

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.

WANTED—Young women to enter training for graduate nurse. Board, room, laundry, books and uniforms furnished, also spending money. Robert Burns Hospital, 3807 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 8-7t.

Ed Traham left Tuesday afternoon for Minnesota he expects to work on a dredge boat for some time.

Frances Bray who was seriously injured last week when hit by an automobile while crossing the street is doing as well as can be expected.

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

Word was received here recently from Dr. Louis C. Sondel, a former physician and surgeon here. He is at present located at the Post Hospital, Fort Ethan, Allen, Vermont.

Miss Marie Hardebeck, who underwent an operation for appendicitis two weeks ago was returned to her home. She is getting along nicely.

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

The twin boys of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kohwelter are on the sick list.

Mystic Workers

The regular meeting of Bradley Lodge No. 1242, Mystic Workers of the World, was held on last Wednesday evening, April 3, 1918.

At this meeting the following new members were initiated into the order:

Maude Saindon, Raymond Jette, Maybelle Saindon, Frank Rittman, Nora C. Chaney, Harvey Saindon and Mary Pechauer.

A Service Flag was dedicated to the many members who are already in the service of Uncle Sam.

After the meeting the refreshment committee composed of W. F. Strickland, Bernadette McCoy and Harriet A. McGillinray got busy and served ice cream and Nabisco to the many persons present.

Games were also enjoyed until a late hour.

Bradley Girls' Evening Club

The meeting of the Physical Culture Class of the Girls' Club, was postponed from Tuesday evening to Friday evening of this week on account of the illness of Miss Kathleen L. Mallaney, Director.

All members are urged to be present at 7:30 sharp, Friday evening.

Wm. Magruder Joins the Majority

Wm. Magruder formerly of this city but now of Rock Creek passed away at his home Sunday afternoon, death being due to a complication of diseases.

Mr. Magruder was a man about thirty years old and leaves a wife and three children to mourn their loss. He was a man of sterling qualities and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at his home and the remains were laid to rest in the Deselm cemetery. Mrs. Magruder and children have the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of a loving husband and father.

Social

Mesdames Earl Parrone and Frank Cooper gave a social last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Parrone for the United Brethren Church. A large crowd was in attendance and all reported as having had a fine time.

For Sale

A three fourths size violin suitable for beginners. Also good second hand sewing machine at 299 North Center Avenue or call Bell phone 1800.

An Ordinance Amending Section 165 of the Village Code of the Village of Bradley, Illinois.

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, in the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois.

SECTION I.

That Section 165 of an Ordinance entitled, "An Ordinance Concerning the Municipal Government of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, the Codifying of its Laws and Ordinances of General Application and Establishing a Code of Laws for its Municipal Government, and Providing for Fines, Penalties and repealing certain Ordinances herein mentioned, and providing for the publication thereof" passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1904 and approved by the President of the Board of Trustees on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1904, be amended to read as follows:

SECTION 165.—No person shall within the limits of the Village of Bradley, carry, transfer or transport any goods, ware, merchandise or property of any description, for hire, in any wagon, automobile, auto truck or other vehicles, nor pursue the occupation of carrying, transferring or transporting goods, wares, merchandise or property of any description for hire, in any wagon, automobile, auto truck or other vehicles; nor keep, own, or use or permit to be used, any wagon, automobile, auto truck or other vehicle for the purpose aforesaid, without first having obtained a license therefor and any person, who shall violate any provision of this Section, shall be subject to a fine or not less than Ten Dollars (\$10.00) nor more than Twenty-Five Dollars (\$25.00) for each violation.

SECTION II.

This Ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its due passage, approval and publication.

The above and foregoing Ordinance was duly passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

E. F. MCCOY
Village Clerk.

Approved by me this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

W. H. BAKER

President of the Board of Trustees.

Certificate

I, E. F. McCoy Village Clerk of the Village of Bradley, in the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of an ordinance entitled: An ordinance amending section 165 of the village code of the Village of Bradley, Ill., passed by the President and Members of the Board of Trustees of said Village on the first day of April A. D. 1918, and approved by the President of the Board of Trustees of said Village on the first day of April 1918.

Witness my hand and the corporate seal of the Village this 1st day of April A. D. 1918.

E. F. MCCOY
Village Clerk

Haire-Schrader

Last Thursday afternoon Mrs. Flora Haire of this city and Fred Schrader of Kankakee were married by Judge Merrill. After the marriage, they went to the home of the groom where a six o'clock dinner was served to immediate relatives and friends.

The bride wore a taupe suit with hat and shoes to match and carried a bouquet of Killarney roses.

Mrs. Schrader is well and favorable known, having resided here for the past nine years and has made many friends. The groom is well known here having moved from a farm near Milk Grove to his home on South Dearborn Avenue in Kankakee. Mr. and Mrs. Schrader will make their future home on South Dearborn Avenue in Kankakee.

Their many friends unite in wishing them happiness.

MUST SELL YOUR WHEAT

FOOD ADMINISTRATOR SAYS YOU MUST

You Can Not Hoard Wheat as the Government Needs It—Get It to Market at Once

Here is a new order just issued. If you have wheat on the farm read it and follow its advice.

TO ALL COUNTY AND TOWNSHIP ADMINISTRATORS:

The following telegram from Mr. Hoover is quoted and explains the request made of you as follows:

"There are some known pro-German farmers hoarding their wheat out of a desire to obstruct the Government. That they should not prejudice loyal and decent members of community, I think it desirable, wherever possible to make an example of these cases by direct action. Wherever you can yourself or thru your country and district administrators learn of such instances, I would be glad if you would direct a letter in each instance of this kind instructing them to bring their grain to the nearest elevator within a certain short period. If they fail to respond you will requisition the wheat. Where requisitioning is done, do so on price basis of local elevator loss enough to pay necessary charges for transportation from farm to elevator. If cases of this character arise where transportation is necessary from the farm to elevator, communicate to grain zone vice president in your zone, and ask him to arrange matter with local elevator agent. Wherever actual requisitioning is necessary notify grain zone vice president in order that he may make necessary arrangements for purchase. Grain zone vice presidents have considerable information on this subject and will communicate with you any instances they know of in your state. Also advise us of any instances where you issue direct orders, the result therefrom and any instances where you actually requisition. It is our impression that you will not have to requisition very often, but will get sufficient response from direct orders to bring grain in. A few instances of this kind would probably establish voluntary marketing without our defining any general policy with regard to requisitioning."

At a meeting of the Grain Zone Committee held on the 25th of March, it was decided at once to secure a complete survey of the wheat still held by farmers in Illinois, such information in ordering wheat into elevators.

We recognize that this is a task of considerable magnitude, but you will not be called upon again during the course of the war for a service so imperative as this, nor one that more vitally affects the outcome of the war.

HARRY A. WHEELER,
Federal Food Administrator
For Illinois.

For Village Clerk

In this issue of the Advocate, appears the announcement of E. F. McCoy as a candidate for Village Clerk, on the Citizen ticket, at the Election to be held Tuesday April 16, 1918. Mr. McCoy is the present City Clerk, having filled this important position during the past year with credit to himself and profit to the Village. He is in business on Broadway in Bradley, which makes his office available to anyone having business to transact with the Village Clerk. Mr. McCoy is a painstaking and careful official, and if re-elected to the position of Village Clerk, he will give this important position the time and attention, which it should have, to properly conduct the business. He asks your support to his candidacy at the Election on next Tuesday April 16 and will appreciate your vote for him. Adv.

