

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

LOOKING FORWARD IN FARMING OPERATION

Suggestions for Planning and Preparing for Increase in Next Years' Crop Production

The Office of Extension Work in the North and West, which has general charge in coordinating the extension activities in which the Department of Agriculture is cooperating with the agricultural colleges of the Northern and Western States, reports that farmers are directing their attention at this season to such subjects as are outlined below. The observations of the extension workers in these States indicate that farmers are practically unanimous in the belief that now is the time to give serious thinking to the task of planning and preparing for the big job of producing next year the greatest crops in American history.

A Farm Bureau Campaign

In an effort to carry out the purpose of the act of Congress providing funds for cooperation in the employment of an agricultural agent in every agricultural county in the United States, the Department of Agriculture and the extension divisions of most of the agricultural colleges in the North and West are conducting a campaign to establish a farm bureau in every agricultural county. This campaign is carried on in frank recognition of the fact that the extension workers and specialists of the colleges and the department need the help of farmers in the great task of planning to make American agriculture more permanently prosperous while promoting the greatly increased production which the world's needs so urgently demand. Farmers are responding promptly and heartily to this rapidly developing attitude of the agricultural specialists. This was to be expected; for farming is really applied science. In a new and effective way the farm bureau is making the farmer and the man of science fellow workers.

How the Farm Bureau Works
Every farm bureau is made up of volunteer farmers from all parts of a county. Officers and committees are chosen to represent all parts of the county and each of the special branches of farming practiced in the county. These officers and committees consult with each other and with the State county agent leader regarding general plans of work and the selection of a county agricultural agent. When a suitable man, who measures up to the high standard set by the colleges and the Department of Agriculture, has been found the appointment is made. The farm bureau and the county agent then make plans for carrying forward definite production or other projects in the county. When these plans have been approved after any necessary modification, the farm bureau services as the local agency to push a work that has also the support of the agricultural college and the Department of Agriculture. The plan works for the farmers know the local situation and the county agent serves as organizer of local forces and as agent to bring the services of State and national agencies to his people.

Saving Seed Corn—An Illustration

Farmers in the North and West are becoming aware of a serious seed-corn situation. The corn crop was large in spite of being unusually late, but the wet and freezing weather of October did much damage to corn in North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, and other corn-belt States. Late soft corn is peculiarly liable to damage from frost. Much corn in large areas is not fit for seed. In this emergency the farm bureau is the best possible agency to organize and put across a county seed-corn campaign. Already the campaigns are being organized and the areas are being located where good seed may be had. County agents and colleges and department specialists are helping as organizers.

Seed Corn and the Schools

Nearly every country school in counties with well-organized farm bureaus can be made useful in a campaign to select and test seed corn for next year's crop. Teachers will quickly adopt the idea, for they recognize the teaching value of a project that makes the pupils realize that their school work has a value to the home farm, to the home county, and to the entire home country. Select seed corn; carefully store seed corn for next spring's planting; this is the program which farm bureau can set before

their members and can promote through the public schools. The extension workers will help with detailed plans and with information.

When the Corn is in the Shock

While the corn is still in the shock is a good time to select seed corn if a sufficient supply was not selected before. At any rate, the farmer with well-ripened corn in the shock is discovering a special reason for doing his husking as early as possible to prevent damage from the severe cold and the losses that are sure to result when corn is buried by winter snows. It promises to be profitable to make special efforts to get the corn husked and into dry and well-ventilated cribs before the severe weather of early winter. Farm bureau officers are now formulating plans to assure an ample supply of mature seed corn for next year, a supply ample for their own needs and as much more to sell in the spring where the late season and untimely freeze reduced the amount and quality of corn fit for planting.

The Farm-Fuel Problem.

The national shortage in coal is causing many a farmer to consider his own needs and his own home supply of fuel. There are wood lots that need thinning; orchards that need severe pruning; old fences that are worth more for firewood than any thing else; and big trees that might well be cut down to make room for better young trees more appropriately placed for ornament and future use. Many an unprofitable old orchard will be cleared this winter in order to furnish fuel for the farm and make room for a profitable crop of beans or potatoes next season.

The Ewe and the Lamb.

Next spring's lamb crop will depend on the care and feed the ewes receive during the winter. Wise feeding is especially important because of the high prices of feed and sheep. The flock owner is fortunate who can use clover, alfalfa, cowpeas, or soy-bean hay as the basis of the winter ration of his ewes. Corn stover, oat straw, silage, and roots are economic supplements. "Feed economically but well" is the advice offered by sheep specialists. The wise application of this good advice will depend on the farmer himself and such specialists as he may be able to consult.

The Useful Fanning Mill.

In many parts of the country there has been a tendency to let the fanning mill rest and rust and gather dust and to pay the mill or elevator for cleaning the grain, paying the bill by accepting a low price for the uncleaned wheat or oats or barley. Besides, the chickens lose the screenings. The present high price of grain should bring many a neglected fanning mill into profitable use. Incidentally, farmers will have profitable work for stormy days, and much cheap feed for chickens, pigs and other animals.

Red Cross Goods Not Sold

The following statement has been issued by Harvey D. Gibson, General Manager of the American Red Cross: "A story is being circulated to the effect that sweaters, socks, and other articles knitted for the Red Cross are being sold, either to the public in shops or direct to the soldiers. This is emphatically not true. No articles whatever, either knitted or otherwise, made by the Red Cross workers and turned into any Red Cross Chapter, Branch, or Auxiliary, or to any supply warehouse, are sold either to the soldiers or in shops. "If any willful case of this sort should come to the attention of headquarters, the Charter of the Red Cross Chapter or subsidiary sanctioning it would be immediately withdrawn with full publicity. Should it transpire that an actual instance of the above character occurred wherein an individual sold articles after their having been turned in to the Red Cross, such action would be clearly in violation of the fundamental law covering the Red Cross, and we would take vigorous steps to prosecute the offender. "It is also true that any case of persons, other than those acquiring the right prior to January, 1915, using the name or emblem of the Red Cross to assist in the sale of merchandise, is a violation of the provisions of the federal criminal law, and the offender should be reported to the United States district attorney for prosecution.

"There is no way to prevent people from making the same type of articles as are produced by Red Cross workers and selling them for their own advantage, thus subjecting the Red Cross to unjust criticism. Should they use the name or emblem of the Red Cross in connection with such sales, however, they will be vigorously prosecuted."

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.

R. C. Cary was on the sick list several days the past week.

Miss Jeannette Worman of Pittsburg Pa. is visiting at the home of her mother Mrs. Herman Worman of South Center Ave.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Orin Delong have returned home from Odell, Ill., where they have been visiting relatives.

Toys, toys, toys, all kinds, all prices at The Economy, Broadway and Grand Ave., Bradley, Ill.

Will Smiley was off duty at the David Bradley Mfg. Works plant several days the past week, on account of blood poison in his hand.

WANTED to rent in Bradley, 6 or 7 room cottage or bungalow, equipped with electric lights, running water and other modern improvements. Forward all information to Mr. Herman Worman.

Alfred Richardson of Wilmington, Ill., spent several days the past week with relatives and friends in this city.

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

One Year Ago

Zacarie Fortin, who had been absent from his home for twenty four years just returned.

The modern woodmen elected officers at their regular meeting.

The Odd Fellows put on initiatory work, after which they served luncheon and enjoyed a smoker.

Carson Stup entertained a number of his friends at a birth-day party.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Marsh left for England where they will make their future home on account of Mr. Marsh's health.

Two Years Ago

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

The Bradley high school gave a play entitled the perplexities of peggy at the assembly room of the high school out of which they cleared \$48.15.

John Logan and Wearly Smith visited friends at Schneider, Ind.

Ivan Chaney spent a few days in Chicago, visiting with Hugo Hanson, formerly of the village.

C. R. Reed visited with friends and relatives in Manteno.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Vreeland Lucas.

Ed Coash moved his family to Morris, Ill. where he took charge of the Sales of the Watkins Medicine Co., having charge of four counties.

Three Years Ago

The Bradley team defeated the Kankakee team at the Beland & McCoy billiard hall in a 200 ball game of pool by a score of 200 to 139 balls. This was the first of a series of games to be held at the B. & M. billiard hall.

The Catholic order of Foresters, the Woodmen, the Odd Fellows and the Rebekahs elected officers at their regular meetings during the past week.

August Mathews crushed his foot at the Bradley by dropping a heavy die on it.

John Gay and John Thorp went to Cairo, Ill., where they secured employment.

Kidnapped

The following article clipped from The Chicago Tribune relative to the kidnapping of Mrs. Iva Browning of Aurora, Ill., will be of special interest to Bradley people as we are informed that Mrs. Browning was formerly Miss Iva Seaman of this city.

Mrs. Iva Browning, the comely young wife of James Browning, a well-to-do farmer, was found drugged in the Union Station last night, branded by acid burns, and a rude stiletto thrust into her corsage, pinning the message: "We mean business—beware."

It was not until hours later that she recovered sufficiently to relate a disconnected story of kidnapping and mistreatment at the hands of a veritable vendetta.

On her back was branded a livid "R." On her breast was burned in acid the rude design of a butterfly. It was three inches from tip to tip of the wings. Also pinned to the corsage by the dagger was the message:

"Notify my husband, Jim Browning, at Somonauk, Ill."

When being conveyed from the Union station to the county hospital, Mrs. Browning became hysterical. After continuous treatment by physicians in the hospital she regained strength enough to answer questions put by Detective Sergeants Cooper and Joyce.

She said she had been a member of a camping party in Michigan for several weeks and was returning to her home by way of South Bend. She said she was about to take a train from the station in South Bend when she was invited by a man and a woman to take an automobile drive. She declared she must have been drugged soon after for she had but a hazy recollection of what took place.

After much questioning Mrs. Browning was able to recall that she had been taken to a house, but she could not tell where. There was a faint suggestion in her mind that it may have been Three Rivers, Mich., but she was not certain. She said she recalled being burned, but could not fix the place nor the time.

The last thing in her memory was that of being driven over rough roads on a rainy night, she declared. She could not tell how she came to the station. Her husband was reached by The Tribune on the long distance telephone. He said his wife had been missing for some time and he had endeavored to trace her with detectives but to no avail. He knew of no enemies and declared he could assign no motion for his wife's plight.

U. B. Church Items

A thought for this week—"What kind of a church would my church be if every member were just like me?"

The Womans Missionary Association held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Frank Cooper Tuesday afternoon. An enjoyable hour was spent in the study of the lesson "Christmas Message-Gifts". The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Jno. Gay Tues. Jan. 8, 1918.

The mid-week prayer meeting this week was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Taylor. The prayer meeting next week will be at Frank Erickson's.

The Otterbein Guild met in regular session Thursday at the Parsonage. Miss Mary Stump is the efficient President and leader of this young ladies organization. The choir will rehearse tonight at the home of Miss Lena St. John.

A fine Christmas program is being arranged by the Sunday school and choir to be given at the church Christmas Eve.

The subject of the Sunday morning sermon will be "The value of service" evening the same "Things better than Gold". REV. FRED W. ENGLE Pastor.

New Officers Elected

The Odd Fellows elected new officers for the ensuing year at their meeting Thursday evening of last week. The following officers were elected. Noble Grand, Harvey M. Cleary; Vice Grand, W. T. Smily; Secretary, A. A. Miner; Treasurer, Geo. H. Bell; Deputy A. Boch.

OLD SANTA CLAUS

WILL BE IN BRADLEY DEC. 24th.

Wants To Hear From Every Little Boy and Girl In Bradley

Dear Santa Claus:—Will you please bring me a doll set of dishes doll buggy pair of shoes 1½ pair of ribbons, candy, nuts, and fruits.

