

CALLED TO HIS REWARD

MICHAEL CLODI DIED NOV. 29th, 1917

Funeral Services Held at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Saturday Morning, Dec. 1st

Michael Clodi died at his home on North Fulton Avenue, on November 29th, after having suffered several months with heart trouble. His suffering was great, although through it all he never complained, always enduring his suffering without even the slightest remark to his family, or friends.

Mr. Clodi was born in Alsace, Germany, on August 18th, 1841, where he made his home until 1869, with his parents. He served in the French Army for seven years, receiving his honorable discharge in 1869, after which he came to the United States, arriving here in 1870 and settled at Hennepin, Ill., where he was united in marriage to Salome Baumgartner, and to this union there were born eleven children. He attended school in Salace, Germany, before coming to the United States, and was a highly educated man in the French language, and was also a scholar in the German language, and, since coming to the United States he became a scholar in the English language, and, at the time of his death could speak as well as read either language fluently.

After his marriage Mr. Clodi made his home in Kankakee County, mostly occupying his time on the farm, with exception of fourteen years, when he lived in Pulaski County, Indiana, on a farm; and, from there he moved to Bradley four years ago, where he lived at the time of his death, and where the family still resides.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Salome Clodi, Mr. Clodi is survived by the following children: Joseph, Frank and Albert of Herscher, Ill., Louis, of Chatsworth, Ill., Michael Jr., of Union Hill, Ill., Robert, of Kankakee, Mrs. John Steyer, of Bonfield, Ill., Mrs. William King, of Reddick, Ill., and Miss Cecelia Clodi, who is now making her home with her widowed mother, but who has been employed as stenographer.

The death of Mr. Clodi is the second death in the Clodi family within the last two months, and, it will be remembered that his son, George Clodi, was killed when the auto of P. H. Lambert was struck by a Big Four Passenger train at Aroma Park, Ill., about two months ago.

Funeral services were held Saturday morning, December 1st, at St. Joseph's Catholic church, Father William Granger officiating. Many out of town friends and relatives attended the funeral. Interment was made at Mt. Calvary on East Court Street, Kankakee.

The Problem and the Solution

OUR PROBLEM
To feed our Allies this winter by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products, and sugar.

THE SOLUTION
To eat less of these and more of other foods of which we have an abundance, such as corn, rye, vegetables, fruit, fish, and poultry, and to waste less of all foods.

Home Improvement Meeting

The Kankakee County Home Improvement Association held a very interesting meeting at the town hall in Bourbonnais Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Bronson of the University of Illinois demonstrated holiday dinner dishes and the meeting was a successful one from every stand point. The Home Improvement Association is doing a vast amount of good in the community and should have the loyal support of all. They are helping in the Red Cross work to a great extent and their effort along these lines are commendable.

At The LaSalle

"Oh, Boy" which is about to enter its fifth month at the LaSalle Theatre, Chicago, has broken all records for a musical comedy.

Not in the past twenty-five years has there been such an absolute knockout in a musical way, and only on a few occasions has there been a dramatic attraction to remain for that length of time in the windy city.

The Special Chicago Company engaged for "Oh, Boy" by Messrs. Comstock & Elliott is twice as expensive as the Company appearing now in its second year at the Princess Theatre, New York.

One of the reasons for this was to bring the LaSalle Theatre back to its own again after two years of silent drama, and with a success like "Oh, Boy," coupled with a capable cast headed by Joseph Santley, Ivy Sawyer, Lawrence Wheat, Dorothy Maynard, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron and fifty others, it is needless to say that it was a difficult feat.

"Oh, Boy" will in all probability remain at the LaSalle for months to come, and this paper can personally guarantee that it lives up in every way to its title.

It is one of the choicest treats of the past twenty-five years, and should not be missed by lovers of the best entertainment in a theatrical way.

Its success is unprecedented say the critics of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

Red Cross Meeting

A meeting of the Bradley Red Cross Society was held Friday evening of last week at the High School Assembly room. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Joe Grill, Chairman. The Assembly room was filled to capacity. Major Harry Baker opened the speaking and was followed by Attorneys W. R. Hunter and Walter C. Schneider, Mr. Rooney of the Paramount Knitting Company, Lieutenant James Dougherty and Lieutenant Gleason, Captain John McDonough, J. C. Bohmker, Manager David Bradley Manufacturing Works and Mr. Judd, who is superintending the sales of Red Cross Seals in Kankakee County.

Election of officers took place with the following result: Mrs. Joe Grill, Chairman, Mrs. D. C. Wikoff, Secretary and Miss Nellie McCoy, Treasurer.

Mr. Bohmker, Manager of the Bradley Manufacturing Works, has donated the dining room of the Factory for the Red Cross meetings, and the members of the Red Cross will have the privilege of using this room any time between 1:30 and 5 p. m. any afternoon.

The audience all seemed to be willing to do their bit, and everything points to a well organized Red Cross Circle in the village in the near future.

Reward

Kankakee, Ill., Nov. 13, 1917. Many rumors are going the rounds that sweaters, socks, etc., made by citizens and turned into the Red Cross have been sold by the Red Cross, or some of its officers, to the soldiers. I will pay \$25 reward to any person who will furnish me information sufficient to convict any person of selling any such article.

W. R. HUNTER.
Room 404, Cobb Bldg.,
Kankakee, Ill.

Chicken Pie Supper

There will be a chicken pie supper at the Woodmen Hall this evening given by the ladies of the Methodist Church. They will start serving supper at 6 P. M. and everybody will be heartily welcome and a good feed is assured.

Men's Meeting

The men's meeting, which was held Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Church was largely attended. Dr. McClung, formerly pastor of the Bradley Church delivered an address. Rev. Johnson pastor, and also Rev. Gleason, now Chaplain in the United States Army, also delivered good addresses.

THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS

SMALL PERSONAL NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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

Harry Tighe was a Chicago caller Monday of this week.

Mr. Frank Hesik spent Sunday with his family in Oak Park, Ill.

Miss Bessie Brown spent several days the past week with relatives in Alton, Ill.

Louis Beland of the B. & M. Pool room is spending a few days in Benton, Mo. on business.

The Woodmen of the World held their regular meeting at the Woodmen Hall Monday evening.

Ed Tucker, Sr. has accepted a position at the Elmer Perkins factory.

Miss Marian Hoehn spent several days the past week at Manteno, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Koenik were visiting friends and relatives in Joliet Saturday and Sunday.

The Young Ladies Gymnasium Class held their regular meeting at the Woodman Hall Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Everett L. Butts and children spent several days the past week with relatives in Oak Park, Ill.

Louis Clodi, of Chatsworth, is in the village visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. Michael Clodi, of the east side.

Rev. Gleason, now a Chaplain in the United States Army, gave a lecture at the Bradley school Monday.

Mrs. Bernadette LaMorre has been appointed assistant Food Administrator in this locality.

Everett L. Butts, who has been employed at Chicago Heights Ill. with the Chicago Interurban Traction Co., has been transferred to Blue Island Ill.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception will be observed at the St. Joseph Church Saturday of this week.

A few of the young people of the village are preparing to take civil service examination in the near future.

Everet Kerger and Chas Brayton of Kankakee, spent Sunday with friends on North Center Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gauthier spent several days the past week in Kentland, Ind., at the bedside of Mrs. Gauthier father who is seriously ill.

C. R. Keagle, formerly of this place, but now living in Harvey, has been confined to his home for several weeks on account of sickness.

Mrs. T. B. Switzer moved her household goods from Bradley to Aroma Park, Ill., where she will make her future home.

Mrs. A. J. Gauthier, of Aurora, Ill., is spending several days at the home of her sister, Mrs. Herman Worman, of South Center Avenue.

Walter Heinze has returned to Rantoul, Ill., after spending several days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinze, of North Michigan Avenue.

There was a high mass at the St. Joseph Church Tuesday for Arthur Martin, which was in the nature of a spiritual bouquet and was recommended by one of his friends.

A. J. Gauthier of Aurora, Ill., spent Friday of last week at the home of his sister, Mrs. Herman Worman, of South Center Ave.

Mrs. Herbert Anson of Indianapolis, Ind., spent several days the past week in this city with friends. Mrs. Anson was enroute to Chicago to join Mr. Anson who has gone into business in Chicago.

Mr. Chas. Ray has moved his family to the Dolle property North of town and Mr. Dolle has moved his family in the Hazan property on North Grand Ave.

Theodore Lafleur, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lafleur of South Michigan Ave., has accepted a position as clerk in the office of the New York Central Railroad at Kankakee.

Loyd Stevens, who has been working for Fred Holland, in the Economy, in Centralia, Ill., is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Stevens of North Prairie Avenue.

Miss Fannie Moroff, who is taking a course in telegraphy at the office of the Western Union in Chicago, has returned to Chicago after spending a few days with her parents.

Albert Martin, son of Fred Martin, has left for Chicago, where he will take treatment at the Sears Roebuck Fresh Air Hospital, and, in a short time will leave for Florida for his health.

Miss Georgiana Worman has resigned her position at the New Savoy Hotel in Kankakee and will remain at home with her folks until after the holidays, when she will go to Pittsburgh to visit her sister Jennette, who has been spending several months with her cousin Mrs. Ryan.

Miss Helen Galbraith will leave for Rockford, Ill., tonight to join her parents, and make her future home in Rockford. Mrs. Galbraith, who is in Rockford now, will return here during the holidays and move the remainder of their household goods. We are sorry to see the Galbraith family leave us for they have been amongst us long enough to be appreciated.

To Houston

John Fahey and Jesse McCue spent several days the past week in Houston, Texas, visiting with Co. L. boys.

OLD SANTA CLAUS

WILL BE IN BRADLEY DEC. 24th.

Wants To Hear From Every Little Boy and Girl In Bradley

THE ADVOCATE has received a little letter from Santa Claus and he says that he is coming to Bradley the night before Christmas to visit all the little boys and girls that have been good during the year. He wants a nice letter from every little boy and girl in Bradley so that he will know what to bring for them. If all the little boys and girls will write us a nice letter telling Santa Claus what they want for Christmas, we will publish it in the paper and then Santa Claus will know what they want. Bring your letter to our office and we will see that Santa Claus gets it and knows what you want him to bring you.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4th 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—I let you know what I want for Christmas. I want two dolls and a big nice set of dishes and a pretty doll cart and a blue silk ribbon five yards and five handkerchieves and two rocking chairs and a wash tub all things together with the wash tub, and I want two chairs and another doll with a niple hanging by her neck.

From Rosie Smole,
Grand Avenue,
270 corner house, white house.
Bring all things for me.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—For Christmas I wish you would bring me a doll a doll buggy, three nice ribbons, a tea set, blue, a pair of shoes, a nice dress and a carpet sweeper.

Your friend,
Gertrud Laflamme.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—For Christmas I wish you would bring me a doll, a go-cart, a china set, a bank, candy, nuts, a chair, story book and a carpet sweeper.

Your friend,
Annie Koenik.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—For Xmas I wish you would bring a strap so that I can get a whipping with, a monkey, a pig bank, a fiddle, a drum, a ball, some candy and some nuts.

Your friend,
Louis Schultz.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—For Christmas I want a white dresser for my doll, 3 good books, 1 box of candy, a new dress, ribbon, shoes, some new dresses for my doll and a blanket or quilt for her. That is all I want.

Your friend,
Dorothy Mathson.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917;

DEAR SANTA:—For Christmas I want a sled, new dress, ribbon, tricycle what you push with and a box of candy.

From your friend,
Geneive Gillespie.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—I would like for you to bring me a nice pair of silk gloves and a new dress.

Your friend,
Caroline Van Kuren.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—Would you please bring me a nice Sunday dress and a pair of kid gloves.

Your friend,
Ethel Hazes.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—Please bring me a school dress and a ribbon to match.

Your friend,
Bessie Brown.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—I am saving the sugar supply as you are, I do not want candy I want some nuts, a doll, a ball and a little hatchet.

Your friend,
Raymond LaMontague.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—I want a gun and some nuts and a few story books. If you will please bring it.

Your friend,
Leroy LeMontague.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA—For Christmas I you would bring me a rubber doll, go-cart, a china set, a wash board, a tub, nuts and a nut pincher, some apples, some oranges a chair and a package of gum.

your friend,
Mollie Koenik.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA—I wish you would bring me some toys for Xmas and these are the things. I wish you would bring me a drum, a bank, some canny, some nuts, a cork gun, a train, a ball and I think that's all.

your friend,
Edward Koenik.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA—For Christmas I wish you would bring me a doll, dollbuggy, three good story books, a pair of shoes and a nice dress.

your friend,
Jennie Laflamme.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA—Mamma said that you are over in France but if you come this way and stop at Bubby's and my house you will find a note on my stocking.

Fern Whittington.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA—I am glad that Christmas is here and I want a B. E. gun, sled, rifle and few games and toys and a hunting knife and holster.

Your friend
Leo LaMontagne

DEAR SANTA CLAUS—Please bring me a box of candy, doll, cart, story book, ribbon, set of dishes for my doll, high chair, table, rocking chair, I am 7 years old. I will have to close.

your friend,
Louretta Dubuque.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR SANTA—How are you, the Christmas bells are ringing and I am glad. I want a sled, gun, story-book, track and engine and a few other things. I am going to be 8 years the 23 of December.

Your friend
Alfred LaMontagne

Letter from Jack Sheehan, Camp Logan, Texas

Nov. 26 1917

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am going to write you a few lines to let you know that the Bradley boys in company L. are fine. Well we all went out and tried our luck out on the rifle range there was about 700 of us soldiers and if we hit a German soldier as many time as those targets were hit we sure win this war. We have only two drafted men so far in our company we are looking for about 190 more of them I saw three or four of my friends who were sent to Fort Dodge. Len Small was out here to visit us. He took little D. Marcotte back with him to his home in St. Louis. We have a lot of visitors from Kankakee out here. Well we look for a good Thanksgiving but we dont know yet what we get. It is very warm out here to day and all the boys are washing their cloths and when they get back home they can give their mother a relief and take their place. We have two of our men gone home for a furlough of 30 days. But we dont know if we eat our Christmas dinner in Camp Logan or not yet. Well Joe and Ed Mulligan and Nelson Delude and Mat Sheehan, Louis Bertrand, Goat Hirt, Art. Legess these fellows who were not afraid to join the army, give there regards to all of the friends of Bradley. Well I guess I will close and get ready for regimental parade. So give my luck to all my friends of Bradley wish to hear from them before we leave America.

