CLAUS OLD SANTA

WILL BE IN BRADLEY DEC. 24th.

Wants To Hear From Every Little Boy and Girl In Bradley

Bradley Ill., Dec. 16, 1917. Dear Santa Claus:-How do you feel I want a little street car Miss Durning at Chebanse a train and a horn a drum and sticks too I want a little auto and grades the past week. a sled too and a little bike.

Thank you Kenneth Wilhinson 307 north Washinton Ave. Bradley III.

Bradley Ill. Dec. 17, 1917. Dear Santa Claus:—I would like to have you bring me a nice Mary Stefanich.

Dear Santa:-I am a little boy eleven years old, please bring me an air gun, a sled, some nuts and candy. Remember my sister and papa. Thanking you for pas presents. Lam your loving little friend Willie VanVleck.

Dear Santa:-I am a little boy six years old, please bring me sled and a horse. Clifford VanVleck.

Dear Santa:-I am a little girl three years old, please bring me Dareleno VanVleck.

Dear Santa:-I am a little girl seven years old, please bring me a doll, a go-cart and some dishes. Lydia VanVleck.

Bradley. Ill., Dec. 19, 1617. Dear Santa Claus:-I am a little girl four years old and I want you to bring me a doll with a nipple in its mouth, a set of dishes, a table, a box of a b c blocks and some nuts and candy.

Your little friend Ravonna Pombert 65 Broadway

A Merry Christmas

On this great day, this day of Peace on Earth Good Will To Men" let our hearts be free from any feeling of hatred against our fellow men and let our only thought be, that Our God is a Merciful God, that he is watching over his children now as he has in the past and that the sunshine of peace and the feeling of brotherly love will soon again shine in the hearts of men. On this day let our prayers be for a just and early peace amongst men, a peace with honor and justice to all a Recitation-My Christmas doll ... peace that will insure the sight of free speech free thought and liberty, to the generations yet Play-Waiting for Santa,..... unborn a peace that will permit for centuries to come, every human being to enjoy. A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Farm Folks

The four act drama farm folks, presented by a local caste for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church last Tuesday evening, was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

An Ideal Gift

One year subscription to The Bradley Advocate costs \$1.50 less than 3c per week and makes an Dialogue-Christmas time...... ideal Christmas gift. If you want to give a friend a real Christmas gift, enter his sub- Recitation-Santa Clauss visit scription for one year and he will think of you every week, for 52 Song-When all the lights are weeks, each time he receives the

In France

Harold Monty, who is in France with the U. S. Army, has writ-ten his mother in this city that he is well, and getting along nicely.

Elected Officers

The Royal Neighbors elected their officers for the ensuing term at their meeting Thursday evening of last week. The following officers were elected: Oracle, Mrs. Emil Gauderman, Vice-Oracle, Mrs. Emil Hirt, Recorder. Miss Tillie Alford, Receiver, Mrs. Lee Lagesse, Marshal, Mrs. Elizabeth Grill, Inner Sentinel, Mrs. John Ott, Outer Sentinel, Mrs. Dubuque, Past Oracle, Mrs. Pombert, Chancellor, Mrs. Tuntland.

School Notes

Xmas programs will be given in the grades today-Everybody wel-

Xmas vocation this year will be from Dec. 21 until Wed. Jan. 2.

Don't fail to bring the little ones to see Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa Claus in afternoon at school-house

All programs will begin prompthly at 1:30 p. m.

The following instructors from out of town will spend their Xmas vocacation at their respective homes:

Miss Scrogging. at Essex Miss Evans......at Bonfield Miss McKintost,.....at Chicano Examinations were held in all the

The students of the higher grades sold about 1400 Red Cross seals during the past few days.

Miss Pearl Walters of the class of 19 has been absent a few days owing to illness.

First Grade

Ř	A welcomeRobert Buza
	Christmas Acrostic17 chilbren
	PreparationMella Studer
y	A wishOmar Longtin
e d	The most noted man
	ReceptionLeonard Dawkins
d	Baby's first Christmas
t	Florence Vickery
е	Jolly old St. Nicholas. Robert Schrader
K	SongJingle Bells
v	Christmas 6 Boys
a	To Santa Claus Lawrence Garrison
X.	A stitch in timeEdna Stelter
	X mas letters 6 children

My doll Lucille Damber family. The Christmas story.....Ten boys Kris Kringle's Hiredman....Donald Goudreau Reception.....Lionel Grill Song......Jolly Santa Claus

The eavesdropper... Arthur Magruder Waiting up for Santa, Florence Stoltz Lawrence Gar-

.....rison Peotation.....Bobbie Obelgore Baby's first Xmas..... Eleven girls I wonder......Albert Chlupsie A Christmas problem. Louise Gerdish Some of the candies..... Five girls

Sitting up for Santa Claus..... My first speech Raymond Brosseau Song......Santa Claus

Second Grade

7	Song-Here comes jolly Santa Claus
1	
Š	Recitation—Letter to Santa
3	
9	Dialogue - Xmas Stockings
d	Archie Burns Edward Huddle-
1	ston Mabelle Delonais Annie
7	Dressler John Stefanich Ar-
l	mand Cochand Lydia Van-

...... Vleck Charles LoisellaFreda Adell Recitation-Santa Claus , Arnold Ray

Arnold Cremer Frank Savinski Donald Wallace Wm. Martin Helen Mann Wm. Kennedy.Theodore Kurwick Edward

..... Dressler Alvina Telkenham Santa Claus..... Lerry La Montgane Recetation-Xmas wishes.....

.... Milton Devereau Play..... The old doll Santa Claus Ellsworth Mykoff Little doll......Genevieve Windal Big doll.....Lorretta DuBuque Little doll Virvian Lucas Little girl......Gwendolyn Uran Matilda...... Mabille Delmais Recitation—The Mousie.....

...... Ambrose Lorsille Joseph LaFlamme Leroy Le-

...... Duke Stanley SteczynskiWm. Van Vleck Recitation-What I should like ...

Dialogue-Xmas dolls..... Lorretpa Du Buque Annie Dressler Helen Mann Gwendolyn Uran Lydia VanVleck Vivian Lucas Alvina Talken-

.....ham Genevieve Windal Dialogue Santa Claus..... Mallie Hassette Joseph Gay Recitation Xmas questions..... Harry Longtin

Recitation Xmas greetings..... Recitation What is ice?.....Steffie Steczynski

Recitation merry Christmas..... Hazel Saindon Mabel Bisping Dialogue Hippity hops.....

Mary Stefanic Joseph Raich Nellie Smith Joseph Drasler Helen Bouk Harry Dayoff Continued on page eight

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 flissing.

C. R. Keagle of Harvey, Ill. spent several days the past week in this city, visiting friends. Charley is looking good now, but has just recovered from an operation on his nose that laid him up for six weeks.

R. C. Cary has been on the sick 6-18 list for the past week.

Get your toys and Christmas presents at The Economy Broadway Ave. Bradley.

Frank Hesik of The Economy, spent Sunday with his family in Oak Park, Ill. Mr. Hesik intends moving his family to Bradley during the coming week.

Mrs. James McCue has gone to Houston Texas to visit her son Jesse and to look over some farm land that Jesse is contemplating buying.

Dolls Dolls Dolls-all sizes all prices at The Economy Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley Ill.

Ed Boettger of Naperville, Ill. spent several days the past week at the home of F. W. Hoehn and

The dance given by the Modern Woodmen at their hall last night was well attended and an enjoyable time was had by all present.

Mrs. L, G. Spies of Chebanse, Ill., spent several days the past week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paris.

Mabel are spending the week in I am yours very truly.

this city visiting friends. Rev. Eddie L. Boudreau.

John and Brownie are batching WEEKLY FARM LETTER it in Galesburg during her absence and from last reports we had are making a humbleness of the batching.

Rev. E. S. Wamsley, former pastor of the M. E. Church of this city spent several days the past week in this city with friends.

