of last week, the occasion being their wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Short have moved to Bradley, and will conduct a restaurant in the building formerly occupied by Jakob Hess on Broadway.

Albert Kluppa has resigned his position at the Kroeber Mfg. Co.

James Riley who was injured in a factory at Chicago Heights several weeks ago is not improving as fast as he should and it is feared that blood poison will result from his injury. Mrs. Riley was in Chicago Heights at his bedside Sunday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Gallraith has gone to Rockford, Ill., to be with Mr. Gallraith who is working there on the new army camp buildings.

Chas. Quin, of Chicago, spent Sunday at the Dubois home.

Twins

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kolwetter of South Center Ave. are the proud parents of a pair of twins, both boys. They have reasons to feel proud as they are two as nice a looking boys as can be found anywhere.

Reception

The Members of the M. E. church tendered a reception to Rev. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson at their home Monday evening. A large number of friends were present and enjoyed the evening.

The Rookie's Lament

No more ham and eggs and grapefruit,
When the bugle blows for show,
No more apple pie or dumplings,
For we're in the army now,
And they feed us beans for breakfast,
And at noon we have them too;
And at night they fill our "tummies,"
With the good old army stew.

No more fizzes, beer or high balls,
When we've got an awful thirst;
When we're thinking of enlisting,
Best get used to water first,
For the lids on tight all over,
And the drilling makes us warm;
But we can't cool off with liquor,
Cause we wear the uniform.

No more shirts of silk or linen,
We all wear the O D stuff;
No more night shirts or pajamas;
For our pants are good enough,
No more feather ticks or pillows,
But we're glad to thank the Lord;
That we've got a cot and blanket,
For we might have just a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast,
And at noon we have them too;
And at night they fill our "tummies,"
With the good old army stew.
But "By Jinks" we'll lick the Kaiser,
When the sergeants teach us how;
For hang him, he's the reason,
That we're in the army now.

Written by Eddie L. Boudreau,
Co. L. 3rd Ill. Inf.
Camp Logan,
Houston, Texas.

PICK YOUR SEED GORN

CROP IS POOR FOR SEED THIS YEAR

Some Good Rules To Follow Given Us By Improvement Association

Possibly never before, has this country been up against the proposition of poor seed corn, as it is this year. It will be well for every farmer to spend the next few days going through his corn fields picking out seed corn.

1. Pick two or three times as much seed as you think you will need for your own use. Let's pick enough for ourselves and a few bushels for sale next spring.

2. If the following points are observed they will help you to grow bigger and better corn next year.

1. Seed corn should be picked and properly cared for before the first frost. 2. The best and quickest way we have found to gather seed corn is to mottle the horses and drive through the field straddle of a row. This will bend the one row of corn over some, but not enough, but what it can be easily gathered later. Work eight or ten rows on each side of the wagon.

3. Do not be too particular about the tips of the ears being well filled. This is important in show corn, and is good in seed corn, but you cannot find enough perfect show ears for all your seed corn and there are many things more important than the tip being well filled.

4. The most important thing is maturity. If you find a perfect ear on a good, healthy stalk, but the stalk is green and the ear snappy, do not pick it. It is late maturing and will produce late maturing corn. This is one reason why seed corn should be picked the first of October. If saved at husking time these ears look mature and will be saved for seed. Like producing like and if you plant a late maturing ear you will get late maturing corn.

5. Select a good shaped, well matured ear with straight, even rows. 6. See that the ear is on a good, healthy stalk and is about waist high, or a little higher. The ear should not grow too high or too low in the stalk.

7. Pick the ear with the medium length shank so the ear droops just enough for the husks to shed rain. Do not take the ear with the short shank so the ear stands almost straight up, but do you want the ear with the long shank so the ear hangs way down, as this denotes weakness.

8. Pick as many of your seed ears as possible from hills where there are three good stalks and ears in the hill. Stalks that can produce good ears in competition with other good stalks must have strong vitality.

9. Do not select the real hard flinty ears with shallow kernels, but select the medium rough, well matured ears with deep, even shaped kernels.

10. Do not look for all large ears. A good, well shaped, well matured ear 8 or 9 inches long, makes a good seed ear. Remember that just two ears weighing only 12 ounces each, raised on every hill will produce over 72 bushels per acre, so it is not necessary to get the largest ears, but the mature ears.

11. After you have examined a few ears you will get the type of ear you want fixed in your mind, so you will see and decide on them quickly.

12. Remember that like produces like, so select just the kind of ears you want to raise next year.

13. It is always best to save more seed than you will need, for you may throw out some in sorting and testing it during the winter. You can also always sell good seed corn in the spring for a good price.

14. After the seed is gathered put it on racks at once. Do not leave it in the wagon over night. Have the racks in a dry place where there is plenty of air. Good circulation of air will drive the moisture away.

15. Do not hang the corn in the sun or a warm, close room, for too much heat before it is dried out will weaken or kill it the same as freezing. Hang the corn under the roof in the driveway of the corn barn, in a store room in the house with the windows open or any such place where the corn is protected from moisture and excessive heat or cold, and has good circulation of air.

16. The whole object is to get the corn thoroughly dry before it freezes or gets too warm. After it is thoroughly dry, keep it in a dry place, as the cob absorbs moisture quickly. The seed ears should not be bunched. Each ear should have free circulation

of air. You can store your corn properly with no two ears touching by using some of the handy racks that are on the market or the binder twine method is as good as any other.

17. Pick seed corn that is high in oil as it will weigh heavier and grade higher than that which is high in starch. You can readily tell by picking out a kernel and noticing the starch content of it. I have explained this to a great many farmers personally, but if you do not understand it, write me, and I will tell you further about it. It has been proven, by measuring, that corn that is high in oils will run from twelve to fifteen hundred-weight more per hundred bushels, than corn that is high in starch. The kernels will also be less jagged and it will be more uniform in color if the corn is high in oil.

18. Be sure to pick corn of eighteen or twenty rows, with good kernels not too large nor too small, and only medium shank and fairly rough. Not too smooth nor too rough, but a well-developed, well-filled ear.

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

SELECT SEED CORN FROM GOOD STALK, PRESERVE WELL

How to Store Next Year's Supply Keep Dry And Away From Rodents And Insects.

Seed corn may be left on the racks where the ears have been dried. But it is generally preferable, says the United States Department of Agriculture, to store the ears in mouse-proof barrels, boxes, or crates during the winter. In any case they must not be exposed to dampness or they will absorb moisture and be injured.

After hanging in the drying shed, or lying on the racks where there is constant circulation of dry air for the first two months after they have been selected from the stalks in the field, the seed ears should be bone dry and contain less than 10 per cent of moisture. Some farmers place the thoroughly dry ears in the center of a wheat bin and then fill the bin with loose, dry wheat.

If signs of weevils or grain moths show, the corn should be inclosed with carbon bisulphid in a practically airtight room, bin, box, or barrel for 48 hours. The liquid bisulphid should be placed in shallow dishes on top of the box or barrel holding 10 bushels or less. The fumes from the bisulphid are heavier than air and gradually fall to the bottom of the receptacle, treating the whole mass. One pound of the carbon bisulphid is enough for a room or bin 10 feet in each dimension. After fumigation the ears must be thoroughly aired, whereupon the unpleasant odor disappears. Great care should be used with carbon bisulphid; its fumes are quite as inflammable as those from gasoline.

To prevent the entrance of weevils and moths, the ears may be stored in comparatively airtight boxes or barrels with 1 pound of moth balls or naphthalene for each bushel of corn, which is not injured. Ten pounds will protect enough seed to plant 60 acres.

Miss Dorelson and Miss Cahlan, of Chicago, spent Sunday with Mrs. Heins.

John Osbold of Chicago spent Sunday with his family here.

George Weib is on the sick list.

Miss Vena Smith has resigned her position at the Overall factory and has accepted a position at the laundry.

The Ladies Aid was returned from passing his examination at Jefferson Barracks and expects to be called for service in the near future.

Sylvester Russell fell from a tree and broke his arm, Thursday of last week.

The school board held their regular monthly meeting at the school house Saturday night.

Emer Walters, had the misfortune to cut his leg very severely with a butcher knife, while working at the Holz store, one day last week.

Chas. Neerler has accepted a position as mining boss in Pennsylvania.

Arthur L. Peters, has moved to Kankakee, to North Dearborn Ave.

Ralph Voorhes was a Chicago visitor Friday.

Three Book of Chicago spent several days the past week with his parents in this city.

Herbert Kramer had two fingers injured while at work at the Bradley factory, Thursday of last week.

WHEAT PRIZES

Honors for Western Canada Come Year After Year.

At the recent Soil Products Exposition at Peoria, Ill., in a keen contest for the coveted first prize for wheat, Western Canada has again carried off all the honors.

Harvesting and threshing are now completed in Western Canada, and while it is early in the season to give exact figures as to the average yield per acre of wheat, oats, barley and flax it is safe to assume that the former will yield about 20 bushels per acre.

Never has farming offered such profitable returns for labor as at present and nowhere is the large profit equal to that of the low priced, high yielding lands of Western Canada.

There has been a big rush during the past few weeks of renters and owners of high priced lands in many parts of the United States to investigate these 100% profit reports.

Enemy Precautions. "What did Bill do when you told him you wanted him to dance at the german?"

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" hair dressing.

A Visual Mix-Up. "The only way for a game like this is to go it blind."

GAVE UP HOPE

Often Wished For Death to End Her Suffering. Doan's Effected a Complete and Lasting Recovery.

"I was helpless with kidney trouble," says Mrs. Ellen Janke, 1404 N. Third St., St. Charles, Mo., "and began to think my days were beyond the reach of medicine.