Peter Miller

The Citizen ticket presents the name of Peter Miller as candidate for member of the Board of Trustees, at the Election next Tuesday April 16, 1918. Mr. Miller is a property owner of Bradley and a man of good business judgment and will make a valuable addition to the Village Board. Every voter, at the election next Tuesday, should give his claim careful consideration before casting their vote. Adv.

Highway Treasurer's Report

STATE OF ILLINOIS,
COUNTY OF KANKAKEE, } ss.
Town of Bourbonnais

Office of Highway Treasurer.

The following is a statement by Frederick F. Marcotte, treasurer of the road and bridge fund of the Town of Bourbonnais in the County and State aforesaid, of the amount of road and bridge funds received and expended by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the first Tuesday in April, being the second day of April, A. D. 1918, showing the amount of road and bridge funds on hand at the commencement of said year, the amount of road and bridge funds received and from what sources received, the amount of road and bridge funds expended and for what purpose expended, during said fiscal year, ending as aforesaid.

The said Frederick F. Marcotte being duly sworn, doth depose and says that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of road and bridge funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of road and bridge funds received, and the source from which received, and the amount expended, and purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

FREDERICK F. MARCOTTE, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this first day of April, A. D. 1918.

HERMAN WORMAN,
Justice of the Peace.

DATE	FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES RECEIVED	AMOUNT
1917	Amount of road and bridge funds on hand at the beginning of the year, commencing the first Tuesday in April, being the second day of April, 1917.....	\$2301 19
July 10	C. R. Robinson, County treas.....	1786 80
July 20	O. I. Martin, village treas., road dragging.....	23 00
Aug. 28	Morris Birk, Worrell's old iron bridge.....	100 00
Sept. 6	George Courville.....	158 42
1918		
Mar. 26	P. A. Longtin, town collector.....	3732 55
	Amount carried forward.....	\$8101 96

Road District No. 1

DATE	FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES EXPENDED	AMOUNT
1917		
Mar. 2	W. H. Dyer, legal advisor.....	\$ 2 00
Apr. 8	Eugene Lamarre, attorney fee.....	7 00
Apr. 8	Mike Heil, repairing culvert.....	1 00
Apr. 28	Durand Bros.; hauling stone.....	70 00
Apr. 28	Victor Gregoire, cleaning ditch.....	1 50
Apr. 28	Chas. G. Roy, clerk services.....	24 00
Apr. 28	Telephore Betourne, dragging road.....	18 00
May 11	LeHigh Stone Co., crushed stone.....	83 03
May 11	Levi Dandurand, dragging road.....	9 50
May 11	A. E. Spivey, hauling stone.....	51 00
May 11	Walter Spivey, hauling stone.....	27 00
May 11	West Side Quarry, crushed stone.....	37 58
May 11	Ed Dufrain, grading road.....	62 50
May 11	Victor Gregoire, removing sign posts.....	2 00
May 26	Walter Bilyard, dragging road.....	12 00
May 26	Walter Spivey, hauling crushed stone and repairing.....	18 30
May 26	Ed Dufrain, grading road.....	80 00
May 26	Peter Bonneville, grading road.....	15 00
June 11	Joseph Brouillette, grading road.....	15 00
June 11	Fred Boudreau, labor on road.....	5 00
June 11	Walter Spivey, hauling stone.....	21 00
June 11	Austin Western Road Machinery Co.....	1250 00
June 16	Ed Martin, road oiling.....	26 25
June 16	I. C. R. Co., freight.....	55 57
June 16	Walter Spivey, hauling stone.....	12 00
June 16	Fred Boudreau, labor on road.....	3 75
July 13	Chas. Wertz Co., coal.....	40 74
July 13	Ed Martin, hauling stone.....	3 00
July 14	Joseph Brouillette, repairing culvert.....	8 00
July 14	John Kohl, dragging road.....	38 00
July 14	Simon Tetrault, repairing bridge.....	39 40
July 14	West Side Quarry, crushed stone.....	18 04
July 14	O. L. Martin, bridge tax.....	217 42
July 14	John Plageole, bridge tax.....	10 85
July 31	John Paquette, labor.....	12 00
Sept. 13	Walter Spivey, labor.....	4 50
Sept. 21	Jos. Brouillette, repairs on bridge.....	6 00
Sept. 21	Fred Boudreau, repairs on bridge.....	2 50
Sept. 21	West Side Quarry, crushed stone.....	35 32
Sept. 29	Arthur Spivey, road repair.....	39 00
Sept. 29	Fred Gross, grading roads.....	30 00
Oct. 18	Don Bradley, painting bridge.....	3 00
Oct. 27	Wm. Spivey, labor.....	12 00
Oct. 27	Peter Bonneville, road work.....	7 20
Oct. 27	West Side Quarry, crushed stone.....	21 60
Nov. 9	Mike Heil, road work.....	15 00
Nov. 18	Walter Spivey, road work.....	6 00
Dec. 13	Jos. Brouillette, road work.....	30 50
Dec. 13	John Paquette, road work.....	9 00
Dec. 13	Chas. Uran, dragging.....	34 00
Dec. 13	Geo. McElroy, dragging.....	8 00
1918		
Jan. 15	Walter Bilyard, shoveling snow.....	20 00
Jan. 28	Cecil Clark, shoveling snow.....	3 50
Feb. 16	Geo. Brosseau, shoveling snow.....	6 00
Feb. 16	Chas. Wertz Co., coal.....	6 00
Jan. 26	Peter Bonneville, repairing tile.....	3 00
Jan. 26	West Side Quarry, stone.....	13 22
Feb. 16	Emery Soulligne, hauling stone.....	12 00
Mar. 6	R. Lancaster, hauling stone.....	15 00
Mar. 6	Ed Stevens, shoveling snow.....	7 00
Mar. 19	Bert Fraser, planks.....	18 50
Mar. 26	West Side Quarry, stone.....	47 50
Mar. 26	Eugene Lamarre, atty. fee.....	28 00
		\$1224 50

District No. 2

DATE	FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES EXPENDED	AMOUNT
1917		
April 7	S. Tetrault, road drag repair.....	8 00
April 7	L. Dandurand, dragging roads.....	18 00
April 7	Ed Boudreau, road labor.....	5 00
April 7	I. C. R. R., freight on grader.....	10 55