Mrs. F. H. Peddicord, who has been visiting at the home of her parents in Goodwine, Ill., will return home during the coming week.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney and bladder troubles. Sanol gives specialists of the United States De relief in 24 hours from all back- partment of Agriculture. Corn meal ache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 35c and the pound, as compared to 1,613 calor-\$1.00 a bottle at the drug store.

Baby Boy

A baby boy made his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boch Sunday. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

A Merry Christmas

thousands of homes are being the corn-meal food energy, 97 per made desolate thru the gun ravages of the war demon, on every hand we hear tales of sorrow and woe and yet let us forget our some of these are here present. First yolks of eggs. cares and sorrows for the day comes corn meal mush, which forms and let us have peace.

From The Army

We have received the following interesting letters from Eddie Boudreau who is with Co. L. at Houston Texas.

Houston, Texas, Dec. 12, 1917. Friend Herman.-Just a few lines to let you know we are O. K. at Camp, am also sending you a Poem which I hope you will put it in the paper and please fried mush of the ploneers. Ground Mrs. John Codd and daughter send me a copy of it and oblige.

To Our Comrades, That Are In France

Comrades if you get a chance, Shoot the Kaiser's Sunday pants, Shoot the mustache off his mug, Don't be lenient with the thug, And when you fire shot and shell. Blow the whole works, Straight to—well, You should worry where he'll land, Go ahead, show'em where we stand, Let him know the U.S.A. Can run her business, Her own way, Let him know that Uncle Sam, Really doesn't give a d-For all Wilhelm has said and done, Ever since the war begun, And that we'll never stop until, We lose a bullet in Kaiser Bill, Show him who's who and why, Give him his choice give up or die. And when his body is mouldered in the grave, They'll give three cheers for the boys so brave, They'll fly old glory-wave her colors fair, And sing Die Wacht am Rhein, To a Yankee Doodle air.

To Our Friends And Folks In Bradley

Now since we've joined the army, Do you think they're doing right, To treat a slacker better. Than a man who has to fight, If he went to defend his country, He is hardly worth a d-And nothing but a nuisance, In the eyes of Uncle Sam.

From eighteen years to forty, He's supposed to volunteer, And buckle on his armor, With but little signs of fear, But you'll find him chasing dollars, Playing games or at a dance, For he'd rather go to h—-, Then to take a trip to France.

We're not disposed to grumble, But we think it's mighty queer, That we soldiers get the water While the slackers get the beer, We must always be in quarter. Rather early in the nights, And get up in the morning, With our faces clean and bright.

But the slacker is a piker. With no one else to please, But just a simple sweetheart, That he arms around at ease, He is all for gain and pleasure, For his country takes no chance, But he ought to go to hell, If he doesn't go to France.

Written By

EDDIE L. BOUDREAU. Co. L. 129th, U. S. Inf. Camp Logan, Houston Texas.

FOOD VALUE OF CORN SUBSTI-TUTE FOR WHEAT

It is Equal to Wheat and Easily Digestible-Recipes of Grandmother's Corn-Meal-Dishes

The ability of corn to serve as a worthy substitute for wheat as a food contains 1,613 calories of fuel value to ies for wheat flour. A calorie, sciennycake or corn bread contains more calories than a loaf of white bread in the same size.

Corn is practically as digestible as 1 cup cornst wheat flour, it is said, in spite of a common belief to the contrary. Ex- 2 cups milk periments have shown that in a mixed diet 89 per cent of the protein True the world is at war, in corn-meal mush are digested. Of cent is available for the body.

Many palatable dishes can be prepared from corn meal. Recipes for with cream or custard made with the basis for a great many other corn dishes This is the way to make it:

Corn-Meal Mush

1 cup corn meal, I teaspoon salt, Boil salted water; add corn meal radually and cook one hour.

Mush can be served in a variety of ways. It can be served hot with milk; hot with sirup; hot with butter and sugar. It may be cooled, cut in slices, and fried, giving us the plain cooked meat may be added to the fried mush, or one half cup of grated cheese, or one-half cup of tomato space and one chopped sweet green pepper.

entirely out of corn meal, but combined with wheat flour a delicious bread can be made. The recipe is as

Wheat and Corn Bread (4 loaves)

2% cups corn meal 3 tablespoons sugar 3½ cups cold water 1½ teaspoons salt 2 cakes compressed 2½ cups white flour yeast 3tablespoons shoryeast Stablespo 2 cups lukewarm ening. water.

Stir the corn meal into the cold water, bring to the boiling point and cook in double botter 10 minutes. Cool; dissolve the compressed yeast cakes in the lukewarm water and add the corn-meal mush. Sift the sugar, salt and I cup of flour together, and stir into corn meal and yeast mixture. Best thoroughly and set to rise at temperature between 80° and 88° F. It should be light within two hours. Beat it thoroughly, add melted short ening, if desired, and add the remainder of the flour; kneed thoroughly until smooth and elastic. Set to rise as before. When double in buik, mold into four loaves, place in slightly warmed and greased pans, cover and set to rise. When double in bulk bake in a steady oven (400° to 425 F.) for 45 or 50 minutes.

Corn Meal and Rice Griddle Cakes

i cup corn meal 1 cup sour milk cup flour 1 cup cold boiled rice i beaspoon soda 2 eggs I teaspoon salt.

Mix the dry ingredients together; add sour milk and rice to beaten egg yolks; stir into the dry ingredients; thru the sky spewing fire and sulfold in the beaten egg whites. Fry on hot griddle.

Corn Meal and Apple Pudding

1 teaspoon ganger.

meal; cook for thirty minutes and add in a buttered baking dish, bake for one hour, surrings occasionally; and is ripening in the fields and reach the apples and bake one hour longer its maximum pitch, when the without stirring. Serve with cream cherry trees are blooming for the or pudding sauce.

Polenta This dish, which is commonly used

in Italy, differs little from "hasty pudding" or mush. Sometimes cheese Revelations, which makes its duris added during the cooking. Polenta ation forty-two months concludis often reheated either with tomato sauce or meat gravy left over from a meal or with a meat gravy made from a small amount of meat bought for the purpose. The dish is improved Fine for black heads, Eczema by sprinkling each layer of polenta and all rough skin and clear comwith cheese. When the polenta is to plexion. A real skin Tonic, be reheated in gravy, it is well to cut Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug with cheese. When the polenta is to it into pieces in order to distribute store.

the gravy well through the mass. Fried Corn-Meal Mush

The custom of packing mush into pans, cutting into slices, and frying it is too common to call for special mention here. A less common method used in Italy is to spread the cold mush out in thin layers on a board and cut into small blocks. These are then egged and crumbed and fried in a deep fat.

Corn Meal and Pumpkin Pone

1 quart well-cooked 1 teaspoon salt pumpkin 1 cup corn meal 1 teaspoon soda 2 cups sweet milk.

Stir the corn meal into the hot is unquestioned, according to food pumpkin; then add milk, salt, and sugar. Add enough more corn meal to make the mixture stiff enough so that it will hold its shape when dropped from a spoon. Then stir in soda (dissolved in boiling water) Bake tific as it may sound, is a true meas- an hour and a half or longer. The ure of food value. A batch of John longer it bakes the sweeter it seems.

Cornstarch Recipes Coconut Blanc Mange

1 cup cornstarch a cup shredded coconut or other ground nuts teaspoon vanilla

Mix the cornstarch sugar, and waand 99 per cent of the carbohydrates ter together, and to the scalded milk; cook until thick, smooth and glossy. Fold in the beaten egg whites and coconut and flavor with vanilla. Chill in molds wet in cold water. Serve

Apple Souffle

4 tart apples 1 teaspoon butter 1 tablespoons cornstarch 1 teaspoon lemon teaspoon nutmeg 1 teaspoon flour Sugar 1 teaspoon salt 1 cup boiling water.