"How I suffered when passing the kidney secretions! I screamed in agony and I often wished I might die and be out of misery. I had night sweats and morning sickness."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 676 a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McLEBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 40-1917

The Giant Hattenplane Coming Door

Italy plans flying machine with 3,500-horsepower motors, sacrificing high speed to great carrying power: United States will develop science along similar lines at once

THOUSAND gigantic warplanes, aircraft with a wing spread of more than 100 feet each carrying a crew of three men and 2,700 pounds of bombs, rising at night from airbases along England's east coast; a flight commander for each 25 marshaling his raiders into V-shaped formation in which wild geese travel on the wing; and then a swift flight of 100 miles that separates the nearest point of the English coast from the famous Kiel canal.

This is the picture which Henry Woodhouse, one of the governors of the Aero Club of America has visioned from an inspection of the photograph and the engineering prints of the new 600-horse power Caproni triplane.

Italy is now at the business of aviation. Two years ago she had fewer than 100 men employed in the industry.

Maj. R. Perletti, head of the special Italian commission for aeronautics in the United States, has presented an inventory of the huge warplane and accounts which he has been able to supply this government of Italian success in this kind of construction have done much to divorce aerial experts here from their allegiance to the small, light type of craft for the single fighter.

The present 600-horse power Caproni is a triplane with two fuselages and bodies and driven by three Fiat or Isotta-Fraschini motors, any one of which has sufficient power to keep the craft aloft even were the others to be disabled.

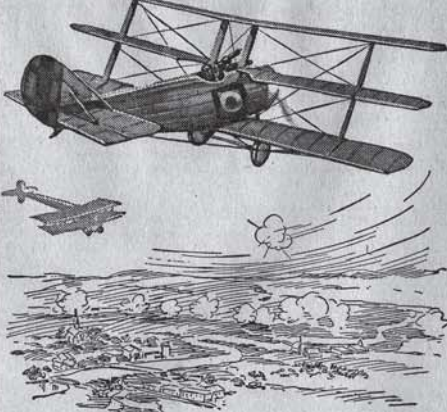
The present 600-horse power Caproni is a triplane with two fuselages and bodies and driven by three Fiat or Isotta-Fraschini motors, any one of which has sufficient power to keep the craft aloft even were the others to be disabled.

This seems slow in comparison to the Spads which climb 10,000 feet in five minutes or less, but a Spad is really a flying motor with sustaining strength barely sufficient to support the aviator and a gun.

The only aircraft which compares with it in size is the British Handley-Page machine, which, with two 280-horse power Bollo-Royce motors, carried 22 passengers, and has a wing spread of 98 feet, and the Curtiss and Gallaudet monsters made in this country.

Repeated Father's Remarks. Father—"The idea of your calling your teacher a nuisance. What do you mean, sir?" Tommy—"Well, that's what you call me when I ask questions, and teacher don't do nothin' else."

Jewish Custom. In Jewish marriages the woman is always placed to the right of her husband and is crowned with a wreath before her place in the ceremony is on the left.



long-distance bomb-carrying machine, for its boat body could be dropped and its weight-carrying ability increased thereby.

The new three-motored Gallaudet seaplane also enters the category of long-distance raiding machines and is suitable for either bomb dropping or torpedo launching.

Long-distance bombing raids are by no means a novelty, but they have always been conducted with only a few airplanes of limited carrying capacity.

Among the historic bombing raids for several seasons is the raid on Carlsruhe on June 15, 1915. It was conducted by 23 twin-motored Caudron machines, in charge of Captain de Kerilla, and dropped close to 50 large bombs on Carlsruhe.

In the very first bombardment of Sofia on April 21, 1915, a single aviator started from Saloniki, flew to Sofia, dropped four bombs and proclamations announcing the capture of the town, and returned to Saloniki.

The only limitation was that the airplanes were too few in number to win a decisive victory. In every raid in the Balkans only four or five airplanes participated.

Among the most remarkable long-distance bombing expeditions were the raids on Essen and Munich by Captain de Beauchamp and Lieutenant Dancourt on September 24 and November 18, 1914, which have been repeated since by other aviators.

Holt's landing lights are another device employed. These are fastened beneath the wings, which aid in reflecting the light downward when they have been ignited electrically.

With these devices to aid night flying, experts are now looking forward to the time when raids may be made on the German fleet and submarine bases by big squadrons of giant machines, and the opinion is gaining strength that in such raids lies the solution of the present U-boat peril.

Soft. Billy—My father's a sportin' propbet, but 'e don't make much money. 'I ardy ever spots a winner. Jimmy (proudly)—My pa's a propbet, too. He's a weather propbet, and spots the winner every time. He always prophesies a bad summer.—London Sketch.

Evidently Not. "What is the attitude of her relatives toward Mr. Lasserby?" "They are quite indifferent to him." "Well! Well! And I've been thinking all along that he was a rich man."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Old Roman Superstition. It was a Roman custom to hang beads of red coral on the cradle of infants and round their necks to "preserve and fasten their teeth" and save them from the "falling sickness."

WIT and HUMOR



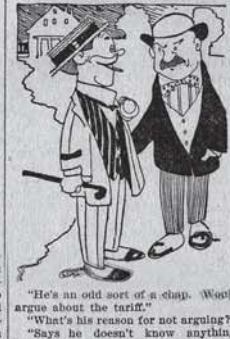
BREAKING OFF CONNECTION.

"Well," said the far West mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here when some of our boys get tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about they became mighty crusty!"

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener. "Then, may I ask what they did?" "Sartially. I was goin' ter tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."

Attention Missed. "I thought Crimson Gulch had reformed." "It had," replied Broncho Bob. "But it seems wide open now." "We had to make some kind of a demonstration. There's nothin' we used to enjoy so much as havin' a good talker come along an' tell us how wicked we were. We've been real respectable that nobody pays the least attention to us an' we feel slighted."

A QUEER FELLOW.



"He's an odd sort of a chap. Won't argue about the tariff." "What's his reason for not arguing?" "Says he doesn't know anything about it."

Advice. He is the wretch who'll only shrink and loaf throughout the day. For he who finds no fun in work finds little fun in play.

An Antidote for Agents. "I have here a little treatise on the evils of the Australian school system as against the effects of toe dancing during the pre-facial period. It should be in every home."

Lots Doing It. "Pop, what's it mean to burn your candle at both ends?" "Paying alimony and courting another woman at the same time, my son."

Last Call. "When does the last train leave for Maple Junction?" asked the traveler. "July 31st, of this year, sir," answered the agent.

He Spoke From Experience. "When I was a boy I wanted to become a railroad president." "That was a laudable ambition." "However, I soon changed my mind." "What caused you to do that?"

Choosing a Course. "My boy is undecided about what collegiate course to take. What would you advise?" "That depends. Does he want to build up his muscles or his mind?"

The Last Cry. Customer—"Which particular advantage is there in this new talking machine?" Demonstrator—"Why, my dear sir, it will reproduce the human voice as you never heard it before."

Consoling Percy. "It grieves me to speak of it, Grace, Lawt' the young'un laughed at me, right to my face." "You shouldn't mind that. Every day of my life I am laughing at nothing."

NOTICE TO SICK WOMEN

Positive Proof That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Bridgton, N. J.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt a change for the better. I took it until I was in good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedies to all women as I have used them with such good results."—Mrs. MILFORD T. CUMINGS, 322 Harmony St., Penn's Grove, N. J.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the distressing ills of women such as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

BLACK LEG PILLS. LASSES SURELY PREVENTED BY PATER'S BLACKLED PILLS. When the black leg strikes, call for Pater's Blackleg Pills, 50c per box. 10 boxes per dozen, \$5.00. Pater's Blackleg Pills are sold by all druggists and grocers. Write for circulars to Pater's Blackleg Pills, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Culinary Necessity. He—it is an awful ruse in bread. She—La, me, John, bread's got to rise, hasn't it?

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

Has Another Think Coming. The man who thinks he knows it all generally marries a woman who teaches him a lot more.

Japanese Naval Maneuvers. The grand Japanese naval maneuvers which will take place off Tsushima consist of the first, second and third fleets and several reserve vessels, says the East and West News. The 14-inch guns mounted on the Yamashiro are not yet put to practical test. All vessels participating will assemble at Hiroshima Bay in the island sea, and the contending force will use Kure as the base of operations. The sham battle will last ten days.

Real Foresight. "I am afraid you do not practice economy, my dear," complained Mr. Jones. "His wife cast a contemptuous glance at him. "Come with me to the attic," she commanded. And he followed her thither.

In the attic she opened a trunk and took out a bundle wrapped carefully in tissue paper. Tearing off the wrappings, she disclosed a lovely, tiny gown.

"That," she said, "is my wedding dress."

"And do you call it economy to save your wedding dress?" he chortled. "That's not economy, it's sentimentality. It would have been economy to wear the dress and get it worn out of it. But here it is not earthy good to you nor anybody else. Economy! Huh!"

"That's where you are wrong," she said, calmly. "I am saving that dress for my next wedding."

That told him for a while.

POSTUM has been adopted as the table beverage in many a home because of its pleasing flavor and healthful nature. It gives me to speak of it, Grace, Lawt' the young'un laughed at me, right to my face. You shouldn't mind that. Every day of my life I am laughing at nothing.

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Copyright 1916, Bobbe-Merrill Co.

RODNEY ALDRICH HAD NEVER REALLY THOUGHT MUCH OF GETTING MARRIED UNTIL HIS SISTER "PUT THE BUG IN HIS EAR"—THEN HE THOUGHT FIRST OF PRETTY ROSE STANTON

SYNOPSIS—Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is accosted by a nice young man who offers to file a complaint with the company and who escorts her to another car line. An hour later this man, Rodney Aldrich, appeared soaked with rain at the home of his very wealthy married sister, Mrs. Martin Whitney, to attend a birthday dinner in his honor. Mrs. Whitney had schemed to make a marriage match between him and Hermione Woodruff, a divorcee, but the plan fails at the dinner.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

She came up to him and, at arm's length, touched him with cautious finger-tips. "And do, please, there's a dear boy," she pleaded, "hurry as fast as you can, and then come down and be as nice as you can," she hesitated—especially to Hermione Woodruff. She thinks you're a wonder and I don't want her to be disappointed."