From your little friend Burna Detla Dubuque.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl four years old and I want you to bring me a doll, teddy bear nuts candy oranges and a doll buggy.

From your little friend Genevieve Laindon.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a new pair of shoes size three and a half a new pair of ribbons, nuts candy and fruit.

From your friend Jeannette Laindon.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a doll, doll buggy, a pair of shoes size 13½, a pair of ribbons nuts candy and fruit.

From your little friend Gladys Laindon.

Bradley Ill. Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a character doll 18½ in. high and a sled and a pair of mittens and a red searge dress and a Christmas tree and some candy nuts and fruit my stocking will be hanging by the chimney dont forget daddy and mamma your little friend.

Hazel Johns
223 S. center Ave Bradley Ill.
Bradley Ill. Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a doll, doll buggy, pair of shoes 13½ candy nuts dress set of dishes and some fruit.

Your friend Big Mary Cosino.

Bradley Ill. Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a doll, doll buggy set of dishes a pair of shoes 13 nuts, candy and some fruit.

Your friend Little Mary Cosino.

Bradley Ill. Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a doll, doll buggy set of dishes candy nuts and some fruit.

Your friend Francis Lustig.

Dear Santa Claus:—I wish you would bring me a gun and some B. B. and a coaster for Christmas I am ten years old I am in the third grad my home is on north grand ave. the number of the house is 325 I will close with best wishes.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a large doll and a little doll buggy and a large bed and a little doll dress and a set of dishes and a rocking chair and a little sleigh.

Gertrude Kroft.

Dear Santa Claus:—Will you please bring me a doll a new pair of ribbons a new pair of shoes size two a set of dishes and nuts candy and fruit.

Your truly friend Anna Pechauer.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little boy two years old and I want you to bring me a byckle rocking horse set of tools and a few other toys and nuts candy and fruit.

Your truly little friend Rudolph Pechauer.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS—As this is my first time to expect you, I may ask for more than you will bring, but be sure and bring me a little red wagon, a train, a horse and wagon, some apples, oranges, candy and be sure not to forget some bananas for papa and mamma won't let me have many. Be sure and not forget me for I am anxious to see you.

Sammie Capps.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus—I want a sled and a pair of shoes.

from Raymond Hayes,
265 North Grand Ave.

Bradley Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please I want a set of furs, and a pair of shoes and a new dress that will be all goodby I will see you next year. Mane Yonne Curwick.

Bradley, Ill.
Dear Santa Claus—Please bring me for Christmas a doll, a buggy, bed, ribbons, dress, candy, nuts and oranges. And don't forget my brother, Albert.

Margaret Lukanich.
Dear Santa Claus—Bring me some cars, bicycle, a nice sweater, paints and blocks.

Arthur J. Magruder.
Bradley, Ill., Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring me a sled, a wagon, a drum, a horn, some candy and nuts.

Johny Stenivitch.
Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus—I would like to have a doll and a toy stocking. I don't know anything else as we have a brother we cannot have so much now.

Your dear friend, Theresa Worman.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa—I would like to have a sled, dog, a top stocking, a bicycle, a rocking horse and a Christmas tree, bring me some oranges because I can't eat any other fruit because I'm only nine months old.

Your dear friend, Jack Worman.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus—I want a sled and a beebie gun for Christmas.

Yours truly, Joseph Raich.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus— I want a set of little furs, a buggy and a little doll.

Yours truly, Genevieve Raich.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa—If you come around this way please stop I will tell you what to leave. I want a big chair like Mabel, a cupi doll, a rockey horse and a box of candy. Will you please if it is too much tell me.

Lenor Dollie Devereaux.
Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa— Will you please bring me a pair of house slippers, a blackboard and some games and books.

Your friend, Mable Devereaux.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus— I would like to have a doll, a chair, a buggy, a dresser and a looking-glass.

From your friend, Gladys Richardson.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus—I would like to have a doll, a set of dishes, a chair, a buggy and a teddybear.

Your friend, Verna Anderson.

DEAR SANTA:—I am writing you a few lines to let you know what you shall bring me for X-mas. I want a doll, a set of dishes, a doll buggy, two yards of red ribbon, two pencils, two tablets and some nuts, candy, cookies and a story-book.

Good-by From Mamie Drassler

268 Wabash Ave. Bradley.

Bradley Ill

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—Please bring me for Christmas a new dress, a pair of shoes candy, nuts, and Oranges

Dortha Bisping
Dec. 4, 1917.

DEAR SANTA:—I want an auto a pair of gloves a little sled, candy and nuts.

From Ambrose Hays.

Bradley, Ill.

Dear Santa Clause.—Please bring me Christmas, a dress, ribbons, pair of shoes, candy, nuts, oranges, and dont forget my baby brother.

Mable Bisping
Bradley, Ill. Dec. 12, 1917.

Dear Santa— Will you please bring me a doll a doll bed and a set of dishes and a nice dress.

From your little friend Esther Stone.

284 Blain Ave.

Bradley Ill.

Dear Santa Claus—Will you please bring me a drum, engine, wagon, gun and some candy and nuts. I am 5 years old.

From your Friend Howard Stone

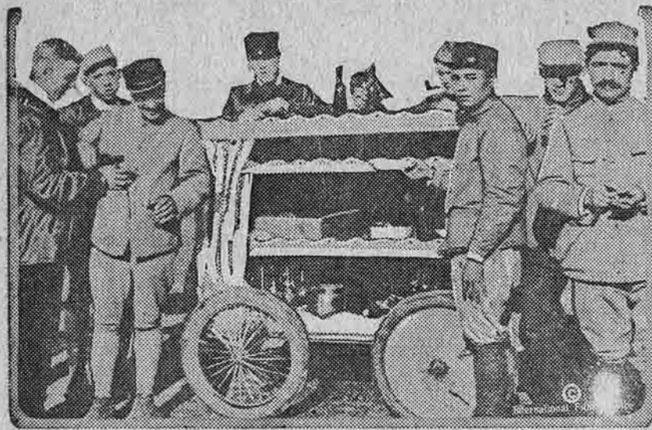
284 Blain Ave.

Bradley, Ill. Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa—If you come around this year, I wish you would come to my house so I will tell you what I want, I want a horn, a hobby horse a fire engine and a lot of candy. Be sure to come.

Raymond Mulligan

MOVING BAR OF FRENCH AVIATORS



This mobile bar, mounted on the wheels of a smashed airplane, is used exclusively by the men of the French flying squadron. Their bartender is an Annamite.

FATTENS MEN IN NEUTRAL LANDS

Kaiser Sends Conscripts Abroad Before Entering Into Active Service.

CUT DOWN RATIONS AT HOME

Germans Take Food From Invaded Territory and Export it to Scandinavia to Keep Up Pretense of Shipping Food.

London.—New information of a highly interesting character concerning German food supplies has been obtained. Submarine crews are now the best fed of any of the fighting men in the whole German service. This has been ordered to attract men to it.

At the same time it is Germany's intention to do most of its submarine recruiting among the men of its merchant marine service because of the high mortality in the undersea work and the necessity of saving the regular naval officers and men for the high seas fleet.

Food Camouflage.

In order to send 5 per cent of Germany's foodstuffs to Denmark and Sweden, this amount, it is stated, is being withdrawn from persons in occupied territories. It is considered vitally necessary as propaganda that Germany should be able to make a pretense of sending food outside.

To help counterbalance this exportation, it is known that in recent months Germany has been sending a considerable number of conscripts into neutral countries to fatten up, preliminary to active service.

The shortage in food in many big manufacturing centers has led to the return home of many highly skilled Dutch and Scandinavian workmen, despite high wages offered. Others periodically go home to put in a few weeks on better rations, returning again to obtain the higher wages.

The latest food statistics from Germany, which cover a period from Au-

TREE CLIMBING TANKS DON'T ASTONISH DANIEL

Washington.—Secretary Josephus Daniels of the navy department is nothing if not blasé. Recently, when he was inspecting the marine corps camp at Quantico, Va., enthusiastic officers demonstrated some new tank style gun tractors for him. They ran the machines on the level, then up grades and over obstacles. Secretary Daniels enjoyed the demonstration, but did not burst forth into expressions of great wonder.

Then the officers volunteered to run a machine down into a trench, up the side and out again. Another said he could make his machine climb a wall, but Secretary Daniels led his party on to inspect something else.

"I've heard they've got machines in France that will climb trees," he said.

GREAT PERIL IN HAIR DYES

Munitions Workers Use Explosive to Get Auburn Tint.

British Official Issues Warning Against Practice Which is Fatal to Health.

London.—An official of the explosives department of the ministry of munitions has uttered a warning against the practice, disclosed in a West London police court case, among munition workers of using T. N. T. powder to impart to their hair a chestnut or auburn color. The particular powder mentioned was tetryl, a variety of T. N. T.

"Officially, I am unaware of the practice," said the official, "but if it does exist it is a most dangerous one. The familiar pigmentation of the skin, due to handling this explosive is not, in itself, a serious matter, for it wears off after a time, but the skin itself is a great absorber of

poison, and toxic jaundice and dermatitis may result. Those continually 'doping' the scalp and roots of the hair with T. N. T. would lay themselves open to this obstinate complaint, but, apart from this, the effect of the stuff on the hair cells and tissue is in no way persistent. A yellowish hue may be imparted, but viewed purely as an ornament it is ineffective.

"Picric acid, on the other hand, which gives a deeper shade, is quite harmless, and can be handled with impunity; but di-nitrate-benzene and tetrachlorethane (used for airplane wings and eliminating beetles from Westminster hall) is much worse."

"I cannot conceive any woman, however vain, placing herself in the position of acquiring disease by inoculating the scalp with T. N. T.," declared a well known private analytical chemist. "She can, if she wishes, chew it without disaster, but to rub it is fatal from a health point of view."

LACK OF MILK KILLS BABIES

New Haven Health Officer Declares Infant Mortality Unusually Heavy.

New Haven, Conn.—The increased cost of milk has, by decreasing use of the commodity among children most in need of it, become a direct menace to the health of the community, according to Frank W. Wright, health officer here.

Doctor Wright's compilation of September mortality figures shows an unusual number of deaths among infants from digestive ailments. He says the death rate among the very young, due to these complaints, "has been greatly increased in practically all the American cities."

Conceding the cost of production has increased, Doctor Wright asserted, that the price to the consumer represents a greater advance than is necessary.

DOLORES CECILIA BONILLAS



Dolores Cecilia Bonillas, beautiful daughter of the recently appointed ambassador from Mexico, recently married to Dr. Juan B. Rojo, first secretary of the embassy.

FIXES PRICE OF "GOVERNMENT ALE"

British Food Controller Takes Drastic Action.

Also Raises the Standard of Beverage, Which Cuts the Brewers' Profit.

London.—Government "beer" in future must be up to standard. Up to the present date any weak or washy compound that could possibly be vended has been described by the vendors as "government ale," with the result that the words "government ale" were being used by the public as a form of wit.

Since the limitation of brewing to 10,000,000 barrels a year many breweries have been making larger profits than for many years past. The standard enabled them to make larger supplies than the brews they had been supplying. One of the big London brewery firms at the end of last year paid a deferred dividend for the first time in ten years.

The food controller has now fixed a maximum price for ale of eight cents a pint for light brews of an original gravity of 1036 degrees and ten cents for brews between 1036 and 1052 degrees. Beers of the ten-cent quality are permitted to be sold as "government ale," but the lower grades are no longer to be sold under that title.

Brewers must mark the heads of the casks distinctly with the price at which the contents are to be sold. Provided that brewer agrees to brew 50 per cent of his ale below the original gravity of 1042 degrees he will be permitted to brew 20 per cent more

beer during the current quarter, and if brewing for munition areas a slightly larger amount.