Pare, core, and cook apples; rub through a coarse sieve. Blend the flour and cornstarch in cold water; add the butter and salt and cornstarch mixture to boiling water; cook until thick, smooth, and glossy; add apple pulp, nutmeg, lemon juice, and sugar to sweeten. Remove from fire and add beaten egg yolks. Fold beaten whites. Bake in moderate oven until firm and smooth.

It is difficult to make a yeast bread Prophecy of 1701 on Present World War

We are indebted to Mr. Hixon of Turk Mfg. Co. for the above clipping and we sincerely hope that the predictions as to the ending of the war contained in the

prophecy are true.

Prediction of the present world conflict made in a prophecy 216 years ago, and translated and published in a Danish newspaper during 1902, has just been found by Ex-Postmaster Fisher at Hast-

ings, Neb. It says:

At the breaking down of a monastery of the Holy Ghost at Vihmar (a city on a Baltic sea island) a 200 year old prophecy has been found. The prophecy was written on parchment by a monk in 1701 and is now in the town hall

at Visman (or Vihmar). It says:
"Europe will some day, when
the seat of the pope is vacant,
meet with a terrible punishment. Seven nations will turn themselves against a bird with two heads. The bird will defend it-self with wings and talons. A monarch who always mounts his horse from the wrong side shall be surrounded by a wall of

"It will be a tough struggle east and west and the lives of many men shall be lost. War chariots shall roll forth without horses and fire dragons shall fly phur, destroying towns. Mankind will not to the foreboding of God and he shall turn away from them. The war snail last three quart milk 2 cups apples, cord and cut in eights them. The war snail last three quart milk 2 cups apples, cord and cut in eights them. The war snail last three quart and disease shall follow. Bread will be controlled and dis-Scald the milk and add the corn tributed among people.

"Men will be lurching at the the salt, ginger, and molasses. Pour bottom of the seas for their prey. The war will start when the corn third time. Peace will be obtained about Christmas time."

The above prophecy wouldbring the war to a conclusion at about the same time as that found in ing next February.

Womans friends is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription.

Bingism - And Its Cure

CHARLES SERVICE SERVIC

Proves a Thriller for Penrod and Sam While It Lasts

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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in" for the unjust period of twenty minutes after school, emerged to a deserted street. That is, the street was deserted so far as Penrod was concerned. Here and there people were to be seen upon the sidewalks, but they were adults, and they and the shade trees had about the same quality ant than he had anticipated. of significance in Penrod's conscious-Usually he saw grown people In the mass, which is to say, they were fully pulled out the lowest drawer unvirtually invisible to him, though exceptions must be taken in favor of Williams' winter underwear-lay expolicemen, firemen, street-car conductors, motormen and all other men in any sort of uniform or regalia. But this afternoon none of these met the roving eye, and Penrod set out upon his homeward way wholly dependent

To one of Penrod's inner texture, a mere unadorned walk from one point to another was intolerable, and he had not gone a block without achieving some slight remedy for the tameness of life. An electric-light pole at the corner, invested with powers of observation, might have been surprised to find itself suddenly enacting a role of dubious honor in improvised melo-Penrod, approaching, gave the pole a look of sharp suspicion, then one of conviction; slapped it lightly and contemptuously with his open hand: passed on a few paces. but turned abruptly and, pointing his right forefinger, uttered the symbolic word, "Bing!"

upon his own resources.

Early childhood is not fastidious about the accessories of its dramaa cane is vividly a gun which may instantly, as vividly, become a horse; but at Penrod's time of life the lath sword is no longer satisfactory. In-deed, he now had a vague sense that weapons of wood were unworthy to the point of being contemptible and ridiculous, and he employed them only when he was alone and unseen. For months a yearning had grown more and more poignant in his vitals, and this rearning was symbolized by one of his most profound secrets. In the inner pockets of his jacket he carried a bit of wood whittled into the distant likeness of a pistol, but not even Sam Williams had seen it. The wooden pistol never knew the light of day, save when Penrod was in solitude; and yet It never left his side except at night, when it was placed under his pillow. Still, it did not satisfy; it was but the token of his yearning and his dream. With all his might and main Penrod longed for one thing beyond all others. He wanted a Real Pistol!

At this moment a shout was heard from the alley, "Yay, Penrod!" and the sandy head of comrad Sam Williams appeared above the fence.

'Come on over," said Penrod. As Sam obediently climbed the fence, the little old dog, Duke, moved slowly away, but presently, glancing over his shoulder and seeing the two boys standing together, he broke into a trot and disappeared round a corner of the house. He was a dog of long and enlightening experience; and he made it clear that the conjunction of Penrod and Sam portended events which, from his point of view, might be unfortunate. Duke had a forgiving disposition, but he also possessed a melancholy wisdom. In the company of either Penrod or Sam, alone, affection often caused him to linger, albeit with a little pessimism, but when he saw them together, he invariably withdrew in as unobtrusive a manner as haste would allow.

'What you doin'?" Sam asked.

"Nothin'. What you?" "I'll show you if you'll come over to our house," said Sam, who was wearing an important and secretive expression.

"What for?" Penrod showed little interest.

"Well, I said I'd show you if you came on over, didn't I?"

"But you haven't got anything I haven't got," said Penrod indifferently. "I know everything that's in your yard and in your stable, and there isn't a thing-'

"I didn't say it was in the yard or

in the stable, did I?" "Well, there ain't anything in your house," returned Penrod frankly, "that I'd walk two feet to look atnot a thing!"

"Oh, no!" Sam assumed mockery. "Oh, no, you wouldn't! You know what it is, don't you? Yes, you do!"

Penrod's curiosity stirred somewhat. "Well, all right," he said, "I got nothin' to do. I just as soon go. What

"You wait and see," said Sam, as they climbed the fence. "I bet your ole eyes'll open pretty far in about a minute or so!

"I bet they don't. It takes a good

deal to get me excited, unless it's sumpthing mighty-"

"You'll see!" Sam promised.

He opened an alley gate and stepped anto his own yard in a manner signaling caution-though the exploit, thus far, certainly required none-and Penred began to be impressed and hopeful. They entered the house, silently, encountering no one, and Sam led the way upstairs, tiptoeing, implying unusual and increasing peril. Turning, in the upper hall, they went into Sam's father's bedroom, and Sam closed the door with a caution so genuine that al- | small voice.

Penrod Schofield, having been "kept | ready Penrod's eyes began to fulfill his host's prediction. Adventures in another boy's house are trying to the nerves; and another boy's father's bedroom, when invaded, has a violated sanctity that is almost appalling. Penrod felt that something was about to happen-something much more import-

Sam tiptoed across the room to a chest of drawers, and, kneeling, caretil the surface of its contents-Mr. posed. Then he fumbled beneath the garments and drew forth a large object, displaying it triumphantly to the satisfactorily dumfounded Penrod.

It was a blue-steel Colt's revolver of the heaviest pattern made in the seventies. Mr. Williams had inherited it from Sam's grandfather (a small man, a deacon, a dyspeptic) and it was larger and more horrible than any revolver either of the boys had ever seen in any picture, moving or stationary. Moreover, greenish bullets of great size were to be seen in the chambers of the cylinder, suggesting massacre rather than mere murder. This revolver was real and it was loaded!

Both boys lived breathlessly through magnificent moment.
"Leave me have it!" gasped Penrod.

Leave me have hold of it!" "You wait a minute!" Sam protest-

ed, in a whisper. "I want to show you how I do." "No; you let me show you how I

do!" Penrod insisted; and they scuffled for possession. "Look out!" Sam whispered warn-

ingly. "It might go off." "Then you better leave me have it!" And Penrod victorious and flushed, stepped back, the weapon in his grasp. 'Here," he said, "this is the way I do: You be a crook; and suppose you got

a dagger, and I—" "I don't want any dagger," Sam protested, advancing. "I want that revolver. It's my father's revolaver, ain't it?"