"The widdy?" he asked. "Sure I'll be nice to her."

She looked after him rather dubiously as he disappeared in the direction of her husband's bathroom. There was a sort of hilarious contentment about him which filled her with misgivings.

Well, they were justified!

According to Violet Williamson's account, given confidentially in the drawing-room afterward, it was really Hermione's fault. "She just wouldn't let Rodney alone—would keep talking about crimes and Lombroso and psychiatric laboratories—I'll bet she'd hold a paper of his somewhere and read it. Anyway, at last she said, 'I believe Doctor Randolph would agree with me.' He was talking to me then, but said that isn't why she did it. Well, and Rodney straightened up and said, 'Is that Randolph, the alienist?' You see he hadn't caught his name when they were introduced. And that's how it started. Hermione was game—I'll admit that she listened and kept looking interested, and every now and then said something. Sometimes they'd take the trouble to smile and say, 'Indeed?'—politely, you know, but other times they wouldn't pay attention at all, just roll along over her and smash her flat—like what's his name—Jurgens."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Frederica. "I did know that. It was how it started. Didn't sit there and watch for a mortal hour, not able to do a thing? I tried to signal to Martin, but of course he wasn't opposite to me, and . . ."

"He did all he could," really, Violet assured her. "I told him to go to the rescue, and he did, bravely. But what with Hermione being so miffy about getting frozen out, and Martin himself being so interested in what they were saying, I'm each other . . ."

—because it was frightfully interesting, you know, if you don't have to pretend you understood it—why, there wasn't much he could do."

In the light of this disaster, she was rather glad to be engaged in the dining-room as long as they did—glad that Hermione had ordered her car for ten and took the odd girl with her. She made no effort to resist the departure of the others, with reasons and the promptitude in their train. When, after the front door had closed for the last time, Martin released a long yawn, she told him to run along to bed; she wanted to talk to Rodney, who was to spend the night while his own clothes were drying out in the laundry.

"Good night, old chap?" said Martin in accents of lively consideration. "I'm glad I'm not in that what you are."

Rodney found a pipe, lit it down, astride a spinning lute chair, settled his elbows comfortably on the back of it, and then asked his sister what Martin had meant—what was he for?

Frederica, curled up in a corner of the sofa, looked at him at first with a wry pucker between her eyebrows, "between with a smile, and finally answered this question. "Nothing," she said. "I mean, I was going to scold you, but I'm not."

Then, "Oh, I was furious with you on an hour ago," she went on. "I'd made such a really beautiful plan for you, and then I sat and watched you in that thoroughgoing way of yours kicking it all to bits. The plan was, of course, to marry you off to Hermione Woodruff."

He turned this over in his deliberate way, during the process of blowing two or three smoke rings, began gradually to grin, and said at last: "That was some plan, little sister. How do you think of things like that? You ought to write romances for the magazine."

body like Hermione. You can't get on at all with young girls."

"I don't know," said Rodney, "whether Mrs. Woodruff knows what she wants or not, but I do. She wants a nice, tame trick husband to manage things for her and be Johnny-on-the-spot whenever she wants him. And if the man happened to be me . . ."

Frederica stretched her slim arms outward. Thoughtful-faced, she made no comment, unless there was one in the deliberate way in which she turned her rings, one at a time, so that the brilliant masses of gems were inside, and then clenched her hands over them.

"I know I look more or less like a nut to the people who're always known as such. But I give you my word, Freddy, that most of them look like nuts to me. Why a man should load himself up with three houses and a yacht, a stable of motorcars, and heavens knows what besides, is a thing I can't figure out on any basis except of defective intelligence. I suppose they're equally puzzled about me when I refuse a profitable piece of law work they've offered me, because I don't consider it interesting. All the same, I get what I want, and I'm pretty dubious sometimes whether they do. I want space—comfortable elbow room, so that if I happen to get an idea by the tail, I can swing it round my head without knocking over the lamp."

"It's a luxury, though, Rod, that kind of spaciousness, and you aren't very rich. If you married a girl without anything . . ."

He broke in on her with that big laugh of his. "You've kept your sense of humor pretty well, sis, considering you've been married all these years to a man as rich as Martin; but don't spring remarks like that, or I'll think you've lost it. If a man can't keep an open space around him, even after he's married on an income, outside of what he earns, of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year, the trouble isn't with his income. It's with the content of his own soul."

She gave a little shiver and snuggled closer into a big down pillow. "You'll marry somebody, though, won't you, Roddy? I try not to nag at you and I won't make any more"

—because it was frightfully interesting, you know, if you don't have to pretend you understood it—why, there wasn't much he could do."

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disgust, found that her eyes were blurring up with tears. She was a little bit slack and edgy today anyhow.

What he had just referred to in a dozen brisk words, was the final disappearance of the home they had all grown up in. Their father, one of Chicago's great men during the twenty odd years from the Fire to the Fair, had built it when the neighborhood included nearly all the other big men of that robust period, and had always been proud of it. Of course for years the neighborhood had been impossible. Her mother had clung to it after her husband's death, but Rodney had simply stayed on, since her death, waiting for an offer for it that suited him. His curt announcement that the long-looked-for change had come, brought up quick, unwelcome tears. She squeezed them away with her palms.

"In that," she asked, "why you've been looking so sort of—er—glum, all the evening—as if you were licking the last of the canary's feathers off your whiskers?"

"Perhaps so," he said. "It's been a pretty good day, take it all round."

She got up from the couch, shook herself down into her clothes a little, and came over to him. "All right, since it's been a good day, let's go to bed."

"You're rather dreadful," she said, "just observe a dear. You don't bite my head off when I urge you to get married, though I know you want to. But you will some day—I don't mean bite my head off—won't you, Rod?"

"When I see any prospect of being as lucky as Martin—find a girl who won't mind when I turn up for dinner looking like a drowned tramp, or kick her plans to bits, after she's tipped me off as to what she wants me to do . . ."

Frederica took her hands off, stepped back, and looked at him. There was an incredulous sort of smile on her lips. "You're such an innocent, Roddy dear. Don't think the girl you marry will ever treat you like that."

"But look here!" he exclaimed. "How can I be going to look about the girl I get engaged to, before it's too late?"

"You won't," she said. "You haven't a chance in the world."

"Him?" she grunted, obviously struck with this idea. "You're giving the proper advice, but not very exacting. You're making the thing out an adventure."

She nodded rather soberly. "Oh, I'm not afraid for you," she said. "Men like adventures—you more than most. But women don't. They like to dream about them, but they want to turn over to the last chapter and see how it's going to end. It's the girl I'm worried about. . . . Oh, come along! We're talking nonsense. I'll go up with you and see that they're putting your packages and a tooth-brush."

She had accomplished this purpose, kissed him good-night, and turned to leave the room, when her eye fell over a heap of damp, warped, pasteboard-bound notebooks, which she remembered seeing in his side pockets when he first came in. She went over and picked them up, peered at the paper label that had half peeled off the topmost cover, and read what was written on it.

"Who," she asked with considerable emphasis, "is Rosalind Stanton?"

"Oh," said Rodney, very casually, behind the reserved imitation of a yawn she had ever seen, "oh, she got put off the car when I did, but I saw that. That sounds rather exciting."

Frederica behind an imitation yawn of her own—but a better one. "Going to tell me about it?"

"Nothing much to tell," said Rodney. "There was a row about a fare, as you said, and then we both got out. So, naturally, I walked with her over to the elevated. And then I forgot to give her her notebooks and came away with that sort of."

"What sort of looking girl?" asked Frederica. "Is she pretty?"

mean you're going back to the shop this afternoon?"

Portia nodded, pulled back her chair abruptly, and sat down.

"I thought that on Saturday . . ." her mother began.

"Oh, I know," said Portia, "but that girl I've got isn't much good."

You'd have known them for mother and daughter anywhere, and any of them would have found any point of resemblance in either of them to the Amazonian young thing who had so nearly thrown a street-car conductor into the street the night before.

The mother's hair was very soft and white, and the care with which it was arranged indicated a certain harmless vanity in it. There was something a little conscious, too, about her dress. If you took it in connection with a certain resolute amiability about her smile, you would be entirely prepared to hear her tell Portia that she was to talk on "Modern Tendencies" before the Pierian club this afternoon.

A very real reason, nevertheless—you couldn't doubt that. The marks of passiveness in her belt and her neatly given sacrifices were etched with undeniable authenticity in her face.

Once you got beyond a catalogue of features, Portia presented rather a striking contrast to this. Her hair was done with a certainty that was fairly hostile. Her clothes were brusquely worn. Her smile, if it illustrated—it wasn't that—was distinctly ironic. A very competent, good-looking young woman, just now drooping a little over the cold lunch.

"So Rose didn't come down this morning at all. Nothing particular the matter with her, is there?" asked Portia.

There was enough real concern in her voice to save the question from sounding satirical, but her mother's manner was a little apologetic when she answered it.

"No, I think not," she said. "But she's a little out of sorts when she came home last night—literally wet through to the skin, and blue with cold. So I thought it wouldn't do any harm. . . ."

"Of course not," said Portia, "was in all right. She won't spoil her hair."

"I'm a little bit worried about the loss of the poor child's notebooks," said her mother.

"I don't believe Rose is worrying her head off about them," said Portia. "She's a little bit out of sorts, but she's a little bit, but it was no longer apologetic. 'I don't think you're quite fair to Rose, about her studies,' she said. 'If she doesn't seem always to appreciate her privilege in getting a college education, she ought to have should, you should remember her youth. She's only twenty.'"

"I'm sorry, mother," Portia interrupted contently. "I didn't mean any harm anyway. Didn't she say the matter was none of her business?"

"I think so," her mother agreed. "Something like that."

"It's rather funny," said Portia. "It's hardly likely to have been the real Rodney Aldrich. Yet it's not a common name."