SWISS TO GET LESS BREAD

Plea to Economize Accompanies Government Notice of Reduced Ration.

Berne, Switzerland.—Notice of the reduction in the bread ration for Switzerland from 250 to 225 grammes daily, beginning December 1, has been accompanied by an urgent plea from the government to the people to economize on two pounds a month from the card allowance. This saving would amount to 270 carloads of flour each month, or enough to stretch the available supply of flour in Switzerland from February to March.

The Swiss are urged, above all, not to follow the example set in the first month of the card regime when on the last day all the left-over tickets were utilized to hoard flour.

The present allowance of 250 grams of bread is based on all the supplies on hand and on the probable Swiss harvest. A still further reduction below 225 grams is probable unless the Swiss answer the government's appeal to save bread until flour supplies arrive from America.

Sees Smoke 56 Miles.

Portland, Ore.—On the lookout station at the top of Mount Hood, over 11,000 feet high, Elijah Coalman remains during the fire season. With his glasses he covers an enormous area of forest. Some forest service men 56 miles away burned the boughs on which they had slept and Coalman at once reported the smoke.

THIS "ENEMY ALIEN" WANTS TO SERVE U. S.

Camp Dodge, Ia.—Fred Adams, a private of the 350th infantry, is looking forward with regret to the day when he will be discharged from the service of the United States. He is a German by birth, and just two days before he was called to the colors in the draft received his first naturalization papers.

However, he has been adjudged an alien under the terms of the law by officials of the war department, and has been ordered discharged. He spent two years in the German army.

When the men in camp were soliciting for Liberty bonds, Fritz listened and then shouted: "Boys, I won't be with you here long. I want to dig in with the rest. Lieutenant, put me down for a \$100 bond. Here's the money."

How the World Keeps Christmas

Varying ways of celebrating the day, from Lapland's solemnity to America's gaiety—But this year commemoration of the Blessed Child's birth will be tinged heavily with sadness throughout Christendom. There will be more of prayer for solace in grief and for a ray of hope in despair than there will be of merry-making and extravagant gift-giving.



IN MANY millions of homes this year there will be no merry tones in the bells that ring throughout the Christian world on Christmas day. To mothers, wives, sweethearts, who have lost sons, husbands, lovers, in the world madness, Christmas bells will sound as harsh, metallic clangor, crystallizing sadness and despair. Perhaps the women whose men are in the armies will receive in the music from the church towers messages of hope and inspiration.

But speaking metaphorically, how the Yuletide bells ring and just when they ring, who rings them and how long, are matters of national taste that will seem queer to you if while you happen to be roystering in Spain, you think of Sweden kneeling in solemnity; or in England eating your way through Christmas day, you consider the Russians chanting the myths of the Goddess of the Sun, or in Italy listening to the children reciting their godly pieces in the streets, you remember New York and its theaters with "special Christmas performances."

Christmas in England never has regained the measure of pure revelry it held before the reformation. Only the remnants of those hearty times when the land was glutted with epicurean richness are what are left for old England today, but these are enough to make the celebration distinct in its ponderosity. Wherever Christmas is found in the British isles there is a plum pudding, that heaviest of edibles that seems to improve in taste with every pound tipped off on the scales.

In Ireland they accompany a generous slice with long drinks of what they call "lamb's wool," made by bruising roasted apples mixed with ale or milk. If food and drink are the greater parts of jollity, there are no merrier Christmases in the land than these in England. But there is little Christmas lore and superstition. Now and then you will hear some old fireside crowsy drone away about the bad consequences of a red and dusky New Year's day, or peer out anxiously for the first visitor, whose sex determines good or ill luck during the coming year. The authors have put into rhyme just what you would do if you were passing your Christmas day with the British:

At Christmas time we deck the hall
With holly branches brave and tall,
With sturdy pine and hemlock bright,
And in the Yule-log's dancing light
We tell old tales of field and fight.

At Christmas time we pile the board
With flesh and fruit and vintage stored,
And 'mid the laughter and the glow
We tread a measure soft and slow,
And kiss beneath the mistletoe
At Christmas time.

Germany has no long years of riotous Christmases to look back upon. There is no country in peace times where the celebration is more wholesomely merry than in Germany. The Germans begin a week before Christmas day to bring in evergreens of all sizes which they pile up in the public squares of the cities and towns until these look like forests of pines and hemlocks. Not one tree, but two, each German family must have and those too poor to buy them are assisted by those who have plenty. St. Nicholas is the old fellow at the bottom of this seasonal merriment. On the eve of St. Nicholas day, December 6, the Christmas festival begins. That is the day when the German children behave! For a man who is good at keeping secrets impersonates the saint and goes around inquiring how the children have acted during the year. He carries a bundle of birch switches with him and leaves them in the homes where he thinks they may be needed.

The day before Christmas in Germany (peace time Germany, remember) the mothers trim the house from top to bottom with strings of hard-frosted Christmas cakes and railing greens. When it comes to trimming the Christmas trees themselves, then you may play out in the yard, take a walk, or get out of the way somewhere, for this is secret business between mothers and Kris Kringle. On

Sky Signs in London.

The failure of the siren to rise above the "roar of London" has caused the authorities to experiment with sky signs. Once before the government experienced a difficulty in warning London of the approach of an enemy. At the time when Napoleon threatened England with invasion elaborate preparations were made to cut the main roads leading to London. The warning for the City Fencibles to proceed with these operations was to be given from the coast the moment the French

tables under the trees are the gifts, surprising gifts they would seem to some—a soap-rose, an artificial flower, knitted lace, a Christmas cake, or a sausage or cheese. Most of them have verses attached, written in curious meter. Not until six o'clock in the evening are the doors open for the festivity of the trees. Tonight the horses and cows of the German farmers have peculiar gifts. It is said that the cattle kneel on Christmas eve and say a few animal prayers. It is a very great sin to listen to their conversation, else it would be recorded here.

If reindeer could talk on Christmas eve, the ones that pull the family sleighs of the Lapps of Lapland, what wouldn't they tell of long journeys over ice and snow for days before Christmas in order to have their masters and the children at church on Christmas morning! Miles over the snow come the people of the North to hear the familiar monotoned message of the birth of the Christchild from their pastors. There is no lightness in this ceremony, nor any gifts for the children, nor gay music. The tent or hut homes are filled with guests for the Christmas holidays, so full that there is no room for evergreens or candles. They take their Christmas with faces as solemn as mummies and make the attendant ceremonies as unjoyful as possible. Marriages are performed during the season, children are sent to school for a few weeks, babies are christened, the dead are buried, and liquor is sent around with lavishness. This is Christmas for the Lapps. Who will change with them?

Norway outside of Lapland has a more joyous time of it. Norwegian children have Christmas trees and little gifts that are hidden in out-of-the-way corners for them to find. Every bird in Norway must know of an approaching Christmas, for the boys and girls tie oats and corn on the trees, the fences, the tops of houses and barns, and on high poles they erect in their yards so that the birds may feast with them. What a chattering there must be in Norway on Christmas morning! After a day of feasting and church services, little boys with white mantles and star-shaped lanterns, carrying dolls to represent the Virgin Mary and the Christchild, sing carols in the homes. Strolling musicians serenade at twilight.

To be clean for Christmas is the problem that haunts the Swedish housewife. For days she scours and scrubs and washes. Not a piece of trimming or furniture is left unpolished. All dirt is sinful, and must not be tolerated at this holy season. While the cleaning is going on, there is the baking of Christmas breads, ring-shaped, that must dry under the beams for a week or two, and the brewing of spiced drinks. A wine that the Swedish women make with almonds and speices is an aromatic quaff with a holiday smell. Never can there be a proper Christmas in Sweden without home-made cheeses, especially the sweet ones made of boiled sweet milk and molded fantastically. Santa Claus appears in person to Swedish children and distributes his sled of gifts. When he has disappeared as mysteriously as he came, they join hands and sing Christmas jingles until they work up a fine appetite for Christmas mush, an indispensable sweet—rice boiled a long time in milk with cinnamon and sugar, with blanched almonds for flavor, to be eaten with cream. Christmas fish in Sweden has the same share of respectability that rare roast beef has in England. It is buried for days in wood ashes, then boiled and served with hot milk. Sled parties of forty or fifty sleds each go to church on Christmas morning, with the ringing of long rows of sleigh bells and festive trappings. The day itself is one of peace and quiet. But on the next day the fun begins, and continues until all their four holidays are over—Christmas, the day after, the twelfth day, and the twentieth. The ceremony of untrimming the tree is as much of a frolic as its decoration. There are no house greens to take down, because this is their sign of mourning, but there are flowers if they can be obtained.

France has a quiet Christmas, giving less prominence to it than to any of the other days in the holiday calendar. Old folks in the provinces tell about times when Christmas was a gay season, celebrated with great romp and joy. The shopkeepers furnish their stalls for the gift season, and the confectioners make those delicious little cakes with sugar forms of the Christchild on top. Scraps of Yuletide tradition are dearly held in the homes of some of the peasants. The ashes of the great Yule log are thought to be protection against lightning and bad luck; the old log has magic power to fill with peppermints shoes left beside it, and its ashes dropped into medicine have wonderful curative powers. French children have Christmas trees and little cradles made of evergreens, representations of the holy manger. France sings carols through the whole month of December, strolling musicians playing their Noels from house to house. The presence of American soldiers there this year undoubtedly will alter the ancient customs of the people somewhat.

Christmas in Italy means a children's season, wherein the little folks reconsecrate themselves by singing and reciting pieces in the streets, and in Spain it means no end of social gaiety among the young folks, almost to the point of such roystering as Americans indulge in on Halloween. In America it seems to be a gala combination of these old-world customs and others with a little more lavishness and good-time display.—From "Yuletide in Many Lands," by Mary P. Pringle and Clara A. Urann.

Cowhide Horseshoes.

Horseshoes of cowhide are, it is said, made in Australia.

Christmas turkeys in Denmark are geese that share honors at the Christmas feast with a special kind of cake. The salt-cellar remains on the table throughout Yuletide just to uphold tradition. At midnight on Christmas eve those who have fruit trees take lanterns and a stick and find their way into the orchards. Each tree is struck three times by the head of the house with the injunction, "Rejoice, and be fruitful!" No one who can possibly avoid it works from Christmas until after New Year's day.

"Greetings for the Lord's birth" is the Russian way of saying, "Merry Christmas," to which the answer is, "God be with you." Besides celebrating the nativity, the Russians cherish a mystical lore of the Goddess of the Sun, who, at Christmas time, was supposed to enter her sledge, dressed in gorgeous robes and headdress, and turn her horses toward summer. Here and there in the great country a village maiden, dressed in white and drawn on a sledge from house to house, represents the Goddess of the Sun, while her retinue sing carols. After attending a Christmas eve service in church, Russians set out to have a frolicking Christmas in a community way. One who has a large house invites many other households, which come bringing cakes and other sweets. They would freeze in their sledges rather than alight before receiving the greetings of host and hostess. There are a large feast, games, snowballing, and recitations and songs, sometimes lasting throughout the night. One wonders how revolutionary Russia, anarchistic and warworn, will celebrate the Holy Child's birth this year.

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His Little Jest.

"I thought you were an ardent food conservationist—signed the pledge and all that."
"That's true."
"Then why complain so loudly when I phone you that I won't be home to dinner?"

Probably So.

"That fellow robbed me once."
"He robbed me, too."
"Fate will overtake him some time."
"I dunno."
"Huh?"
"I've given up most of my ideas about getting revenge. I've come to the conclusion that fate must nolle pros quite a few cases."

A True Philosopher.