"Well, wait a minute, can't you? I got a right to show you the way I do, first, haven't I?" Penrod began an improvisation on the spot. "Say I'm comin' along after dark like this-look, Sam! And say you try to make a jump at me-

"I won't!" Sam declined this role impatiently. "I guess it ain't your father's revolaver, is it?"

"Well, it may be your father's but it ain't yours," Penrod argued, becoming logical. "It ain't either's of us revolaver, so I got as much right—'

"You haven't either. It's my fath-"Watch, can't you—just a minute!" Penrod urged vehemently. "I'm not goin' to keep it, am I? You can have it when I get through, can't you? Here's how I do: I'm comin' along after dark, just walkin' along this way like this-look, Sam!"

Penrod, suiting the action to the word, walked to the other end of the room, swinging the revolver at his side with affected carelessness.

"I'm just walkin' along like this, and first I don't see you," continued the actor. "Then I kind of get a notion sumpthing wrong's liable to happen, so - No!" He interrupted himself abruptly. "No; that isn't it. You wouldn't notice that I had my good ole revolaver with me. You wouldn't think I had one, because it'd be under my coat like this, and you wouldn't see it." Penrod stuck the muzzle of the pistol into the waistband of his knickerbockers at the left side and, buttoning his jacket, sustained the weapon in concealment by pressure of his elbow. "So you think I haven't got any; you think I'm just a man comin' along, and so you-

Sam advanced. "Well, you've had your turn," he said. "Now, it's mine. I'm goin' to show you how I—

"Watch me, can't you?" Penrod walled. "I haven't showed you how I do, have I? My goodness! Can't you

watch me a minute?" "I have been! You said yourself it'd

be my turn soon as you—' "My goodness! Let me have a chance, can't you?" Penrod retreated to the wall, turning his right side toward Sam and keeping the revolver still protected under his coat. "I got

to have my turn first, haven't I?" "Well, yours is over long ago."

"It isn't either! I-" "Anyway," said Sam decidedly, clutching him by the right shoulder

and endeavoring to reach his left side "anyway, I'm goin' to have it now." "You said I could have my turn out!" Penrod, carried away by indig-

nation, raised his voice. "I did not!" Sam, likewise lost to

caution, asserted his denial loudly. "You did, too."

"You said-"

"I never said anything!" "You said- Quit that!"

"Boys!" Mrs. Williams, Sam's mother, opened the door of the room and stood upon the threshold. The scuffling of Sam and Penrod ceased instantly, and they stood hushed and stricken, while fear fell upon them. "Boys, you weren't quarreling, were

you?"

"Ma'am?" said Sam.

"Were you quarreling with Penrod?" "No, ma'am," answered Sam in a Penrod swallowed. "Yes, sir. A boy bit me—I mean a dog—a dog bit me."

"It sounded like it. What was the natter?

Both boys returned her curious glance with meekness. They were summoning their faculties-which were needed. Indeed, these are the crises which prepare a boy for the business difficulties of his later life. Penrod with the huge weapon beneath his jacket, insecurely supported by an elbow and by a waistband which he instantly began to distrust, experienced distressful sensations similar to those of the owner of too heavily insured property carrying a gasoline can under his overcoat and detained for conversation by a policeman. And if in the coming years, it was to be Penrod's lot to find himself in that precise situation, no doubt he would be the better prepared for it on account of this present afternoon's experience under the scalding eye of Mrs. Williams. It should be added that Mrs. Williams' eye was awful to the imagination only. It was a gentle eye and but mildly curious, having no remote suspicion of the dreadful truth, for Sam had backed upon the chest of drawers and closed the damnatory open one with the calves of his legs.

Sam, not bearing the fatal evidence upon his person, was in a better state than Penrod, though when boys fall into the stillness now assumed by these two, it should be understood that they are suffering. Penrod, in fact, was the prey to apprehension so keen that the actual pit of his stomach was

Being the actual custodian of the crime, he understood that his case was several degrees more serious than that of Sam, who, in the event of detection, would be convicted as only an accessory. It was a lesson, and Penrod already repented his selfishness in not allowing Sam to show how he did, first.

"You're sure you weren't quarreling, Sam?" said Mrs. Williams. "No, ma'am; we were just talking."

"I'm glad you weren't quarreling," said Mrs. Williams, reassured by this reply, which though somewhat baffling, was thoroughly familiar to her "Now, if you'll come downstairs, I'll give you each one cookie and no more, so your appetites won't be spoiled for your dinners."

She stood, evidently expecting them to precede her. To linger might renew vague suspicion, causing it to become his place at his own dinner-table, some-

cally: "That's too bad! Where did he bite you?"

"On the-right on the elbow." "Good gracious! Perhaps you ought

o have it cauterized."

"Did you have a doctor look at it?" "No, sir. My mother put some stuff from the drug store on it."

"Oh, I see. Probably it's all right, "Yes, sir." Penrod drew breath more

freely, and accepted the warm cookie Mrs. Williams brought him. He ate it without relish.

"Was it your own dog that bit you?" Mr. Williams inquired.

"Sir? No, sir. It wasn't Duke." "Penrod!" Mrs. Williams exclaimed.

When did it happen?" "I don't remember just when," he answered feebly. "I guess it was day before yesterday.'

"Gracious! How did it-"

She was interrupted by the entrance a middle-aged colored woman. "Miz Williams," she began, and then, as she caught sight of Penrod, she addressed him directly, "You' ma telefoam if you here, send you home right away, 'cause they waitin' dinner on you."

"Run along, then," said Mrs. Williams, patting the visitor lightly upon his shoulder; and she accompanied him to the front door. "Tell your mother I'm so sorry about your getting bitten, and you must take good care of it,

"Yes'm,"

"I Can't Pull the Trigger," Said Sam Indistinctly.

more definite; and boys preserve them-

selves from moment to moment, not of-

ten attempting to secure the future.

Consequently, the apprehensive Sam

and the unfortunate Penrod (with the

monstrous implement bulking against

his ribs) walked out of the room and

down the stairs, their countenances in-

dicating an interior condition of sol-

emnity. And a curious shade of be-

havior might have here interested a

criminologist. Penrod endeavored to

keep as close to Sam as possible, like

a lonely person seeking company,

while, on the other hand, Sam kept

moving away from Penrod, seeming to

"Go into the library, boys," said Mrs.

Williams, as the three reached the foot

of the stairs. "I'll bring you your

Under her eye the two entered the

library, to find Mr. Williams reading

his evening paper. He looked up pleas-

antly, but it seemed to Penrod that he

had an ominous and penetrating ex-

"What have you been up to, you

"Nothing," said Sam. "Different

Mr. Williams nodded; then his

"What's the matter with your arm,

Penrod became paler, and Sam with-

"I said, What's the matter with your

"Your left. You seem to be holding

t in an unnatural position. Have you

"Which one?" Penrod quavered.

drew from him almost conspicuously.

glance rested casually upon Penrod.

desire an appearance of aloofness.

cookies. Papa's in there."

boys?" inquired this enemy.

"Oh-just different things."

things."

Penrod?"

"Sir?"

arm?"

"What like?"

what breathless but with an expression

"Can't you ever come home without

"Sam's mother and father kept me, or

I'd been home long ago. They would

keep on talkin', and I guess I had to

His left arm was as free as his right:

there was no dreadful bulk beneath

his jacket, and at Penrod's age the fu-

ture is too far away to be worried

about. The difference between tempo-

rary security and permanent security

is left for grown people. To Penrod,

security was security, and before his

dinner was half eaten his spirit had

Nevertheless, when he entered the

empty carriage-house of the stable, on

his return from school the next after-

noon, his expression was not altogether

without apprehension, and he stood in

the doorway looking well about him

before he lifted a loosened plank in

the flooring and took from beneath it

the grand old weapon of the Williams

family. Nor did his eye lighten with

any pleasurable excitement as he sat

himself down in a shadowy corner and

began some sketchy experiments with

the mechanism. The allure of first

sight was gone. In Mr. Williams' bed-

chamber, with Sam clamoring for pos-

session, it had seemed to Penrod that

nothing in the world was so desirable

as to have that revolver in his own

hands-it was his dream come true.