Yours truly

JACK SHEEHAN
Co. L. 12 9 V. S. Inf.
Camp Logan
Houston Texas

Assistant Food Administrator

Mrs. Bernadette LaMorre of Bourbonnais has been appointed Assistant Food Administrator for Bourbonnais Township, and will work in connection with the Food Administrator, Mr. Frederick F. Marcotte. Mrs. LaMorre's work will be confined principally to the Village of Bradley. Mrs. LaMorre is well qualified to fill the important position for which she has been chosen and we hope that she will be given the moral support of all the people of Bradley.

Ed Hom has moved his family from Wabash Ave. to South Grand Ave.

Food Which Will Provide the Most Protein at Smallest Cost

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because protein is so important to the health of the body, it is not considered desirable in diets consisting of the ordinary combinations of food materials to cut down the quantity in the daily food below 3 1/2 ounces per adult man and proportionate amounts for women and children.

How then can the housekeeper reduce the cost of food and still provide enough of this necessary but expensive material? The best way is to learn how much protein is provided by different kinds of food and then choose the kinds which will furnish what the family needs for the lowest cost and with the least waste. This task will be easier if the housewife will group in her mind the foods which are rich in protein and then consider ways of substituting less expensive for more expensive ones.

The lists given below include some of the more common foods in which protein is abundant and show in a general way the amounts and proportion of protein in the different kinds as they are purchased; that is, including refuse, such as bones and gristle, egg shells, etc.

Approximate amounts of protein in common food materials:

Fresh meats:
Beef contains from 2 to 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Veal contains from 2 to 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Mutton contains from 2 to 2 1/4 ounces of protein per pound.

Lamb contains about 2 1/4 ounces of protein per pound.

Pork contains about 2 ounces of protein per pound.

Poultry—chicken, duck, goose, turkey, etc., contain from 2 to 2 1/4 ounces of protein per pound.

Game—squirrel, rabbit, wild birds, etc., contain from 2 to 2 1/4 ounces of protein per pound.

Prepared meats:
Corned beef contains 2 1/4 ounces of protein per pound.

Dried beef contains 4 ounces of protein per pound.

Pork sausage contains 2 ounces of protein per pound.

Canned chicken contains 4 ounces of protein per pound.

Fresh fish—cod, haddock, halibut, mackerel, perch, salmon, shad, etc., contain from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 ounces of protein per pound.

Dried fish contains from 2 1/2 to 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Eggs contain 2 ounces of protein per pound.

Dairy products:

Whole milk contains about 1 ounce of protein per quart.

Skim milk contains about 1 ounce of protein per quart.

Buttermilk contains about 1 ounce of protein per quart.

Condensed milk contains about 1 ounce of protein per 12-ounce can.

Whole-milk cheese contains about 4 ounces of protein per pound.

Cottage cheese contains about 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Dried legumes:

Beans contain 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Cowpeas contain 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Peas contain 4 ounces of protein per pound.

Peanuts contain 3 ounces of protein per pound.

Nuts:

Almonds contain nearly 2 ounces of protein per pound.

Walnuts contain a little over 1 ounce of protein per pound.

Cereal foods:

Wheat flour contains 2 ounces of protein per pound.

Cornmeal contains 1 1/4 ounces of protein per pound.

Oatmeal contains 2-3 ounces of protein per pound.

Bread contains 1 1/2 ounces of protein per pound.

In considering the amount of protein supplied by certain foods, one must make a distinction between the cooked and the uncooked state. Dried legumes and cereals, for example, usually take up considerable water during cooking, and thus become more bulky and dilute. A pound of baked beans supplies the body with about one-third as much protein as a pound of raw beans. Oatmeal takes up so much water in cooking that a pound of boiled oatmeal has only about one-eighth the food value of a pound of raw. A pound of raw beans or oatmeal would have practically the same total food value after cooking as before, but their weight would be greater. In the same way, a cupful of raw beans or oatmeal would make several cupfuls when cooked.

When eggs are beaten, as in making omelets and meringues, air is forced into them and they become more bulky. In this way a given number of eggs can often be made to serve more persons than if they are prepared without beating; but each person gets less eggs. If meat is made into stew, it goes further, because the water adds to the bulk of the dish; but the finished dish has much lower protein and fuel value than the original meat. When meat is cooked without water, as in roasting, broiling or frying, there is not much change in its composition.

A housekeeper in choosing foods at market rightly compares them in their raw state; but when she is considering them as they are actually served at meals, she must remember these differences in cooking. They should also be considered in choosing dishes at restaurants. Changes in cooking cereals are discussed in another bulletin of this series.

hens himself, he "lets out" as far as possible, to farmer friends. They pay him no cash for these, but the understanding is that in the fall he shall visit the farm and take his pick of the hatch, one cockerel or pullet for every egg setting furnished.

He sells as many as 100 cockerels in a season. Most of them are sold through newspaper and farm periodical advertising. He ships on a satisfaction guaranteed or money back basis. The shipping cases are boxes 2 feet by 2 feet by 1 foot, and are bought at a store for 15 cents apiece. One of these cases, which are light but strong, will carry two cockerels.

Big, good-looking cockerels are the kind sent away. This man has a good laying strain, but he does not claim the cockerels have extraordinary records back of them. Cockerels which do not come up to his standard he sells as roasters.

AN EXPERT ON POTATOES



Lou D. Sweet.

Farmer in the Crystal river irrigated district on the western slope of the Rocky mountains near Glenwood Springs, Colo., who is now potato expert of the United States food administration. Mr. Sweet is president of the Potato Association of America and the Colorado State Potato Growers' association.

Credit for Telescope Given to Dutch Spectacle Maker

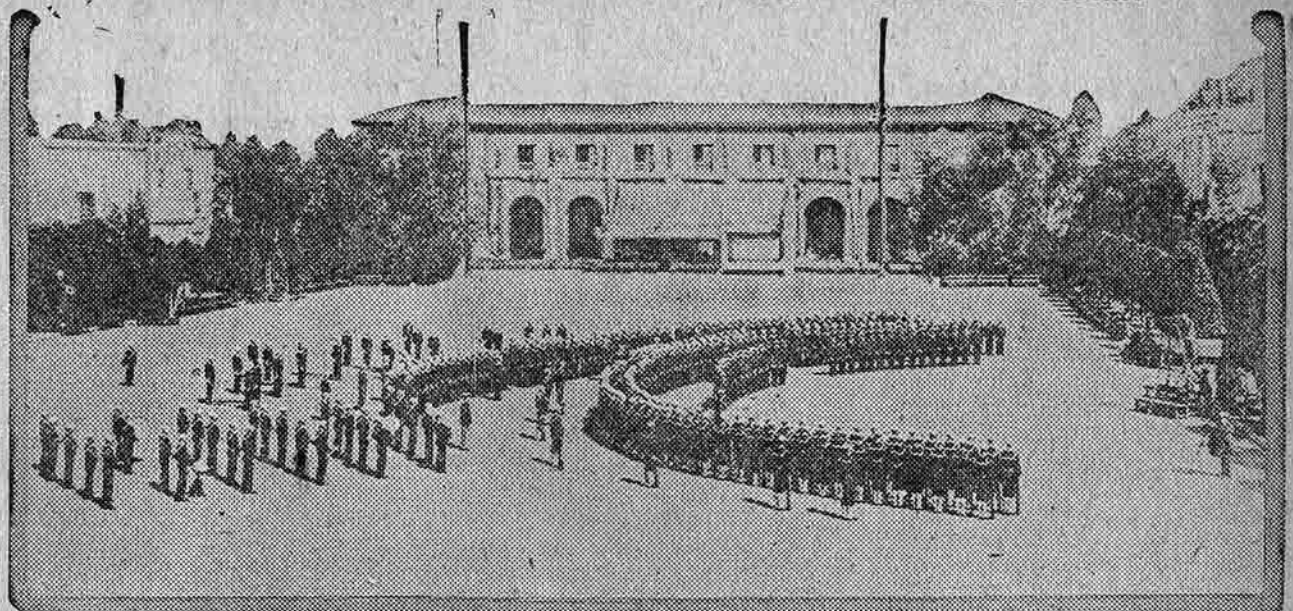
The first telescope has been attributed to various scientists and inventors of the early part of the seventeenth century, including Galileo, Jansen, Jacob Adrian and Zacarias Jansz; but documentary evidence points to a Dutch spectacle maker, Hans Lippershey, as the man who discovered the germ of the idea.

In the archives of Holland is a petition, presented October 2, 1608, in which Lippershey asks for what would now be called a patent for an instrument for seeing at a distance. The senators were given a demonstration of the contrivance in the turrets of the prince's palace, and the committee was so much impressed that they gave an order for three telescopes. The price paid was 900 florins, or about \$370 each. A few months later the senators refused to give Lippershey the monopoly he desired on the ground that "it appears that many other persons have a knowledge of this new invention." The lenses of these first telescopes were made of rock crystal.

War Surgeons Work Wonders.

Maj. J. E. Goldthwaite, a surgeon of the United States army, has been touring the war hospitals in Europe. In a London hospital, out of a batch of 1,350 wounded soldiers who had been crushed and fearfully maimed by shells, he said 1,000 were so skillfully patched up they were able to return to duty.—Capper's Weekly.

INSPECTION DAY AT SAN DIEGO NAVAL TRAINING CAMP



Inspection day at the great naval training camp, San Diego, Cal., at the Plaza de Panama, Balboa park, formerly the Panama-Pacific exposition grounds. These boys are being trained thoroughly.

HOSPITALS MOVED TO ESCAPE FLYERS

Attacks by Germans Cause Closing of Many Institutions in France.

2 KILLED IN HARVARD UNIT

Kenneth Gaston Tells of Terror and Ruin Brought on by the Raiders—Exciting Experiences Among Red Cross Workers.

New York.—During the recent fighting on the western front the Red Cross has been experiencing considerable difficulty in carrying on its work immediately behind the lines because of the attacks by German airmen on the hospitals, according to a letter from Kenneth Gaston, son of Mrs. L. P. Gaston of Somerville, N. J., who is a member of the Harvard unit. In the immediate neighborhood where they are working, he said, it was necessary to close five hospitals within a week and they were finally driven to establish themselves in the woods. A letter from Mr. Gaston to his mother follows:

"As you see, we have moved. We had to. The night after I last wrote you our hospital was raided fiercely. For three hours aviators were over us all the time, shooting or dropping bombs. Two surgeons were killed and five more were wounded, two of the big tents riddled, some small tents blown up, big holes put in the roads—altogether it was a complete job.

"It ended all usefulness of the village, for next day orders came to evacuate the entire village, hospitals, depots, barracks, and all. We and the brancardiers had to stay on two nights more while the hospital was taken down and carted away. We didn't relish these nights much.

"The first night after supper everybody trailed out into the fields carrying their blankets. Some slept under haystacks, some in trenches, a few went to a fort nearby and slept in the ammunition room 80 feet underground. By the time the big harvest moon rose there wasn't a sign of life.

Campaign Against Hospitals.

"The second night four of us stayed in the tent. I let my bed down on the ground and we built a barricade of timbers to keep off small éclats, then went to bed early and got to sleep before the visitors arrived. That night they made special visits to the two hospitals to which we evacuated our badly wounded of several nights before, and as a result one of them had to be

closed. They seem to be carrying on a special campaign against hospitals, five in this immediate neighborhood have been closed within a week.

"We drove in convoy to our new quarters. As a convoy we are quite imposing, first the staff car, then 20 ambulances, an enormous truck with a kitchen trailer, a camion, a camionette, and the French staff car. We drove about 20 miles, almost parallel to the front, so that we are still about 15 kilometers from the lines, but we are in a big forest very well concealed. There is no shellfire at that distance in this sector, and the aviators have little chance to see anything.

"This aerial raiding business assumes big proportions. We passed through a town on our way here where 180 bombs had been dropped in one night.

"If they hit on soft ground they are comparatively harmless for they penetrate ten feet or more and blow out a hole like a well, straight up into the air.

"But the éclats of the bombs are small, rarely more than an inch or two long, while a big shell will burst into jagged pieces two and three feet long that will cut clean through a house. The dope is to pick out a spot in soft ground and get flat on the surface, then only a direct hit can get you, and there isn't a chance in a million of that.

Was Funny Sight.

"Last night the mechanic, Ed Anthony, and I were building an abrix in the woods, for they are always nice to have around, when suddenly three bombs went off just below us on the road. At the first one Ed dropped his pick and tore through the woods like a startled deer, hurdling trees and diving through bushes like a wild man.

KILL MEN AND WOMEN

Massacred in North Sea Battle by the Germans.

Norwegian Papers Tell of Attacks on Lifeboats and Firing on White Flags.

London.—An appalling story of cold-blooded massacres by Germans of the crews of British North sea convoys in a recent battle is told by the Norwegian papers.

The Tidenstegn said the German cruisers were observed at six o'clock in the morning and were thought to be British vessels, but at seven o'clock, when there was more light, they suddenly began shooting and the convoy was terrified to see the British destroyer at the stern of the convoy begin to sink, although it fought to the end.

The German cruisers, after signaling the vessels to stop, advanced on each side of the convoy, which they swept with all their guns at a range of less than two hundred yards.

The German destroyers came up and helped to spread death and destruction on the defenseless ships, shells falling thick and fast. The Germans were not content to sink the ships, but shelled the lifeboats, and every living thing coming their way was mercilessly slaughtered. The survivors owed their lives to the high sea which was running, making the boats a difficult mark.

In the midst of the massacre another British destroyer came up and immediately attacked, but was soon sunk in the unequal struggle. The German flotilla then cruised backward and forward along the sinking steamers, pouring a fresh and terrible rain of shells at a range of 100 yards.