"What is the philosopher's stone?"
"I guess that is the stone we don't chuck at the other fellow."

CATCH FISH WITH A SEARCHLIGHT

MARKET OWNERS FIND NEW WAY TO GET THEIR GOODS

Rays Make Water Transparent at Night and Men Drag Out "Cats" Rapidly.

James Colten and James Reece conduct a fish market in Webb City, Mo. They had done a good business for some time, purchasing their stock from various fishermen. But by the time they had paid these men 12 cents a pound gross for their fish and then sold them at 20 cents net, paid high rent and other expenses, they failed to realize a reasonable profit.

They owned an auto, so they determined by its use to cut down expenses and at the same time handle goods they knew were fresh. The nearest large stream where catfish— for which they had the best market— were caught was fifteen miles away. Colter and Reece purchased a small but powerful searchlight, which would throw a stream of light into the water at night for a depth of several feet. Daylight was not as good for their plan as was darkness, because of being unable to see so far into the water in the daytime and because the fish were usually under logs or overhanging rocks. But at night the catfish is always in "the open."

The men built a flat-bottom boat with roof and sides for protection against cold winds, and set up a wood-burning stove.

Work began in earnest. The flashlight made the water perfectly transparent. In less than ten minutes Colter had seen, slipped a huge hook under, and landed a three pound "cat." That night five fish were captured, weighing three, twelve, twenty-one, forty-eight and fifty-six pounds each, making a total of 140 pounds.

At the price they had been paying, this number would have cost them \$15.80. And they have done even better since then—their best catch being 210 pounds.

Colter and Reece have found that they can make a good profit by selling their goods now at 15 instead of 20 cents a pound—something their competitors cannot do. The result is a greatly increased business. So successful has the venture proved that the market owners are planning to catch fish by the searchlight method more extensively.

DUST ON THE OCEAN? SURE IS, SAYS OHIOAN

Decks of Sail Craft Scrubbed Morning and Night, He Declares.

"Dust on the ocean—it doesn't seem possible, does it?" observed Col. Tom Marshall of Columbus, Ohio, at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D. C., recently. "Well, it not only is possible, but actually a fact. In my youth I was a sailor. In fact, I spent the better part of my life on the ocean. On board ship the rule was that every morning a certain number of the crew were detailed to wash the decks, and in the evening during the dog watch, between 4 and 6, another crew swept and dusted the decks and the other parts of the ship.

"You wouldn't think it, you land lubbers, that on each occasion there was a quantity of dust on decks and everywhere else. The dust was thick on occasions—so thick that it would soil one's hands. Where the dust comes from on the ocean I am sure I don't know.

"I know it is a popular idea that there is no dust on the ocean, and I probably would not believe it had I not experienced so many years before the mast and observed with my own eyes quantities of dust on vessels."

"The dust must have come from the smokestacks," it was suggested.

"In my day there were no smokestacks," returned Colonel Marshall. "I never served on board a steam vessel, but only on sailing craft. There was no chance for dust from the smokestack there."

MENTAL CALCULATION HIS CHRONIC CRAZE

Man Consults Specialists to Make His Head Stop Hurting.

Edgar H. Bruton of Moultrie, Ga., who until recently regarded himself as a mathematical genius, has consulted specialists in Atlanta to determine if he cannot stop calculating. He suffers from an ailment which he refers to as acute and chronic calculation, and as a result of which his head hurts, he talks constantly to himself and his nervousness increases daily.

Mr. Bruton became so mathematical that he counted how many steps he took in any direction, how many times he opened and closed his eyes in a given time and how many strokes he took when shaving. At first he required 503 strokes of the razor to do the last-mentioned performance, and when he had cut the strokes down to 300 and whittled his chin down to nothing he began investigating himself with the aid of physicians.

He now estimates that he will be cured by spring, during which time he will open and shut his eyes 18,978,978-678,987,645,567,658,493,987,654 times.

Arizona Has Cave Prison. Graham County Arizona, has a cave prison built in rock cliffs. The entrance to the prison is closed by a small stone building, separated from the cell rooms by heavy steel gates.

Her Ideal Pet

Pets are emotional necessities. Observe the number of fox terriers sequestered in small apartments. There is no common, easily comprehended joy in the close companionship of an uneasy fox terrier. It has been said of the breed that a devoted master or mistress can sit up all night training a specimen, and in the morning it will find something outrageous and totally new with which to demoralize its environment. Yet folk in small flats and folk in studios, they of the "tribe of the folding Bedouin," do harbor fox terriers. It must be that they answer some occult need of the soul, they and the loud-voiced felines, the monkeys and the parrots that one finds domiciled in unlikely and inconvenient spots about town. Mankind is gregarious, even to the point of flocking with fur, fins and feathers when matter more attractive cannot be acquired in sufficient numbers to fill up all the space.

Jane Connors is alone in the family apartment for six weeks this summer. Jane Connors felt that need of the soul which calls for the companionship of something and decided to adopt a pet. Now as a cursory view the best of all pets for a busy woman appeared to be a turtle. A turtle, so every one told Jane, has a distinct personality of its own, yet never forces it upon one. A turtle eats at the most obliging intervals or not, as suits one's convenience, and very little of anything that happens to be at hand. A turtle is as quiet as a domesticated sphynx and of so retiring a disposition that a chance motion in his direction will send him into his shell for hours on end. Jane Connors decided to have a turtle.

No sooner had she reached the decision than, as luck would have it, Jim Sykes stopped by to take her motoring, and in a wooded spot up on Jerome avenue they spied a turtle diligently crossing the road, and ran right over him. Jane hopped out of the car in no time and, finding the creature uninjured and hissing in a lively fashion, at once secured him, brought him home to the apartment and christened him the District Attorney.

It was very late when she reached home and very hot. Jane could not just find a proper pan for the District Attorney, so she wrung out a towel in cold water and put it on the floor in the sitting room by the open window. The District Attorney was a mud turtle, and the towel seemed as good as a bank of mud for him to wallow in. Now Jane was alone in the apartment and she left a light, the tall standing lamp turned very low to scare burglars, and she went to bed with her door open to let a breeze through.

In the middle of the night she awoke. In the sitting room sounded the most blood curdling bumping back and forth. She leaned out of bed and swung the door wide open, and her heart turned over and jumped up into her mouth. Along the floor, wriggling to and fro and bumping like mad, flopped and squirmed a long snake-like white something. To and fro, up and down it turned and twisted and presently made for the open door into the bedroom. As it came toward her Jane remembered with a sick despair that the matches were on the sideboard in the dining room. That long squirming white thing was now bumping and wriggling directly beside the head of the bed. Jane thought of screaming for help but the people in the next apartment are awful gossips and Jane is unemotional and the screams wouldn't come.

Pretty soon Jane remembered that her ancestors were Puritans, and the descended part of her took her in hand and said to her, "Jane Connors get up this second and get those matches." Jane got up. The thing wriggled after her, now silent on the rug, now bumping hard on the hardwood floors, but chasing along beside her almost as fast as she. When they got directly opposite the tall standing lamp, the thing was between her and it. She got up all her courage and she jumped over it and put up a hand to turn up the light. But just at that moment her eyes fell on the thing, and it was making a violent squirm right for her. She sidestepped suddenly and the standing lamp went over with a crash, and there she was with the squirming creature very close to her in the pitch dark.

She was pretty glad to hear the people from the next apartment knocking on the door and she was pretty glad to let them in, if they are awful gossips. When they managed to strike a light, of course there was the turtle with his front legs caught fast in the fringe of the towel, frightened to the point of panic, poor thing, and dragging it wildly about the floor. "And to think," said Jane Connors, "To think I only adopted him because they said he would never force his personality upon me. And to think how much it will cost to fix up the standing lamp again. But mankind is gregarious and the family should never have left me alone for six weeks this summer."

Uncertain.

"What is this picture of yours supposed to represent?" asked the critic. "If I knew that I wouldn't call it 'A Study,'" replied the artist.



The Home Is No Cozier Than Its Floors

Bare floors make a home as uninviting as bare walls or windows. Pleasant warmth and cheer enter a room as soon as you install

NEPONSET Floor Covering

Made in agreeable color designs specially suitable for bed-rooms, kitchen, sewing-room, nursery, porch, halls, closets and bath-rooms. Many special patterns for every room.

Sanitary, easily washed, waterproof and enduring. A tough, thick, resilient fabric that takes the jar and noise out of walking. Lies flat without tacking and won't curl. Product of the century-old manufacturing experience of one of New England's oldest firms. Come in and pick your pattern today.

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



The ECONOMY

LETTERS TO SANTA

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a new dress, a story book, a doll, a baby buggy, set of dishes, sack of pop corn, a box of colors, a box of candy, a pen and a box of pencils. Your friend,

Lillian Linton.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a boy scout suit, some fruit and a tinker toy set. Yours

Harry McCue.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl only six weeks old. I will let you choose for me this Christmas. I will like any thing you bring little

Helen Audry Clark.

262 South Chicago Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Please send me a doll, doll buggy, cradle, dishes, a sack of candy and a big stocking. Your friend,

Molly Pezdirzt.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Please send me a little puppy dog, doll, little piano, doll bed, a sack of candy and a little stocking. Your friend,

Isabelle Pezdirzt.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—If you come to my house this year I want a hobby horse, a drum, a horn, a box of candy and a big fiddle. Richard Mulligan.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—If you come to my house I want you to bring me a set of furs. That is all. Anna Mulligan.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me candy, pop corn, doll, set of dishes, doll buggy and pencils. Your friend,

Goldie Daykoff.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a buggy, a doll, a sled, a doll-bed, a table, some dishes, candy and colored chalk. Your friend,

Fabiola Luzusy.

Dear Santa Claus:—Will you please bring me a doll, buggy, three sets of dishes, a little rocking chair, doll bed, a table, nuts, candy and fruits. Your truly little friend,

Mollie Pechauer.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a new pair of ribbons, shoes, a new dress, 3 pencils and tablets, some stockings, a story book and fruit, Lena Hoskins, 1204 N. Schuyler Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I wish you would bring me some candy, some nuts and a sled. Joseph Lemere.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me some pop corn, candy, box of Chums, set of dishes, and some pencils. Your friend,

Evylena Taylor.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to get a few Christmas presents. I would like a sled an air gun and a pair of gloves. I was ten years old Dec. 11. I will thank you and wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours truly,

Elmer Stone,

284 Blain Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 10, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I want a sled, a gun, a pair of shoes, some candy, some nuts, some toys and a pair of gloves. Your friend,

Merle McGowen.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me for Xmas presents a wagon, a horse, a horn, a drum and some blocks. I heard that you are short on your sugar so don't bring me any candy, bring me Xmas nuts. Your truly little friend,

Emil Krizan, 205 Broadway.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me for Xmas present a B. B. gun an airship a wind mill a pair of Mexican gloves and I heard that you are short on your sugar so don't bring me any candy but bring some Xmas nuts. Your truly friend

Anthony Krizan 205 Broadway street.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl six years old, for Christmas please bring me a sewing box story book, and a pair of kid gloves nuts candy and fruit my street number is 318 north prairie Ave. Blanche Bellemore.

Dear Good Santa Claus:—My little sister Gladys Esther would like for you to bring her a nice little piano and a little broom and nice little doll cloths and a little cornet this is all my sister wants. Now Dear Santa Claus:—You please bring me a nice locket and a pair of ball bearing roller skates lot of candies nuts dates, fruit lots of lone for you santa Claus from Gladys Esther and Marcella Paris.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a doll and set of furs and a Christmas tree, candy and nuts. Your friend

Ruth Bradley.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a doll, a buggy, and a Christmas tree candy, nuts, fruit. Your friend

Melbia Lukas.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a box of chums and some candy, a doll bed, a pair of black stockings, a gocart, a highchair. Roberta Haire.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have an auto, a wagon and a sled some candy, nuts and fruit. Your friend,

Stanley Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to have a wagon, auto, sled and bicycle and candy, nuts and fruit. Your friend,

Vladie Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a toy stocking, a big doll some candy and nuts. Well this year I can't have so much my little brother gets it all and a Christmas tree too, this is all. Your friend,

Blanch Worman.