"The real Rodney Aldrich?" questioned her mother. But, without waiting for her daughter's elucidation of the phrase, she added, "Oh, there's Rose!"

The telephone bell aroused her once or twice, far enough to observe that Inga was attending to it, so when the front-door bell rang she left that to Inga, too—didn't even sit up and swing her legs off the couch and try, with a prodigious stretch, to get herself awake, until she heard the girl say casually:

"Her ban right in the sitting-room!" So it fell out that Rodney Aldrich had, for his second vivid picture of her—the first had been, you will remember, when she had seized the conductor by both wrists, and had said in a blaze of beautiful wrath: "Don't dare touch me like that!"—a splendid

mentation that Rose shy quietly with doors and keys watin.

"I was going to anyway," she said. "Home and freddie for mine today."

The house was deserted except for Inga in the kitchen, engaged in the principal sporting event of her domestic routine—the weekly baking. Rose hadn't meant to go to sleep, but the detective story she tried to read was so flagrantly stupid that presently she tossed the book aside and began dreaming of her own in which the heroine got put off a street-car in the opening chapter.

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EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI
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What one prominent banker says about THE HALEY TREATMENT for TRACHOMA, GRANULATED LIDS.
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To Whom It May Concern:
I am personally acquainted with Dr. C. W. Layton and Dr. H. J. Williams, the proprietors of this Institution, and know them to be gentlemen of the very highest type as well as experts in their profession.

I have observed numbers of patients from all parts of the country who have come to this institution and after a few weeks treatment have returned home seemingly sound and well.
I cheerfully offer this recommendation.
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More Comfortable,
Healthful, Convenient
Eliminates the odors, cleans, disinfects, and dries your clothes. No need for soap, suds, or hot water. No need for ironing. A good investment for the household.
ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE
Put It Approve In The House
A reserve soldier in the United States medical corps who recently returned from Great Britain is loud in his praises of the work in home surgery being done in British hospitals. He says: "They can take a rib from a man and use it to replace a crushed bone in his arm. Patients who in earlier times would have been considered permanently disabled are now fixed up in a few weeks so that they can go back to the front. In a single month, in one hospital, we had 1,250 bone cases, and 1,000 of them were ready at the end of the month to go back and fight again."

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The best place in St. Louis to buy Used Cars. We have the largest stock in the City. All Cars are guaranteed. We will give you a look at this stock before buying. Write: J. C. Auto Co., 1802 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

Corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn can shortly be lifted right out with the fingers if you will apply on the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority. At little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain or soreness or the danger of infection. This new drug is an even compound, and when the ointment is applied it does not inflame or even irritate the surrounding skin. Just think! You can lift out your corns and calluses now without a bit of pain or soreness. If your druggist hasn't freezone he can easily get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

What Does It Do?
"What does it do for a man?" "Well, for one thing, it makes him decide to take his vacation in the winter, when he can go south."

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Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHERRY TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 60 cents.

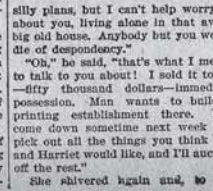
Quitate Appropriate Motion.
"Thrones are rocking these days."
"Quite right, too. A rocking throne is the cradle of liberty."

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

NEURALGIA
For quick relief
rub the forehead
and temples with
VICKS VAPORUB



"The Plan Was, of Course, to Marry You Off to Hermione Woodruff."



She shivered again and, to her



A Splendid, Lazy, Toused Creature.

lazy, toused creature, in a chaotic glory of chestnut hair, an unaliced saddy-bloss, a plaid skirt twisted around her knees, and a pair of ridiculous red bedroom slippers, with red pompons on the toes. The creature was stretching herself with the grace of a big cat that had just been roused from a nap on the hearsthrug.

If his first picture of her had been brief, his second one was practically unapproachable, because at sight of him, she flashed to her feet.

So, for a moment, they confronted each other about equally aghast, flushed up to the hair, and simultaneously and incoherently begged each another's pardon—either could have said for what, the goddess out of the machine being Inga, the maid-of-all-work. But suddenly, at a twink of the eye, he saw her, her own big eyes narrowed and her big mouth widened into a smile, which broke presently into her deep-throated laugh, whereupon she laughed too, and they shook hands and she asked him to sit down.

"It's too ridiculous," she said. "Since last night, when I got to thinking how I must have looked, wrestling with that conductor, I've been telling myself that if I ever saw you again I'd try to act like a lady. But it's no use, is it?"

He said that he, too, had hoped to make a better impression the second time than the first. That was what he brought the books back for.

"I'm awfully sorry mother's not at home—mother and my sister Portia. They'd both like to thank you for—looking after me last night. Because really you did, you know."

"There never was anything less altruistic in the world," he assured her. "I dropped off of that car solely in pursuit of a selfish aim. I'd enjoy meeting your mother and sister very much, but when I came for was to get acquainted with you."

She flushed and smiled. "Why, I'm nobody much to get acquainted with," she said. "Mother's the interesting one—mother and Portia. Mother's quite a person. She's Naomi Rudelge Stanton, you know."

"I know I ought to know," Rodney said, and her quick appreciative smile over his candor rewarded him for not having pretended.

"The 'bee in his bonnet' worked rapidly on Rodney and his acquaintance with Rose developed with much speed—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Promoting Thrift in Colombia.
The Colombian congress has adopted a measure providing for the appointment by the minister of public instruction of a commission to investigate methods for promoting saving throughout the country. This commission will work out a general plan of organization of public and school savings banks, retirement funds, and societies for mutual aid and co-operative buying.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

H. H. Baker, mayor.
Edward F. McCoy, clerk.
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
T. R. McCoy, collector.
T. J. Fahy, marshal.
Jos. Supernant, night police.
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade James McOne, Adolph Bock, 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. Reineke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmont, 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.

Panay 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, Bradley, Ill.

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

St. John 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 9:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
Vespers, 7 p. m.

FATHER CHARLES, 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. Ivan 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. GRANON, 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 COON, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.

John Flageole, 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 L.O.O.F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodman Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

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

Children of Mary Society.

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

THE VALUE

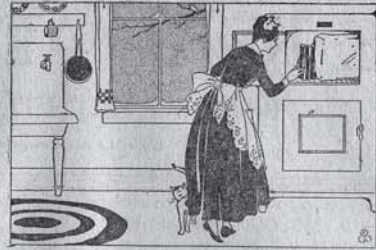
of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere

THE VALUE

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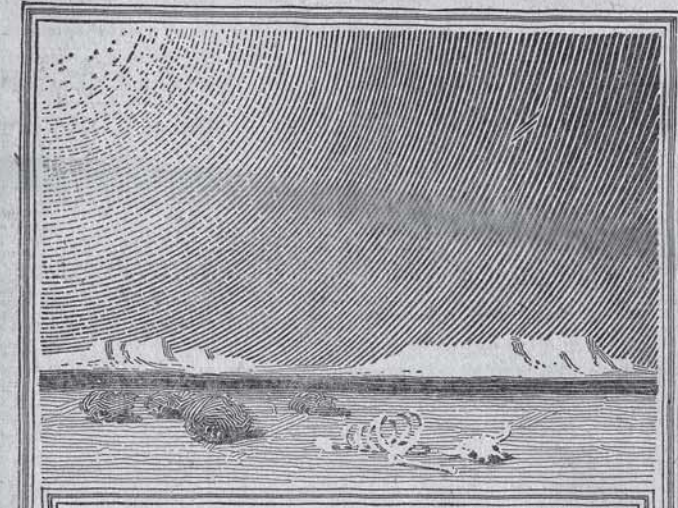
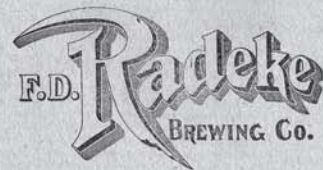
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Radeke Beer

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



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ET a little moisture would make it blossom in plenitude, so that a whole race might thrive upon its products. Thus it is with almost everything known to man. Moderation is the big word, as all men of wisdom know.

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Mr. Math Geddesich and family, spent Sunday in Joliet with relatives and friends.

Editor's Gleanings
The man, who went out in the pasture and sat down on a stump and waited for the cow to be milked, was a brother to the man, who tries to carry on a business without advertising because he reasons that, business will back up to him if he will just wait.

Time works wonders—so could men if they could put in 24 hours as time does.

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Nearly every farm has tiddino gold in it, but it has to be dug out year after year using patience, intelligence, and a certain amount of common business judgment.

Our future timber supply depends on the bushes of today. Give them an opportunity.

Lost Life in Fire

George Davis, of Louisville, Ill., lost his life in a conflagration at Bible Grove Monday afternoon. The general store belonging to S. M. Daily, completely burned to the ground. Mr. Davis was there on a visit, and was in the post-office when the fire started. It is supposed that he received a fatal stroke, which he was subject, in the fire event. He was found in the debris completely unrecognizable. Mr. Davis was about fifty or fifty-five years old. The property was partly covered by insurance. The store building was quite a large one.

ALEX J. POWELL
Attorney-at-Law

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GENE RICHARD, Prop.

Frazzled Nerves

"No," said the girl in the hat with the white roses, "I haven't seen Charlie for a number of days. I guess he isn't feeling very well or else is recovering."

"Recovering!" echoed the young woman in the orange tango waist. "I didn't know he was ill!"

"It is not exactly illness," explained the young woman with the white roses in her hat. "It is mostly shock. And I don't blame him. It was an awful evening!"

"Tell me!" begged her friend.

"We went to the movies," proceeded the heroine of the tale. "I suppose it was just a curious coincidence, but every last film had a snake in it!"

"My goodness!" shuddered the girl in the orange waist.

"That's what I said!" agreed the other.

"First," she continued, "they tied a girl to a ladder in an abandoned house and the villain, who appeared to be a snake collector, took them out of a bag by the handful and shook them at her and then draped them nicely around the ladder above her. It was a comic film, so called, and ended by a dozen policemen and all the rescuers being tangled up with all the snakes."