April 7	Ed Boudreau, road labor.....	4 00
April 7	Ed Martin, hauling crushed stone.....	29 10
May 8	L. Dandurand, dragging road.....	8 50
May 8	Y. L. Marcotte, dragging road.....	15 00
May 8	E. A. Marcotte, atty. fees.....	3 00
May 8	Ill. Corrugated Metal Co., three culverts.....	92 40
May 8	Art Bissailon, tiling.....	107 60
May 8	LeHigh Stone Co., crushed stone.....	45 18
June 18	E. A. Marcotte, atty. fees.....	5 00
June 18	L. Dandurand, dragging roads.....	20 50
June 18	Simon Tetrault, road oiling.....	13 25
June 18	J. Paquette, hauling crushed stone.....	18 00
June 18	Louis Rivard, dragging road.....	12 00
June 18	Fred Boudreau, labor.....	6 25
June 30	L. Dandurand, dragging roads.....	37 50
June 30	Ralph Marcotte, hauling crushed stone.....	72 00
July 3	Jos. Brouillette, labor.....	20 00
July 3	Fred Boudreau, labor.....	2 50
July 3	Walter Spivey, hauling stone.....	12 00
July 16	John Paquette, hauling stone.....	24 00
July 17	Ill. Corrugated Metal Co., culvert pipe.....	279 84
July 17	LeHigh Stone Co., crushed stone.....	71 82
July 17	Col. Marcotte, hauling stone.....	84 00
July 17	Ed Martin, hauling stone.....	68 00
July 17	Ed Brosseau, labor.....	100 12
July 17	Col. Marcotte, hauling stone.....	69 00
July 17	J. Paquette, hauling stone.....	15 00
July 17	P. Bonneville, labor.....	33 00
July 17	E. J. Rivard, dragging road.....	42 95
July 17	O. Benoit, dragging road.....	5 00
July 17	LeHigh Stone Co., stone.....	45 18
July 26	O. Benoit, dragging road.....	43 00
Oct. 5	Fred Boudreau, labor.....	4 50
Oct. 5	Barr Sales Co., culverts.....	105 00
Oct. 5	Jos. Brouillette, labor.....	38 50
Oct. 13	Levi Dandurand, dragging.....	9 00
Oct. 13	Adelard Bissailon, labor.....	3 00
Oct. 13	John Paquette, shoveling snow.....	3 00
		\$1588 69

District No. 3

1917		
May 11	Durand Bros., scraping road.....	\$ 164 00
June 18	Jos. Fortin, repairing bridge.....	7 00
June 18	Fred Boudreau, labor.....	18 00
June 18	Joseph Brouillette, hauling stone.....	32 00
June 23	Austin Western Machinery Co., road drag.....	23 00
June 23	Harvey Marcotte, dragging road.....	22 00
June 23	Achille Zace, repairing bridge.....	12 60
June 23	Leo Granger, dragging road.....	8 00
June 23	Chas. Wertz Co., lumber.....	243 84
June 23	Adelard Durand, hauling stone.....	25 00
June 23	LeHigh Stone Co., stone.....	43 97
July 9	L. Dandurand, dragging road.....	12 00
July 9	F. X. Raymond, dragging road.....	20 00
July 9	F. F. Marcotte, commission.....	71 23
Aug. 10	Adelard Durand, hauling stone.....	129 25
Oct. 14	Fred Boudreau, labor.....	15 00
1918		
Feb. 15	Robert Lambert, dragging road.....	4 00
Mar. 26	Chas. Roy, clerk.....	13 00
	Total Expenses.....	\$5194 90
	Total amount of road and bridge funds received.....	8101 96
	Total amount of road and bridge funds disbursed.....	5194 90
	-Balance on hand.....	2907 06

Supervisor's Report

STATE OF ILLINOIS,
COUNTY OF KANKAKEE } ss.
Town of Bourbonnais

Office of Town Supervisor.

The following is a statement by Fred F. Marcotte Supervisor of the Town of Bourbonnais, in the County and State aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received and expended by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the 26th day of March, 1918, showing the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of said fiscal year, the amount of public funds received and from what sources received, the amount of public funds expended and for what purposes expended, during fiscal year, ending as aforesaid.

The said Fred F. Marcotte, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received, and the source from which received, and the amount expended, and purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

FRED F. MARCOTTE

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this first day of April A. D. 1918.

SPOTS SUBMARINE ON BED OF OCEAN

Seaplane Has Important Part in Hunting Down German U-Boats.

SNARED WITH STEEL ROPES

Enemy Is Given Five Minutes to Rise and Surrender, Then Is Blown Up—Vivid Description by English Writer.

London.—One of the methods by which, as the first sea lord, Sir Eric Geddes said recently, the submarine menace is being "held," is vividly described by a writer in the Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

A seaplane had "spotted" a submarine lying on the sea bed. Instantly the observer's finger commenced to tap a key. Ten miles away a long, lean destroyer and four squat trawlers detached themselves like a pack of hounds working a covert, and hastened to the kill. Meanwhile the seaplane circled around. When the surface ships arrived, her instructions, delivered by wireless, were curt and precise.

Acting upon them the trawlers stationed themselves at the four corners of a wet quadrangle, while the destroyer kept her guns ready to talk to Fritz should he appear above the surface.

The trawlers at the corners got out their sweeps—long wire hawsers, with a heavy "kite" in the center to keep their rights down on the seabed—and commenced to steam toward each other.

As the pairs of vessels met, their wires simultaneously engaged themselves under the U-boat's bow and stern, and commenced to work their sinuous way between her hull and the sea bottom.

Then the strange thing happened. Two round, black objects seemed to detach themselves from her hull and float surfaceward, to hover a second and then to commence bobbing down the tide.

"Minelayer, eh?" called the seaplane's observer.

"That's it, lad," came the telephoned

answer, "but her eggs can wait for a minute."

Then the trawlers crossed their dependent cables and thus held the U-boat in a kind of wire cat's cradle. She seemed to suddenly awake to her danger, for with a bound she tried to disentangle herself from the meshes which held her. But it was no use; the trawlers had been too long at the game and the submarine was doomed.

"Got him," signaled the seaplane. "Thanks," responded the destroyer. The End of the U-Boat.

At a flag signal from the destroyer the port foremost trawler and the starboard after one clipped a small red tin of high explosive to the bar-taut wire, and allowed it to slide down till it touched the U-boat's hull.

It was the seaplane's turn to wave a flag, and immediately there followed the fall of two fists upon two firing-keys; the uprising of two gray mounds of water and a rumbling, muffled explosion.

The seaplane circled twice above the patch of rising oil, ascertained that Fritz had been destroyed, and notified the destroyer. Then, with her observer slipping a drum of cartridges into his machine gun, she sped on after those objects bobbing down tide.

A burst of rapid firing—and the first of the devil's eggs, its buoyancy chamber punctured, sank with a gurgle; the second gave a better show, for it exploded grandly—and harmlessly—as the bullets reached it.

IS WIRELESS OPERATOR



Miss Elizabeth Duval, wireless operator on the steamship Howard which plies between Baltimore and Norfolk and Savannah and Jacksonville. The young lady is the first of her sex to hold that position on an ocean-going steamship. She has just obtained her certificate as an American seaman.

CHANGE IN THE FARMER'S LIFE

"Making a Living" Idea Has Developed Into a "Money Making Fact."

A few years ago—and not so many at that—most farmers were satisfied if they saw ahead of them the opportunity to make a fair living, a reasonable competence in their failing years, and the assurance of an existence for their families. They worked hard, and tilled their acres with this end in view. Honest struggle, earnest effort and a true conception of upright manhood, together with the increasing knowledge that upon the fruits of their endeavor rested the structure of the world, whose people had to be fed and maintained. Economy in method, improved conditions of working, have added to the farmer's possibilities, and today instead of being a plodder for an existence, which his early training had bred into him, he has become the bulwark of the nation, and, as such, has become elevated to a position where his word and his work are recognized as the factors it was always intended they should be. He is now the man of business—of big business. He has forced an appreciation of his work, and the true value has been placed upon it. The big men of the country today are the farmers, who, with business acumen and forensic forethought are able to tell you—from their books—that it costs to produce a bushel of wheat or a pound of wool.