One shell went through the Swedish ship Wirndar, exploding in the lifeboat on the other side and killing all its occupants, fourteen men and three women.

The other lifeboat rowed back to rescue the captain and two waitresses from the wreck. A shell struck the boat and killed five of the occupants, only the mate escaping by swimming.

The Wirndar was a mass of flames and the two girls jumped into the sea. The captain was saved by clinging to wreckage. As the two young women were sinking an English ship hoisted the white flag.

The answer of the Germans was a

There was no place to run to so I crawled under a ledge and waited.

"A minute later three more went off, and then I heard a wild rush, and Ed came tearing back through the woods, all out of breath, but sprinting his hardest. He was so funny that I forgot all about the bombs—he wears mutton chop whiskers, loose knee pants with bare legs, and he had his tin hat crammed way down over his ears, and the expression on his face was that of a man who has given up all hope, but intends to fight desperately to the end.

"I laughed until I was weak. When he saw me he stopped, struggled for breath, swallowed a lump in his throat and said huskily, 'I think they're depar'ts, don't you?' As a matter of fact, they were neither bombs nor depar'ts, but some defective hand grenades that were unsafe for shipment and were purposely exploded by the munitions workers.

"Glad the Italians are proving something at last. These drives will give the German people food for thought during the winter—about all the food they'll get."

WOOD WANTS ARMY MARCH

General Asks Composers of Seven States to Submit Compositions in Contest.

Camp Funston, Kan.—An invitation to composers of music in the seven states from which members of the Eighty-ninth division of the National army was drawn—Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Arizona and South Dakota—from which a march for the division may be selected has been issued by Maj. Gen. Wood, through his assistant chief of staff, Capt. H. S. Howland. The invitation states that marches which fail to secure first place probably will be adopted by the various regiments in the division as their regimental marches. Composers are asked to send compositions to C. H. Guthrie, Y. M. C. A. headquarters, Camp Funston.

shot which killed both girls. Twelve men of another ship had just got into the lifeboat when a shell killed them all.

HER EVERY-DAY BURDEN



Vacuum cleaners, self-starters, and perambulators have not as yet reached the Caucasus near the Persian border; while fireless cookers, gas and electricity are unknown quantities.

We smile when we think of the Indian squaw carrying her papoose in the little packet contrivance she suspends from her back.

If you think this is a punishment for being an Indian squaw what do you think of life in the Caucasus where the mother not only carries her baby in her arms but is compelled to carry the baby's cradle strapped to her back.

When baby is peevish or tired of nesting in mother's arms, mother removes the cradle from her back and gives the baby a rest. Nothing, according to the correspondent who made this photo is said about what the mother does when she grows tired.

But why worry about mother so long as baby is happy.

Not Then.

The maxim runs: "Put your best foot forward"—but suppose you are being treated by a chiropodist?

Wise and Otherwise.

When the boss is away the clerks get gay.

Too many touches will harden the easy mark.

Better an impediment in the speech than in the brain.

This world remembers the man who dies game—for a day.

It's advice when you give it and a lecture when you receive it.

A man doesn't have to wear good clothes if he can afford them.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the person who hasn't much to say.

A woman's idea of economy is to buy a 5-cent loaf of bread instead of a dollar sack of flour.

FOR THE POULTRY GROWER

Cockerels for Breeders.

The specialty of an Eastern backyard poultrykeeper is cockerels for breeding, which he sells for \$2.50 each and up. His flock is small, seldom numbering more than 75 hens, and his houses represent a small investment. By occupation a brickyard owner and manager, he started keeping Rhode Island Reds several years ago, utilizing some idle land back of his residence. He had good success in egg production, and being interested in the fancy side, also, bought stock from winners at the shows.

In breeding each spring, he uses eggs from selected hens mated with good show cockerels. Beginning in late winter, all the available broody hens are given eggs. Sometimes as many as 25 are sitting at once.

All the eggs he cannot handle with

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We think with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead rise up never;
That even the wisest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.
—Swinburne.

Roquefort Celery Sticks.

Wash and dry short stalks of celery. Mix a half pound of Roquefort cheese with a tablespoonful of olive oil, six drops of Worcestershire sauce, a fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, and a tablespoonful of butter. When smooth, fill the stalks and serve with hot toasted crackers with coffee, for dessert.

Oatmeal Macaroons.

Cream one tablespoonful of fat with half a cupful of sugar, add a beaten egg and a cupful and a half of rolled oats, mixed with a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder.

Cornmeal Fish Balls.

Mix a cupful of shredded fish with two cupfuls of cornmeal mush, add a beaten egg and a teaspoonful of baking powder, mix well and fry in deep fat. When using salt fish it will need to be freshened.

Curried Chicken.

Take one three-pound, tender chicken, six small onions, one clove of garlic, half a pound of any good shortening, two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of cream or rich milk, either sweet or sour, and half a cupful of shredded coconut. Chop the onions and garlic very fine and mix with them the curry powder and salt. Fry the chicken in the hot fat and when half done add the curried onions; let all cook until the meat is tender. Add the cream and the coconut and cook slowly. Serve with boiled rice.

Economical Dishes.

Griddle cakes for breakfast may be prepared by using a cupful of bits of bread soaked over night in sour milk. Add enough white flour to thicken to a griddle cake batter, soda and salt in the amount of half a teaspoonful to a cupful of sour milk. A little cornmeal may be added to give variety and when nicely browned on a hot griddle the cakes are most appetizing.

SOME CAMOUFLAGE



Th' Sarg can be all peevish,
Or th' Cap kick up a row,
But we forget them troubles
When the bugle blows for chow.

We got the greatest cookee
In all th' camps I'll vow,
Y'oughta see the way that
He can camouflage th' chow.

Th' beans is beans most anywhere,
You'd never know 'em now,
I'll tell th' world that prunes taste fine
When th' boys line up for chow.

Sometimes a fellow's homesick,
But it's a wonder, how
It smothers all your worries
When th' cookee hands out chow.

Nellie Maxwell

Optimistic Thought.
Quiet minds are generally the most happy.

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Copyright 1916, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"You won't even give me the poor satisfaction of knowing what you're doing," he said.

"I'd love to," she said, "to be able to write to you, hear from you every day. But I don't believe you want to know. I think it would be too hard for you. Because you'd have to promise not to try to get me back—not to come and rescue me if I got into trouble and things went badly and I didn't know where to turn. Could you promise that, Roddy?"

He gave a groan and buried his face in his hands. Then:

"No," he said furiously. "Of course I couldn't. See you suffering and stand by with my hands in my pockets and watch!" He sprang up and seized her by the arms in a grip that actually left bruises, and fairly shook her in the agony of his entreaty. "Tell me it's a nightmare, Rose," he said. "Tell me it isn't true. Wake me up out of it."

But under the indomitable resolution of her blue eyes he turned away. This was the last appeal of that sort that he made.

"I'll promise," she said presently, "to be sensible—not to take any risks I don't have to take. I'll regard my life, and my health and all, as something I'm keeping in trust for you. I'll take plenty of warm, sensible clothes when I go; lots of shoes and stockings—things like that; and, if you'll let me—I'll borrow a hundred dollars to start myself off with. It isn't a tragedy, Roddy—not that part of it. You wouldn't be afraid for anyone else as big and strong and healthy as I."

Gradually, out of a welter of scenes like that, the thing got itself recognized as something that was to happen. But the parting came at last in a little different way from any they had foreseen.

Rodney came home from his office early one afternoon, with a telegram that summoned him to New York to a conference of counsel in a big publicity case he had been working on for months. He must leave, if he were going at all, at five o'clock. He ransacked the house, vainly at first, for Rose, and found her at last in the trunk room—dusty, disheveled, sobbing quietly over something she hugged in her arms. But she dried her eyes and came over to him and asked him what it was that had brought him home so early.

He showed her the telegram. "I'll have to leave in an hour," he said, "if I'm to go."

She paled at that, and sat down rather giddily on the trunk. "You must go," she said, "of course. And—Roddy, I guess that'll be the easiest way. I'll get my telegram tonight—pretend to get it—from Portia. And you can give me the hundred dollars, and then, when you come back, I'll be gone."

The thing she had been holding in her hands slipped to the floor. He stooped and picked it up—stared at it with a sort of half-wakened recognition.

"I found it," she explained, "among some old things Portia sent over when she moved. Do you know what it is? It's one of the notebooks that got wet—that first night when we were put off the street car. And—Roddy, look!"

She opened it to an almost blank page, and with a weak little laugh pointed to the thing that was written there: "March 15, 1912!"

"Your birthday, you see, and the day we met each other."

And then, down below, the only note she had made during the whole of that lecture, he read: "Never marry a man with a passion for principles."

"That's the trouble with us, you see," she said. "If you were just an ordinary man without any big passions or anything, it wouldn't matter much if your life got spoiled. But with us, you see, we've got to try for the biggest thing there is. Oh, Roddy, Roddy darling! Hold me tight for just a minute, and then I'll come and help you pack."

CHAPTER XV.

The World Alone.

"Here's the first week's rent then," said Rose, handing the landlady three dollars, "and I think you'd better give me a receipt showing till when it's paid for."

The landlady had tight gray hair and a hard-bitten, hatched face. She had no charms, one would have said, of person, mind or manner. But it was nevertheless true that Rose was renting this room largely on the strength of the landlady. She was so much more humanly possible than any of the others at whose placarded doors Rose had knocked or rung.

The landlady went away to write out a receipt. Rose closed the door after her and locked it.

She didn't particularly want to keep anybody out. But, in a sense in which it had never been quite true before,

ROSE ALDRICH LEAVES HER HUSBAND AND THE TWINS AND GOES FORTH INTO THE UNKNOWN WORLD TO MAKE A LIVING AND LEARN LIFE'S VALUES

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton, a young woman living in modest circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich and for more than a year lives in luxury and laziness. This life disgusts her. She plans to do something useful, but feels that the profession of motherhood is big enough for any woman, and looks forward eagerly to the birth of her baby. She has twins, however, and their care is taken entirely out of her hands by a professional nurse. Intense dissatisfaction with the useless life of luxury returns to Rose. She determines to go out and earn her living; to make good on her own hook. She and her dotting husband have some bitter scenes over the wife's "whim." What she goes and does is described in this installment.

this was her room, a room where anyone lacking her specific invitation to enter would be an intruder—a condition which had not obtained either in her mother's house or in Rodney's.

She smiled widely over the absurdity of indulging in a pleasurable feeling of possession in a squalid little cubbyhole like this. The wall paper was stained and faded; there was an iron bed—the mattress on the bed was lumpy. There was a dingy-looking oak bureau with a small mirror; a marble-topped black walnut washstand and a pitcher standing in a bowl on top of it.

As for the hurrying life she looked out upon from her grimy window, the difference between it and that which she had been wont to contemplate through Florence McCrea's exquisitely leaded casements was simply planetary.

And yet, queerly enough, in terms of literal lineal measurement, the distance between the windows themselves was less than a thousand yards. And, such is the enormous social and spiritual distance between North Clark street and The Drive, she was as safely hidden here, as completely out of the orbit of any of her friends, or even of her friends' servants, as she could have been in New York or San Francisco.

Of course, wherever she went, whatever she did, there'd always be the risk that someone who could carry back news to Rodney's friends would recognize her. It was a risk that had to be taken. At the same time she'd protect the secret as well as she could.

There were two people, though, it couldn't be kept from—Portia and her mother. The story given out to Rodney's friends being that Rose was in California with her mother and Portia, left the chance always open for some contretemps which would lead to her mother's discovering the truth in a surprising and shocking way.

But the truth itself, confidently stated, not as a tragic ending, but as the splendid, hopeful beginning of a life of truer happiness for Rose and her husband, needn't be a shock. So this was what Rose had borne down upon her in her letter to Portia.

"I have found the big thing couldn't be had without a fight," she wrote. "You shouldn't be surprised, because you've probably found out for yourself that nothing worth having comes very easily. But you're not to worry about me, nor be afraid for me, because I'm going to win. I'm making the fight, somehow, for you as well as for myself. I want you to know that. I think that realizing I was living your life as well as mine, is what has given me the courage to start."

"I've got some plans, but I'm not going to tell you what they are. But I'll write to you every week and tell you what I've done, and I want you to write to Rodney. I want to be sure that you understand this: Rodney isn't to blame for what's happened. We haven't quarreled, and I believe we're farther in love with each other than we've ever been before. I know I am with him. . . . Break this thing to mother as gently as you like, but tell her everything before you stop. . . ."

This letter written and dispatched, she had worked out the details of her departure with a good deal of care. In her own house, before the servants, she had tried to act just as she would have done had her pretended telegram really come from Portia. Her bag was packed, her trunk was gone, her motor waiting at the door to take her to the station, when the maid Doris brought the twins home from their airing. This wasn't chance, but prearrangement.

"Give them to me," Rose said, "and then you may go up and tell Mrs. Ruston she may have them in a few minutes."

She took them into her bedroom and laid them side by side on her bed. They had thriven finely—justified, so far as that went, Harriet's decision in favor of bottle feeding. Had she died back there in that bed of pain, never come out of the ether at all, they'd still be just like this—plump, placid, methodical. Rose had thought of that a hundred times, but it wasn't what she was thinking of now.

The thing that caught her as she was looking down on them, was a wave of sudden pity. She saw them suddenly as persons with the long road ahead of them, as a boy and a girl, a youth and a maid, a man and a woman.

She'd never thought of them like that before. The baby she had looked forward to—the baby she hadn't had—had never been thought of that way, either. It was to be something to provide her, Rose, with an occupation; to make an alchemical change in the very substance of her life. The transmutation hadn't taken place. She surmised now, dimly, that she hadn't deserved it should.

"You've never had a mother at all, you poor little mites," she said. "But you're going to have one some day. You're going to be able to come to her with your troubles, because she'll have had troubles herself. She'll help you bear your hurts, because she's had hurts of her own. And she'll be able to teach you to stand the gaff, because she's stood it herself."