But, for reasons not definitely known

to him, the charm had departed; he

turned the cylinder gingerly, almost

with distaste; and slowly there stole

of perfect composure.

be polite, didn't I?"

become fairly serene.

Penrod lingered helplessly outside the doorway, looking at Sam, who stood partially obscured in the hall, behind Mrs. Williams. Penrod's eyes, with a veiled anguish, conveyed a pleading for help as well as a horror of the position in which he found himself. Sam, however, pale and determined, seemed to have assumed a stony attitude of detachment, as if it were well understood between them that his own comparative innocence was established, and that whatever catastrophe ensued, Penrod had brought it on and must bear the brunt of it alone.

"Well, you'd better run along, since they're waiting for you at home," said Mrs. Williams, closing the door. "Good night, Penrod."

. . . Ten minutes later Penrod took

the heavy blue steel.

Thus does the long-dreamed real misbehave—not only for Penrod!

More out of a sense of duty to bingism in general than for any other reason, he pointed the revolver at the awn-mower, and gloomily murmured, Bing!"

Simultaneously, a low and cautious voice sounded from the yard outside, Yay, Penrod!" and Sam Williams darkened the doorway, his eye falling instantly upon the weapon in his friend's hand. Sam seemed relieved to

"You didn't get caught with it, did you?" he said hastily.

Penrod shook his head, rising.

"I guess not! I guess I got some brains around me," he added, inspired by Sam's presence to assume a slight swagger. "They'd have to get up pretty early to find any good ole revolaver, once I got my hands on it!"

"I guess we can keep it, all right," Sam said confidentially. "Because this morning papa was putting on his winter underclothes and he found it wasn't there, and they looked all over and everywhere, and he was pretty mad, and said he knew it was those cheap plumbers stole it that mamma got instead of the regular plumbers he always used to have, and he said there wasn't any chance ever gettin' it back, because you couldn't tell which one took it, and they'd all swear it wasn't them. So it looks like we could keep it for our revolaver, Penrod, don't it? I'll give you half of it."

Penrod affected some enthusiasm. 'Sam' we'll keep it out here in the stable."

"Yes, and we'll go huntin' with it. We'll do lots of things with it!" But Sam made no effort to take it, and neither boy seemed to feel yesterday's necessity to show the other how he did. "Wait till next Fourth o' July!" Sam continued. "Oh, oh! Look out!" This invited a genuine spark from Penrod.

"Fourth o' July! I guess she'll be a little better than any firecrackers! Just little 'Bing! Bing! Bing!' she'll be goin'. 'Bing! Bing! Bing!'

The suggestion of noise stirred his comrade. "I'll bet she'll go off louder'n that time the gas-works blew up! I wouldn't be afraid to shoot her off any "I bet you would," said Penrod. "You

aren't used to revolavers the way I-" "You aren't, either!" Sam exclaimed promptly. "I wouldn't be any more afraid to shoot her off than you would."

"You would, too!" "I would not!"

"Well, let's see you then; you talk so much!" And Penrod handed the weapon scornfully to Sam, who at once became less self-assertive.

"I'd shoot her off in a minute," Sam said, "only it might break sumpthing if it hit it."

"Hold her up in the air, then. It can't hurt the roof, can it?"

Sam, with a desperate expression, lifted the revolver at arm's length. Both boys turned away their heads, and Penrod put his fingers in his ears -but nothing happened. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Why don't you go on if you're goin' to?"

Sam lowered his arm. "I guess I didn't have her cocked," he said apologetically, whereupon Penrod loudly

"Tryin' to shoot a revolaver and didn't know enough to cock her! If I didn't know any more about revolavers

that the pistol was now ready to perform its office. "I guess she'll do all right to suit you this time!"

"Well, why'n't you go ahead, then; you know so much!" And as Sam raised his arm, Penrod again turned away his head and placed his forefingers in his ears.

A pause followed.

then."

"Why'n't you go ahead?" Penrod, after waiting in keen susense, turned to behold his friend standing with his right arm above his head, his left hand over his left ear, and both eyes closed.

being telephoned for?" demanded his "I can't pull the trigger," said Sam indistinctly, his face convulsed as in "Yes, sir." And Penrod added resympathy with the great muscular efforts of other parts of his body. "She proachfully, placing the blame upon members of Mr. Schofield's own class, won't pull!"

> "She won't?" Penrod remarked with scorn. "I'll bet I could pull her."

> Sam promptly opened his eyes and handed the weapon to Penrod. "All right," he said, with surprising and unusual mildness. "You try her,

> Inwardly discomfited to a disagreeable extent, Penrod attempted to talk his own misgivings out of countenance.

"Poor 'ittle baby!" he said, swinging the pistol at his side with a fair pretense of careless ease. "Ain't even strong enough to pull a trigger! Poor 'ittle baby! Well, if you can't even do that much, you better watch me while

"Well," said Sam reasonably, "why don't you go on and do it then?"

"Well, I am going to, ain't I?" "Well, then, why don't you?"

"Oh, I'll do it fast enough to suit you, guess," Penrod retorted swinging the big revolver up a little higher than his shoulder and pointing it in the direction of the double doors, which opened upon the alley. "You better run, Sam," he jeered. "You'll be pretty scared when I shoot her off, I guess." "Well, why don't you see if I will? I

bet you're afraid yourself."

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Penrod, in a reckless voice—and his finger touched finger no more than touched it; perhaps he had been reassured by Sam's asser-

Mr. Williams murmured sympatheti- something repellent and threatening in intentions must remain in doubt, and probably Penrod himself was not certain of them; but one thing comes to the surface as entirely definite—that trigger was not so hard to pull as Sam said it was.

Bang! Wh-a-a-ack. A shattering re-

port split the air of the stable, and

there was an orifice of remarkable diameter in the alley door. With these phenomena, three yells, expressing excitement of different kinds, were almost simultaneous-two from within the stable and the third from a point in the alley about eleven inches lower than the orifice just constructed in the planking of the door. This third point, roughly speaking, was the open mouth of a gayly dressed young colored man whose attention, as he strolled, had been thus violently distracted from some mental computations he was making in numbers, including, particularly, those symbols of ecstasy or woe, as the case might be, seven and eleven. His eye at once perceived the orifice on a line enervatingly little above the top of his head; and, although he had not supposed himself so well known in this neighborhood, he was aware that he did, here and there, possess acquaintances of whom some such uncomplimentary action might be expected as natural and characteristic. His immediate procedure was to prostrate himself flat upon the ground, against

Sam managed to summon the tremuous semblance of a voice.

"Where-where did it hit you?" he

"Nemmine anything bout where it hit me," the young colored man returned, dusting his breast and knees as he rose. "I want to know what kine o' white boys you think you is-man can't walk 'long street.'thout you blowin' his head off!" He entered the stable and, with an indignation surely justified, took the pistol from the limp, cold hand of Penrod. "Whose gun you

boys play with gun!" He examined the revolver with an interest in which there began to appear symptoms of a pleasurable appreciation. "My goo' ness! Gun like 'iss blow a team o' steers thew a brick house! Look at 'at gun!" With his right hand he twirled it in a manner most dexterous and surprising; then suddenly he became severe. "You white boy, listen me!" he said. "Ef I went an did what I ought to did. I'd march straight out 'iss stable, git a policeman, an' tell him 'rest th'ow her away where you can't do no mo' harm with her. I'm goin' take her way off in the woods an' th'ow her away where can't nobody fine her an' go blowin' man's head off with her. 'At's what I'm goin' do!" And placing the revolver inside his coat as inconspicuously as possible, he proceeded to the open door and into the alley, where he turned for a final word. "I let you off 'iss one time," he said, "but listen me-you listen, white boy: yo bet' not tell you' pa. I ain' goin' tell him, an' you ain' goin' tell him. He want know

Sam Williams, swallowing continuously, presently walked to the alley door, and remarked in a weak voice, 'I'm sick at my stummick." He paused. then added more decidedly: "I'm goin" home. I guess I've stood about enough around here for one day!" And bestowing a last glance upon his friend, who was now sitting dumbly upon the floor in the exact spot where he had stood to fire the dreadful shot, Sam moved slowly away.