All of which is intended to prove that farming is a business, as much as banking or selling a suit of clothes. It is an industrial business, with more certain profits than accompany any other line of trade. It is a manufacturing enterprise, devoid of any of the dangers that the frills of fashion's follies and desires force upon ordinary pursuits. Food is something that all must have and the farmer produces it. The cheaper it can be produced the less will be the cost to the consumer. And this is one of the chief thoughts of the farmer. Within the memory of the ten-year-old boy there have been improvements in machinery, changes in methods, scientific discoveries of chemicals as adapted to agriculture, all of which have lessened cost of production and made possible the cultivation of increased acres. In some parts these things have brought about more intensified agriculture, growing heavier crops on less acres. Improved machinery and demand for greater production have led another class in search of larger areas, where their ability may cope with the growing of a greater number of bushels. That is one of the reasons why Western Canada lands have recently come into such demand. These, at from twenty to thirty dollars an acre, and producing the prodigious crops that are claimed for them, have attracted thousands of American settlers, while other thousands have gone out into the lands in the Western states. But, as to the Canada lands, there is this to say of them, today they are cheap, and if they will yield sufficient in one year to pay the cost of the entire purchase, why should not there be a demand. The country is well settled, and settlement is increasing. As evidence of the growth of the three Western Provinces into whose territories the Canadian Government invites settlers, recent reports show the following increases from 1913 to 1917 inclusive:

	1913	1917
Manitoba	\$64,557,000	\$137,470,500
Saskatchewan	129,376,000	349,488,200
Alberta	46,712,000	176,965,800
Total	\$240,645,000	\$663,924,500

The total value of field crops for 1917 was \$663,924,500, produced on less than 59,000,000 acres of land. Further evidence of prosperity and progress is found in the Government estimate of the value of farm lands, and increase in value since 1908:

	1908	1916
Manitoba	27.30	32.03
Saskatchewan	20.40	23.07
Alberta	18.20	22.18

It will be observed that the average price of lands has not kept pace with their producing value. It is therefore pointed out that the opportunities for the purchase of high-class land is still within the reach of those with limited means. A good idea of advancement in a country's progress may be obtained by a knowledge of what has been done in the production of cattle, and when these figures are studied in connection with Western Canada, a country whose fame having been heralded as a grain-growing country, giving the idea that that was what it was mostly adapted to. It will be realized that there is there a vast storehouse of wealth awaiting those who choose to take advantage of it. In the three provinces in 1912 there were—horses, milk cows, other cattle, sheep and swine, four million head, while in 1917 the number was seven million.

In 1901 the entire population was 419,512; in 1916 1,698,220. One marvels at the rapid progress of the United States during the nineteenth century. But America's opportunities for growth at the beginning of that century were nothing compared to the opportunities which are Canada's at the present time. The fact that Canada has as its next door neighbor a nation of over 100,000,000—the richest nation in the world—is bound to have a stimulating effect on its progress. Already one sees

signs of it on every hand.

Canada not only has the largest area of unoccupied, but fertile, land of any country, but this land is already made available by a network of railways. Cost of production of grain is lower than elsewhere, while the prices are on a basis of those of the United States.—Advertisement.

He Did Not Know. It was in an Indianapolis court a few weeks ago. A colored fellow was before the judge on a charge of bootlegging.

"Were you ever arrested before?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir, once."

"How long were you in jail then?"

"I was not put in jail."

"How is it you were arrested and yet not go to jail?"

"Well, I was fined \$1 and costs, and I paid the costs."

"How much was that?"

"Eleven dollars."

"I suppose the judge got \$5 and the rest went to the jury, didn't it?"

"I don't know, judge. I wasn't there when they divided it."

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

Sympathy. "Did the old gentleman encourage you when you asked the hand of his daughter in marriage?"

"Well, in one way he encouraged me," replied the suitor, thoughtfully. "I judged from what he said that no objections would be offered so far as he was concerned."

"What did he say?"

"Poor devil!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

A Sheep in Every Home! Raise a sheep for its tail. Sheep of the old African fat-tail variety carry tails weighing from four to six pounds. The Dutch Boer farmers have for several generations used this fat in place of butter. It is now being exported to England. Perhaps our New England farmers might start in raising fat-tailed sheep.—Textile World Journal.

Whenever You Need a General Strengthening Tonic. Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON and is Very Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic. You can feel the good effect on the Blood after the first few doses. 60c.

In Wrong Every Way. "I feel quite lost tonight. Forgot to bring my new glasses. Who is that overdressed woman by the piano?"

"Eh? That's my wife."

"Beg Pardon. And who is the scrawny girl in blue standing by her?"

"That's my daughter."

"By Jove, how stupid. And tell me, please, who is that gawky-looking fellow with the big ears who is standing opposite to us?"

"That's your own reflection in the mirror, you idiot!"

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

In the Soup. A rookie was home on a furlough. "What do you have to eat?" inquired his solicitous mother.

"Oh, a little of everything," he replied nonchalantly.

"But I want to know what 'little of everything' is," persisted his mother.

"Well," answered the son, a mischievous smile lighting up his countenance. "There's soup, for instance."

FRECKLES. Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

An old bachelor says that some women marry for the purpose of obtaining a listener who can't get away.

How's This? We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Proof Enough. "Perfectly imbecile, is he?"

"Why, if he married for money he'd get it."

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

Signs Fail. "March came in like a lamb."

"Not this year. It came in like a meatless day."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Stinging. No Irritation. No Pain. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

SHOVEL IS HIS WEAPON

Thrilling Story of Trawler Skipper's Exploit.

Third Blow of Flaillike Implement Puts Out U-Boat's Eye and Allied Crew Escapes.

London.—When one's vessel is in danger from enemy submarines anything will do as a weapon of defense, as is shown by the story of a captain of a British trawler who used a coal shovel with good effect against a German-U-boat. The trawler, according to the story told by one of the crew, was in the North sea in a stiff breeze when the skipper saw a periscope crawl through the breaking surface of the sea about a hundred yards off. There was no gun aboard and the trawler's best speed was less than eight knots.

"It was a situation to dismay most men," said the seaman. "Our skipper, however, has a fighting spirit. A touch of the wheel sent the trawler's blunt bows pointing at the submarine's whaleback, and we wallowed menacingly toward the plate.

"The U-boat swung round to avoid the impact and the sides of the trawler scraped along the sides of the submarine. The periscope still was well out of the water but was beginning to slip down as the submarine dived.

"The skipper bawled for a hammer, a crowbar, anything that would hurt. One of the crew thrust a coal shovel into his hand and he scrambled on the bulwarks and leaned over, two of the crew hanging on to his coat so that he wouldn't fall overboard. Backward and forward he swung the heavy scoop at the fragile periscope, and the third blow reduced it to fragments.