For the first time since they were born, she was thinking of their need of her rather than of her need of them, and with that thought came, for the first time, the surge of passionate maternal love that she had waited for so long in vain. There was, suddenly, an intolerable ache in her breast that could only have been satisfied by crushing them up against her breast; kissing their hands—their feet.

Rose stood there quivering, giddy with the force of it. "Oh, you darlings!" she said. "But wait—wait until I deserve it!" And, without touching them at all, she went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Ruston and Doris were both waiting in the hall.

"I must go now," she said, "Good-by. Keep them carefully for me." Her voice was steady, and, though her eyes were bright, there was no trace of tears upon her cheeks. But there was a kind of glory shining in her face that was too much for Doris, who turned away and sobbed loudly. Even Mrs. Ruston's eyes were wet.

"Good-by," said Rose again, and went down composedly enough to her car.

She rode down to the station, shook hands with Otto, the chauffeur, allowed a porter to carry her bag into the waiting room. There she tipped the porter, picked up the bag herself, and walked out the other door; crossed over to Clark street and took a street car. At Chicago avenue she got off, and walked north, keeping her eyes open for placards advertising rooms to let. It was at the end of about half a mile that she found the hatched-faced landlady, paid her three dollars, and locked her door, as a symbol, perhaps, of the bigger, heavier door that she had locked upon her past life.

Strongest among all the welter of emotions boiling up within her, was a perfectly enormous relief. The thing which, when she had first faced it as the only thoroughfare to the real life she so passionately wanted, had seemed such a veritable nightmare, was an accomplished fact. The week of acute agony she had lived through while she was forcing her sudden resolution upon Rodney had been all but



He Was Counting Aloud the Bars of the Music.

unendurable with the enforced contemplation of the moment of parting which they brought so relentlessly nearer. There had been a terror, too, lest when the moment actually came, she couldn't do it. Well, and now it had come and gone! The surgery of the thing was over.

Rose dusted the mirror with a towel—a reckless act, as she saw for herself, when she discovered she was going to have to use that towel for a week—and took an appraising look at herself. Then she nodded confidently—there was nothing the matter with her looks—and resumed her ulster, her rubbers, and her umbrella, for it was the kind of December day which called for all three. Then, glowingly conscious that she was saving a nickel by so doing, she set off downtown afoot to get a job. She meant to get it that very afternoon. And, partly because she meant to so very definitely, she did.

On the last Sunday before Rose went away she had studied the dramatic section of the morning paper with a good deal of care, and was rewarded by finding among the news notes an item referring to a new musical comedy which was to be produced at the Globe theater immediately after the Christmas holidays. "The Girl Up-Stairs" was the title of it. It

was spoken of as one of the regular Globe productions, so it was probable Jimmy Wallace's experience with the production of an earlier number in the series would at least give her something to go by.

Granted that she was going to be a chorus girl for a while, she could hardly find a better place than one of the Globe productions to be a chorus girl in. According to Jimmy, it was a decent enough little place, and yet it possessed the advantage of being, spiritually, as well as actually, west of Clark street. Rodney's friends were less likely to go there, and so have a chance of recognizing her, than to any other theater in the city.

The news item in the paper told her that the production was in rehearsal, and it mentioned the name of the director, John Galbraith, referring to him as one of the three most prominent musical-comedy directors in the country.

When she asked at the box office at the Globe theater where they were rehearsing "The Girl Up-Stairs" today, the nicely manicured young man inside answered automatically, "North End hall."

"I'm afraid," said Rose, smiling a little, "I'll have to ask where North End hall is."

"Not at all," said the young man idiotically, and he told her the address—only a block or two from Rose's room.

CHAPTER XVI.

The First Day.

With her umbrella over her shoulder, Rose set sail northward again through the rain, absurdly cheered. The entrance to the North End hall was a pair of white painted doors opening from the street level upon the foot of a broadish stair which took you up rather suddenly. At the head of the stairway, tilted back in a kitchen chair beneath a single gas jet whose light he was trying to make suffice for the perusal of a green newspaper, sat a man, under orders, no doubt, to keep intruders away. The thing to do was to go by as if, for such as she, watchmen didn't exist. The rhythmic pounding of feet and the frayed chords from a worn-out piano, convinced her she was in the right place.

Her stratagem succeeded. The man glanced up and, though she felt he didn't return to his paper again, he made no attempt to stop her. She walked steadily ahead to another open door at the far end of the room, through which sounds and light came in.

Rose paused for a steady breath before she went through that farther door, her eyes stary with resolution, her cheeks, just for the moment, a little pale.

The room was hot and not well lighted. In the farther wall of it was a proscenium arch and a raised stage. On the stage, right and left, were two irregular groups of girls, with a few men, awkwardly, Rose thought, disposed among them. All were swaying a little to mark the rhythm of the music industriously pounded out by a swarthy young man at the piano—a swarthy, thick young man in his undershirt. There were a few more people sprawled in different parts of the hall.

It was all a little vague to her at first, because her attention was focused upon a single figure—a compact, rather slender, figure, and tall, Rose thought—of a man in a blue serge suit, who stood at the exact center of the stage and the extreme edge of the footlights. He was counting aloud the bars of the music—not beating time at all, nor yielding to the rhythm in any way; standing, on the contrary, rather tensely still. That was the quality about him, indeed, that riveted Rose's attention and held her, as still as he was, in the doorway—an exhilarating sort of intensity that had communicated itself to the swaying groups on the stage.

You could tell from the way he counted that something was gathering itself up, getting ready to happen. "Three . . . Four . . . Five . . . Six . . . Seven—Now!" he shouted on the eighth bar, and with the word one of the groups transformed itself. One of the men bowed to one of the girls and began waltzing with her; another couple formed, then another.

Rose watched breathlessly, hoping the maneuver wouldn't go wrong—for no reason in the world but that the man there at the footlights was so faintly determined that it shouldn't.

Determination triumphed. The number was concluded to John Galbraith's evident satisfaction. "Very good," he said. "If you'll all do exactly what you did that time from now on, I'll not complain." Without pause he went on: "Everybody on the stage—big girls—all the big girls!" And to the young man at the piano, "We'll do 'Afternoon Tea.'"

There was a momentary pause then, filled with subdued chatter, while the girls and men realigned themselves for the new number.

Rose looked them over. The girls weren't, on an average, extravagantly beautiful, though, with the added charm of make-up allowed for, there were, no doubt, many the audiences would consider so. They were dressed in pretty much anything that would allow perfect freedom to their bodies, especially their arms and legs; bathing suits mostly, or middie blouses and bloomers. Rose noted this with satisfaction. Her old university gymnasium costume would do perfectly. Anything, apparently, would do, because, as her eye adjusted itself to details, she discovered romper suits, pina-

fores, chemises, overalls—all equally taken for granted.

Galbraith struck his hands together for silence, and scintillated the now motionless group on the stage.

"We're one shy," he said. "Who's missing?" And then answered his own question: "Grant!" He wheeled around and his eyes searched the hall.

Rose became aware, for the first time, that a mutter of conversation had been going on incessantly since she had come in, in one of the recessed window seats behind her. Now when Galbraith's gaze plunged in that direction, she turned and looked too. A big blonde chorus girl was in there with a man, a girl who, with twenty pounds trained off her, and that sulky look out of her face, would have been a beauty. She had roused herself with a sort of defiant deliberation at the sound of the director's voice, but she still had her back to him and went on talking to the man.

"Grant!" said John Galbraith again, and this time his voice had a cutting edge. "Will you take your place on the stage, or shall I suspend rehearsal until you're ready?"

For answer she turned and began walking slowly across the room. She started walking slowly, but under Galbraith's eye she quickened her pace, involuntarily, it seemed, until it was a ludicrous sort of run. Presently she emerged upon the stage, looking rather artificially unconcerned, and the rehearsal went on again.

But just before he gave the signal to the pianist to go ahead, Galbraith with a nod summoned a young man from the wings and said something to him, whereupon, clearly carrying out his orders, he vaulted down from the stage and came walking toward the doorway where Rose was still standing.

But he didn't come straight to her; he brought up before a woman sitting in a folding chair a little farther along the wall, who drew herself defensively erect when she saw him turn toward her, assumed a look of calculated disdain, tapped a foot—gave, on the whole, an imitation of a duchess being kept waiting.

But the limp young man didn't seem disconcerted, and inquired in so many words what her business was. The duchess said in a harsh, high voice that she wanted to see the director; a very particular friend of his had begged her to do so.

"You'll have to wait till he's through rehearsing," said the young man, and then he came over to Rose.

The vestiges of the smile the duchess had provoked were still visible about her mouth when he came up. "May I wait and see Mr. Galbraith after the rehearsal?" she asked. "If I won't be in the way?"

"Sure," said the young man. "He won't be long now. He's been rehearsing since two." Then, rather explosively, "Have a chair!"

He struck Rose as being a little flustered and uncertain somehow.

It was a long hour that Rose sat there in a little folding chair—an hour that, in spite of all her will could do, took some of the crispness out of her courage.

When at last, a little after six o'clock, Galbraith said: "Quarter to eight, everybody," and dismissed them with a nod for a scurry to what were evidently dressing rooms at the other side of the hall, the ship of Rose's hopes had utterly gone to pieces. She had a plunk to keep herself afloat on it was the determination to stay there until he should tell her in so many words that he hadn't any use for her.

The deprecatory young man was talking to him now, about her and the duchess evidently, for he peered out into the hall, then vaulted down from the stage and came toward them.

The duchess got up, and, with a good deal of manner, went over to meet him. Rose didn't hear what the duchess said. But when John Galbraith answered her, his voice easily filled the room; "You tell Mr. Pike, if that's his name, we haven't any vacancies in the chorus at present. If we find we need you, we can let you know."

He said it not unkindly, but he exercised some power of making it evident that as he finished speaking, the duchess, for him, simply ceased to exist. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, he looked straight at Rose and said: "What do you want?"

She'd thought him tall, but he wasn't. He was looking on a perfect level into her eyes.

"I want a job in the chorus," said Rose.

"You heard what I said to that other woman, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Rose, "but . . ."

"But you thought you'd let me say it to you again."

"Yes," she said. And, queerly enough, she felt her courage coming back.

Rose Aldrich's luck in hunting a job in the chorus of a musical comedy and what happens afterward is described with thrilling emphasis in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resistance of the Wind.

Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval Constructor William McIntee show that it this vessel were steering against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horsepower to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her through the water.

Advertisement for Cascara Quinine, highlighting its effectiveness for colds and its low cost.

Advertisement titled 'Mistaken for Patriotism' and 'To Drive Out Malaria', featuring 'The Star-Spangled Banner' tonic.

Advertisement titled 'To Drive Out Malaria' and 'Build Up The System', mentioning 'Tasteless Iron Tonic'.

Advertisement titled 'It's Too Bad', describing a case of a young man's health and the use of a tonic.

Advertisement titled 'IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY', warning against cheap imitations of hair products.

Advertisement titled 'Smart Boys', describing a schoolmaster's lesson on thrift using animal illustrations.

Advertisement titled 'FIERY RED PIMPLES', describing a skin condition and its treatment.

Advertisement titled 'That Itch and Burn Are Usually Eczematous—Cuticera Quickly Heals'.

Advertisement titled 'It needs but a single hot bath with Cuticera Soap followed by a gentle application of Cuticera Ointment to the most distressing, disfiguring eczemas, itchings and burnings to prove their wonderful properties. They are also ideal for every-day toilet use.'.

Advertisement titled 'Their Hobbies', describing a woman's collection of bathroom items and her desire for a shower.

Advertisement titled 'Important to Mothers', promoting Castoria as a safe remedy for infants and children.

Advertisement titled 'Trouble and Afterthought', describing a woman's struggle with household items and her eventual success.

Advertisement titled 'To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.'.

Advertisement titled 'The Producer', mentioning a woman who pays the bills and her pride in her production.

Advertisement titled 'WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY', promoting hair care products and the importance of clean, healthy hair.

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. Fahey, marshal.
Jos. Supernant, night police.
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade James McCue, 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. Reincke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmore, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

Meets at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, every Friday night.

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of Forresters.

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

First mass, 7:30 a. m.
Highmass, 10:00 a. m.
Vespers, 2 p. m.
* FATHER CHARLEBOIS, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon.
Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.
REV. IVER JOHNSON, Pastor.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

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

U. B. Church, Bradley.

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

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.
John Flageole, treasurer.
Dr. C. T. Morel, A. F. Marcotte, George Arsenau, Patrick Lamontagne, George Courville, Oscar Byron, Trustees.
Meets first Friday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I.O.O.F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodmen 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.

Tornado Insurance

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

Better see us for tornado insurance today.

HERMAN WORMAN
Broadway and Grand Ave.
Bradley, Ill.

CHINESE 'PHONE GIRL HAS STRENUOUS TASK

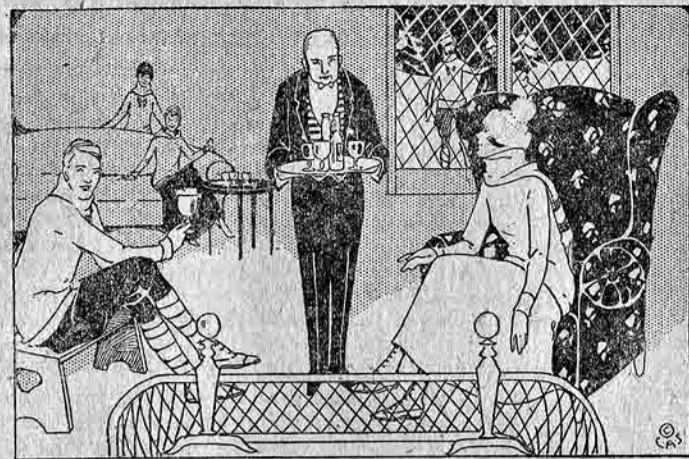
She Must Remember Thousands of Names and Many Dialects.

There is a telephone exchange in Chinatown, San Francisco, that is unlike any other in the world. In the first place, it is housed in a bit of richly carved and highly colored architecture that "looks like a picture press fan," or like a bit of old Pekin set down in a modern city.