229 S. Center Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Will you bring me a farm wagon and a sled for four people to sit on and what ever you want. Quentin Devereaux

Dear Santa:—I wish you would bring me a big slate, a pair of ice skates and some peanuts. Your friend,

Rita Amiott.

Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I want to ask you a question my mamma and papa said that I can not have a B. B. gun because Uncle Sam has them all over in France. Is it true? If he has bring me a drum, an Indian suit and a sled. Will you? Bobby Milton Devereaux

Dec. 5, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Will you leave my mamma a box of madin chocolates, a salad dish, a round table cloth and a big box of mixed candy and leave my papa a box of George cigars and a cigar tray and house slippers, leave my big brother whatever you want. Mabelle Devereaux

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa—If you come to my house this year, I want you to bring me a doll, a doll buggy, a sled and a box of candy. Elinor Mulligan.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a doll, a buggy, two boxes of candy and fruit and some nuts and candy. Your friend,

Katy Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have an auto, a wagon and a sled some candy, nuts and fruit. Your friend,

Stanley Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to have a wagon, auto, sled and bicycle and candy, nuts and fruit. Your friend,

Vladie Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a toy stocking, a big doll some candy and nuts. Well this year I can't have so much my little brother gets it all and a Christmas tree too, this is all. Your friend,

Blanch Worman.

229 S. Center Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to have a doll and a buggy and set of dishes and some fruit and nuts and candy and a Christmas tree. Your friend,

Steffie Steczynski.

A Model Servant.

Miss Ann Ansell of Weybridge, Surrey, who recently died at the age of 87 years, was an example of long and faithful domestic service. Throughout her whole lifetime she had only one "place." At the age of 16 she entered the service of the family of the late Sir Prescott Hewett, and she remained in the same family, as nurse and faithful friend, for 71 years.

Interned—A Near Tragedy

Military Necessity Lead Penrod and Sam Into Strategy Which Almost Acts as a Boomerang

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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After such rigorous events, everyone comprehended that the game of bonded prisoner was over, and there was no suggestion that it should or might be resumed. The fashion of its conclusion had been so consummately enjoyed by all parties (with the natural exception of Roddy Bitts) that a renewal would have been tame; hence, the various minds of the company turned to other matters and became restless. Georgie Bassett withdrew first, remembering that if he expected to be as wonderful as usual, tomorrow, in Sunday school, it was time to prepare himself, though this was not included in the statement he made alleging the cause of his departure. Being detained bodily and pressed for explanation, he desperately said that he had to go home to tease the cook—which had the rakehell air he thought would insure his release, but was not considered plausible. However, he was finally allowed to go, and, as first hints of evening were already cooling and darkening the air, the party broke up, its members setting forth, whistling, toward their several homes, though Penrod lingered with Sam. Herman was the last to go from them.

"Well, I got git 'at stove-wid' I' suppuh," he said, rising and stretching himself. "I got git 'at lil' soap-box wagon, an' go on ovuh wheres 'at new house buil'in' on Secor' street; pick up few shingles an' blocks layin' round."

He went through the yard toward the alley, and, at the alley gate, remembering something, he paused and called to them. The lot was a deep one, and they were too far away to catch his meaning. Sam shouted, "Can't hear you," and Herman replied, but still unintelligibly; then, upon Sam's repetition of "Can't hear you," Herman waved his arm in farewell, implying that the matter was of little significance, and vanished. But if they had understood him, Penrod and Sam might have considered his inquiry of instant importance, for Herman's last shout was to ask if either of them had noticed "where Verman went."

Verman and Verman's whereabouts were, at this hour, of no more concern to Sam and Penrod than was the other side of the moon. That unfortunate bonded prisoner had been long since utterly effaced from their fields of consciousness, and the dark secret of their Bastille troubled them not—for the main and simple reason that they had forgotten it.

They drifted indoors, and found Sam's mother's white cat drowsing on a desk in the library, the which coincidence obviously inspired the experiment of ascertaining how successfully ink could be used in making a clean white cat look like a coach-dog. There was neither malice nor mischief in their idea; simply, a problem presented itself to the biological and artistic questionings beginning to stir within

them. They did not mean to do the cat the slightest injury or to cause her any pain. They were above teasing cats, and they merely detained this one and made her feel a little wet—at considerable cost to themselves from both the ink and the cat. However, at the conclusion of their efforts, it was thought safer to drop the cat out of the window before anybody came, and, after some hasty work with blotters, the desk was moved to cover certain sections of the rug, and the boys repaired to the bathroom for hot water and soap. They knew they had done nothing wrong, but they felt easier when the only traces remaining upon them were the less prominent ones upon their garments.

These precautions taken, it was time for them to make their appearance at Penrod's house for dinner, for it had been arranged, upon petition, earlier in the day, that Sam should be his friend's guest for the evening meal. Clean to the elbows and with light hearts, they set forth. They marched, whistling—though not producing a distinctly musical effect, since neither had any particular air in mind—and they found nothing wrong with the world; they had not a care. Arrived at their adjacent destination, they found Miss Margaret Schofield just entering the front door.

"Hurry, boys!" she said. "Mamma came home long before I did, and I'm sure dinner is waiting. Run on out to the dining room and tell them I'll be right down."

And, as they obeyed, she mounted the stairs, humming a little tune and unfastening the clasp of the long, light-blue military cape she wore. She went to her own quiet room, lit the gas, removed her hat, and placed it and the cape upon the bed; after which she gave her hair a push, subsequent to her scrutiny of a mirror; then, turning out the light, she went as far as the door. Being an orderly girl, she returned to the bed and took the cape and the hat to her clothes closet. She opened the door of this sanctuary, and, in the dark, hung her cape upon a hook and placed her hat upon the shelf. Then she closed the door again, having noted nothing unusual, though she had an impression that the place needed airing. She descended to the dinner table.

The other members of the family were already occupied with the meal, and the visitor was replying politely, in his noncommittal intervals, to inquiries concerning the health of his relatives. So sweet and assured was the condition of Sam and Penrod, that Margaret's arrival from her room meant nothing to them. Their memories were not stirred, and they continued eating, their expressions brightly placid.

But from out of doors there came the sound of a calling and questing

voice, at first in the distance, then growing louder—coming nearer.

"Oh, Ver-er-man! O-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-an!"

It was the voice of Herman.

"O-o-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-a-a-an!"

And then two boys sat stricken at that cheerful table and ceased to eat. Recollection awoke with a bang!

"Oh, my!" Sam gasped.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Schofield. "Swallow something the wrong way, Sam?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"O-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-a-a-an!"

And now the voice was near the windows of the dining room.

"What's the matter with you?" his father demanded. "Sit down!"

"It's Herman—that colored boy lives in the alley," said Penrod hoarsely. "I—expect—I think—"

"Well, what's the matter?"

"I think his little brother's maybe got lost, and Sam and I better go help look—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Schofield sharply. "Sit down and eat your dinner."

In a palsy, the miserable boy resumed his seat. He and Sam exchanged a single dumb glance; then the eyes of both swung fearfully to Margaret. Her appearance was one of sprightly content, and, from a certain point of view, nothing could have been more alarming. If she had opened her closet door without discovering Verman, that must have been because Verman was dead and Margaret had failed to notice the body. (Such were the thoughts of Penrod and Sam.) But she might not have opened the closet door. And whether she had or not, Verman must still be there, alive or dead, for if he had escaped he would have gone home, and their ears would not be ringing with the sinister and melancholy cry that now came from the distance, "O-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-an!"

Verman, in his seclusion, did not hear that appeal from his brother; there were too many walls between them. But he was becoming impatient for release, though, all in all, he had not found the confinement intolerable or even very irksome. His character was philosophic, his imagination calm; no bugaboos came to trouble him.

was that of the stable puppy who knows he must not be found in the parlor. Not thrice in his life had Verman been within the doors of white folks' house, and, above all things, he felt that it was in some undefined way vital to him to get out of white folks' house unobserved and unknown. It was in his very blood to be sure of that.

Further than this point, the processes of Verman's mind became mysterious to the observer. It appears, however, that he had a definite (though somewhat primitive) conception of the usefulness of disguise; and he must have begun his preparations before he heard footsteps in the room outside his closed door.

These footsteps were Margaret's. Just as Mr. Schofield's coffee was brought, and just after Penrod had been baffled in another attempt to leave the table, Margaret rose and patted her father impertinently upon the head.

"You can't bully me that way!" she said. "I got home too late to dress, and I'm going to a dance. 'Scuse."

And she began her dancing on the spot, pirouetting herself swiftly from the room, and was immediately heard running up the stairs.

"Penrod!" Mr. Schofield shouted. "Sit down! How many times am I going to tell you? What is the matter with you tonight?"

"I got to go," gasped Penrod. "I got to tell Margaret sumpting."

"What have you 'got' to tell her?"

"It's—it's sumpting I forgot to tell her."

"Well, it will keep till she comes downstairs," said Mr. Schofield grimly. "You sit down till this meal is finished."

Penrod was becoming frantic. "I got to tell her—it's sumpting Sam's mother told me to tell her," he babbled. "Didn't she, Sam? You heard her tell me to tell her; didn't you, Sam?"

Sam offered prompt corroboration.

"Yes, sir; she did. She said for us both to tell her. I better go, too, I guess, because she said—"

He was interrupted. Startling upon their ears rang shriek on shriek. Mrs. Schofield, recognizing Margaret's voice, likewise shrieked, and Mr. Schofield



It Was Rolling Grandly Down the Stairs.

there must have been sumpting kind of inside of it!"

Mr. Schofield shook his head slowly, in marveled admiration.

"Brilliant—oh, brilliant!" he murmured, while Mrs. Schofield ran to support the enfeebled form of Margaret at the top of the stairs.

... In the library, after Margaret's departure to her dance, Mr. and Mrs. Schofield were still discussing the visitation, Penrod having accompanied his homeward-bound guest as far as the front gate.

"No; you're wrong," said Mrs. Schofield, upholding a theory, earlier developed by Margaret, that the animated behavior of the cape could be satisfactorily explained on no other ground than the supernatural. "You see, the boys saying they couldn't remember what Mrs. Williams wanted them to tell Margaret, and that probably she hadn't told them anything to tell her, because most likely they'd misunderstood something she said—well, of course, all that does sound mixed up and peculiar, but they sound that way

about half the time, anyhow. No; it couldn't possibly have had a thing to do with it. They were right there at the table with us all the time, and they came right straight to the table the minute they entered the house. Before that, they'd been over at Sam's all afternoon. So, it couldn't have been the boys." Mrs. Schofield paused to ruminate with a little air of pride, then added: "Margaret has often thought—oh, long before this!—that she was a medium. I mean—if she would let herself. So it wasn't anything the boys did."

Mr. Schofield grunted. "I'll admit this much," he said. "I'll admit it wasn't anything we'll ever get out of 'em."

And the remarks of Sam and Penrod, taking leave of each other, one on each side of the gate, appeared to corroborate Mr. Schofield's opinion.

"Well, g'-night, Penrod," Sam said. "It was a pretty good Saturday, wasn't it?"

"Fine!" said Penrod casually. "G'-night, Sam."



"I Got to Tell Margaret Sumpting."