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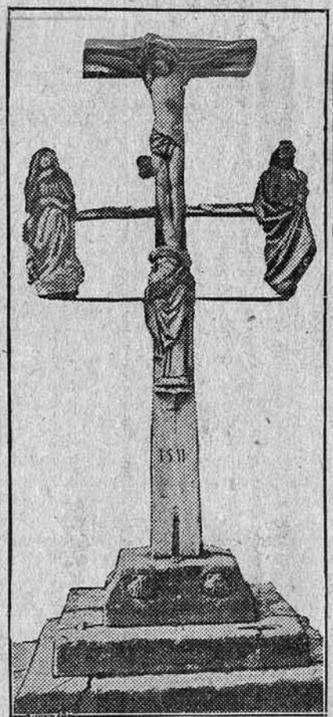
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HOHENZOLLERN DOOMED



According to an ancient German legend the fall of the house of Hohenzollern will come when the statue of "Christ on the Cross," a relic of the seventh century which stands in Kaisersburg, decays. The statue has been fastly decaying in the past few years, and since the war the authorities have been continuously repairing the damaged parts because of the effect of the destruction of the statue would have on the people familiar with the ancient legend.

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

Once in a while a woman gets so angry at her husband that she refuses to talk back.

Pimpily Rashly Skins. Quickly soothed and healed by Cuticura often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

When a girl begins to boss a young man he might just as well begin to save to buy furniture.

A guilty conscience may need no acuser, but it usually has one.

MOTHERS. Keep the family free from colds by using VICK'S VAPORUB. Keep a Little Body Guard in Your Home.

SHIP YOUR CATTLE, HOGS and SHEEP to CARR SMITH & SONS. Live Stock Commission Agents. National Stock Yards, Ill. Write, wire or phone for special information.

FOOD COSTS 9 CENTS MORE

Student Who Has Been Living on 23 Cents a Day Finds He Must Pay More.

Greensburg, Pa.—Roy R. Mumma of Jeanette, Pa., who, while a student at Carnegie Institute of Technology has been living on 23 cents a day, has had to increase his budget. He is now living on 32 cents a day.

Since he graduated from Tech last June Mumma found a job, saved \$400, took unto himself a wife and has just been accepted as a private in the radio-mechanics branch of the aviation service.

Mumma's diet program includes bread, milk, cereals, cocoa, rice, peanut butter, fruit, eggs, meat, gelatin, oleomargarine and even pie.

TEACHES SOLDIERS TO ACT

James K. Hackett, the Actor, Is Director General of Amusements, at Camp Devens.

Camp Devens, Ayres, Mass.—After five months in bed, five months on crutches and five months walking with the aid of a cane, James K. Hackett, the noted actor, is today enjoying army life at this big camp teaching the boys how to act. He is director general of amusements for the Knights of Columbus, and is to make a tour of all the big army camps. He is showing the boys how to put on shows and how to amuse themselves by acting. "We don't need scenery—Shakespeare didn't," declared Hackett. "These men will learn the trick."

LIKE HIS FAMOUS ANCESTOR

Israel Putnam of Revolutionary Fame, Had Nothing on His Great-Grandson.

Boone, Colo.—Israel Putnam of revolutionary fame, who cut his horses loose from the plow and hurried to engage in battle against the British, had nothing on his great-grandson, Ralph W. Putnam, a farmer near Boone. When the "war urge" overtook Mr. Putnam he hurried from the farm to the nearest recruiting station, enlisted and left for a cantonment camp, then sent word home by telegraph: "I'm off to grab the German goat."

DESERTER RETURNS TO FIGHT

Says Country Needs More Men as He Surrenders to Police at Connellsville, Pa.

Connellsville, Pa.—Saying the "country needs more men," William V. Curry of Marysville, Ky., gave himself up to Police Lieutenant Thomas McDonald as a deserter from the United States Marine corps.

Curry says he ran away from his division at Newport News, Va., in August, 1916. Since the outbreak of the war with Germany he said that he has been constantly tortured by remorse, and when he heard of the sinking of the Tuscania he could stand it no longer. "The country needs more men," he said, "and I might as well be back if Uncle Sam will have me."

INDIAN CHIEF ENLISTS

San Francisco, Cal.—Chief Bert Newman, who, by the Indian laws, is next in line of succession as head of the Plute nation, is today a full-fledged member of the Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

S-S-S-SURRENDER? C-C-CERTAINLY NOT!

New York.—About to be rejected at recruiting headquarters of the Marine corps here because he stammers, Solis Solomon O'Hanna said:

"I-I-I look here, d-d-d you w-w-want a t-t-talking m-m-man or a f-f-f-fighting m-m-man? I'm a f-f-f-fighting m-m-man, b-b-b I c-c-can't g-g-get my words out q-q-q-quick enough to s-s-s-say s-s-s-surrender if the whole d-d-d-d G-G-German army's on t-t-top o' me."

The recruiting officer was greatly impressed and took the case under advisement.

SAVING THE INJURED

Red Cross Is Doing Heroic Work in France.

Georgia Soldier Says, "They All Worked Like Dogs in That Hell Out There."

Washington.—"Test the nerve of those Americans," evidently was the order given to the German soldiers facing the sector held by our boys in France, and gas shells and all other methods were used. Completely repulsed as the Germans were, the test must have been anything but reassuring to them!

A correspondent talked with some of the American soldiers wounded in the attack. One youth, whose home is in Savannah, Ga., and who looked to be not more than eighteen years old, made the following highly complimentary reference to the American Red Cross stretcher-bearers and ambulance drivers:

"I've sure got to hand it to those men with the Red Cross on their arms. They all worked like dogs in that hell out there. They seemed to have but one idea—to do their duty—and apparently cared nothing for their own lives while doing it. They were game right to the core."

In this connection it may be said that there are a certain number of men who wear the Red Cross whose names are on the casualty list. If anyone has thought that a Red Cross worker goes out on a battlefield only after the firing has ceased and brings in the wounded, this statement by a soldier will correct the wrong impression. Stretcher-bearers work under fire—and the Germans have not hesitated to fire upon Red Cross workers.

The knowledge that the Red Cross workers will be at his side almost as quickly as he falls wounded, to take him to the first-aid station and subsequently to the hospitals, has given great comfort to the American troops.

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PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of "PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE PROFESSOR COMES TO SEE THEM AND MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT DEPRESSES CAROL— THEN SHE SURPRISES HIM

Synopsis.—The story concerns the household of Rev. Mr. Starr, a Methodist minister at Mount Mark, Ia., and the affairs of his five loveable daughters—Prudence, the eldest; Fairy, the next; Carol and Lark, twins; and Connie, the "baby." Prudence marries and goes away. Her place as "mother" in the home is taken by Aunt Grace. Fairy is engaged to wed. The twins and the "baby," just coming into womanhood, have the usual boy-and-girl love affairs, and the usual amazing adventures of adolescence.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Did they tell you about it?" "Yes, they told me. They told me." "Come on into my office," he said. "You must write it up while it is fresh in your mind. You'll do it better while the feeling is on you."

Lark gazed at him stupidly, not comprehending.

"Write it up?" she repeated confusedly. "Yes, for the paper. How they looked, what they said, how it happened—everything. We want to scoop on it."

"But I don't think they would want it told," Lark gasped.

"Oh probably not, but people want to know about it. Don't you remember what I told you? The press is a powerful taskmaster. He asks hard duties of us, but we must obey. We've got to give the people what they want. There's a reporter down from Burlington already, but he couldn't get anything out of them. We've got a clear scoop on it."