The early shades of autumn evening

where gun gone, you tell him you los'

were falling when Penrod emerged from the stable; and a better light might have disclosed to a shrewd eve some indications that here was a boy who had been extremely, if temporarily, ill. He went to the cistern, and, after a cautious glance round the reassuring horizon, lifted the iron cover. Then he took from the inner pocket of

knowing that, as regards bingism to guished old gentlemen in Europe were at that very moment in exactly the

they were: "Wish I'd never seen one! Never want to see one again!" Of course Penred had ne way of the trigger. It seemed to him that his general, several of the most distinover him a feeling that there was tion that the trigger was difficult. His same state of mind.

his jacket an object which he dropped listlessly into the water: it was a bit of wood, whittled to the likeness of a pistol. And though his lips moved not, nor any sound issued from his vocal organs, yet were words formed. They were so deep in the person of Penrod they came almost from the slowly convalescing profundities of his stomach. These words concerned firearms, and

the stable doors. In so doing, his shoulders came brusquely in contact with one of them. which happened to be unfastened, and it swung open, revealing to his gaze two stark-white white boys, one of them holding an enormous pistol and both staring at him in stupor of ultimate horror. For, to the glassy eyes of Penrod and Sam, the stratagem of the young colored man, thus dropping to earth; disclosed, with awful certainty, a slaughtered body. This dreadful thing raised itself upon its elbows and looked at them, and there followed a motionless momenta tableau of brief duration, for both boys turned and would have fled, shricking, but the body spoke: "'At's a nice business!" it said reproachfully. "Nice business! Tryin' blow a man's head off!" Penrod was unable to speak, but

playin' with? Where you git 'at gun?"

"It's ours," quavered Sam. "It belongs to us." "Then you' pa ought to be 'rested,' said the young colored man. "Lettin

"There!" Sam exclaimed, managing you an' take you off to jail. 'At's what to draw back the hammer until two you need-blowin' man's head off! chilling clicks warranted his opinion | Listen me: I'm goin' take 'iss gun an'

He disappeared rapidly.





New Sweaters and Sweater Coats

Just like home without a mother—the line forms a knitted-in girdle and the next thing to impossible. Besides the comfort of them sweaters are convenient for the casual touch they lend to the tollette, and they manage to tone it up, or tone it down-depending on the kind of sweater and the manner of wearing it. If one has a busy day ahead and begins it by dressing for the afternoon, the sweat ercoat conceals the fact.

Those who manufacture them have turnes put a turlety of wonderful sweaters and sweaters for women and almost as interesting an assortment for men. Soft, knitted wool appears to have outdistanced silk in the race for popularity, but silk is never-theless well represented.

Two new models are shown in the illustration, one of them an example of the "slip-over" which made its entrance last year to the glad acclaim of sports women. It is very elastic, loosely knitted and shaped to mold with large white buttons,

What is life without a sweater? | itself to the figure. The ribbed waistcuffs are ribbed, with a border of plain stitches above them. Its crowning glory appears in the sailor collar of white angora yarn—a bit of strategy on the part of the designer that makes this garment immensely becoming.

The handsome sweatercoat shown at the right is more ample and much more loosely adjusted to the figure. It is an especially good model for slim figures because of the plaited skirt portion and the shape of the collar which widens the shoulders. The turnback cuffs and girdle are knitted with a narrow rib, but the collar is fash-loned by knilling like that in the cont. Quite a number of the latest sweaters contribute this style feature of dissimilar collars and cuffs, as a departure from the regular order of things.

Colors bright and gay continue to be the privilege of sweaters and sweatercoats. The coat pictured is in a grayish blue and is fastened at the front



Weather-Proof Set for Southern Tourists.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" has become almost a foolish question. All the pretty maids who can manage it, are going along with the matrons, to some winter resort, where they can wear specially designed clothes and be as happy as the day is long, seeing and being seen. The sunny South has other charms than its climate, for the tourist, and the fashion parade is one of them. There are some millions of us who don't go-or who stay only for a brief week or so, but we are keenly interested in the clothes that sojourners in the South are wearing.

Among the lovely new arrivals in smart sets that include hat and bag to match or hat and coat or hat and scarf, there are some weather-proof pieces that herald the dawn of a new day in rainproof garments. They are as dainty and pretty as if made with an eye to look alone, but they are made of rainproof or moisture-proof materials, as rubberized silk or imitation leather. Being moisture-proof is a mere incident in the sum total of their charms; being beautiful is their chief business in life and they bring a price commensurate with their suc-

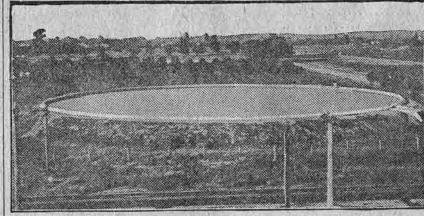
One of the handsomest of the new matched sets is shown here. It is made of so-called patent leather, a term that describes its appearance only. It is black and shiny but it is also thin and pliable as silk.

The hat is faced with chiffon taffeta in light sand color with a hint of pink in it, and bound with narrow black, grosgrain ribbon. A band of this ribbon is laid about the base of the crown and tied in a little bow at the front. The designer might have stopped her with the assurance that she had made a satisfactory rainproof hat. But this hat is made to smile in the face of the rain and thank the weatherman for sending it. It is gay with beautifully embroidered flowers. cut out from some Chinese or Japanese garment and applied to the crown. They are in many soft colors done with the incomparable fineness and deftness of those Oriental needlewomen.

The bag is cut in the shape of a tall basket with a handle that slips

Julia Bottombe

OBJECT OF FARM RESERVOIRS IS TO STORE WATER FOR GENERAL PURPOSES



COBBLESTONE RESERVOIR, COMPLETED AND FILLED.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Reservoirs suited to the needs of individual farmers and small groups of farmers form the subject of this article. The main purpose of such reservoirs is to store water for the irrigation of gardens, orchards, and truck farms, but they may also serve to store water for stock and to provide domestic supplies for farm dwellings. Farm reservoirs are used most commonly in conjunction with pumping plants operated by gasoline engines, wind mills or electric motors. Many pumping plants have been installed in recent years for irrigation purposes, and this development has created a demand for storage facilities to retain the water lifted by the pump overnight, and thus provide a large irriga tion stream for the following day.

Purpose of Building a Reservoir. The purpose which a farmer has in mind in building a reservoir will go far to fix its essential features. If he intends to use any part of the stored water for drinking or even culinary purposes, the entire supply must be kept free from pollution.

On the other hand, if the supply is intended for irrigation only, the purity of the water need not be considered. In building a reservoir for use in connection with a pumping plant, the size, elevation and location of the former should be adjusted carefully to the needs of the latter and to the land to be watered, one essential feature being that the outlet be somewhat higher than the area served. When the main purpose is to store the small flow of a spring or the discharge of a small pump until enough water can be had to form a large stream or head, as it is called, and thus water a larger area in a shorter time, the outlet of the reservoir should be large enough to permit this to be done. Again, if the reservoir is intended for both irrigation and the watering of farm animals, care should be taken in planning and building the reservoir to prevent damage being done by the trampling of stock.

Water Supply for Farm Reservoirs.

The most common source of supply for such reservoirs is the well, from which water is raised to the necessary height by a windmill, internalcombustion engine, or electric motor. The reservoir is located as near as practicable to the well, and the discharge from the pump leads directly to the reservoir with a branch to the head of the supply ditch, thus permitting the well water either to be stored or used directly on the land.