"Then the conspirators in the next film tried to scare the girl into revealing the hidden money by shaking a Bowie knife and a large snake in her face. By that time Charlie and I were shuddering in unison. He said he hated 'em worse than I did and wasn't ashamed of it."

"There was a circus snake charmer in the next and after that we fled. I tell you I stepped high going down the aisle, and I noticed that Charlie had a tendency to go along himself. I know I could have made the door in two jumps if conventionality had not restrained me. The brightly lighted street looked very, very good to me!"

"Then we clambered up the steps of our porch. I have never been so proud of our porch this summer. It is shaded with vines and has heaps of palms and ferns and things sitting around in the corners and is furnished with a hammock and wicker. The street light filtered thru the vines like a well-conducted moon as we strolled in, and then for one awful minute Charlie and I had convulsions."

"Simultaneously we leaped into the air and screamed—and when I came down I fell over a chair to the floor while Charlie ripped the hammock down as he tumbled."

"Across my feet!" I hissed. "I felt it bite—on both insteps! Do you suppose it is a p-p-poisonous one?"

"It'll b-bit me, too!" Charlie stammered.

"As we sat clutching our lacerated ankles and shuddering I chanced to glance down the street. Tearing along as it was attached to a motor car was a little black kitten! It was traveling about one hundred miles an hour in its terror, and then I remembered that I had heard a sort of scurrying noise just before the attack. The kitten had been asleep in a chair and dreamed that we were Newfoundland dogs. I saw him wobble by Charlie and I staggered to our feet and into chairs. We didn't say anything for some time. Then he said roughly: 'Well, anyhow, it might have been a snake—and it might have bitten us!'"

"I think I'll faint," I told him, shakily, and he had to rush into the house for ice water and a fan.

"While he was frantically chopping ice in the refrigerator he shook loose some damp lettuce leaves from the pile on the top of the ice box that the cook had forgotten to put inside, and they landed on the back of his neck as he bent over. I wish you could have heard the political convention that followed! Charlie roared and yelled and pounded. Father and mother tumbled downstairs, and father added his roars of inquiry to the meeting, while mother shrieked that somebody was killed and she knew it and for mercy's sake not to tip all the currant jelly just made that day!"

"They dragged Charlie out pawing the air and gurgling, and then saw me perched on top the back of the sofa murmuring: 'The snake! The snake! Did it bite him?'"

"Well, finally we sent Charlie home when he partially recovered. I wouldn't go any farther than the doorstep. I was so nervous by this time, and I saw him start bravely off. Halfway down the steps a waving strand from the woodbine clutched him around the throat—and oh, well what's the use? Only the whole neighborhood is busy making up stories about the mysterious tragedy that occurred at our house. I believe they have it now that father chased mother away from her happy home with a gun, and that you could hear her wails a mile off."

"Anyway, father had to carry me upstairs. I was beyond reaching the door by that time. No, I haven't seen Charlie since!"

"Well, I don't wonder!" said the girl in the orange waist.

"Holding Him to His Word. Bobby (trying to get away)—'Say, pa, wait a minute. Didn't you tell the callers last night that I couldn't be best for mischief?'"

Father—"That's just what I did, you young rascal!"

Bobby—"Well, then, what do you mean by beating me now?"

INVENT LIFEBOAT FOR SUBMARINES

TWO IOWA MEN SAY THEY HAVE SOLVED MARINE PROBLEM

Craft Carries Crew to Surface When Accidents Happens to Diver Under Water.

A lifeboat for submarines has been invented by two Iowa men, E. W. Appleman of Clermont and William Danbenberger of Postville. They claim the craft furnishes a certain means of escape to crews in case of mishaps under the water. Patents are now pending in the United States and will be applied for in all countries operating or building submarines.

The lifeboat is designed by its inventors to be carried in an outer cavity in the hull of the submarine and add nothing to the weight of the under-sea craft. At times of danger the crew on the submarine, thru a trap door in the bottom, can enter the lifeboat quickly. The craft, with its rudders on board, then may be automatically released and my its buoyancy rise like a cork to the surface of the sea bearing the crew to safety.

As submarines are equipped at present their crews are lost whenever a serious accident befalls them while submerged. The tragic fate of all aboard the United States submarine F-4 in Hawaiian waters is an example and demonstrated the great need for some safety device which will give the crew a chance to escape destruction when the submarine meets disaster.

Mr. Appleman and Mr. Danbenberger say the problem of lifeboats for submarines has engaged the attention of inventors for a long time, but nothing practical has resulted until now, the great difficulty having been to design a craft not requiring a change in the general plan of the hull of the submarine. The Iowa inventors say they have so completely overcome this obstacle that their lifeboat easily can be installed on any kind of submarine.

DISCOVER NEW METHOD OF STOPPING PARESIS

Medical Men Inject Salvarsan Into Brain—Get Good Results.

Salvarsan, administered directly into the inner cavity of the brain, may be regarded as one of the most advanced and hopeful methods of arresting the destructive progress of paresis, officials of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital announced in a formal statement. Their conclusion, they say, was based on a number of experiments made at the hospital.

By the method used at the hospital, it was said, an opening is made thru the skull in the dura of the brain and then, with a blunt, hollow needle that is passed directly thru the tissue of the brain to the main central cavity, salvarsan is conveyed directly to the cerebro-spinal fluid in the main cavity of the brain.

From there it is carried by the circulation of the cerebro-spinal fluid thruout the entire cerebro-spinal system. By thus reaching every cell of the brain the salvarsan a uniform effect is produced.

Out of fourteen patients who have undergone the operation, four have been able to resume their occupations, according to the hospital authorities.

HOW ARROWS WERE POISONED

Indian Says They Used to Rub Rattlesnakes of Their Virus.

An old Cherokee Indian recently told how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrows for war purposes or for killing bears. According to the Denver Field and Farm, they took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole, and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance.

About midday the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the sunshine. The bucks would poke the first rattler with the liver on the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping.

The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison.

Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upright position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was pounded to certain pieces and placed in a buckskin bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface.

Wanted Help.

As the motorist turned a corner in a quiet country road he saw a brother of the wheel just ahead, evidently in trouble. Immediately he slowed down.

"Want any help?" he asked genially. The other motorist looked gratefully at him as he wiped the perspiration off his brow.

"I do," he whispered. "See that lady in the car? She's my wife, and I'd be much obliged if you'd answer her questions and see that she arrives home in seeing to this best tire."



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A Boost Will Come Back

Old Noah, with a great big smile, stood leaning on the rail. As out across the rising tide, the Ark began to sail: And turning, then he said to Ham, "My boy, just see them scamper; They are the guys that stood around and tried my work to hamper. They always said I was a fool, my job was no account; Today, they're headed for the hills, while we go to the mount. They always had their harpoons out, and used them rain or shine, And said the time was coming soon, when surely I'd get mine. They kept it up from year to year, while I kept driving nails. And said they'd bet a hundred you, the old tub never sails. I never used to say a word, but kept on sawing lumber; Although I felt a lot relieved, when it began to thunder. And so, my boy, remember this, and paste it in your hat. These knockers ne'er will get a chance, to land on Ararat. If they'd have joined and worked with me, and made the old ark bustle, They wouldn't have to worry now, and for the high spots rustle. So when you see a guy that works hard at his job each day, Give him a boost and not a knock, as you go on your way; And when the rain begins to fall, and you are feeling rotten, He'll come along and boost for you, to show he's not forgotten."

Old Uncle Sam needs you out there; Though we can't fight we'll heed his call To lend and, if need be, to give You boys our lift and all. We can't go to the front with you; But money, which some fool called trash, Shall flow for you, who stand between Us and the Kaiser's lash. You are the red blood barrier That stands between us and the course That struck down tortured Belgium, And maybe what is worse. Count on us to the finish boys; Till purse is flat and bone is bare; There's naught to much, to do or give For you who fight out there. "John-Martin" (Editor, John Martin's Book)

I Can't Go To The Front—But—

I can't go to the front with you; The reason why—what matters it? Perhaps I am too old or stiff To do your sort of bit.

It breaks my heart to stay behind; I'd give my eyes for half a chance, To smash the Kaiser's hellish plans With you out there in France.

You're going into trench and reek, To shrapnel rip and crashing shell; God plans your job in heaven, but You work it out in hell.

You left the cat and left your tail; You loved ones and your babies too; But then, the Hun snarled at our gates; The fight was up to you.

The Hun was wallowing in crime; Beneath its claws lay tortured Truth; The bleeding world cried out to you, To give your strength and youth.

I've seen your countless thousands go, With neither noisy boast nor brag, And your brave eyes shone with the gleam Of our star-studded flag.

We cannot pay for blood you shed, Nor buy devotion such as yours, But we can stand behind you boys, As long as life endures.

Your pain shall be our travail, and The ones you love shall be our care; Our work and sacrifices here, While yours lie over there.

We'll make our brains and dollars count; We'll band this righteous fight upon Our billions, plus our hearts and prayers, To break the bloody Hun.

County Agent Work.

During the past fiscal year, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, the number of county agents in the Northern and Western States increased from 419 to 542. Every one of these States has taken up the work, and three of them—Connecticut, Delaware, and New Hampshire—have an agent for each county. The States with the next largest proportion of agents in order are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania. The report on which these figures are based does not include State activities after July 1, since which date a number of new agents have taken up the work largely in connection with war emergency work.

County agent work, according to the definition given by the department, is an organized method of carrying on agriculture extension in a county through a permanent leader chosen locally and representing the State college of agriculture, the Federal department, and also the farmers acting through a local organization usually known as a farm bureau.

The Federal department does not deal directly with the farm bureau or the county agent, but only through the State college of agriculture.