Lark glanced fearfully over her shoulder. A huge menacing shadow loomed black behind her. The press! She shuddered again.

"I can't write it up," she faltered. "Mrs. Daly—she— Oh, I held her in my arms, Mr. Raider, and kissed her, and we cried all morning, and I can't write it up. I—I am the minister's daughter, you know. I can't."

"Nonsense, now, Lark," he said, "be sensible. You needn't give all the sob part. I'll touch it up for you. Just write out what you saw, and what they said, and I'll do the rest. Run along now. Be sensible."

Lark glanced over her shoulder again. The press seemed tremendously big, leering at her, threatening her. Lark gasped, sobbingly.

Then she sat down at Mr. Raider's desk, and drew a pad of paper toward her. For five minutes she sat immovable, body tense, face stern, breathless, rigid. Mr. Raider after one curious, satisfied glance, slipped out and closed the door softly after him. He felt he could trust to the newspaper instinct to get that story out of her.

Finally Lark, despairingly, clutched a pencil and wrote:

Terrible Tragedy of the Early Morning.

Daly Family Crushed With Sorrow. Her mind passed rapidly back over the story she had heard, the father's occasional wild bursts of temper, the pitiful efforts of the family to keep his weakness hidden, the insignificant altercation at the breakfast table, the cry of the startled baby, and then the sudden ungovernable fury that lashed



For Five Minutes She Sat Immovable, Body Tense, Face Stern.

him. The two children—! Lark shuddered! She glanced over her shoulder again. The fearful dark shadow was very close, very terrible, ready to envelop her in its smothering depths. She sprang to her feet and rushed out of the office. Mr. Raider was in the doorway. She flung herself upon him, crushing the paper in his hand.

"I can't," she cried, looking in terror over her shoulder as she spoke, "I can't. I don't want to be a newspaper woman. I don't want any literary career. I am a minister's daughter, Mr. Raider, I can't talk about people's troubles. I want to go home."

Mr. Raider looked searchingly into the white face, and noted the frightened eyes. "There, now," he said soothingly,

"never mind the Daly story. I'll cover it myself. I guess it was too hard an assignment to begin with, and you a friend of the family and all. Let it go. You stay at home this afternoon. Come back tomorrow and I'll start you again. Maybe I was too hard on you today."

"I don't want to," she cried, looking back at the shadow, which seemed somehow to have receded a little. "I don't want to be a newspaper woman. I think I'll be the other kind of writer—not newspapers, you know, just plain writing. I'm sure I shall like it better. I wasn't cut out for this line, I know. I want to go now."

"Run along," he said. "I'll see you later on. You go to bed. You're nearly sick."

Dignity? Lark did not remember that she had ever dreamed of dignity. She just started for home, for her father, Aunt Grace and the girls! The shabby old parsonage seemed suddenly very bright, very sunny, very safe. The dreadful dark shadow was not pressing so close to her shoulders, did not feel so smotheringly near.

A startled group sprang up from the porch to greet her. She flung one arm around Carol's shoulder, and drew her twin with her close to her aunt's side. "I don't want to be a newspaper woman," she cried, in a high excited voice. "I don't like it. I am awfully afraid of—The Press—" She looked over her shoulder. The shadow was fading away in the distance. "I couldn't do it. I—"

And then, crouching with Carol, close against her aunt's side, clutching one of the soft hands in her own, she told the story.

"I couldn't, Fairy," she declared, looking beseechingly into the strong kind face of her sister. "I—couldn't. Mrs. Daly—sobbed so, and her hands were so brown and hard, Fairy, she kept rubbing my shoulder, and saying, 'Oh, Lark, oh, Lark, my little children.' I couldn't. I don't like newspapers, Fairy. Really, I don't."

Fairy looked greatly troubled. "I wish father were at home," she said very quietly. "Mr. Raider meant all right, of course, but it was wrong to send a young girl like you. Father is there now. It's very terrible. You did just exactly right, Larkie. Father will say so. I guess maybe it's not the job for a minister's girl. Of course, the story will come out, but we're not the ones to tell it."

"But—the career," suggested Carol.

"Why," said Lark, "I'll wait a little and then have a real career, you know, stories, and books, and poems, the kind that don't harrow people's feelings. I really don't think it is right. Don't you remember Prudence says the parsonage is a place to hide sorrows, not to hang them on the clothesline for every one to see." She looked for a last time over her shoulder. Dimly she saw a small dark cloud—all that was left of the shadow which had seemed so eager to devour her. Her arms clasped Carol with renewed intensity.

"Oh," she breathed, "oh, isn't the parsonage lovely, Carol? I wish father would come. You all look so sweet, and kind, and—oh, I love to be at home."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Clear Call.

The tinkle of the telephone disturbed the family as they were at dinner, and Connie, who sat nearest, rose to answer the summons, while Carol, at her corner of the table struck a tragic attitude.

"If Joe Graves has broken anything, he's broken our friendship for good and all. These fellows that break themselves—"

"Break themselves?" asked her father gravely.

"Yes—any of his members, you know, his leg, or his arm, or— If he has, I must say frankly that I hope it is his neck. These boys that break themselves at the last minute, thereby breaking dates, are—"

"Well," Connie said calmly, "if you're through, I'll begin."

"Oh, goodness, Connie, deafen one ear and listen with the other. You've got to learn to hear in a hubbub. Go on then, I'm through. But I haven't forgotten that I missed the Thanksgiving banquet last year because Phil broke his ankle that very afternoon on the ice. What business had he on the ice when he had a date—"

"Ready?" asked Connie, as the phone rang again, insistently.

"Go on, then. Don't wait until I get started. Answer it."

Connie removed the receiver and

called the customary "Hello." Then, "Yes, just a minute. It's for you, Carol."

Carol rose daskly. "It's Joe," she said in a dungeon-dark voice. "He's broken, I foresee it. If there's anything I despise and abominate it's a breaker of dates. Men have no business being broken, except their hearts, when girls are mixed up in it—Hello?—Oh; oh-h-h! Yes—it's professor! How are you?—Yes, indeed—oh, yes, I'm going to be home. Yes, indeed. Come about eight. Of course I'll be here—nothing important—it didn't amount to anything at all—just a little old everyday affair—Yes, I can arrange it nicely.—We're so anxious to see you—All right—Good-by."

She turned back to the table, her face flushed, eyes shining. "It's professor! He's in town just overnight, and he's coming out. I'll have to phone Joe—"

"Anything I despise and abominate it's a breaker of dates," chanted Connie.

"Oh's that's different," explained Carol. "This is professor! Besides, this will sort of even up the Thanksgiving banquet last year."

"But that was Phil and this is Joe!"

"Oh, that's all right. It's just the principle, you know, nothing personal about it."

She stood thoughtfully beside the table, her brows puckered unbecomingly.

"I think," she said at last slowly, with wary eyes on her father's quiet face, "I think I'll let the tuck out of my old rose dress. It's too short."

"Too short! Why, Carol—" interrupted her aunt.

"Too short for the occasion, I mean. I'll put it back tomorrow." Once more her eyes turned cautiously fatherward.