The flow from springs, brooks, flowing wells, and small creeks forms another source of supply. This is often powdered assenate of lead; six finely too small for rapid and effective irristorage is resorted to in order to obtain a large head and also to collect the flow overnight for use the following day or over several days for use during a drought. Springs and other small sources of running water may be made to serve a variety of useful purposes if the proper equipment is provided for their full utilization. Where there is sufficient fall, a part of such water may be piped directly to the house and barn and the balance allowed to flow into a pond or small reservoir, from which it is conveyed by pipe to an irrigated field, orchard, or vegetable garden. In cases where there is no fall or not enough, the water may be pumped first to the house and then allowed to flow by gravity to the barn and corral and thence to a pond, from which it can be withdrawn for irrigation purposes.

Owing to natural causes or the careless use of water in irrigation, fertile fields often become water-logged. In the majority of cases it is feasible to drain these low marshy places and apply this water to other tracts that may be too dry. If the amount of water withdrawn is small, a reservoir to store enough to make an irrigation head often is a profitable investment.

In that borderland between humidity and aridity, known as the Great Plains area, and throughout the arid region, the so-called "dry creeks" carry considerable water at times. Part of this run-off often can be led into a reservoir and stored for future use in watering stock and irrigating land.

In the Atlantic and east central states, and, in fact, throughout the entire humid region, water to fill farm reservoirs generally can be obtained readily at low cost from springs, lakes, streams, and shallow wells. Bogs or muck beds of limited areas also abound on eastern farms, particularly in the Atlantic coast states. These often can be converted at small cost from mosquito-breeding grounds into serviceable reservoirs.

Selection of Site. The location of the reservoir will

depend largely on two factors-the source of the water supply and its utilization. If the water is pumped the bars from spreading.

from a well, the well and reservoir, as has been stated, should be as near to each other as practicable, and both should be located on the highest ground to be watered. Where a reservoir is to be fed from a stream, a part of the flow may be stored in the stream bed or be diverted through a pipe, flume, or ditch to a better site some distance away. In the selection of sites for the larger community reservoirs care must be exercised to make sure that water can be stored at small expense per unit volume, and such factors as the character of the materials to be used, the nature of the foundation, porosity of the soil, dependability of the inflow, and the like, likewise are to be carefully considered. The farmer, on the other hand, has less choice of selection. He may be obliged to build a reservoir on a poor site in order that it may be placed near a pumping plant, or for other reasons arising from his needs or the conditions on his farm.

In Farmers' Bulletin 828, of the United States department of agriculture, "Farm Reservoirs," a detailed discussion of such general considerations as the prevention of losses of water from reservoirs, constructing inlets, outlets and gates, wasteways, and slopes protection is given. These factors should be well considered by anyone contemplating building a farm reservoir or pond. The bulletin will be mailed free on request.

PLAN TO ERADICATE ALFALFA CUTWORMS

Poisoned Bran Mash Proves Successful in Arizona at Cost of \$1 Per Acre.

(From the United States Department of roof begins.
Agriculture.)

Poison bran mash, costing approximately \$1 per acre, has been exceptionally successful in killing alfalfa cutworms in Arizona, according to reports to the entomological service of the United States department of agriculture. About 98 per cent of the larvae were killed by this treatment, and arsenate of lead seemed to be fully as effective as paris green in the experiments. It was possible to tell three days after a field had been treated whether or not the method was effective. The following is the standard formula for preparing poisoned mash for this purpose:

Fifty pounds of wheat bran; two pounds paris green or four pounds chopped oranges or lemons. Bring gation when used continuously, and the whole mixture to the consistency of a stiff dough by the addition of lowgrade molasses, such as is used in cattle rations, adding water when neces sary. Distribute this bait by broadcasting over the infested field, taking care to sprinkle it thinly but evenly throughout the field. In case bran cannot be obtained readily, middlings or alfalfa meal may be substituted.

With this mash distributed as directed there is no danger of poisoning cattle or domestic animals that graze in the field where it has been placed. The mash should be scattered in the field immediately after it is prepared. If, however, it is left standing about the house, it should be kept out of the reach of children.

BENEFITS OF SWEET **CLOVER FOR CATTLE**

Unlike Alfalfa and Other Clovers Stock May Be Pastured Without Danger.

(By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.) One advantage of sweet clover for pasture is that cattle and sheep are not as liable to bloat on it as they are on other clovers and alfalfa. It is practically never safe to pasture cattle and sheep on green alfalfa but on sweet clover they are comparatively safe throughout the season and in all kinds of weather. The few cases of bloating on sweet clover pasture reported have been under conditions of protracted wet weather. Some maintain that the freedom from bloat in this particular legume is due to the presence of cumarin in the plant.

The tainting of milk when cows pasture on sweet clover is confined for the most part to early in the spring.

Sash for Hot Beds.

New sash should have a light iron bracing rod across the middle. This makes the sash stronger and prevents

A GREAT DISCOVERY

(By J. H. Watson, M. D.)

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

As a remedy for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation caused by uric acid—as scalding urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly An-u-ric acts; the pains and stiffness rapidly disappear, for Anuric, (double strength), is many times more potent than lithia and often eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. All druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels have been favorably known for nearly 50 years.

Anuric is a recent scientific discovery by Dr. Pierce, Chief of Staff at the Invalids" Hotel and Surgical Inst., in Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10c there for a trial pkg. of Anuric. Large packs 36 60c.

GOSSIP OF ST. LOUIS

St. Louis, Mo .- "Quite a few years



ago, after mother-



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mfrs., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

DR.TUTT'S LIVER PILLS FOR LIVER ILLS

Habitual Constipation Relieved

If you wake in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, perhaps headache, your liver is torpid. A torpid liver deranges the whole system, produces sick headache, dyspepsia, costiveness and piles. There is no better remedy for these disorders than DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS. Try them just once and be eternally convinced. For sale by all druggists.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

HOUSETOPS ARE UTILIZED

Roofs of Small Homes in Palestine Are Devoted to Many Purposes, Including Quarters for Stock.

Housetops play a very important part in village life in Palestine, writes Rev. C. T. Wilson in "Pleasant Life in the Holy Land." In the hilly districts the one-storied rooms are often built back to the side of the knoll, or hill on which the village stands; or where it is in a valley, a perpendicular rock surface will occasionally be utilized as one of the walls, and the roof will thus be on a level with the street above. Where such a village is dependent on the rain for its water supply, the roof will be made flush with the roadway, in order to get a greater area from which to collect the water for the cistern below. When this is done, it is often impossible to tell from above where the street ends and the

The roofs, although really domed, are not unfrequently afterward leveled up so as to make them quite flat, or sloping slightly to one corner to throw off the rain more easily. They are put to an infinite variety of uses; thus, in a village built on the side of a particularly steep valley, where it was almost impossible to find a flat space, I have seen a housetop used as threshing floor. Where the house is not built against the hillside, faggots of brushwood, used by the women for firewood, are often piled up on the roof for safety. During the dry season I have seen goats and sheep folded there at summer the whole family will frequently sleep on the housetop. In the case of a number of rooms built onto each other for a family of sons, the roofs will join, though sometimes at different levels. In some cases these roofs are reached from the streets by an outside staircase.

WATCH YOUR SKIN IMPROVE

When You Use Cuticura-The Soap to Purify and Ointment to Heal.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist.

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

Strategy.

"Githerty keeps a bundle of his wife's love letters tled up with a pink ribbon.' "And he's been married for years! A

sentimental chap, isn't he?" "Not particularly, but he's crafty. By digging that bundle of letters out of

his trunk at the psychological moment he has stopped many a tirade." IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY

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

In Woman's Domain. What has become of the philoso-

pher who declared that "women should not vote because they could not go to

When the Man Is Wise. Wise is the man who knows himself thoroughly and doesn't try to find out

things about his neighbors. Philomena Muse, Beekman, N. Y. walked three miles with a broken neck

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy No Smarting - Just Eye Comfort. 59 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EXE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Carl, aged three, and his baby sister of eighteen months slept in the same room as their parents. Carl woke up early and tormented his still sleepy father with questions.