When the visitor enters he is received by a man in rich Chinese garb, but an up to date business man, and quite American in everything but his race and costume. He is an expert electrician and he has charge of the exchange which serves all the Chinese customers in the city and its suburbs.

There are about a thousand telephones in the Chinese quarter, and calls up to 8,000 in number are handled every day by the dainty little oriental girls who sit at their work clad in the costumes of their own people. These girls have, in addition to a perfect knowledge of English, a command of the different Chinese dialects that are spoken in the quarter.

More wonderful than that, however, is the fact that these "centrals" must remember the name and number of all subscribers, since the Oriental does not call by number.



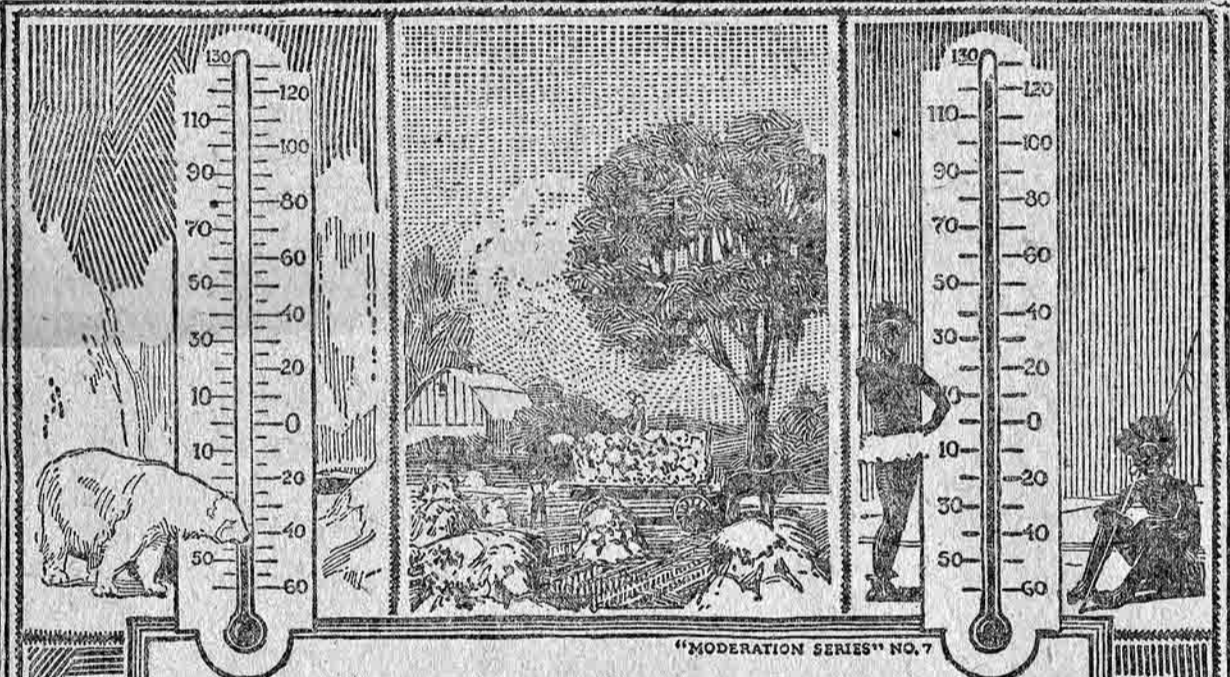
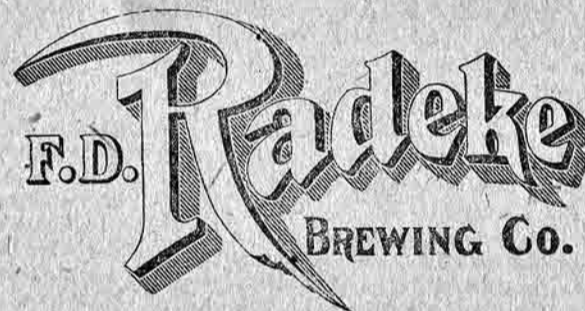
"Radeke Beer" after Winter Sports

After exercise in the open, this superb beer satisfies thirst, refreshes and revives. "Radeke Beer" is the most wholesome beverage after healthful play in the great outdoors. Its supreme quality insures its welcome from guests and reflects credit to the host. Every day, more and more people give the prestige of their preference to

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



In extreme climates life is impossible

BUT the ideal existence is found in moderate climates where extremes are the exception—not the rule. Thus it is with Prohibition—being an extreme, its advocates seem to find it utterly impossible to understand that a mild Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop brew, such as BUDWEISER, is truly the drink of temperance.

For 60 solid years Anheuser-Busch have brewed BUDWEISER and each day they have worked to make it better. The common sense use of BUDWEISER cements the bond of friendship, inspires the flow of wit and laughter and makes old men forget for a little while that they are no longer one and twenty. Always-and-ever-the-same Good Old BUDWEISER, the friend of man. ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres

Anheuser-Busch Branch
Distributors Chicago, Ill.

Budweiser
Means Moderation



He Thought of Her
There was trouble in the nursery. Baby Enid was howling and mother couldn't soothe her. At last she found out the cause of the disturbance and turned irately on Johnny.

"You don't mean to say you greedy little boy," she demanded, "that you have eaten all those sweets grandma gave you and never even thought of your little sister?"

Johnny looked hurt.
"Oh yes, I did think of her," he said in an aggrieved voice. "I was thinking of her all the time and I was frightened that she would see them before I ate them all!"

Hard on Blinks
"Blinks says that when he was young he was the architect of his own fortune."
"Didn't they have any building inspectors in those days?"

People With Keen Eyesight
The best eyesight is possessed by those peoples whose lands are vast and barren, and where obstacles tending to shorten the sight are few. Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow at a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Africa have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out obstacles invisible to the ordinary eye at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized people the Norwegians have better eyesight than most, if not all others as they more generally fulfill the necessary conditions.

Are Fishes Mirrors
A scientist says he always thought little fish were protected against the mouths of the big fish chiefly by their markings looking like the stones and reeds in the water, but he now concludes that all shingling, silvery fish are mirrors reflecting the dark bottom of the pond, and it is only when such fish come to the surface that the light shines on them, and they become invisible to the big fish that prey on little fish. So long as the little, silvery fish stay close to the bottom they look like mud and stones, only showing their shining silver when they come near the top, and so are soon swallowed down.

The Smallest Island
People who inhabit some of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence river have believed that they dwelt on the smallest islands in the world. But it has recently been determined that the site of the Eddystone Lighthouse, Great Britain is entitled to the distinction. The dot of rock on which the lighthouse stands is barely thirty feet in diameter at low tide.

ALEX J. POWELL
Attorney-at-Law

GENERAL LAW PRACTICE
Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

At Justice Worman's Court, Bradley, Ill., Saturday mornings.

DICK & HERTZ
UNDERTAKERS
389 East Court Street
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Res. Phone 888-1 Res. Phone 1257.
DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Room 6 and 7
City National Bank Building
BELL PHONE 377

DR. E. G. WILSON
Physician and Surgeon
Kankakee, Illinois

MARTIN & SON
Coal and Transfer
Moving A Specialty

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

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

The Economy
Bradley's Handy Shopping Store
Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.
Bell Phone 298 and 1808

Bring your market basket and let us fill it for you. You will save money.

TRY US

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

PORK AND BEEF SAVED IN TIME
BY RAISING MORE POULTRYChickens, Ducks and Geese on Farms,
in Backyards Will Win
World's War

Poultry must be produced next year in places where it has not been produced before, and everywhere that poultry has been produced that production must be increased. It is necessary that people in the country and in the towns answer alike to this call. Farms and backyards must both do their bit, for the doubling of our poultry production next year is an indispensable item in the Nation's food production program—a program which must be carried out if we are to win the war.

The meat supplies available for European use are short. Meat must be supplied if the war is won—by the forces who fight for freedom. The war will be won if we fail in food production—but not won by us. We must understand what will happen if we do not provide the enormous quantities of foodstuffs that the Allies can not produce for themselves.

Are we going to feed our Army on chickens and eggs? Of course not. But by greatly increasing our production of chickens and eggs, and by eating those chickens and eggs ourselves we will, naturally, eat that much less beef and pork. In turn, that beef and pork can be sent to Europe.

The United States Department of Agriculture calls upon the country to double poultry production next year. That can be done if the farms will keep an average of 100 hens instead of an average of 40 hens, as at present, and if every family in town will keep enough hens in the backyard to produce all the eggs used by that family,—or two hens to each person.

What City and County can Produce in
the Form of Poultry and Eggs

If poultry production is doubled next year, as is really possible with this city and county cooperation, we will have 6,500,000,000 pounds of meat food, in the form of poultry and eggs. This will release almost that many pounds of other meats,—pork and beef,—for our Armies in Europe, and for the Armies and civilian populations of the Allies.

If we do not produce this amount of poultry we may find ourselves short of meat food to just that extent.

It is a patriotic duty of the utmost importance that every farmer and every person in town do his part in producing this increase of poultry, which will help to win the war. It is also a profitable proposition for the average individual. Both town and farm families will produce, at its lowest cost, meat food for their own use, and, by putting up eggs for winter use will further reduce living expenses.

The poultry will be handled as a by-product of the farm and backyard; each flock being large enough in numbers to utilize the scraps and waste from the kitchen and the "pick-ups" around the place, supplemented by some feed. But no flock should be out of proportion to the ground space and kitchen wastage—not so large that feed will become, relatively, too costly an item. The idea is not only to increase our poultry production, but to do it economically: to do it at very little cost, by turning the waste of kitchens and backyards all over the United States into chickens and eggs. Fowls are the only medium through which a good deal of this waste can be transformed into a valuable food product.

Why Backyards and Farms must Raise
more Chickens, Ducks and Geese

Because of the war the meat reserves of the world are diminished. The herds of live stock in Europe have been reduced by slaughter made necessary in order to feed the Armies. Our own meat production in the years just preceding the war barely sufficient for our own uses. And yet we are now called upon not only to feed ourselves, but to feed Europe to a large extent. And we must do it if we win the war.

Where will we get the meat? You can do your part, on your farm and in your backyard by producing more poultry—increasing the supply of eggs and chickens, geese and ducks. Our total number of beef animals can not be increased with sufficient quickness. Several years are required to build up cattle herds. Hogs can be increased considerably in a year. They can be increased faster than any other meat animal. But poultry can be doubled in a year. It offers the fastest and cheapest possible source of meat increase. That is why it is so important that everyone help in poultry production next year.

The more poultry and eggs we produce the more poultry and eggs we will eat. The more of that food we eat the less beef and pork we will need

or want—leaving that much more to go to Europe. Thus we do indirectly the thing we can't do directly. By poultry production we get quickly more meat to win the war, although we can not increase in that time the number of our meat animals.

Get some good hens. You will help win the war. You will reduce your own cost of living. You will turn waste into food. Get some good hens.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney and bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 35c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store. 6-18

One Year Ago

The Harmony girls met at the home of Mrs. Henry Vallet.

Henry Colstock of Urbana visited friends in the village.

Justus Nyquist returned from Montana.

The home of Clarence Windall was quarantined with diphtheria.

The Irine Rebecca Lodge elected their officers for the year.

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.

Two Year's Ago

Miss Clara Ward and Ransom Merrill were united in marriage.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McDonald, of Gary, Ind. Mrs. McDonald was formerly Miss Margaret Ramsey.

Miss Evelyn Beckhelm had her tonsils removed.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. P. Kroehler of North Wabash Avenue.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Cooper of North of the village.

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

Three Year's Ago

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Fletcher entertained a number of their friends at their home at a hard time party.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vickory entertained a number of their friends at their home in honor of their twentieth wedding anniversary.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hice.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wright of the East Side.

Letter From Camp Logan

Thanksgiving Eve.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Just a few lines to let you know that the boys of Bradley that are in C. S., are all looking fine and waiting for turkeys that were sent to us by Governor Lowden it sure will make us feel right at home we all wish you a happy Thanksgiving but we are awful sorry that we are not eating the kaiser instead of turkey this Poem is from a friend which I met and thought it was pretty good so sent it home for approval. A friend always

JOHN SHEEHAN

C-L-129th N-S-N-9

Camp Logan,
Houston Texas.

Elected Officers

The Irene Rebekah Lodge elected officers for the ensuing year at their meeting last Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected:

Noble Grand, Mrs. Dawkins.
Vice Grand, Mrs. Barroue.
Fin. Secy., Alta Topliff.
Rec. Secy., Mrs. Schrader.
Treasurer, Mrs. Wikoff.
Deputy, Lila Koon.
Trustees, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Gordon Mrs. Bock, Mrs. Hoehn, Mrs. Knickerbocker.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many kind friends who assisted us with many acts of kindness during the long illness and death of our loved husband and father also for the beautiful floral offering, wish to thank Dept. 11, of the Bradley Mfg. Works. May God bless and reward you all is the prayer of Mrs. O. Lancaster and son Donald.

Royal Neighbors Election

The Royal Neighbors will elect officers at their meeting next Thursday evening Dec. 13th All Neighbors requested to be present.