"You see, professor still has the 'little twinnie' idea in his brain, and I'm going to get it out. It isn't consistent with our five feet seven. We're grown up. Professor has got to see it. You skoot upstairs, Connie, won't you, there's a dear, and bring it down, both of them, Lark's too. Lark—where did you put that ripping knife? Aunt Grace, will you put the iron on for me? It's perfectly right that professor should see we're growing up. We'll have to emphasize it something extra, or he might overlook it. It makes him feel Methuselah because he's so awfully smart. But I'll soon change his mind for him."

In less than two minutes the whole family was engaged in growing Carol up for the occasion. They didn't see any sense in it, but Carol seemed so unalterably convinced that it was necessary that they hated to question her motives.

If her idea had been utterly to dumfound the unsuspecting professor, she succeeded admirably. Carefully she planned her appearance, giving him just the proper interval of patient waiting in the presence of her aunt and sisters. Then, a slow parting of the curtains and Carol stood out, brightly, gladly, her slender hands held out in welcome, Carol, with long skirts swishing around her white-slipped feet, her slender throat rising cream-white above the soft fold of old rose lace, her graceful head with its royal crown of bronze-gold hair, tilted most charmingly.

The professor sprang to his feet and stared at her. "Why, Carol," he exclaimed soberly, almost sadly, as he crossed the room and took her hand. "Why, Carol! Whatever have you been doing to yourself overnight?"

Of course, it was far more "overnight" than the professor knew, but Carol saw to it that there was nothing to arouse his suspicion on that score. He lifted her hand high, and looked frankly down the long lines of her skirt, with the white toes of her slippers showing beneath. He shook his head. And though he smiled again, his voice was sober.

"I'm beginning to feel my age," he said.

This was not what Carol wanted, and she resumed her old childish manner with a gleeful laugh.

"What on earth are you doing in Mount Mark again, P'fessor!" When Carol wished to be particularly coy, she said "p'fessor." It didn't sound exactly cultured, but spoken in Carol's voice was really irresistible.

"Why, I came to see you before your hair turned gray, and wrinkles marred you—"

"Wrinkles won't mar mine," cried Carol emphatically. "Not ever! I use up a whole jar of cold cream every three weeks! I won't have 'em. Wrinkles! P'fessor, you don't know what a time I have keeping myself young."

She joined in the peal of laughter that rang out as this age-wise statement fell from her lips.

"You'll be surprised," he said, "what does bring me to Mount Mark. I have given up my position in New York, and am going to school again in Chicago this winter. I shall be here only tonight. Tomorrow I begin to study again. I am changing my line of work. The fact is, I'm going to enter the ministry myself, and will have a couple of years in a theological seminary first."

Utter stupefaction greeted this explanation. Not one word was spoken. "I've been going into these things

rather deeply the last two years. For a year I've felt it would finally come to this, but I preferred my own job, and I thought I would stick it out, as Carol says. But I've decided to quit balking, and answer the call."

Aunt Grace nodded, with a warmly approving smile.

"But, professor," said Carol faintly and falteringly, "didn't you tell me you were to get five thousand dollars a year with the institute from this on?"

"Yes, I was."

Carol gazed at her family despairingly. "It would take an awfully loud call to drown the chink of five thousand gold dollars in my ears, I am afraid."

"It was a loud call," he said. And he looked at her curiously, for of all the family she alone seemed distraught and unenthusiastic.

"But, professor," she argued, "can't people do good without preaching? Think of all the lovely things you



Carol Was Standing Among the Rose-Bushes, Tall and Slim.

could do with five thousand dollars! Think of the influence a prominent educator has! Think of—"

"I have thought of it, all of it. But haven't I got to answer the call?"

"Tell us all about it," said Fairy cordially. "We are so interested in it. Of course, we think it is the finest work in the world." She looked reproachfully at Carol, but Carol made no response.

He told them, then, something of his plan, which was very simple. He had arranged for a special course at the seminary in Chicago, and then would enter the ministry like any other young man starting upon his lifework. "I'm a Presbyterian, you know," he said. "I'll have to go around and preach until I find a church willing to put up with me. I won't have a presiding elder to make a niche for me."

He talked frankly, even with enthusiasm, but always he felt the curious disappointment that Carol sat there silent, her eyes upon the hands in her lap. Once or twice she lifted them swiftly to his face, and lowered them instantly again. Only he noticed when they were raised, that they were unusually deep, and that something lay within shining brightly, like the reflection of a star in a clear dark pool of water.

"I must go now," he said, "I must have a little visit with my uncle, I just wanted to see you, and tell you about it. I knew you would like it."

Carol's hand was the first placed in his, and she murmured an inaudible word of farewell, her eyes downcast, and turned quickly away. "Don't let them wait for me," she whispered to Lark, and then she disappeared.

The professor turned away from the hospitable door very much depressed. He shook his head impatiently and thrust his hands deep into his pockets like a troubled boy. Half-way down the board walk he stopped, and smiled. Carol was standing among the rose bushes, tall and slim in the cloudy moonlight, waiting for him. She held out her hand with a friendly smile.

"I came to take you a piece, if you want me," she said. "It's so hard to talk when there's a roomful, isn't it? I thought maybe you wouldn't mind."

"Mind? It was dear of you to think of it," he said gratefully, drawing her hand into the curve of his arm. "I was wishing I could talk with you alone. You won't be cold?"

In this case the course of true love seems destined to run smoothly. Professor Duke convinces Carol that he is doing the right thing in studying for the ministry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Offender. He who commits injustice is ever more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

It Cost the Average Family Less Than 10c Per Week for Packer's Profit in 1917.

The Meat Bill is one of the large items in the family budget

but less than 10 cents per week of it goes to the packer in profits.

In converting live stock into meat and getting it into the hands of the retail dealer, the packer performs a complex and essential service with the maximum of efficiency.

The above statement is based on Swift & Company's 1917 figures and Federal Census data:

Swift & Company's total output (Meat and by-products)	-	5,570,000,000 Pounds
Swift & Company's total Profit	-	\$34,650,000.00
Profit per pound	-	\$.0062
U. S. Meat Consumption	-	170 pounds per person per year
170 pounds at \$.0062	=	\$1.05 per person per year
The average family 4 1/2 persons	=	\$4.72 per family per year

1918 year book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company U. S. A.

What Was the Answer?
Simon Kiser tells a story of a little boy in his neighborhood who found fault with a man for cutting down a tree, almost shedding tears for the poor tree in its pain.
"Trees have no pain," the little fellow's mother said. "A tree doesn't feel it when you chop it down at all."
The lad thought for a moment, then asked:
"You don't mean to tell me, mamma, that when a wolly worm crawls up a tree in the summer it doesn't tickle its bark?"—Indianapolis News.

Occasionally the first to propose a reform is the last to accept it.

Scarcity of cyanide is restricting the production of silver, particularly in Mexico.
Somehow a man never discovers what a fool he is until long after his neighbors.
One man's word is as good as another's until you hear the other man's story.
A word from the wise is generally laughed at.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 14-1918.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER WITH BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins, and lower abdomen, gall-stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All reliable druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.

Puts a .. Stop to all Distemper CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses.

Spoehn Medical Co., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION IS A CRIME AGAINST NATURE

Stop it or you never can keep well. If you wake with a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, perhaps headache, your liver is torpid. A torpid liver deranges the whole system, produces 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

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

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

Board of Education

Meets every first Friday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. E. J. Stelter, Pres., C. W. Reincke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmore, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

First mass, 7:30 a. m.
Highmass, 10:00 a. m.
Vespers, 2 p. m.