The keystone of the whole structure is the county agent, whose position, says the department, is essentially one of leadership. He must have mature judgment, sympathy with farm problems, enthusiasm for farm life, knowledge of the farmer mind, clearness of thought and expression, tact, resourcefulness, farm experience, industry, good health, practical and

scientific knowledge of agriculture. These requirements are high, say those in charge of the work, because it takes a high-class man to swing the job.

In some counties, notably in New York, there are also home demonstration agents, who give farm women the sympathetic assistance of a woman leader.

Farmers in the counties without an agent, and desiring to have one, should first get into communication with the State college of agriculture. It is generally held that it is unwise to appoint a county agent until a favorable sentiment is strongly manifested in the county by a considerable number of the farmers themselves.

Sells 242 Hogs for \$12,000.

John W. Creed of Hattan, one of the biggest live stock feeders in Callaway County, Mo., established a record for that district last Friday when he sold 242 head of hogs for \$12,000. It is anybody who can beat that record in Edgingham County? Just think of it, \$12,000 for 242 head of hogs.

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. 618

John Mulligan, has accepted a position with the Standard Hdw. Co. Miss Goldie Webb, has resigned her position at the Kettling factory and has accepted a position at the laundry.

Tony Sastrich spent Sunday in Joliet Ill., with friends and relatives.

The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

THE DUPLICATE SECRET AGENT

Copyright, 1917, by W. J. Cobb

WHEN his office stenographer announced that Resilius Marvel, invincible head of the famous United Bankers Protective Association, had gone to Rio Janeiro, Brazil, on a secret and important mission, I smiled to myself. It was true that for several days the secretary of the association had attended to the duties of the office. It was also true that Marvel's bachelor quarters uptown were closed and the shades drawn. He was no longer present at his accustomed haunts. In his favored friend, had not seen him since the Tuesday previous. For all that I doubted that this secret agent and protector of the city's banks was one and identical with the Resilius Marvel whose minor office force supposed him to be a thousand miles distant.

The more I thought of the last occasion upon which I had seen him, the more certain was I that my informant was mistaken, and some one else "double-crossed." I applied this phrase at the time with casual gibes. A little dreamer, but not my surprise until all events progressed. Upon the evening referred to I had strolled over to Marvel's room for a quiet smoke and chat, to find him packing a grip.

"Thank you," he announced suddenly. "It's a briefing consultation and a small fortune, this time."

I expressed my regret at losing his company. I repressed my intense curiosity. He never wasted words to no purpose, never indulged in idle chatter. When he got ready, or the minute was right, or time developed the circumstances, I would be duly apprised, I knew.

"Sit down," he directed, leading me into a little den at the rear of the apartment. "I have something to tell you," and he pointed to a sheet of tissue paper spread across a stand.

I noted a nondescript assemblage of some matches, what suggested soap scraps, a little tin of hair cream, a cylinder, a jagged piece of paraffine paper and a pile of crisp brittle shavings.

"In the first place," narrated Marvel, "a letter was slipped through the door slot into my metal mail box yesterday evening, and in it were contained the contents. In plain words, a mischievous intended for me was destroyed. Some one knew it was coming to me, or had arrived, and slid lighted matches through the slot until the letter was burned up."

"Just after noon today," resumed Marvel, "I had a visitor. He presented a card which announced him to be Senator Marco Valdez, a business man of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. He did not propose me favorably from the start. In fact, he had not seen with me more than two minutes before I traced an ulterior design in his mission and straightway lent myself to his leading. He had baited his trap with five thousand dollars, and his way of thinking I fell into it body and heels. There was family trouble at Rio, serious trouble with the various branches of the Valdez family, rich as it was, powerful as it always had been, and our Brazilian friends, their family interests were in peril from a circumstance of which I would be apprised when I reached Rio, with sealed instructions, mind you, for, although I had traveled far to engage me at the suggestion of the president of a New York bank, he must leave an explanation as to how and why my services were required by his brother, Colonel Valdez, of Rio Janeiro. My client produced five one-thousand-dollar bank notes, and requested me to designate a bank where he should deposit them, subject to my order upon my return from my mission. He further tendered me a memorandum of a contract to be signed by K. D. by his brother. Two million dollars was involved in the case. Should I succeed in accomplishing what his brother would expect me to receive ten per cent. of this enormous sum."

"Quite a speculation," I suggested.

"So rich and promising," observed Marvel in his dry, wise way, "that I accepted at once. The details were gone over. I am expected to return on the evening fast mail. The office can run itself on routine work until I return. You feel lonesome, drop over here once in a while, and he handed me a duplicate key to the apartment."

"And you may return more speedily than you now plan," I suggested.

"Possibly. After all was said and done," continued my friend, "my visitor proceeded on his trip to Denver. I think he said that he sat down to cogitate over some flaws in his story. One—he said he had been at his hotel all the morning. See exhibits A and B, meaning that little heap of scraps and next to it the pile of soap scraps. I took pains to place brick up on a newspaper the hat my visitor wore, shaking these clinders off of him. They came from a locomotive. I reckon, thereby indicating that my client lied to me, and that he had been sitting at the open window of a railway car just before he reached here. As to the soap scraps, they are the result of contact of the sole of his shoes with the round of the chair over-thrower where he rested. There is a smudged deal of marble dust mixed with the clay, which is reddish. I recall what the yard at the state prison, forty

significant and sinister about the man except his covert, nervous actions. I had no thought of following him. My intention was to mount the stairs to Marvel's rooms and venture to intrude upon my friend. At just that juncture, however, something happened, something so unexpected that I was lifted off my feet, fairly.

Standing in the shadow of a line of trees opposite the apartment house was a second machine. Its chauffeur was unobtrusively lounging in his seat. As if by magic he started up. A man made a flying leap from some dark doorway back from the curb. I knew the sprint, I knew the supple swing of the body, I caught the outline of the face in a glint of the corner arc light, though well shadowed by a broad peaked cap pulled down almost to the raised collar of the cravat—It was Resilius Marvel.

The first automobile was out of sight, the second machine two blocks down the street by the time I could comprehend what two Resilius Marvels meant and what that discovery might mean for me.

There was a plan, then, not only to send Resilius Marvel away from the city so as to leave the field clear for the operations of the Human Spool and his accomplices, but as well his deserted quarters were to be appropriated by the people who sought to dupe him. Further than this, a counterfeit Resilius Marvel had been concocted. I had seen him. I saw him again as I swiftly ran around the corner and sought my old focal point.

Yes, there was the duplicate of my professional friend. He was standing up now. I watched him put on a pair of his old shoes, and I noticed a false mustache. Under this new make he no longer resembled the man he had counterfeited. However, the made-up face that was Marvel at a distance was ready for disclosure when necessary.

A score of theories presented themselves readily to my mind. Of course the man with the tall hat was a figure of some importance in the case. It was this person whom Marvel had chosen to follow. Of course my friend was aware of the imposture going on. Since he had left the home end of the affair to take care of it he must have provided for later picking up this

hand was placed abruptly upon my shoulder.

Out of the gloom of a doorway behind me stepped Marvel. He was disguised in part, but I knew him in a flash. If I doubted—no many strange events were transpiring—I was reassured as he spoke.

"Capable man," were his applauding words. "Tell me about it."

I briefly detailed the course of events that had brought me to the present point in my rather blind progress.

"Never that, though," commented my friend rather sharply, as I spoke of calling in local police aid. "Remember, my province is rather to suppress than punish. The man so confidently placed in the bank yard is Rex Maginn."

"The Human Spool?"

"There is only one. He has done well. I've nearly missed the trail, and it was a veritable needle in a haystack for a while. The president of the bank here and the man with the white beard are one and the same. Why he thought best to disguise himself as an assumed gine I have not yet fathomed, but I judge it was that he wished no inking of his absence or mission to reach friends. He entered his city hotel early in the afternoon. He left it secretly by a side entrance denuded of all disguise. He was gone and I was at sea. Then I went straight to the state prison. The first I found out was that the man had really visited a prisoner there. It was Ickes. The next thing I discovered was that Ickes was serving a term for embezzling from this same City National Bank of Springfield. I learned more there, and I came on here to watch, wait and have an interview with this Daniel Morgan. We will finish that end of the proposition now."

The bank president looked up from his writing as Marvel and myself were ushered into the library of his residence. He started slightly as Marvel placed his hand over his face and looked at the clock. He was under a prudent subtle change. Then as my friend placed one of his cards before the banker, a deep frown crossed his brow. For only an instant he seemed more than satisfied. Deftly, without your ever guessing it, he has made money and securities disappear, to reappear. He has even had the balances overrun, all to convey the idea to you that some one or more of your three subordinates were borrowing secretly from the bank to gamble or invest. Two of your employees were sons of wealthy clients, and you feared to make a rash move. In the meantime, the aid of one Maginn, the man in prison was setting up his scheme. Deftly, to relieve your anxieties, Forbes suggested the condemnation of the entire staff. The plotters planned to get me out of the vault and I accommodated them. The conspirators knew that the City National was practically impregnable from the outside. But Maginn had been there, the combination to the vault and strong box. My counterpart made you believe he would secrete himself in that cabinet yonder, whence he could watch all the movements of your employees tomorrow. You fell in with his ideas. I was barely in time to catch a glimpse of him as he sped away with his plunder. He saw that I was close upon him after a brief interval. He turned a corner in the alley. I heard a crash of glass. Rounding the turn I saw him crossing some shed roofs. Just then the man outside here staggered up the steps of a deserted building. He had been asleep on the floor when the satchel landed on him, and he was cut by the falling glass. I think that is all," concluded Marvel, drawing on his gloves in a leisurely manner.

"Except a substantial recognition of your services, by mail, Mr. Marvel. As to Forbes, and this Maginn—if he is caught—"

"That is for you to decide," said Marvel.

"By the way, our friend outside—he has been a friend indeed," said the banker, and he extended a one hundred dollar note to Marvel.

I accompanied my friend outside. The tramp, little dreaming that he had brought to light something like a million in cold cash, stood rubbing his injured face and grumbling at fate.