ASK YOUR GROCER

FOR

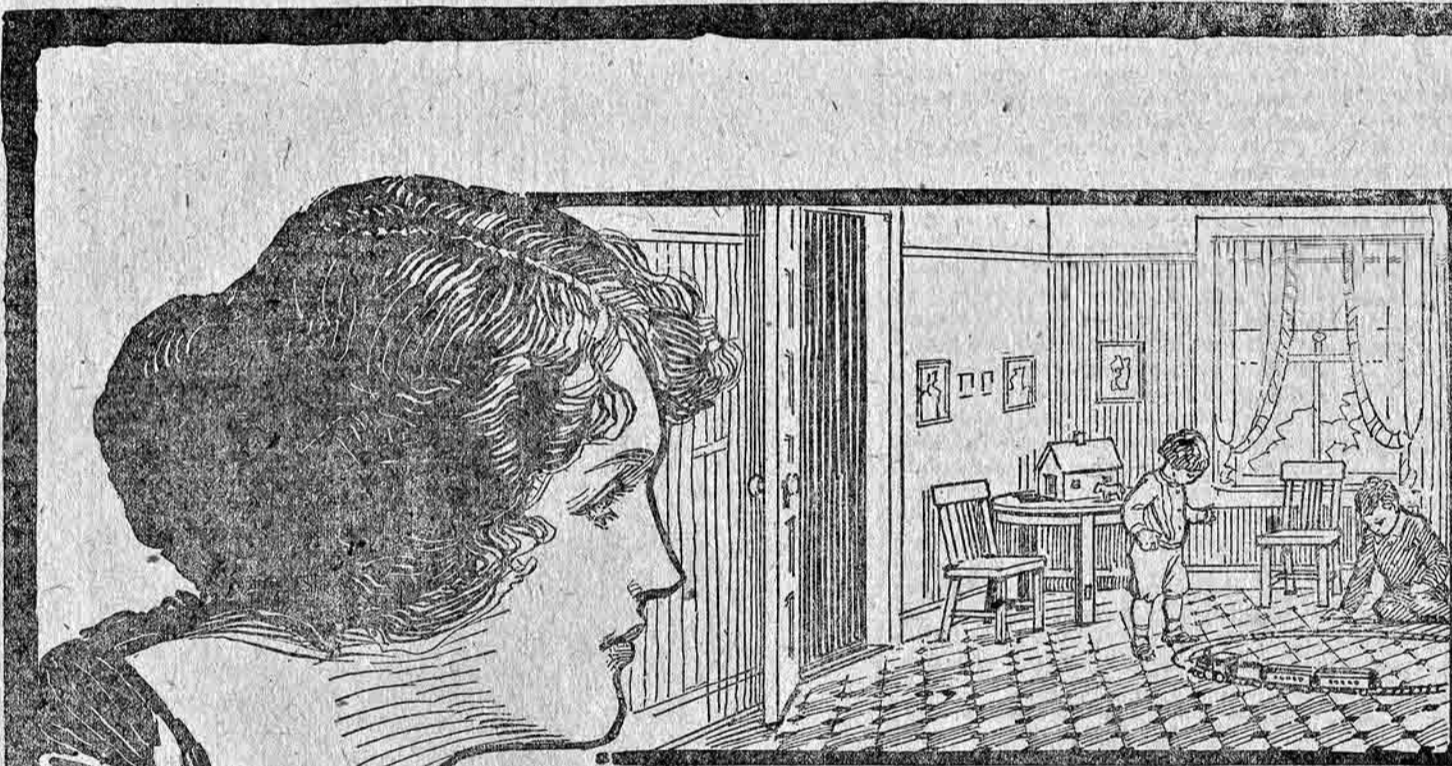
CORN BELT CREAMERY
BUTTER

Pure---Pasteurized---Nutritious

*For its food value there is no substitute for Butter**We pay farmers the top price for butter fat and fresh eggs.*

KANKAKEE CREAMERY CO.

Kankakee, Illinois



My Nursery

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

NEPONSET
Floor Covering

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

of one of New England's oldest firms.

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

Made by BIRD & SON (Est. 1795) East Walpole, Massachusetts

The Economy, Bradley, Ill.

Ignorance of Law, No Excuse

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28
Ignorance of the new draft regulations will be no excuse for failure to comply with their requirements. This ruling was made to day by Provost Marshal General Chowder, placing the burden of securing his questionnaire and returning it with full answers upon every one of the nine million registered men.

If any man fails to obey the law he will be liable to imprisonment and certain to lose valuable rights, such as his claim for deferred classification. He will be immediately listed in class one, the class subject to first call.

Chicken Pie Supper

The men of the Methodist

Church are giving a chicken pie supper at Woodmen Hall on Friday night of this week. Supper is served from 6-8 P. M. At 8 o'clock a program will be given. Lieut. Gleason, of the U. S. Army will speak on army life. Come and enjoy the supper and program. Tickets 35c

Elected Officers

The Mystic Workers elected their officers for the ensuing year at their meeting Wednesday evening.

Electing Officers

The Odd Fellows elected their officers for the ensuing term at their meeting last night and the Modern Woodmen will elect their officers tonight.

Bonded Prisoner

Penrod and Sam's Thrilling Exploits in the Neighborhood War Game
By BOOTH TARKINGTON

(Copyright, 1917, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

the leader ascertained, by a reconnaissance as far as the corner, that the hostile forces were still looking for them in another direction. He returned in a stealthy but important manner to his disgruntled follower and the hilarious captive.

"Well," said Sam impatiently, "I guess I'm not goin' to stand around here all day, I guess! You got anything you want to do, why'n't you go on and do it?"

Penrod's brow was already contorted to present the appearance of detached and lofty concentration—a histrionic failure, since it did not deceive the audience. He raised a hushing hand.

"Sh!" he murmured. "I got to think."

"Bugs!" said the impolite Mr. Williams again.

Verman bent double, squealing and sputtering; indeed, he was ultimately forced to sit upon the ground, so exhausting was the mirth to which he now gave way. Penrod's composure was somewhat affected, and he showed annoyance.

"Oh, I guess you won't laugh quite so much about a minute from now, ole Mister Verman!" he said severely. "You get up from there and do like I tell you."

"Well, why'n't you tell him why he won't laugh so much, then?" Sam demanded, as Verman rose. "Why'n't you do something and quit talkin' so much about it?"

Penrod haughtily led the way into the yard.

"You follow me," he said, "and I guess you'll learn a little sense!"

Then, abandoning his hauteur for an air of mystery equally irritating to Sam, he stole up the steps of the porch, and after a moment's manipulation of the knob of the big front door, contrived to operate the fastenings, and pushed the door open.

"Come on," he whispered, beckoning. And the three boys mounted the stairs to the floor above in silence—save for a belated giggle on the part of Verman, which was restrained upon

among its crushed and sprawling branches.

"Ooch!" and "Wuf!" were the two exclamations which marked this episode, and then, with no further comment, the struggle was energetically continued upon a horizontal plane. Now Penrod was on top, now Sam; they rolled, they squirmed, they suffered. And this contest endured. It went on and on, and it was impossible to imagine its coming to a definite termination. It went on so long that, to both the participants, it seemed to be a permanent thing, a condition which had always existed and which must always exist perpetually.

And thus they were discovered by a foray of the hostile party, headed by Roddy Bitts and Herman (older brother to Verman) and followed by the bonded prisoners, Maurice Levy and George Bassett. These and others caught sight of the writhing figures, and charged down upon them with loud cries of triumph.

"Pris'ner! Pris'ner! Bonded pris'ner!" shrieked Roddy Bitts, and touched Penrod and Sam, each in turn, with his saber. Then, seeing that they paid no attention and that they were at his mercy, he recalled the fact that several times, during earlier stages of the game, both of them had been unnecessarily vigorous in "touching" his own rather plump person. Therefore, the opportunity being excellent, he raised his weapon again, and, repeating the words "bonded pris'ner" as ample explanation of his deed, brought into play the full strength of his good right arm. He used the flat of the saber.

Whack! Whack! Roddy was perfectly impartial. It was a cold-blooded performance and even more effective than he anticipated. For one thing, it ended the civil war instantly. Sam and Penrod leaped to their feet, shrieking and bloodthirsty, while Maurice Levy capered with joy, Herman was so overcome that he rolled upon the ground, and George Bassett remarked virtuously:

"It serves them right for fighting."

But Roddy Bitts foresaw that something not within the rules of the game was about to happen.

"Here! You keep away from me!" he quavered, retreating. "I was just takin' you pris'ners. I guess I had a right to touch you, didn't I?"

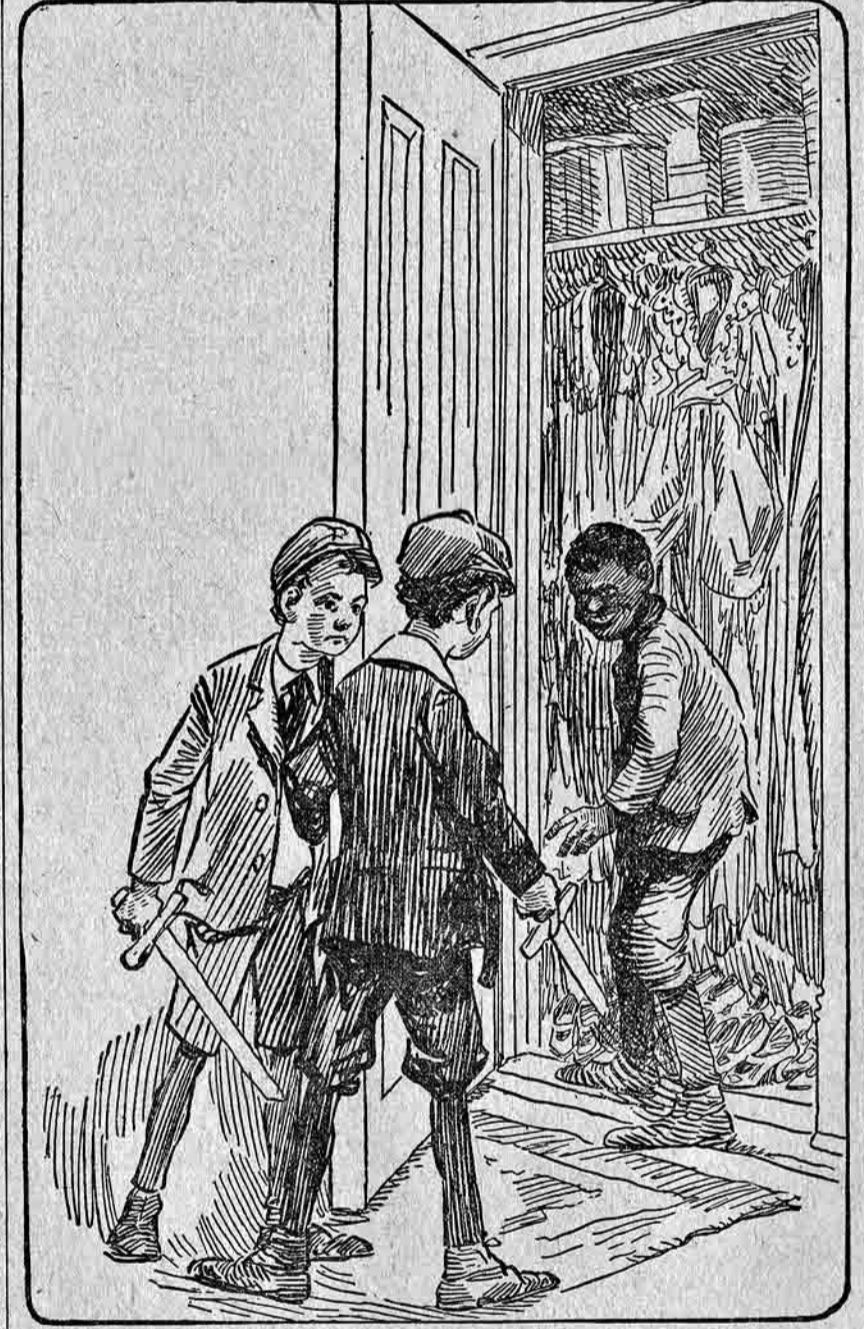
Alas! Neither Sam nor Penrod was able to see the matter in that light. They had retrieved their own weapons, and they advanced upon Roddy, with a purposefulness that seemed horrible to him.

"Here! You keep away from me!" he said, in great alarm. "I'm goin' to give up this ole game and go home. He did go home—but only subsequently. What took place before his departure had the singular solidity and completeness of systematic violence; also, it bore the moral beauty of all actions which lead to peace and friendship, for, when it was over, and the final vocalizations of Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., were growing faint with increasing distance, Sam and Penrod had forgotten their dif-

ferences and felt well disposed toward each other once more. All their animosity was exhausted, and they were in a glow of good feeling, though probably they were not conscious of any direct gratitude to Roddy, whose thoughtful opportunism was really the cause of this happy result.



"Oh, You Will, Will You?"



"You Get in There, Verman."

a terrible gesture from Penrod. Verman buried his mouth as deeply as possible in a ragged sleeve, and confined his demonstrations to a heaving of the stomach and diaphragm.

Penrod led the way into the dainty room of his nineteen-year-old sister, Margaret, and closed the door.

"There," he said, in a low and husky voice, "I expect you'll see what I'm goin' to do now!"

"Well, what?" asked the skeptical Sam. "If we stay here very long your mother'll come and send us downstairs. What's the good of—"

"Wait, can't you?" Penrod wailed, in a whisper. "My goodness!" And going to an inner door, he threw it open, disclosing a clothes-closet hung with pretty garments of many kinds, while upon its floor were two rows of shoes and slippers of great variety and charm.

A significant thing is to be remarked concerning the door of this somewhat intimate treasury; there was no knob or latch upon the inner side, so that, when the door was closed, it could be opened only from the outside.

"There!" said Penrod. "You get in there, Verman, and I'll bet they won't get to touch you back out o' bein' our pris'ner very soon, now! Oh, I guess not!"

"Pshaw!" said Sam. "Is that all you were goin' to do? Why, your mother'll come and make him get out the first—"

"No, she won't. She and Margaret have gone to my aunt's in the country, and aren't goin' to be back till

and sprang upon Penrod, catching him round the waist. Simultaneously with this impact, the wooden swords spun through the air, and were presently trodden underfoot as the two boys wrestled to and fro.

Penrod was not altogether surprised by the onset of his friend. He had been aware of Sam's increasing irritation (though neither boy could have clearly stated its cause), and that very irritation produced a corresponding emotion in the bosom of the irritator. Mentally, Penrod was quite ready for the conflict—nay, he welcomed it—though, for the first few moments, Sam had the physical advantage.

However, it is proper that a neat distinction be drawn here. This was a conflict, but neither technically nor in the intention of the contestants was it a fight. Penrod and Sam were both in a state of high exasperation, and there was great bitterness; but no blows fell and no tears. They strained, they wrenched, they twisted, and they panted, and muttered: "Oh, no, you don't!" "Oh, I guess I do!" "Oh, you will, will you?" "You'll see what you get in about a minute!" "I guess you'll learn some sense this time!"