When the boys closed the door upon him, he made himself comfortable upon the floor and, for a time, thoughtfully chewed a patent-leather slipper that had come under his hand. He found the patent leather not unpleasant to his palate, though he swallowed only a portion of what he detached, not being hungry at that time. The soul-fabric of Verman was of a fortunate weave; he was not a seeker and questioner. When it happened to him that he was at rest in a shady corner, he did not even think about a place in the sun. Verman took life as it came.

Naturally, he fell asleep. And toward the conclusion of his slumbers, he had this singular adventure: a lady set her foot down within less than half an inch of his nose—and neither of them knew it. Verman slept on, without being awakened by either the closing or the opening of the door. What did rouse him was something ample and soft falling upon him—Margaret's cape, which slid from the hook after she had gone.

Enveloped in its folds, Verman sat up, corkscrewing his knuckles into the corners of his eyes. Slowly he became aware of two important vacuums—one in time and one in his stomach. Hours had vanished strangely into nowhere; the game of bonded prisoner was something cloudy and remote of the long, long ago, and, although Verman knew where he was, he had partially forgotten how he came there. He perceived, however, that something had gone wrong, for he was certain that he ought not to be where he found himself.

White folks' house! The fact that Verman could not have pronounced these words rendered them no less clear in his mind; they began to stir his apprehension, and nothing becomes more rapidly tumultuous than apprehension once it is stirred. That he might possibly obtain release by making a noise was too daring a thought and not even conceived, much less entertained, by the little and humble Verman. For, with the bewildering gap of his slumber between him and previous events, he did not place the responsibility for his being in white folks' house upon the white folks who had put him there. His state of mind

uttered various sounds, but Penrod and Sam were incapable of doing anything vocally. All rushed from the table.

Margaret continued to shriek, and it is not to be denied that there was some cause for her agitation. When she opened the closet door, her light-blue military cape, instead of hanging on the hook where she had left it, came out into the room in a manner which she afterward described as "a kind of horrible creep, but faster than a creep." Nothing was to be seen except the creeping cape, she said, but, of course, she could tell there was some awful thing inside of it. It was too large to be a cat, and too small to be a boy; it was too large to be Duke, Penrod's little old dog, and, besides, Duke wouldn't act like that. It crept rapidly out into the upper hall, and then, as she recovered the use of her voice and began to scream, the animated cape abandoned its creeping for a quicker gait—"a weird, heaving flop," she defined it.

The thing then decided upon a third style of locomotion, evidently, for when Sam and Penrod reached the front hall, a few steps in advance of Mr. and Mrs. Schofield, it was rolling grandly down the stairs.

Mr. Schofield had only a hurried glimpse of it as it reached the bottom, close by the front door.

"Grab that thing!" he shouted, dashing forward. "Stop it! Hit it!"

It was at this moment that Sam Williams displayed the presence of mind which was his most eminent characteristic. Sam's wonderful instinct for the right action almost never failed him in a crisis, and it did not fail him now. Leaping to the door, at the very instant when the rolling cape touched it, Sam flung the door open—and the cape rolled on. With incredible rapidity and intelligence, it rolled, indeed, out into the night.

Penrod jumped after it, and the next second reappeared in the doorway holding the cape. He shook out its folds, breathing hard but acquiring confidence. In fact, he was able to look up in his father's face and say, with bright ingenuousness,

"It was just laying there. Do you know what I think? Well, it couldn't have acted that way itself. I think

AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS

Skeletons of Four of the Victims of the Destruction of Pompeii Found in the Ruins.

After a lapse of close upon 2,000 years since the destruction of Pompeii the skeletons of four of the victims have been discovered in the actual positions in which they were overtaken by the catastrophe.

Two of the victims, apparently a man and wife belonging to the upper classes, had evidently been caught by the shower of red-hot stones in the cloister garden of their villa, and while hastening to seek shelter in a corner had been suddenly buried and asphyxiated through the collapse of the roof overlaid with volcanic dust, says the London Chronicle.

The husband was found in a sitting position, with his head and back bent forward and the legs wide apart. His wife was standing erect immediately behind him. Her golden earrings were found on a level with her ears, and there were two gold rings still on the fingers.

A third skeleton was that of a youth huddled with his face to a hole in the garden wall. The last of the group, a full-sized man, bent almost double under the weight of the suffocating debris, had on a finger of the right hand an iron ring inset with a prettily engraved cornelian.

A New Proprietor.

"So you own your own house, Wiggins?"

"No."

"Why, you told me so last month!"

"Yes. We had no cook then."

Prelude to a Joyous Evening.

"Anybody getting a real laugh out of this show?" asked the surly citizen.

"Yes," replied the sardonic usher.

"Who?"

"The ticket speculators."

From the Chestnut Tree.

"Vaccination is no good."

"What makes you say that?"

"My cousin was vaccinated and three weeks later he fell out of a window and was killed."

The "United Colonies."

The phrase "united colonies" was used for a little while before the revolutionary war began and before the phrase United States was adopted. The second continental congress assembled at Philadelphia on May 10, 1775. Independence was in the air, but the time was not ripe for action. The colonies were united, but they were not quite ready to call themselves states. On June 7, congress passed a resolution "that Thursday, July 20, next, be observed throughout the twelve united colonies as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer." The resolution said "twelve united colonies," because Georgia was not represented in that congress. A year later congress declared the colonies "free and independent states."

Iris Bath Luxury of Japanese.

Each year on May 8 the Japanese public bathhouses furnish their guests with an iris water bath. From of old it is popularly believed that bathing in water in which is immersed the leaves and roots of the iris is efficacious in preventing colds. When placed in warm water the iris leaves give off a volatile oil having an agreeable odor. This oil penetrates through the glands of the skin of the bather and stimulates circulation. The thin film of oil left on the skin after the bath prevents an excessive loss of heat. Bathing for too long a time is to be avoided, however, as the great stimulation brings on a feeling of drowsiness.

Would Let Him Know.

Perkins—If I'd known you were going to drop in on us we'd have had a better dinner.

Hawkins—Don't mention it, old man, but the next time I'll let you know.

The Remedy.

"What did the doctor do for your wife when he found her in such pain?"

"Oh, he eased it off at once. He gave her an epidemic interjection."

More of Same Goods Wanted.

"You are charged with kissing the young lady."

"Good! I'd like to have the charge account kept open indefinitely."



"O-o-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-a-a-an!"

CATCH FISH WITH A SEARCHLIGHT

MARKET OWNERS FIND NEW WAY TO GET THEIR GOODS

Rays Make Water Transparent at Night and Men Drag Out "Cats" Rapidly.

James Colten and James Reece conduct a fish market in Webb City, Mo. They had done a good business for some time, purchasing their stock from various fishermen. But by the time they had paid these men 12 cents a pound gross for their fish and then sold them at 20 cents net, paid high rent and other expenses, they failed to realize a reasonable profit.

They owned an auto, so they determined by its use to cut down expenses and at the same time handle goods they knew were fresh. The nearest large stream where catfish— for which they had the best market— were caught was fifteen miles away. Colter and Reece purchased a small but powerful searchlight, which would throw a stream of light into the water at night for a depth of several feet. Daylight was not as good for their plan as was darkness, because of being unable to see so far into the water in the daytime and because the fish were usually under logs or overhanging rocks. But at night the catfish is always in "the open."

The men built a flat-bottom boat with roof and sides for protection against cold winds, and set up a wood-burning stove.

Work began in earnest. The flashlight made the water perfectly transparent. In less than ten minutes Colter had seen, slipped a huge hook under, and landed a three pound "cat." That night five fish were captured, weighing three, twelve, twenty-one, forty-eight and fifty-six pounds each, making a total of 140 pounds.

At the price they had been paying, this number would have cost them \$15.80. And they have done even better since then—their best catch being 210 pounds.

Colter and Reece have found that they can make a good profit by selling their goods now at 15 instead of 20 cents a pound—something their competitors cannot do. The result is a greatly increased business. So successful has the venture proved that the market owners are planning to catch fish by the searchlight method more extensively.

DUST ON THE OCEAN? SURE IS, SAYS OHIOAN

Decks of Sail Craft Scrubbed Morning and Night, He Declares.

"Dust on the ocean—it doesn't seem possible, does it?" observed Col. Tom Marshall of Columbus, Ohio, at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D. C., recently. "Well, it not only is possible, but actually a fact. In my youth I was a sailor. In fact, I spent the better part of my life on the ocean. On board ship the rule was that every morning a certain number of the crew were detailed to wash the decks, and in the evening during the dog watch, between 4 and 6, another crew swept and dusted the decks and the other parts of the ship.

"You wouldn't think it, you land lubbers, that on each occasion there was a quantity of dust on decks and everywhere else. The dust was thick on occasions—so thick that it would soil one's hands. Where the dust comes from on the ocean I am sure I don't know.

"I know it is a popular idea that there is no dust on the ocean, and I probably would not believe it had I not experienced so many years before the mast and observed with my own eyes quantities of dust on vessels."

"The dust must have come from the smokestacks," it was suggested.

"In my day there were no smokestacks," returned Colonel Marshall. "I never served on board a steam vessel, but only on sailing craft. There was no chance for dust from the smokestack there."

MENTAL CALCULATION HIS CHRONIC CRAZE

Man Consults Specialists to Make His Head Stop Hurting.

Edgar H. Bruton of Moultrie, Ga., who until recently regarded himself as a mathematical genius, has consulted specialists in Atlanta to determine if he cannot stop calculating. He suffers from an ailment which he refers to as acute and chronic calculation, and as a result of which his head hurts, he talks constantly to himself and his nervousness increases daily.

Mr. Bruton became so mathematical that he counted how many steps he took in any direction, how many times he opened and closed his eyes in a given time and how many strokes he took when shaving. At first he required 503 strokes of the razor to do the last-mentioned performance, and when he had cut the strokes down to 300 and whittled his chin down to nothing he began investigating himself with the aid of physicians.

He now estimates that he will be cured by spring, during which time he will open and shut his eyes 18,978,978-678,987,645,587,658,493,987,654 times.

Arizona Has Cave Prison, Graham County Arizona, has a cave prison built in rock cliffs. The entrance to the prison is closed by a small stone building, separated from the cell rooms by heavy steel gates.

Her Ideal Pet

Pets are emotional necessities. Observe the number of fox terriers sequestered in small apartments. There is no common, easily comprehended joy in the close companionship of an uneasy fox terrier. It has been said of the breed that a devoted master or mistress can sit up all night training a specimen, and in the morning it will find something outrageous and totally new with which to demoralize its environment. Yet folk in small flats and folk in studios, they of the "tribe of the folding Bedouin," do harbor fox terriers. It must be that they answer some occult need of the soul, they and the loud-voiced felines, the monkeys and the parrots that one finds domiciled in unlikely and inconvenient spots about town. Mankind is gregarious, even to the point of flocking with fur, fins and feathers when matter more attractive cannot be acquired in sufficient numbers to fill up all the space.

Jane Connors is alone in the family apartment for six weeks this summer. Jane Connors felt that need of the soul which calls for the companionship of something and decided to adopt a pet. Now as a cursory view the best of all pets for a busy woman appeared to be a turtle. A turtle, so every one told Jane, has a distinct personality of its own, yet never forces it upon one. A turtle eats at the most obliging intervals or not, as suits one's convenience, and very little of anything that happens to be at hand. A turtle is as quiet as a domesticated sphynx and of so retiring a disposition that a chance motion in his direction will send him into his shell for hours on end. Jane Connors decided to have a turtle.