"I'd like to see the man who slugged me with that satchel!" he growled, "and disturbed me out of the only bed I've known for a month."

Here was where my companion stopped to put the one hundred dollar bill into the hand of the dumfounded wanderer.

"Finish your nap at the best hotel in town, my friend," said Resilius Marvel.

Family Arguments.

Argument is one of the four bases of conversation. It is one of the best mental exercises. But in the bosom of the family, it is a constant matter, it is perhaps the most prolific breeder of ill-humor that the average family circle has to fear. Few persons can triumph in an argument without pride the more they are opposed, who, in his humiliation, too often resorts to sarcasm to cover his defeat. Sarcasm, a weapon unworthy of gentleness or a gentleman, creates hostility, begets ill-humor, and so the average family dispute has its beginning.

One is inclined sometimes to wonder if Argument, except on matters of definite importance, should not be barred from the family circle. Its restriction to the minimum would be good. Only those who can win without exultant triumph, only who can lose with a smile and an admission of defeat should permit themselves to engage in it except when vital decisions are necessary. Before the minimum of friendship are essential to a happy family.—Milwaukee Journal.



NONSENSE HE SAID, SIMPLY BUT FORCIBLY

strand of the proposition and following it up. For all that, as the lights went out in that upper apartment, the man of the sleuth fever Marvel had imbued me with came into my veins.

Marvel Two came down to the street, drew his coat well up about his neck and shoulders and walked down the street, apparently disdaining all thoughts of being followed. I acted the shadow the best I knew how. In an expert case I would probably have failed. In the present instance I seemed to succeed. My man—let me call him the "Duplicate"—went straight to a railroad depot. At its ticket office he purchased transportation, and then at some urgent words from the ticket agent hurried down the stairs to the train shed.

I think I did a clever thing just there. I hastened to the ticket windows and opened my pocket book.

"Same as my friend," I said. "Train ready."

"You'll hustle if you make it," was the reply. The speaker threw me out a ticket and my change rapidly. I was not in shape just then to keep steadily on the trail of the man I had shadowed. He had had that in mind, my intention. I saw a train pulling out just as I reached the train sheds. I doubted not that my man was aboard. Then I glanced at the bit of pastboard in my hand. It was marked: "Springfield." That was a town about two hundred miles distant. I prided myself on having discovered at least the temporary location of the Duplicate. Then I recalled that I had seen the quarters of Resilius Marvel.

"Somehow I felt safe in using the key my friend had supplied me, to take up watch and ward in those rooms of mine. I reasoned that the only other outsider likely to intrude there would be the Duplicate. Had I not seen him leave the city? Very probably he had served his purpose in posing as Resilius Marvel. For him that section of his plot was con-

ceived the Marvel portrait would be detected. There were certain characteristics which he had reached the City National bank. Then he entered it, the man I might suppose to be Morgan in the lead. They entered the night watchman was seated on the stone steps. The banker unlocked a door on the side street. They disappeared from view.

It was fully half an hour before the side door again opened and Morgan came out. He went around to the front, spoke to the watchman and then proceeded homeward at a leisurely gait. I did not follow him. Had I not the sure evidence that a false duplicate had turned up in the treasure house of riches, left to room at will, with the watchman very probably instructed not to disturb him nor interfere with his actions?

It is surely the Duplicate was a criminal. He must, therefore, only have gained the confidence of the bank president with some evil purpose in view. It was up to me to act. The local police were at once in my thoughts. Before I knew it Marvel had disappeared. I was no crack sprinter, and a

"Gone," he cried, "and—the strong box looted!"

One glance Marvel gave, then he was out into the counting room, down the steps and outside. I followed him.

"Quick, my man!" he shouted to the watchman. "Have you seen anybody leave the bank?"

"Two minutes before you came—the gentleman Mr. Morgan brought here had a satchel in his hand, but I did not see it was ordered not to interfere with him."

"Which way?" demanded Marvel quickly.

"Down that alley."

Before I knew it Marvel had disappeared. I was no crack sprinter, and a

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ASTHMA

Your MONEY WILL BE REFUSED BY YOUR DRUGGIST without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Hay Fever or Hayfever Inflammation. No matter how violent the attacks or chronic the case.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S **ASTHMADOR**

is either form (Cigarette, Pipe Mixture or Powder) positively gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands of cases considered hopeless, after having tried every other means of relief. It is guaranteed as an opportunity of availing themselves of this "Money-back" guarantee either as through purchase from their own regular druggist, they are sure their money will be refunded by him if the remedy fails. We do not ask for your money back if you are benefited and will not give your proposition which we would make.

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

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Money back without question if HILTON'S CURE fails in the treatment of ECZEMA, SCALDHEAD, PIMPLES, TUBERCLES, and itching skin diseases. Price 50c. All druggists, or direct from A. E. Hilton's Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Tutt's Liver Pills act so kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A perfect preparation of herbs, which restores the hair to its natural color and beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.

A Fifty-Fifty P. M. Postmaster Hanks ran the general store as well as the post office and one summer morning lost youth slouched in, removed his battered straw hat and said: "Mr. Hanks, I understand there's two letters here for me—one you wrote a month ago and one you wrote last week. I'm afraid my folks must be sick, or else they wouldn't be writing so plump often. Let me have them letters, will ye, Mr. Hanks?"

The postmaster placed at the youth "No, Peleg Anderson, I won't let ye have them letters till ye settle for that lot o' groceries wot's been owing so long!"

The young man took out some money. "I kin settle half the account, Mr. Hanks," he said.

"Then," said the postmaster, in a milder voice, "I kin give ye one o' yer letters," and he did so. "Square up in fall, Peleg Anderson, an' ye'll git yer other letter, but not before."

SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

Sleep, Mothers Rest After Treatment With Cuticura—Trial Free.

Send today for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and learn how quickly they relieve itching, burning skin troubles and point to speedy treatment of baby rashes, eczema and itchings. Having cleared baby's skin keep it clear by using Cuticura exclusively.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. It is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists over forty years. Price 75c. Trial medicine free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Up-to-Date Walls.

A row of villas in suburbia were going up apace, and when they were almost finished the builder and his foreman made a tour of inspection. The former left his assistant in one house and went into the house adjoining.

"Can you hear me?" called the builder, tapping on the dividing wall. "Can you see me?" "No."

The builder rejoined the foreman, beaming with satisfaction. "Now, then, what you can call walls!" he said.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY

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

Remarkable.

"It has been a remarkable summer." "Yes, I don't recall a summer that has given people so many things to talk about besides the climate."

When to Keep Still. Nothing in the world adds weight to a man's words so much as keeping still when he has nothing to say.

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Try Murine Eye Remedy. It's Sensing—Just Give It a Try. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

What We Dressed Women Will Wear



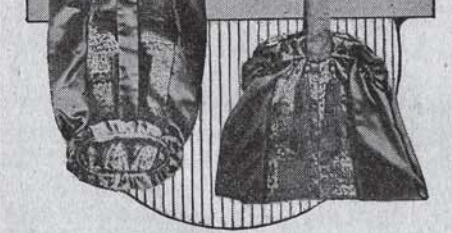
Blouses in Filmy Fabrics.

Along with all the rest of the regalia of fashionables for the coming fall and winter the new blouses have made their triumphant entry. So far as materials are concerned their designers appear blissfully unconscious that there is any such thing as cold, for they are made of the same filmy wisp-o'-the-wisp fabrics as those for summer. It is the business of coats and suits and furs to provide warmth, and the blouse refuses to take any responsibility in this matter.

Georgette crepe, fine voile, organdie and net engage the attention of those who create blouse styles. Very fine pin tucks (hand run in high-priced models), narrow lingerie laces, bead embroidery, satin and small buttons, together with hemstitching, have not been displaced by any other decorative features on crepe blouses, but lace tinted to match the material is a new note. Much of the beadwork is borrowed from that of the American Indian in design, and a motif embroidered on the blouse is continued in tabs, ends and tassels that hang free from the blouse. New styles in necks and openings at the back and on the shoulders are features to consider for the sake of variety. To the joy of this women, very elegant high-necked blouses are shown with high collars that are detachable. They fasten round a band with snap fasteners and may be taken off and cleaned. Two or three collars to each blouse keep it in first-class order.

The blouse shown in the picture is of georgette crepe with satin pipings and small satin-covered buttons. It has a round neck with flat collar of satin, and fastens along the shoulder and under arm.

The sleeves are full above the elbow but shaped into the forearm and lengthened with a pointed cuff over the hand. This particular sleeve is a great favorite this season. A butterfly, outlined in small, fine beads, makes a beautiful finishing touch at the front.



It Is the Day of Bags.

The knitting bag has become a part of every well-regulated life, destined to hold its place for the duration of the war, at least. But it is only one of many kinds of bags all flourishing now in the smile of woman's favor. There are such hosts of them that there is simply no chance to surprise us, but cleverness of new designs and beauty of materials make them always interesting.

Cretonne, denim, heavy brown linen, leather-cloth, silk, satin, and ribbons are used for making the large knitting bags that serve so many purposes. They are convenient for carrying home the work that women are doing for the army and navy, and for shopping, now that everyone is urged to carry home small parcels for themselves. Regulation shopping bags, smaller than knitting bags, are made of ribbons and handsome fabrics and are destined to a long season of popularity. One of the cleverest new bags is shown in the picture in two views. It is very handsome and is made of four strips of wide ribbons sewed together lengthwise. Two of the strips are of black satin and two of a broad pattern. The ends are gathered in a frill over small oval rings and fastened together with snap fasteners. In the picture the construction of the bag is shown at the left. It is carried by means of a handle made of folded black satin ribbon sewed to each end and trimmed with two handsome tassels on one side. When folded, as shown at the right of the picture, the bag has two compartments. This particular bag is very simple but so clever that we wonder why it was not thought out long ago. Shopping bags of this kind are fitted with much smaller bags, made to carry

face powder and other necessities of life in the city. Along with other bags they will come in for much attention at Christmas time.