Streaks and blotches began to appear upon the two faces, where color had been heightened by the ardent application of a cloth sleeve or shoulder, while ankles and insteps were scraped and toes were trampled. Turf and shrubberies suffered, also, as the struggle went on, until finally the wrestlers pitched headlong into a young lilac bush, and came to earth together,

Italy Home of Pergola.

The idea of the pergola was borrowed from Italy, and many of the best planned pergolas follow an Italian model. They may be solidly built, with brick or stone pillars, either square or round, or sometimes with these alternating; in this case the flooring is generally of brick or random jointed stone work. These solid pillars form a good foundation for rambling roses of all kinds, or festoons of clematis, honeysuckle and wistaria. Very generally, however, the pergola is of lighter construction, and, in this case, larch poles are often used. Care should be taken to choose strong poles and to see that the prevailing slope of the cross bars is up rather than down, as otherwise they sag in the center in an unsightly way. These pergolas are not such enduring possessions as the more solid ones, but the cost is much smaller, and they soon become beautiful, since most rambling roses are so free-growing as to hide the framework in a short time. Much depends upon the type of house and garden, the simpler pergolas being better suited to the cottage, while flagged walks, with piers of brick or stone, seem more in keeping with the larger and more stately dwellings.

OLD EDITOR HAS DAY DREAM

Longs to View Happy Scenes of Years Ago, but His Rest is Rudely Interrupted.

The editor of the old home paper had nothing to do for a little while, and the novel sensation made him a trifle maudlin. "I want to get out and stretch the kinks from my back," he said to the fire sale handbill on the wall. "I want to wander down the lane that leads back to the long ago. I want to sniff the sweet odors of the ripening apples and list to the hum of the cider mill. I want to see the old hackberry tree by the spout spring and find if the initials that I carved on its trunk forty years ago are still there. I want to be the boy again who used to sit on top of the gate post and watch down the lane for Dad to return from the field. I want to see the darkness creep up out of the east—up and up and across, until it chases the lavender light from the western sky, and the stars shine forth and the moon rises like a ruby ball over the Willer creek timber. I want to hear, while the scents of oven-browned coffee and frying ham come on the night breeze, mother calling:

"Er—er—Mrs. Pifflegilder! Take a chair, please. Yes, we shall be glad to print this original poem on the death by choking of your second cousin, Hon. Pursley Pouch, over at Squantum. Oh, no trouble at all, Mrs. Pifflegilder, we assure you. Call again!"—Kansas City Star.

Chinese Tablet on Broadway.

A bronze tablet with queer letters inscribed on it is displayed in a conspicuous place on the iron fence of St. Paul's chapel, at Broadway and Fulton street. It is about six feet from the ground and about ten feet north of Fulton street.

Thousands of persons daily pass the corner. Those who have seen the tablet stopped and stared at it. The only letters discernible to them were 29 Vesey street, which were on the bottom of the tablet. The explanation of its presence is that St. Paul's chapel maintains a Sunday school for Chinese at 29 Vesey street.

The selection of that particular place for the tablet was due to the fact that many Chinamen on their way to Jersey City on Sunday pass the Broadway side of the church and turn at Fulton street to the Hudson tubes.

Poetry by the Foot.

The following letter was received by the principal of a continuation school "somewhere in Canada" from an indignant mother who felt that her boy had been overworked:

"My son writes me that he has to study too hard. He says that you give him 50 hexameters of Latin a day. I looked up hexameters and found that it is a poetic verse of six feet. Now that means 300 feet or 100 yards of poetry that my son has to translate each day. I think about half a hexameter, that is, 36 inches, is enough for a boy of his age to translate."

Doctrines of Nietzsche.

The two doctrines most often associated with Nietzsche's name, though they are not essential to his ethics, are those of the superman and the eternal recurrence. The first is the end and justification of human struggle, and in the earlier books is represented as a mythical product of the individual will, while later it is described as a higher species with the relationship to man that man has to the ape. The eternal recurrence is the theory, by no means new, that present events but form a part of an infinite cycle and thus will be endlessly repeated in every detail. His theories have been much discussed and have exercised an unlooked for influence, especially among men interested primarily in art or in social reform; and many consider them the logical outcome and application of Darwinism.

A "Tramp" Vessel.

A "tramp" is a vessel operating over no regular route and having no regular schedule of sailings. A chartered vessel operating a regular route, but with irregular sailings is not a "tramp." Aside from its function as a trade scout it is the "potential," rather than the real or actual composition of the "tramp," that keeps freight and passenger rates low. It is as though any motor car might use the right-of-way of any railroad at any time and offer cheap service should the regular service of the railroad prove to be unsatisfactory or ultra expensive. Always the "tramp" is present in the sub-consciousness of a "regular route" steamship man, as a sort of noxious weed of competition that is certain to sprout the moment he fails to keep his service up and his prices down.—Navy and Merchant Marine.

During the daylight hours of several autumn Saturdays there had been severe outbreaks of cavalry in the Schofield neighborhood. The sabers were of wood; the steeds were imaginary, and both were employed in a game called "bonded pris'ner" by its inventors, Masters Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams. The pastime was not intricate. When two enemies met, they fenced spectacularly until the person of one or the other was touched by the opposing weapon; then, when the ensuing claims of foul play had been disallowed and the subsequent argument settled, the combatant touched was considered to be a prisoner until such time as he might be touched by the hilt of a sword belonging to one of his own party, which affected his release and restored to him the full enjoyment of hostile activity. Pending such rescue, however, he was obliged to accompany the forces of his captor whithersoever their strategical necessities led them, which included many strange places. For the game was exciting, and, at its highest pitch, would sweep out of an alley into a stable, out of that stable and into a yard, out of that yard and into a house, and through that house with the sound (and effect upon furniture) of trampling herds. In fact, this very familiarity must have been in the mind of the distressed colored woman in Mrs. Williams' kitchen, when she declared that she might "jes' as well try to cook right spang in the middle o' the stock yards."

All up and down the neighborhood the campaigns were waged, accompanied by the martial clashing of wood and by many clamorous arguments.

"You're a pris'ner, Roddy Bitts!" "I am not!" "You are, too! I touched you."

"Where, I'd like to know!" "On the sleeve."

"You did not! I never felt it. I guess I'd 'a' felt it, wouldn't I?" "What if you didn't? I touched you, and you're bonded. I leave it to Sam Williams."

"Yah! Course you would! He's on your side! I leave it to Herman."

"No, you won't! If you can't show any sense about it, we'll do it over, and I guess you'll see whether you feel it or not! There! Now, I guess you—"

"Aw, squash!"

Strangely enough, the undoubted champion proved to be the youngest and darkest of all the combatants, the Verman, colored, brother to Herman, and substantially under the size to which his nine years entitled him. Verman was unfortunately tongue-tied, but he was valiant beyond all others, and, in spite of every handicap, he became at once the chief support of his own party and the despair of the opposition.

On the third Saturday this opposition had been worn down by the successive captures of Maurice Levy and George Bassett until it consisted of only Sam Williams and Penrod. Hence, it behoved these two to be wary, lest they be wiped out altogether; and Sam was dismayed, indeed, upon cautiously scouting round a corner of his own stable, to find himself face to face with the valorous and skillful Verman, who was acting as an outpost, or picket, of the enemy.

Verman immediately fell upon Sam, horse and foot, and Sam would have fled but dared not, for fear he might be touched from the rear. Therefore, he defended himself as best he could, and there followed a lusty whacking, in the course of which Verman's hat, relic and too large, fell from his head, touching Sam's weapon in falling.

"There!" panted Sam, desisting immediately. "That counts! You're bonded, Verman."

"Ain' meewer!" Verman protested.

Interpreting this as "Ain't neither," Sam invented a law to suit the occasion. "Yes, you are; that's the rule, Verman. I touched your hat with my sword, and your hat's just the same as you."

"Inim mop!" Verman insisted.

"Yes, it is," said Sam, already warmly convinced (by his own statement) that he was in the right. "Listen here! If I hit you on the shoe, it would be the same as hitting you, wouldn't it? I guess it'd count if I hit you on the shoe, wouldn't it? Well, a hat's just the same as shoes. Honest, that's the rule, Verman, and you're a pris'ner."

Now, in the arguing part of the game, Verman's impudent co-operation with a native amiability to render him far less effective than in the actual combat. He chuckled, and ceded the point.

"Aw wi," he said, and cheerfully followed his captor to a hidden place among some bushes in the front yard, where Penrod lurked.

"Looky what I got!" Sam said importantly, pushing his captive into this retreat. "Now, I guess you won't say I'm not so much use any more! Squat down, Verman, so's they can't see you if they're huntin' for us. That's one o' the rules—honest. You got to squat when we tell you to."

Verman was agreeable. He squat-

Solutions of The Christmas Gift Problem

If Christmas giving were regulated by common sense and affection there would not be so many persons in the shops these days sighing to themselves, "Ten more presents and only \$5! How will I do it?"

Begin with the baby. Crochet in single open stitch a circle of bright worsted, cord, silk or coarse thread, just big enough to cover a rubber bouncing ball. Run a drawstring through the edges, tie the circle to fit well over the

Heart of the Giver in the Christmas Gift

THINK a little while before setting out about the line in which the tastes of your friend run. You will save yourself a vast deal of tramping through crowded shops.

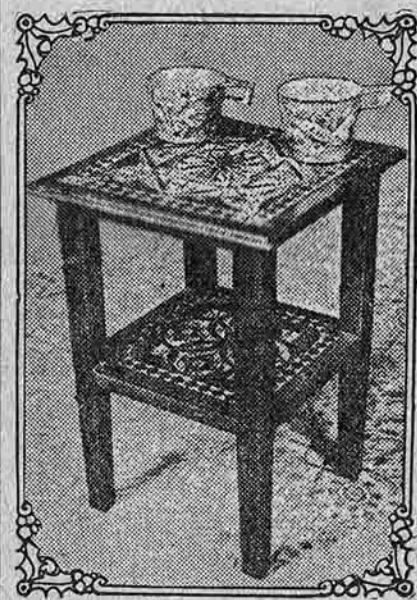
Sleeveless sweaters are all the go for girls. Lay in a supply of becoming



wool and, between knitting for the marines, make sister a beautiful slip-on, with a tasseled belt. The picture gives a good model.

Aprons, "like the poor, are always with us," and many women like nothing better. Attractive designs in chaff-dish aprons, with perky little pockets, can be quickly and successfully made by even the girl who is not especially clever with her needle.

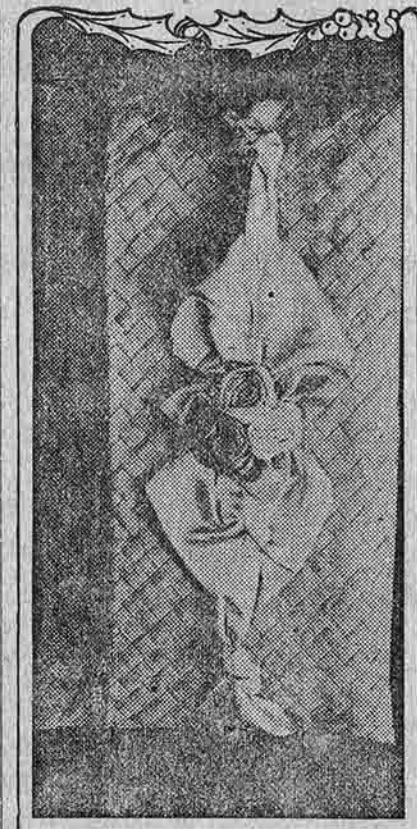
If you are clever handling tools you can make an elegant hand carved taboret for cigars or a couch-side reading



lamp as hubby's best Christmas gift. Use sweet gum wood and select a good design. Get a carpenter to put it together for you and give it a coat of stain or shellac for finish.

Little handmade handkerchiefs of colored linen are a novelty and very simple to make. Either a wide or a narrow hem is pretty, and it should be hemstitched. They should be twelve inches square. In light pink, pale yellow or gray the linen comes in a fine quality at about 85 cents a yard.

All sorts of cases are so convenient to keep tidy a top bureau drawer or to tuck in a week-end trunk. Raf-



fa or the Chinese straw that comes around tea boxes makes good material to fashion them out of. The one pictured has a ribbon bow strapped by three quaint ribbon roses.

A boudoir cap with a frill or ruffle is easy to make. It consists of a big circle and the ruffle section. Or a bigger circle can be used and shirred three or four inches from the edge to form the frill. This circle should measure about twenty-five inches across, and this measurement allows for a half-inch seam around the edge.

Just copy his signature, transfer it to the corner of a handkerchief and embroider with the "over-and-over" stitch. This makes an individual gift which will please any man



QUICK WORK REQUIRED.

A certain Irish sergeant in one of the home regiments was exceedingly wroth when he discovered that one of his men had paid a visit to the regimental barber and was minus his mustache. He immediately went up to him.

"Private Jones," he roared, "who on earth gave you permission to get that mustache off?"

"Nobody," answered Jones unconcernedly, "only I thought it would improve my appearance."

"Improve your appearance wid a face like yours!" bawled the enraged sergeant. "If yez don't hivy it on again at the afternoon parade today there'll be trouble!"

A Stickler for Form.

The near-sighted humorist happened to bump into a pedestrian who had a grouch. The pedestrian grew pugnacious. "Take off them glasses and I'll punch your face for you," he cried.

"But, my dear sir," said the humorist calmly, "it is quite against the custom, you know. Who ever heard of ordering off the glasses before the punch was served?"

The Brighter Side.

She—This is the third time you've come home drunk this week.

He—Don't be so pessimistic, m'dear. You should think of the four nights I came home sober.

PACED TOO RAPIDLY.



"Waiter, ask the orchestra to play something different."

"Any particular selection, sir?"

"Something slower; I can't chew my food properly in waltz time."

Another Game.

At playing cards I feel compelled to say I've earned no glory. But, oh, the lovely hands I've held in a conservatory.

He Did.