No sooner had she reached the decision than, as luck would have it, Jim Sykes stopped by to take her motoring, and in a wooded spot up on Jerome avenue they spied a turtle diligently crossing the road, and ran right over him. Jane hopped out of the car in no time and, finding the creature uninjured and hissing in a lively fashion, at once secured him, brought him home to the apartment and christened him the District Attorney.

It was very late when she reached home and very hot. Jane could not just find a proper pan for the District Attorney, so she wrung out a towel in cold water and put it on the floor in the sitting room by the open window. The District Attorney was a mud turtle, and the towel seemed as good as a bank of mud for him to wallow in. Now Jane was alone in the apartment and she left a light, the tall standing lamp turned very low to scare burglars, and she went to bed with her door open to let a breeze through.

In the middle of the night she awoke. In the sitting room sounded the most blood curdling bumping back and forth. She leaned out of bed and swung the door wide open, and her heart turned over and jumped up into her mouth. Along the floor, wriggling to and fro and bumping like mad, flopped and squirmed a long snake-like white something. To and fro, up and down it turned and twisted and presently made for the open door into the bedroom. As it came toward her Jane remembered with a sick despair that the matches were on the sideboard in the dining room. That long squirming white thing was now bumping and wriggling directly beside the head of the bed. Jane thought of screaming for help but the people in the next apartment are awful gossips and Jane is unemotional and the screams wouldn't come.

Pretty soon Jane remembered that her ancestors were Puritans, and the descended part of her took her in hand and said to her, "Jane Connors get up this second and get those matches." Jane got up. The thing wriggled after her, now silent on the rug, now bumping hard on the hardwood floors, but chasing along beside her almost as fast as she. When they got directly opposite the tall standing lamp, the thing was between her and it. She got up all her courage and she jumped over it and put up a hand to turn up the light. But just at that moment her eyes fell on the thing, and it was making a violent squirm right for her. She sidestepped suddenly and the standing lamp went over with a crash, and there she was with the squirming creature very close to her in the pitch dark.

She was pretty glad to hear the people from the next apartment knocking on the door and she was pretty glad to let them in, if they are awful gossips. When they managed to strike a light, of course there was the turtle with his front legs caught fast in the fringe of the towel, frightened to the point of panic, poor thing, and dragging it wildly about the floor. "And to think," said Jane Connors, "To think I only adopted him because they said he would never force his personality upon me. And to think how much it will cost to fix up the standing lamp again. But mankind is gregarious and the family should never have left me alone for six weeks this summer."

Uncertain.

"What is this picture of yours supposed to represent?" asked the critic. "If I knew that I wouldn't call it 'A Study,'" replied the artist.

Arizona Has Cave Prison, Graham County Arizona, has a cave prison built in rock cliffs. The entrance to the prison is closed by a small stone building, separated from the cell rooms by heavy steel gates.



The Home Is No Cozier Than Its Floors

Bare floors make a home as uninviting as bare walls or windows. Pleasant warmth and cheer enter a room as soon as you install

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The ECONOMY

LETTERS TO SANTA

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a new dress, a story book, a doll, a baby buggy, set of dishes, sack of pop corn, a box of colors, a box of candy, a pen and a box of pencils. Your friend,

Lillian Linton.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a boy scout suit, some fruit and a tinker toy set. Yours

Harry McCue.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl only six weeks old. I will let you choose for me this Christmas. I will like any thing you bring little

Helen Audry Clark.

262 South Chicago Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Please send me a doll, doll buggy, cradle, dishes, a sack of candy and a big stocking. Your friend,

Molly Pezdirzt.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Please send me a little puppy dog, doll, little piano, doll bed, a sack of candy and a little stocking. Your friend,

Isabelle Pezdirzt.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—If you come to my house this year I want a hobby horse, a drum, a horn, a box of candy and a big fiddle. Richard Mulligan.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa:—If you come to my house I want you to bring me a set of furs. That is all. Anna Mulligan.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me candy, pop corn, doll, set of dishes, doll buggy and pencils. Your friend,

Goldie Daykoff.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a buggy, a doll, a sled, a doll-bed, a table, some dishes, candy and colored chalk. Your friend,

Fabiola Luzusy.

Dear Santa Claus:—Will you please bring me a doll, buggy, three sets of dishes, a little rocking chair, doll bed, a table, nuts, candy and fruits. Your truly little friend,

Mollie Pechauer.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a new pair of ribbons, shoes, a new dress, 3 pencils and tablets, some stockings, a story book and fruit, Lena Hoskins, 1204 N. Schuyler Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I wish you would bring me some candy, some nuts and a sled. Joseph Lemere.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me some pop corn, candy, box of Chums, set of dishes, and some pencils. Your friend,

Evylena Taylor.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to get a few Christmas presents. I would like a sled an air gun and a pair of gloves. I was ten years old Dec. 11. I will thank you and wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours truly,

Elmer Stone,

284 Blain Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 10, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I want a sled, a gun, a pair of shoes, some candy, some nuts, some toys and a pair of gloves. Your friend,

Merle McGowen.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me for Xmas presents a wagon, a horse, a horn, a drum and some blocks. I heard that you are short on your sugar so don't bring me any candy, bring me Xmas nuts. Your truly little friend,

Emil Krizan, 205 Broadway.

Bradley Ill. Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me for Xmas present a B. B. gun an airship a wind mill a pair of Mexican gloves and I heard that you are short on your sugar so dont bring me any candy but bring some Xmas nuts. Your truly friend

Anthony Krizan 205 Broadway street.

Bradley Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl six years old, for Christmas please bring me a sewing box story book, and a pair of kid gloves nuts candy and fruit my street number is 318 north prairie Ave. Blanche Bellemore.

Dear Good Santa Claus:—My little sister Gladys Esther would like for you to bring her a nice little piano and a little broom and nice little doll cloths and a little cornet this is all my sister wants. Now Dear Santa Clause:—You please bring me a nice locket and a pair of ball bearing roller skates lot of candies nuts dates, fruit lots of lone for you santa claus from Gladys Esther and Marcella Paris. Bradley Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a doll and set of furs and a Christmas tree, candy and nuts. Your friend Ruth Bradley.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a doll, a buggy, and a Christmas tree candy, nuts, fruit. Your friend Melbia Lukas.

Bradley Ill., Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a box of chums and some candy, a doll bed, a pair of black stockings, a gocart, a highchair. Roberta Haire.

Bradley Ill., Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl eight years old and for Christmas please bring me a set of furs and a story book nuts candy and fruit I live in Bradley my street number is 318 prairie Ave. Genevieve Bellemore.

Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Will you please bring me a sled for Christmas and some games, will you bring me some candy and a soldier suit if all the men have not got them all. Harley Devereaux

Dec. 5, 1917.

Dear Santa:—Will you bring me a farm wagon and a sled for four people to sit on and what ever you want. Quentin Devereaux

Dear Santa:—I wish you would bring me a big slate, a pair of ice skates and some peanuts. Your friend, Rita Amiett.

Dec. 4, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I want to ask you a question my mamma and papa said that I can not have a B. B. gun because Uncle Sam has them all over in France. Is it true? If he has bring me a drum, an Indian suit and a sled. Will you? Bubby Milton Devereaux

Dear Santa:—Will you leave my mamma a box of madin chocolates, a salad dish, a round table cloth and a big box of mixed candy and leave my papa a box of George cigars and a cigar tray and house slippers, leave my big brother whatever you want. Mabelle Devereaux

Bradley, Ill. Dec. 3, 1917.

Dear Santa—If you come to my house this year, I want you to bring me a doll, a doll buggy, a sled and a box of candy. Elinor Mulligan.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a doll, a buggy, two boxes of candy and fruit and some nuts and candy. Your friend, Katy Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have an auto, a wagon and a sled some candy, nuts and fruit. Your friend, Stanley Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to have a wagon, auto, sled and bicycle and candy, nuts and fruit. Your friend, Vladie Steczynski.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have a toy stocking, a big doll some candy and nuts. Well this year I can't have so much my little brother gets it all and a Christmas tree too, this is all. Your friend, Blanch Worman.

229 S. Center Ave.

Bradley, Ill., Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Santa:—I would like to have a doll and a buggy and set of dishes and some fruit and nuts and candy and a Christmas tree. Your friend, Steffie Steczynski.

A Model Servant.

Miss Ann Ansell of Weybridge, Surrey, who recently died at the age of 87 years, was an example of long and faithful domestic service. Throughout her whole lifetime she had only one "place." At the age of 16 she entered the service of the family of the late Sir Prescott Hewett, and she remained in the same family, as nurse and faithful friend, for 71 years.

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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. Reineke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmont, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors, Meet at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, second and fourth Thursday of each month.

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

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

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.

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

Curious System of Tubes That Run the Length of Their Bodies.

Landlubber animals have lungs and sea creatures have gills. But insects have neither one nor the other. They have a complex system of tubes running throughout the whole length of the body, by means of which air is conveyed to every part of the system. As they are destined to contain nothing but air, they are strongly supported to guard against collapse from pressure.

This support is furnished by means of a fine thread running spirally within the walls of the tube, much in the same way that a garden hose is protected with wire. There are generally two of these tubes which run the whole length of the insects body. Many flies, as larvæ, live in the water. Arranged along each side of their bodies is a series of exceedingly thin plates, into each of which run a series of blood vessels. These plates act and absorb the oxygen contained in the water. The tail ends in three feathery projections. By means of these the larva causes currents of water to flow over the gills and thus their efficiency is increased.

The gnat also lives in the water as a larva. But it has no gills. Therefore it cannot breathe the oxygen in the water but must breathe air. This is done by means of a spiracle situated at the tip of its tail. Indeed, the tail is prolonged into a little tube. The larva floats along head downward in the water with this tube just above the surface to enable it to breathe. After some time it is provided with two little tubes which act in the same manner.

Milling Flour.

The process that the kernels of wheat go through in being turned into flour is often so complex and intricate that a writer in the Mothers Magazine, has counted 70 different streams into which a single kernel of wheat is separated on its way to the flour bag. Delicate air currents sift out elements of the flour, which is separated from the kernel by a long and slow process because this is thought better for the flour than if the grain were hulled by a single action. From the cleaning of the wheat kernels to the final packing in bags the flour travels a mile in some modern mills.

The kernels are washed first, 20 gallons of water being used to every bushel of wheat. Then drying cylinders give the kernels a bath of hot and cold air to restore them to their normal condition and pass them to the scourers that send out polished clean grains to the stock bins. Here the wheat is tempered for several hours before being sent to the grinding bins.

The grinding room described is all pure white from the tiled floors, walls, and ceilings to the belts on the machines, which are themselves, however, painted a dull red. The grains, gradually crushed, and sent again and again to a separator that sifts out the broken mixture, according to the size of the particles which are then run over long reaches of silk bolting cloth. The bran is blown off and the flour particles are bolted through. This is where the 70 processes come in, for the flour goes back again and again through the grinders, separators and the bolting process. Even before the wheat is ground there are 12 processes in cleaning it. The machines are at work in room after room where not a workman is seen. The long belting is covered over and to the last the wheat or flour is not touched by human hand, but emerges through a chute that fills bag after bag. One milling company pays \$25,000 a year to get special sacks to protect its flour.

Photography in Small Offices.

A camera and a few sheets of black carbon paper can be made to do wonders in the small newspaper office. Often when the cost of a half tone would be prohibitive and the results from it not of the best, a simple outline drawing traced from a photograph and reproduced in a smaller zinc etching will give excellent results and fill the bill exactly.

Try this experiment; lay out half a dozen goods ads. for merchants who do not use space at all or who could profitably use more space; illustrate each of these layouts with a strong, pertinent line drawing, traced from a photograph, giving it if possible local interest; then put the whole layout up in attractive shape and place it before the prospective customer. Often the drawing of a well selected subject will do the business when nothing else will, and a zinc etching from that drawing is inexpensive and easily obtained.