"Father, can a cow speak?"

"No, my child." "Father, can a dog speak?"

The father, thinking Carl was going through the entire list of animals that he knew, said severely:

"No animal can speak. And you must now keep quiet, for father wants For a long time the child remained

quiet; then being no longer able to restrain his curiosity, he asked timidly: "Father, what kind of an animal is

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

A Waste of Pity.

Mrs. Greener (at her first game of football)-Oh, isn't it awful? Horrible! Why, they will kill that poor fellow underneath.

Her Daughter (an enthusiast)-Don't be silly, mother. He doesn't mind it. He's unconscious by this

No Time Wasted.

We even saw one lady carry her knitting to the movies. She got in two

COVETED BY ALL

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

Still Another Saving. Hazen J. Titus the food expert, says: "We could save \$50,000,000 worth of food a year by omitting our

Values.

"How much is chicken worth pound? "Some is mo' precious dan others. I

done mos' risked my life foh dis one."

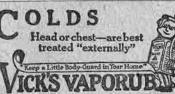
daily luncheons."

Knife Is Necessary. The pen may be mightier than the

sword, but the pencil isn't much good without the help of a knife.

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Continued from page one Helen Johnson Edward Koen- . ing Rosie Lustig Raymond

Recitation December. Maril Brassard Recitation, Christmas Tree..... Recitation Tommy's Xmas trouble Earl LaGess Recitation The Going-to-do...... Song Jingle Bells......Class

Recitation King of all trees..... Arthur Garrison Song Xmas lullaby.....

Daisy Tuntland Constance Ray Dorine Brais Vivian Gomell Arvilla Mathews Dorothy TanKuran Barbara Scheltz Recitation Santa Claus Earl Betourne Recitation My Xmas dolly

Dialogue On Xmas morning..... Paul Ritmanic Charlie Rickard Geslain Pire Delbert Lam-

..... bert Recitation Christmas day Lillian Cheney Recitation If I were Santa Claus

......Francis Begnoche Lottie Leichting Laura Wallace Alphonse Jakofish Eugene LeBran Ruthven Beebe Arthur Garrison Kenneth Wilkinson Rosanna Martin

Dialogue Xmas Acraostic Sing, Santa Claus is Coming, Earl La Recitation on Christmas eve..... gress, Earl Betourne, Harry Dayoff,

Christmas Program Third Grade

The Starspangled Banner.....Class Mary Cosino

..... Emory Linlen Christmas Bells...... Girls

Recitation Santa Claus GameRuth Bradley

Recitation A Christmas Song.... Recitation Naming Dolls

...... Frances Lustig Flowers of Christmas............ Girls Song, His Buttons are Marked.U. S. Class

Recitation A Christmas Puzzle... Marcella Varis Recitation In Trouble. Frank Patrick Santa Claus Scouts...... 4 Boys

Recitation An Act of CourtsyIrene Mercer Song looking for Santa Claus.... Recitation baby's stocking.....

Recitation A Christmas VigilFabiola Luzny

... Roy Craig Raymond Durand Recitation American Flags......Roberta Haire

Recitation it pays...Edward Duckeve Recitation poor Santa.....Irene Youngblood

Recitation Christmas cheers.....Leon Amist Song when folks begin to whisper

Recitation two little stockingsBlanche Worman Recitation the runaway stockingsGladys Richardson

Chimes of Christmas...... Girls Song of freedoms Lord......Class

Recitation Santa's Airship.....Arthur Bradley Recitation December.....

A Christmas tree...... 4 Girls Recitation dear old Santa.....

Recitation my stocking.....Gladys Saindon Merry Christmas......6 children Recitation Santa Claus. Evelyn Taylor Song, Hurrah the Soldier Boys...class Christmas Lullaby...... Girls

...... Harry Hartleb

Recitation to Santa Claus...... Christmas Gems...... Boys Recitation Tommy's Christmas...

Fourth Grade

Merry Christmas Raymond Studer Song-Santa Claus is Coming....All December..... Edward Grimes Christmas has Come. Ruth Schnieder Dialogue Christmas Acrostic

...... 5 boys and 4 girls A New Santa Claus....Leslie Johnson Red, White and Blue.....3 girls Christmas.....Raymond Moens Song-Silent Night..... All The Christmas Visitor Bessie Vickery Edora Prav A Letter to Santa Claus. Maurice Ray

Christmas Puzzle......Allison Uran We'll Fling the Starry Banner6 boys

Star Spangled Banner......All The Shiniest Dime Theo. Martin On Christmas Morning 4 boys Santa Claus and the MouseFred Hildreth Santa Claus' Middle Name...... Harry Gustafson

Mrs. McGuire-A Christmas Gift Arvid Erickson Christmas Day......Annie Frier A Word to Santa Claus Willis Goodwin

A Word with Santa Claus.....Regina Sovinski Santa Claus in Holland. Everell Monty Song-When Christmas Has Gone 6 boys and 6 girls

Christmas Dialogue.........3girls Just before Christmas.....

Two Little Strckings....Loretta McCarthy Christmas Time Clifford Walters Just what I wanted Arthur Spivey The King af All the Trees

.....Wilbert Selbert Song Christmas Lullaby 8 girls

.....8 girls and 8 boy Fifth and Seventh Grades

Recitation-Opening Address.....

Christmas Quotations.... Fifth Grade Recitation, the frost on the trees.Genevieve Laselle

Dialogue, the finish.... Seventh Grade Song, Christmas Carol Recitation the little child is com-

Dialogue the flower of LibertyFifth Grade

Recitation the Christmas stockingGenevieve Cyries Dialogue home scene in the chaplain's family.....Seventh Grade Song.....Christmas Chimes

Recitation Our Country's FlagLawrence McFarload Dialogue the holiday convention. Fifth Grade

Dialogue a day of mistortune...Seventh Grade Recitation two little stockings...

.....Fifth Grade Dialogue the everlasting talkerSeventh Grade Recitation Inquest of the maje ...

Song.....Old Glory

Fifth and Sixth Grades

Recitation Merry Xmas...... Joseph McCarthy Recitation Xmas.....Caroline Xuven

Recitation In Trouble. Albert Messik Recitation Progresssve Santa....Lucile Kempen

Dialogue Mr. and Mrs. L. C.....

Recitation A Xmas Party... Recitation Mrs. L. C. . Leona LaFlent Recitation Sly Santa. Theresa Worman Song Christmas School

..... Harry McCue Recitation The Discovet.Annie Raich Signs of Christmas...... 4 Boys Recitation Xmas Tree. Paul Clement Recitation Santa Claus.. Anna Koenik Acrostic Merry Xmas.....14 children

Recitation Mr. L. C... Willard Linton of toys...........Helen Rittmanis

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Recitation How Santa Comes. .

...... Blanche LaFlame Geo. Cochand Song The Snow Brigade.....13 Boys Recitation X mas coming. Myrtle Wall Recitation—Christmas tree in the

woods...... Nelson Clute Song-Upon the House Tops...School Recitation-A Xmas Tree . . .

..... Evelyn Weakly Recitation-Piccola. Audran St. John Recitation-Santa's Petition

..... Earl Goodreau Recitation-Xmas in Norway Donald Cremer

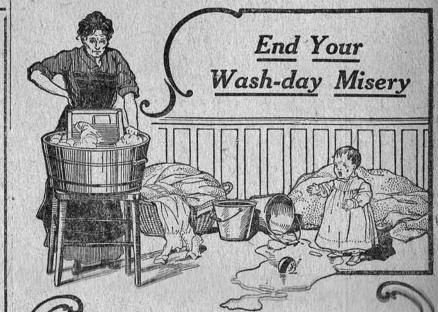
Dialogue-When Santa was Fired5th Grade

Farm Lands

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

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