"You remember Jimmy Jimson, the bad boy everybody said would surely come to a bad end?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"Nothing, except that in his case for once everybody was right."

One Way to Get Along.

"They seem very devoted to each other."

"Yes, indeed. She doesn't try to tell him how to play golf and he admits that she knows more about bridge whist than he does."

Not Guilty.

Judge—What is the charge?

Cop—Suspicious character, your honor.

Accused (indignantly)—It's him that's suspicious, judge. I ain't suspicious of nobody.

Reversed.

"When we were first married I gave my wife a regular allowance."

"And now?"

"Now, she takes all my salary and let's me have the allowance."

Couldn't Find It.

The Kid—This map is not correct.

The Teacher—Why not?

The Kid—You told me the general was going to Reconnoiter, but I can't find the place on the map.

A Reduction.

"Do you find your expenses lessening in any way?"

"Well," replies the man who tries to be cheerful, "since I took up this food control idea I don't have to buy nearly so many dyspepsia tablets."

Possibly.

Fido—I don't object so much to my mistress kissing me, but I'd prefer for her to kiss me before her fiancé, not after.

Boyer—Maybe he has his preference,

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Bully Incident.

In these times, when our men are departing for the front and there are flag presentations and sword-givings galore, and speech-makings in like proportions, some simple form of address and response might come in very handy for those who must act as parties of the first part in such functions, suggests an exchange. It may be that the words spoken at the presentation of a sword to Col. William Sirwell of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, as he was starting off to the Civil war, with a few modifying touches, be made to serve in the present emergencies. Captain Gillespie, who made the presentation speech, said:

"Here WE are, and here IT is. This is a bully sword, and comes from a bully boy; take it, and use it in a bully manner."

Colonel Sirwell replied:

"Captain, that was a bully speech. Let's have a bully drink."

Time was when Colonel Roosevelt would have said that was a bully incident.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo. Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Murder in Sight.

The Kid—Say, officer, you'd better lock me up! Jimmie Jones has cut me out wit' me girl an' I sees red!

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

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

No need of worrying till it's necessary—and then worrying won't help you.

An American Bridge.

A representative of an American company recently arrived in Colombia to inspect the site for a bridge over the river Coello at Chicalora, Department of Tolima, which is to be erected in connection with Tolima railroad, now under construction.

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

Likely.

The man who does what he likes when he likes in the way others will like is likely to be liked by all.

When man was given dominion over the beasts it implied self-control.

THE NEW METHOD

(By L. W. Bower, M. D.)

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

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

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Anuric, double strength. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, begin immediately with this newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is Chief Medical Director of Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10 cents for trial pkg. Large package 60 cents.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

MY SIGNATURE Paul Skinner ON EVERY PACKAGE

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 50 years. All Druggists. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Dress Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

PROMINENT MISSOURI WOMAN

Splendid Physical Condition

St. Louis, Mo.—"Several years ago I had a woman's weakness very bad. I suffered so much that I could scarcely stand with comfort. One bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gave me such wonderful relief myself a course of treatment with the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription' until I was absolutely cured. Ten years have elapsed since that time and I have been in perfect health all the while. I feel safe in saying that I owe my present splendid physical condition to the use of these remedies."—Mrs. ELIZABETH WILKIE, 912 Chambers St.—Adv.



DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS FOR LIVER ILLS

What Constipation Means

It means a miserable condition of ill health that leads to all sorts of special ailments such as headache, backache, dyspepsia, dizziness, indigestion, pains of various kinds, piles and numerous other disorders—CONSTIPATION is a crime against nature, and no human being can be well for any length of time while constipated. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS is the remedy and has been used successfully all over this country for 72 years. Get a box and see how it feels to have your liver and bowels resume their health-giving natural functions. For sale at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

STRANGLES

Or Distemper in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.

SPOHN'S COMPOUND

Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen. All druggists, harness houses, or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goschen, Ind., U.S.A.



Backache of Women

How this Woman Suffered and Was Relieved.

Fort Fairfield, Maine.—"For many months I suffered from backache caused by female troubles so I was unable to do my house work. I took treatments for it but received no help whatever. Then some of my friends asked why I did not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and my backache soon disappeared and I felt like a different woman, and now have a healthy little baby girl and do all my house work. I will always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to women who suffer as I did."—Mrs. ALTON D. OAKES, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

The Best Remedy is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Thousands of women have proved this

Why don't you try it?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



Made Garden by Electric Light.

Gardeners who had only evenings in which to care for their vegetable patches, were handicapped by the little daylight allowed them. With this difficulty in view, a New Orleans electrical company has put on the market a light which readily lights a fair-sized garden. This light is mounted on a pole, and its glow intensified by a reflector. The lower end of the pole is pointed, and set firmly in the soft soil. The plug may be attached to a socket within the house.

Venice Was Prepared.

In each of the 30 or more air raids made by Austria on Venice, that city was prepared. The electrical microphones at the Venice observation station are said to have been able to detect the sound made by the planes as they left Trieste, 60 miles away.

If you can't afford the best, then get the best you can afford.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

Up Against It.

"Have you anything that you can recommend to cure a cold?" rasped the would-be customer.

"No, sir!" wheezingly replied the honest druggist. "Last night I had in stock nearly forty infallible remedies, but this morning, as you observe, I have a cold myself."

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.

Continue Winter Fishing.

Owing to the establishment of additional cold storage plants in Newfoundland, it is probable that the winter fishery will be continued in Placentia, Trinity and Bonavista bays, as well as on the southwest coast, until the ice obstructs operations. It is said that this is an opportune time further to develop turbot fishing in the deep waters of Trinity bay.

When a girl gives a man a kiss it is because she hopes for reprisals.

Don't cry over spilled milk. Stop spilling it.

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by western, eastern, and men because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00. 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's is simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 25 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unavailable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Grayed Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 48-1917.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

may be checked, and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of

PISO'S

Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID

DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

High Class Dentistry

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

Located over

Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

Daily 8:30 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sunday 10 to 1

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184

Clever Patients

"I hate to read a story where the hero is thrown into prison," said Angelica.

"You should never worry about that," replied Uncle Digby. "The quick witted hero will invariably get out. I never worry when my heroes get into prison, but I do not care to have them sick or wounded. Under such circumstances they are never able to accomplish much. Sick people are pretty helpless."

"Yes," said Angelica, "but once I got ahead of a whole hospital full of nurses and doctors. I never said anything about it before, but I'll tell you. 'You know they boil the water that you drink in a hospital, which gives it a horrible taste. Boiled water should be as good for you as mineral water, for it tastes just as bad. How I did hate that boiled water! And it never seemed to be quite cool either."

"The nurse didn't seem to care whether it had been thoroughly chilled or not. I think she enjoyed giving it to me warm."

"One day I was awfully thirsty. I asked for water. Even boiled water was better than nothing. But the water seemed a little warmer than usual and I could not drink it. Then I set my wits to work. I had to have cold water and I first contemplated getting out of bed and hunting up a faucet. But I gave up that idea, for I was pretty weak."

"And at last I hit upon a scheme. I rang the bell and when the nurse appeared I told her I wanted to wash my teeth. Pretty soon she returned with some real water—real, honest, germ laden, unboiled cold water—in a bright attractive beaded tumbler. The instant the nurse left the room I drank it down with one big gulp and then I poured the boiled water over the tooth brush."

"Day after day I worked that trick. The nurse and the doctor when they figured out how much boiled water they were getting down me, were very proud and happy. It was a record. Other doctors had a lot of trouble getting boiled water down their patients' throats, but I was a model."

"I could hear my doctor bragging to his doctor friends about his water consuming patient and exciting their envy. Every nurse and doctor you see is ambitious to see how much boiled water they can get into a patient."

"Once the doctor and nurse wanted to see me drink it. Nothing could give them more pleasure than witnessing their precious boiled water disappear down my throat, but I refused to perform with any one looking, altho I trembled for fear my refusal would excite suspicion."

"That was a slick scheme," said Uncle Digby. "The next time I'm sick and they bring me medicine I'm going to call for some shoe polish, saying I've been seized with a sudden notion to shine my shoes. Then I'll drink the shoe polish and shine my shoes with the doctor's dope."

Wrong House.

Hard luck had struck Johnson a fearful blow. In desperation he took on a job to sell books from door to door.

All down one street he went without making a single sale. Then turning the corner he determined to try a new method. The first house he came to was large and shabby, and a frowzy female answered his knock.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" he asked politely.

"No," snapped the female.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or Walter Scott?" asked Johnson, hope dancing momentarily in his eyes.

"No, we ain't!" said the woman sharply. "And what's more this ain't a boarding house. If you're looking for them fellows you might try next door; they take lodgers!"

Working by the Day.

A certain Chicago business man has had a great deal of trouble with his workmen, a number of whom have from time to time evinced a disposition to "soldier." On one occasion, when this gentleman in company with his brother was visiting the farm of a friend in southern Illinois, the two observed an uncouth figure standing in a distant field.

"Since it isn't moving," observed the brother, "it must be a scarecrow."

"That isn't a scarecrow," said the Chicago man, after a long gaze at the figure. "That's a man working by the day."

What Interested Him.

Sir Arthur Pinero, the famous dramatist, who as chairman of the United Arts Corps, is doing a great deal of hard work just now, tells an amusing story of a conversation he once heard while watching one of his own plays in the stall at a west end theater.

A lady and her little boy were sitting near him, and, as the curtain went down on the second act, the fond mother turned to her son and said: "Well, dear, are you enjoying it?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied the youngster, gleefully; "do you know, there are sixty-nine men in this theater who have bald spots on the top of their heads! I have counted them five times."

After that the lady enjoyed the rest of the play without asking her young hopeful any more questions.

Capital, \$100,000.00
Surplus \$180,000.00

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

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



Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus \$125,000.00

OFFICERS OF THE SAVINGS BANK

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

City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

SERVE BY SAVING

Not all of us can go and fight, or serve in hospital and ambulance corps. But, every American can do his bit and

SERVE BY SAVING

even if his savings are of small amounts.

Every dollar saved is a "Silver Bullet" that will help to win the war. In this Bank is a good place to save. We pay 4 per cent. interest.

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS



End Your Wash-day Misery

No need of back-breaking, hand-bruising, head-aching efforts. Everything is easy, the washing is out early, the clothes look better and last longer, when you use the

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

It runs easier loaded than others do empty. Its spiral cut gears give ease and speed. Nothing is caught or tear the clothes or injure the hands; ball-bearings, no dripping oil. A metal faucet, automatic cover lift, 4-wing wooden dolly, and highly finished tub. Your money refunded in 30 days if you're not satisfied. A 5-year-guarantee with each washer. Used in over 150,000 homes.



See this great time and labor saver demonstrated TODAY!

\$12.75
THE ECONOMY

"The Best Floor Covering I Ever Had"

It is entirely waterproof. Water does not decay even the edges. And water getting in underneath does no harm to the fabric.

Neponset Floor Covering is 100% waterproof. It's well to remember this when a long-wearing, economical floor covering is wanted for kitchen, pantry or hall.

Costs no more than linoleum. Many attractive patterns. Let us show this new waterproof floor covering.

THE ECONOMY

NEPONSET FLOOR COVERING



Centennial Banquet

The Illinois Centennial Commission held a banquet at the Leland Hotel in Springfield on December 3rd at 7 p. m. in honor of the ninety-ninth anniversary of the admission of Illinois into the Union. Governor Frank B. Lowden presided as toastmaster and four living ex-governors were speakers.

The Centennial Celebration will not be a show or fete, nor a commercial enterprise in any respect, but a great historic observance in which all the state will participate. The people are also coming to realize that there is a particular significance in this ob-

servance, and that a wholesome state pride will be aroused by recalling the part Illinois has had in building and preserving of our nation.

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

WANTED:—Thoroughly competent woman or girl for general housework. Must know how to cook. Mrs. George Luehrs, 240 South Dearborn Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

IF A FIRE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOME TONIGHT

are you prepared to stand the loss? You can not afford to carry the risk when good strong old line fire insurance companies will carry it for you very cheaply. Keep your home, or your household goods fully insured.

Herman Worman, Agent

Bell Phone 1808 and 1477. Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley.

Farm Lands

Oregon & California Railroad Company Grant Lands. Legal fight over land at last ended. Title vested in United States. Land, by act of Congress, ordered to be opened under homestead laws for settlement and sale. Two million three hundred thousand Acres. Containing some of the best Timber and Agricultural Land left in United States. Large Copyrighted Map showing land by townships and sections, laws covering same and description of soil, climate, rainfall, elevations, temperature, etc., Post-paid One Dollar. Grant Lands Locating Co., Portland, Oregon. tf

A Job for Cupid.

Penurious Papa—"Where is May-belle?"

Designing Mamma—"She took some photos a little while ago and she and young Muchcash are in the dark room."

Penurious Papa—"Developing negatives?"

Designing Mamma—"No; an affirmative, I hope."

French Veal Souffle

Mix two tablespoons of butter with two tablespoons of flour to a smooth paste; add one cup of milk to heat, then thicken it with the paste, season it and add to it one cup of minced veal, a teaspoon of chopped parsley and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly, then remove from the fire and let the mixture cool. When cold, add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and fill well buttered ramekins with the mixture. Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

The Name of It.

An elderly bachelor and an equally elderly spinster sat in a concert hall. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when the "Wedding March of Mendelssohn" was begun he pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "But I'm not strong on those classical pieces. That is a good 'un. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes.

"That," she told him demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

Promptness

Is Our By-Word

Retail price regulation starts. Long time credit is a thing of the past. It will soon be the question of getting the goods instead of price, therefore promptness means everything to us as well as you. Our motto is Service and Dependable goods at right prices.

Big Jo Don't Forget It

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

To My Customers

I have discontinued business at my old stand and have moved my stock of groceries and meats to

The Economy

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store
Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

where I will conduct a cash grocery and market in connection with the furniture, hardware and notion business, now being conducted there, and would be pleased to meet all my old friends and many new ones at my new location.

My old accounts have been turned over to Mr. Herman Worman at The Economy for collection and would thank any one indebted to me to make prompt settlement.

F. W. HOEHN