There are many other ways you will find, in which a camera will make itself useful in the small newspaper office, and since a good instrument can now be had at a very small cost, every newspaper office should have one. In one way and another it will be found quite a valuable addition to the office equipment as well as a source of satisfaction to its owner.

Signs of Summery Rains.

The following natural weather signs are given in an old book: The croaking of frogs in the morning indicates fine weather. If frogs croak more than usual, if toads issue from their holes in the evening in great numbers, if the earthworms come out of the earth, if the moles throw up more earth than usual, if the cows look toward the heavens and turn up their nostrils as if catching some smell, if the oxen lick their fore feet, if the dogs lie on their right sides—all these are signs which announce rain.

EXPERT RELATES OLD ANIMAL LIFE

TELLS OF MANY CREATURES IN PREHISTORIC DAYS

Asserts Primitive Man Lived in West When "Thunder Birds" Winged Thru Air.

Altho the wild life of North America is more abundant than that of the other continents of the northern hemisphere and has only Africa as a world rival, yet the present-day richness in this respect is decidedly poor compared with the abundance and variety of mammalian life that roamed the plains before the advent of the white man, while the vast number of species which disappeared even before the Indians came to inhabit the land is even more astonishing.

In a communication to the National Geographic Society, E. W. Nelson, Chief of the United States Geological Survey, gives an amazing account of North American wild life in prehistoric times.

A portion of the communication has been made public by the society in the following bulletin:

"The original buffalo herds have been estimated to have contained from 30,000,000 to 60,000,000 animals (the latter figure 1/2 6,000,000 greater than the total number of cattle in the United States, according to the last Census), and in 1870 it was estimated that about 5,500,000 still survived—exceeding by 1,400,000 the number of mules in the United States in 1910. A number of men now living were privileged to see some of the great herds of the West before they were finally destroyed. Dr. George Bird Grinnell writes:

"In 1870, I happened to be on a train that was stopped for three hours to let a herd of buffaloes pass. We supposed they soon would pass by, but they kept on coming. On a number of occasions in earlier days the engineers thought they could run thru the herds, and that, seeing the locomotive, the buffaloes would stop to turn aside, but after a few locomotives had been ditched by the animals the engineers got in the way of respecting the buffaloes' idiosyncracies."

"Chronicles of the colonial days give many interesting accounts of the number of other wild animals, including bears, wapiti, white-tailed deer, and turkeys, on which the wolves made fierce war. One writer narrates that during the winter of 1870-71 fully 2,400 moose were shared on the Great Manitoulin Island, at the head of Lake Huron.

"The fossil beds of the Great Plains of North America and other parts of the West contain eloquent proofs of the richness and variety of mammalian life on this continent at different periods in the past. Perhaps the most wonderful of all these ancient faunas was that revealed by the bones of birds and mammals which had been trapped in the asphalt pits recently discovered in the outskirts of Los Angeles, California.

"These bones show that prior to the arrival of the present fauna the plains of southern California swarmed with an astonishing wealth of strange birds and beasts. The most notable of these are saber-toothed tiger, lions much larger than those of Africa, giant wolves, several kinds of bears, including the huge cave bears, even larger than the gigantic brown bears of Alaska; large wild horses, camels, bison (unlike our buffalo, tiny antelope, the size of a fox; mastodons, mammoths with tusks fifteen feet long and giant ground sloths.

"There is reason for believing that primitive man occupied California and other parts of the West during at least the latter part of the period when the fauna of the asphalt pits still flourished. The folklore of the locally restricted California Indians contains detailed descriptions of a beast which is unmistakably a bison, probably the bison of the asphalt pits.

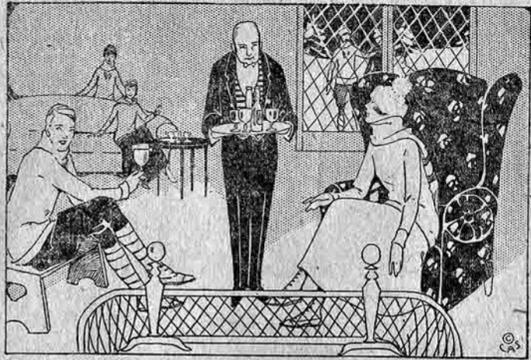
"The discovery in these pits of the bones of gigantic vulture-like bird of prey of far greater size than the condor is even more startling, since the folklore of the Eskimos and Indians of most of the tribes from Bering Straits to California and the Rocky Mountain region abound in tales of the 'thunder bird'—a gigantic bird of prey like a mighty eagle, capable of carrying away persons in its talons. Possibly the accounts of the bison and the 'thunder bird' are really based on the originals of the asphalt beds and have been passed down in legendary history thru many thousands of years.

"Among other marvels our fossil beds reveal the fact that both camels and horses originated in North America."

Twenty years ago Wilbur Penfield left his home in Springfield, Mass., and went west. Shortly afterward he read a notice of his mother's death in a Springfield paper and had always supposed it was true until he met her the other day in Bridgeport, Conn., where he has been working for the last fifteen years.

The Pennsylvania System has had a 100 per cent safety record for passengers for the past three years in which time they have carried over 550,000,000 persons.

Occasionally riches fly away from an honest man and roost on the perch erected by the other fellow.



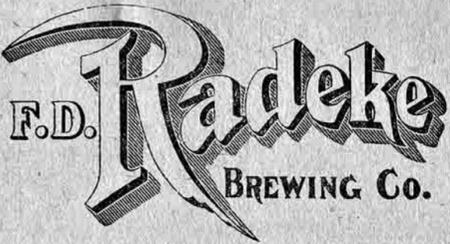
"Radeke Beer" after Winter Sports

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.



ALEX J. POWELL
Attorney-at-Law

GENERAL LAW PRACTICE

Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

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

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DR. E. G. WILSON

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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

The Smallest Island

People who inhabit some of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence river have believed that they dwell 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.

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

Board Proceedings

Regular meeting of the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois. Meeting was called to order by the President and all members were present except Magruder and McCue.

Minutes of regular meeting of November 5th, 1917, were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read and referred to the Finance Committee for their approval:

Chas. Wertz Co.	\$ 13 95
Bradley Fire Co., Mathews fire	15 00
Bradley Fire Co., Goodreau fire	14 00
Arthur Baldwin	6 25
Adolph Contois	3 85
J. T. Fahey	37 50
J. T. Fahey	2 00
Arthur Spivey	15 00
F. W. Hoehn	70
Henry Hadder	3 50
Joe Surprenant	37 50
Walter Spivey	5 00
Adam Heidenrich	100 00
John Beland	8 75

After due consideration the Finance Committee reported that they found all bills to be correct, except the bill of Michael Clifford, which was held over for investigation.

Moved by Bade, seconded by Lambert, that report of Finance Committee be accepted and all bills be paid. Carried.

President Baker appointed L. R. Weakley as Health Officer.

Moved by Bock, seconded by Lambert, that appointment of L. R. Weakley be accepted. Carried.

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

E. F. McCoy,
Village Clerk.

Chicken Pie Supper

The chicken pie supper given by the Methodist church last Friday evening was good and many enjoyed a rare treat.

Joins The Army

Leslie Delong has gone to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where he has enlisted in the U. S. Army.

Pass It On

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.
"Was not given for you alone—Pass it on."
Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, "Till in heaven the deed appears—Pass it on."
—Unknown.



The Helping Hand

"There's your chance to rescue beauty in distress," remarked Willoughby, as he pointed across the park where a woman motorist was wrestling with a balky car that refused to be cranked.

"Kindly excuse me!" replied DeForest as he lit a fresh one. "A burned child fears the fire."

"Were you burned?" "Slightly, around the finger-tips. I was going south on a State street car when there entered a red-faced woman puffing with two baskets. She had just come back on a boat with some trophies from the Michigan fruit belt. I volunteered to open the car window for her. I gave a couple of tugs, but the window wouldn't budge. Then I tried to brace myself, and made one mighty effort, but with that my foot slipped and my knee went kerplunk right into that basket of ripe plums. It had a fascinating color, deep, dark and delicious. You never saw such a shade as the knee of my trousers immediately assumed. But it spoiled the plums. So I went away from that car immediately."

"Reminds me of one Sunday in July," said Willoughby, "when I took a west side girl out to one of the neighborhood ball games. She wore a lovely hat—roses and all that. I was busy trying to explain to her the difference between the umpire and the center fielder, and to give her a few pointers on base running, when all the time I could see that she was listening only with one ear. Her mind was on her hat. Eventually a red-headed batter knocked a foul ball that shot up like the price of wheat. I could see that it was coming in our direction, so I said to my companion: 'Just watch me catch it.'"

"Well, sir that thing actually did head straight for us. I stood up and got ready for it. The sun was kind of in my eyes, or something, or maybe the girl rattled me telling that she was sure she would be knocked flat. Anyway, the ball didn't stick to my fingers, but shot right thru them and hit the girl on her nose garden. The flowers flew in every direction and the girl began to whimper thru sheer mortification. I was advised by the fans to get a basket and to use fly paper."

"Well," said DeForest, "why didn't you?"

Domestic Diplomacy.
Mrs. John Brown, a friend of Henrietta's, says that when she married, John allowed her to select everything for the new home with the exception of the kitchen stove.

"A man knows better how to select that than a woman," said he. Man-like, he bought the biggest range and the highest-priced one on the market. The wife was very proud of the stove, but did have spells of wishing that the kitchen were larger or the stove smaller, so that each would not be so conscious of the other's presence.

The first few years they moved about considerably, as is the way with newly weds, and the bugbear of moving was always the stove. Finally wife coaxed round a bit and suggested that they sell it and get a smaller one, and hubby acquiesced.

In a week or two, wife had found a purchaser in a woman who lived in the second-story apartment next door. When the wagon came to take the stove away, they had an awful time to get it out of the kitchen, and wife breathed a big sigh of relief when she saw it well out of the yard and on its way up the stairs of the next door apartment. A few minutes later she looked out, and to her horror they were bringing it back down the stairs. "What's the matter?" she called.

"We can't get it in the door," said the man, "it will have to be taken up thru the window."

Wife decided not to show herself again until the stove was well inside the apartment. The next time she peeped out, they were operating a pulley device, by which the horse went round and the stove went up; it was already five feet in the air.

"Good!" thought Mrs. Brown. In a minute or two she again peeped out, and they were still operating the pulley device, but the horse was going up and the stove down. "Me for quick action," said Mrs. Brown to herself, and hastily throwing a few clothes into a suitcase, she made for the home of her mother, where she and John remained for several days.

What the woman in the next apartment said to Mrs. Brown when she got back home would make another interesting story, but Mrs. Brown only wiped the tears away with her apron, and said that it was just breaking her heart to do without that stove; that there never was an oven that could bake such good pie, cake, etc.

His Favorite Poem.

A Kansas family, so relates former Senator J. L. Bristow of that State, moved to town, and when the boy presented himself at school he was asked by the principal, among other things, as to his favorite poem.

"The Village Blacksmith," was the response. "I recite it every time we have company."

"Does your father ask you to do it?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "He says he thinks it keeps us from having much company."

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

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Elected Officers

The Modern Woodmen elected the officers of the lodge for the ensuing term at their meeting last Friday evening. The following officers were elected.

Ven. Consul, Emil Gonderman; Worthy Advisor, C. W. Reincke; Banker, Gene Peschang; Clerk, M. J. Mulligan; Escort, Dave Walters, Sentry; Louis Schiltz, Watchman, John Thorpe; Physicians, Dr. Morrell, Dr. Goodwin; Managers, E. A. Bade, M. J. Mulligan.

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