Julie Bottomey

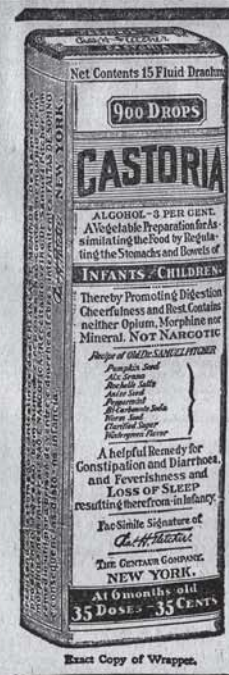
Pillow Sham Holder.

The festive pillow sham holder, which is the invention of a New York woman, is that it makes use of the familiar push pins as a means of holding the shams in place. A rectangular frame is provided, but the upper portion has a piece of cork for the reception of the steel points. When these are once in place, it is not necessary to disturb them until it is time to take the linen off the frame to consign it to the washbasin.

A Straight-Line Dress.

A smart below dress, with the straight outline, or silhouette, was made of lustre. It had a yoke waist from which box plaits were laid across back and front, hanging straight to the hem of the skirt, as the dress was a one-piece one. A loose belt of the luster lay over the plaits without confining them and on the front of the belt, and on the collar and cuffs as well, tiny clusters of jewel-embroidered flowers appeared, in several bright colors.

Waistcoats With Capses. Waistcoats sometimes are an addition to capes, often of rich brocade. Many waistcoats have prominent pockets, and the military or naval buttons upon them give a certain cachet. Some are cut diagonally and cross in at the back and so keep the cape in place.



Children Cry For **Fletcher's CASTORIA**

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Need to Be Nagged. If we were a woman and had to live with some men we know we'd nag them, too.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

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

A Lost Cause. The man who would rather be popular than right usually winds up by being neither.

Liquor Control in Bermuda.

Consul Carl R. Loop of Hamilton, reports that the Bermuda legislature has passed a law whereby "during the continuance of the present war the sale or supply of intoxicating liquor is prohibited between the hours of nine o'clock at night and nine o'clock on the following morning."

Compliments of the Day.

Soldiers have to do their own mending, when it is done at all, and it appears—although few persons would have guessed it—that the thoughtful war office supplies them with outfits for that purpose. Otherwise, this joke would be impossible.

Everything was ready for kit inspection, the recruits stood lined up ready for the officer, and the officer had his bad temper all complete. He marched up and down the line, grimly eyeing each man's bundle of needles and soft soap, and then he strolled out Private MacTavish as the man who was to receive his attentions.

"Toothbrush?" he roared. "Yes, sir." "Razor?" "Yes, sir." "Hold-all?" "Yes, sir." "Huh! You're all right, apparently," growled the officer. Then he barked, "Housewife!"

"O, very well, thank you," said the recruit, amiably; "how's yours?" Journal of the American Medical Association.

DOBBIN HAS A DAY DREAM

Faithful Old Horse Will Have Regular Thrill When He Casts Off His Shoes.

When the automobile and the tin Lizzie shall at last have relegated the "hoss" to the limbo of things obsolete, will the noble animal degenerate and hark back to his ancestral type, or will he simply disappear like the dodo? asks "Zim" in Cartoons magazine.

It has taken a lot of time and patience to develop Dobbin from the primitive models such as the hydraocertrum, the pachynophorus and the eoliphus, to make him "whoa" back and "gitup" and take his meals out of a nosebag. In the process of civilization he has gradually lost his toes and has had to accommodate his feet to the horseshoe. Does he still dream perhaps of the delights of having toes—of sinking them down into the green sward of the tertiary era and feeling the cool goo trickled up between them? If so, how glad he will be some day to look down and see his long-forgotten toes beginning to sprout once again! His will be the thrill of the snail boy on the first warm day of spring when he can cast off his shoes and go bare-foot.

When the "hoss" discovers for the first time that he can again wiggle his toes, he will doubtless radiate a smile of solid comfort.

The Egg in Transit.

In all this economic discussion of the egg in transit, no humanitarian has arisen to suggest that this distinguished citizen should be permitted to travel hereafter in a lower berth.—Boston Transcript.

At Times. "Don't you like hot water in the house?" "Not when I'm in it."

An Ambitious Colleague. She—Are you a freshman? He (confused)—I try to be.—Brunonian.

Selective Draft.

Much amusement was caused in the house of commons by the official admission that "by a regrettable clerical error" the national service department had notified the speaker that they proposed to transfer him to new employment at Wolverhampton at about one dollar per day, with a weekly war bonus of a little more than a dollar "on the ground that such employment was deemed of greater national importance than that on which he was now engaged."

If we are to judge people by what they say, some men must live on hay and thistles.

One can't always judge a woman's innate truthfulness by what she says.

Eat More Corn!

When you eat corn instead of wheat you are saving for the boys in France.

Corn is an admirable cool weather food.

Whether or not you like corn bread, corn muffins, "Johnny Cake", or corn pone, you are sure to like

Post Toasties

The newest wrinkle in corn foods—crisp, bubbled flakes of white corn—a substantial food dish with an alluring smack—and costs but a trifle.

Make Post Toasties Your War Cereal

"You can cut down that item



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It is now used as the preferable type of roof for office buildings, factories, hotels, stores, warehouses, garages, farm buildings etc., where durability is demanded. CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply).

There are many roof coverings on the market, but only one CERTAIN-TEED. It pays to get the best. It costs no more to buy a CERTAIN-TEED roof than it does to lay a poor roof, but there is a vast difference in the wear. You can't tell the quality of a roofing by looks or feel. Your only safety is the label. Be sure that it is CERTAIN-TEED—then you are certain of quality and guaranteed satisfaction.

Certain-teed Slate-Surfaced Asphalt Shingles are supplanting wood and slate shingles for residences. They cost less, are just as good looking, wear better, won't fall off, buckle or split. They are fire-retardant, and do not have to be painted or stained.

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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.

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.

Embarrassing

"Now that we are back from the lake," said the young woman in the black velvet hat, "who do you think was the most popular girl up there this summer?"

"Oh, my dear!" cried the other young woman, in the long tunic coat, who was ordering the tea. "What a question to ask me! I really couldn't say!"

"Oh, it will be fun to figure it out!" insisted the first girl. "You can't judge fairly when you're on the spot—and there were so many pretty girls there! I'm out of the running, of course, with my snub nose and fatness!"

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that!" generously returned her hostess. "Looks haven't so much to do with it when you consider personality—"

"Shucks!" interrupted the girl in the black velvet hat. "How can you say that, after the way the college boys and the men like their snacks when that southern girl appeared on the scene! There was always a regular riot whenever she was in sight!"

"Oh, her!" cried the young woman in the tunic coat, disdainfully. "I thought, between you and me, that she was frightfully common! I don't call it popularity to attract the rabble as she did! And she was so bold about it. She always went around with the air of expecting every man in sight to follow her and the poor things couldn't help themselves! No, my dear, I don't call it popularity when a girl deliberately lays traps and ropes them in! And you don't mean to say you thought her pretty? Why, she had on liquid powder an inch thick and then pretended that she had to be so careful of her rose-leaf complexion! For my part, I never fussed over veils and shade hats and things, and if I do say it my complexion was heaps better than hers!"

"They seemed to like her," sighed the girl in the black velvet hat. "She always had three men for every dance! Still, maybe, she was a bit artificial! Well, you couldn't say that about Belle Rogmore!" She was so roly-poly and dimpled and laughing—

"That Rogmore girl!" shuddered the other. "I simply could not endure her! Of course, if people like that fancy my type of looks, it's all right, but it isn't refined, in my opinion. Mr. Lansing was always commenting to me on my type—I know you'll understand if I tell you that he said I always made him think of an aristocrat—"

"Belle Rogmore!" shuddered the girl in the black velvet hat. "Buck-wheat cakes and hulled potatoes is all I could think of!"

"She never seemed to care whether the men came along or not," said the first girl. "But I noticed that they always came. And Phil Gram was crazy about her. He proposed to her, you know!"

"I don't believe it!" cried the girl in the tunic coat, sitting bolt upright. "Why, Phil Graham was my shadow! He was perfectly devoted. Of course, I suppose people thought he'd gone over to the Rogmore girl after he came, but he was just being polite to her, as any gentleman would! When a girl just grabs at a man he can't do anything, can he? Of course, it doesn't make any difference to me if people did think he was in love with her, because I had so many others. Yes, I wanted you to know!"

"Oh, I see!" said the girl in the velvet hat. "Well, Elaine Linnet certainly had a good time! And didn't she have pretty clothes?"

The girl in the tunic coat frowned a trifle. "My dear," she said, gently, "doesn't it offend your taste to see a girl who puts every cent into clothes that indicates a fear that she won't be attractive without them! I know Tom Gillings said he considered her very greatly over-dressed—and he added that one of my chief amas was my simple and perfectly chosen clothes. He said that whatever I wore seemed made for the occasion. Poor Tom! I hope he'll recover from—well, you know how fond he was of me!"

"Why," cried the other in great astonishment, "we all thought it was Daisy White he was so dippy over! Didn't she have the loveliest eyes—"

"Penciled!" said the girl in the tunic coat wearily. "How could people be taken in by her? I certainly never would call Daisy popular! Why, night after night my front porch would be filled with callers and I'd see Daisy sitting all alone over at their cottage! I felt sorry enough at times to send a few of my callers over there! I'm afraid you have odd ideas of what popularity really is, my dear!"

"Well, then, who was the most popular girl, in your opinion?" bluntly demanded the girl in the black velvet hat. "I've named all the crowd hat you and myself!"

The girl in the tunic coat blushed and lowered her eyes. "Well, you insist that you are out of it," she murmured. "Really, it's too embarrassing—but you don't expect me really to say it, do you?"

A STEP ONWARD

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HIS TRAINING

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