FATHER CHARLES BOIS, 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. IVEE 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.

ANNOUNCEMENT

For Village Clerk

We are authorized to announce E. F. McCoy as a candidate for Village Clerk on the Citizen ticket at the Election to be held Tuesday April 16th, 1918.

Trustees

For a member of the Board of Trustees, we are authorized to announce James McCue as a candidate for a member of the Board of Trustees on the Citizen ticket at the Election to be held on Tuesday April 16th, 1918.

For a member of the Board of Trustees, we are authorized to announce as a candidate for a member of the Board of Trustees F. L. Martin on the Citizen ticket at the Election to be held on Tuesday April 16th, 1918.

For a member of the Board of Trustees, we are authorized to announce as a candidate for a member of the Board of Trustees, Peter Miller on the Citizen ticket at the Election to be held Tuesday April 16th, 1918.

For a member of the Board of Trustees to fill vacancy, we are authorized to announce Emil Hirt Sr. as a candidate for a member of the Board of Trustees to fill vacancy.

The reason a man cannot serve two masters is that he would probably be arrested for bigamy.

There are undoubtedly times when the minority is right—the times when we are in the minority.

Love may make the world go round, but it doesn't always seem to be able to make both ends meet.

Any girl is nice enough to eat; that is, if you can adapt yourself to the bedbug's point of view.

Nothing was ever truer than that the course of love doesn't run smooth. It generally runs you into debt.

Defeat loses a big part of its sting if we can only convince ourselves that it was somebody else's fault.

Marrying a man to reform him is like drinking whisky to destroy it.

A pessimist is a man who wears smoked glasses for fear he may have to look on the bright side of things.

A bent pin on a chair would be the only aid to the uplift of many a fellow who thinks he is a rising young man.

When the sufferettes get in power the office may really seek the man, simply because it is trying to dodge the woman.

It's a great accomplishment to be able to sing, but don't lose sight of the fact that it's just as great a one to know you can't.

I know a man who made a fortune in oil. And yet it doesn't seem to have had a refining influence on him. Strange, isn't it?

About the only time a man thinks his wife is too good for him is on Sunday morning when she is trying to get him to go to church with her.

I read in the papers the other day of a man who got a divorce because the woman he married was a pick-pocket. It seems to me that is establishing something of a precedent. What wife isn't?

A woman told me the other day she thought I would make a good husband. I replied that I considered myself worthy of a better fate. She hasn't spoken to me since. I wonder why.

Thoughts of Balzac.

The finest revenge is the scorn of revenge.

Every one who thinks strongly raises a scandal.

Remorse is the virtue of the weak. It springs from fear.

One virtue will efface many vices, one vice will efface many virtues.

Pagan religion defied the earth and set it in heaven, whereas Catholicism has set heaven above the earth.

The rules of taste are eternal, they are the result of a permanent accord between the means and the end of man.

Profundity comes from the reader's intelligence and not from the thought expressed. A book is less an effect than a cause.

Excessive civilization is close to barbarism, as steel is close to rusting. A moment's forgetfulness and the thing happens.

An idea at first appears obscure, then it seems divine to certain minds, soon the world sees everything in it, two centuries later the nations are ready to die for it.

"DEAD" MAN PAYS

HIS WIFE A VISIT

After Dropping Out of Sight for Ten Years, Conductor Returns, Eats and Goes Again.

Springfield, Mo. — Andrew L. Warren, 57, and declared by formal court decree to be dead, returned to his wife's home here, had a long interview and breakfast with her, then pulled his shabby overcoat about him and set out afoot for Nichols Junction, four miles from here, where he said he would catch a freight train and go to "nowhere." He had 18 cents in his pocket when he arrived about 1 o'clock in the morning and the same amount when he departed.

Warren had been absent and silent for ten years. The last his wife heard from him he was a conductor on the International Railway of Mexico. This was in 1906. Recently Mrs. Warren filed suit in the Circuit Court to enforce collection of \$2,000, the amount of life insurance carried by her husband in the Order of Railway Conductors. This action also involved legal rulings as to whether Warren was alive or dead, and the court accepted the reasonable presumption that he was dead.

When denied a new trial, the Order of Railway Conductors paid the \$2,000. Incidentally, now that the missing man has reappeared in the flesh, counsel for the order have taken steps to have the judgment against it reversed, which contemplates return of the \$2,000 by Mrs. Warren, but the latter says if suit is filed it will have to be against her lawyers as well as herself, as she had to pay them half the amount as a fee.

Several days ago Warren was arrested on a minor charge at Carthage, Mo. Compelled to seek the aid of friends to get out of that difficulty, his identity was revealed and his wife notified. Her two brothers, E. L. and E. P. White, merchants here, went to Carthage and identified him, and together they came to Springfield and to the Warren home, arriving there after midnight.

The wife had prepared herself for his return, so there was no unusual commotion. To his wife, as also to his brother-in-law, Warren said he was on his way to this city to try to effect a reconciliation with his wife when arrested at Carthage.

"I have no explanation to make," Warren told his wife. "The only thing I can say is that because of my health I took to heavy drinking. I saw I was not going to make a living, even for myself. I knew I would just drag you down, so I decided to drop off the earth. I thought you would be better off without me."

Then he launched into a story of his wandering which consumed the time till dawn of a new day.

Briefly, he said he remained in Mexico till the landing of American troops at Vera Cruz. With other American refugees, he fled Mexico, coming to Galveston, Texas, on an Army transport. From there he went to New Orleans, La., and had an operation performed. Then he went to the Louisiana oil fields and subsequently to Oklahoma and Kansas. He was working in the Kansas oil fields, he said, when he determined to seek his wife.

"I never thought I would ever have to accept the charity of my own wife," sobbed Warren as he sat at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, he pulled his overcoat about him and again went out into the world as stated.

Warren did not ask his wife to take him back. "You are comfortably fixed and I have nothing," he told her. "You will be better off without me. If I ever make anything of myself and get so that I can support you again, I will come back."

One letter was all Mrs. Warren ever received from him. For ten years she waited, and no word came.

"In the one letter received from Andy after he went to Mexico he asked me to come to him as soon as possible," Mrs. Warren said. "He told me to address him care of the general delivery, Mexico City. I wrote to him, but my letter returned. I never heard of him since."

"Then I corresponded with Mexican railroad officials. I got little satisfaction. All they could tell me was that he left Zacatecas on his run one night and was never seen nor heard of again. I supposed bandits attacked his train and killed him."

Warren was married to Miss Mary Coleman in Springfield in 1897. At that time he was a conductor on the Frisco railroad. Later they moved to Mena, Ark., where Warren became a conductor on the Kansas City Southern.

Attracted by high wages being paid railroad men, Warren left Mena in 1906 and went to Monticlove, Mexico, and obtained employment as a conductor on the International of Mexico.

DOG DETECTS A PICKPOCKET

Saves Master's Cash by Seizing the Thief's Hand.

San Antonio, Texas.—"Butch," a fox terrier, was with his master, L. C. Lich while his master watched a parade, and tho the crowd was thick he was right on the job when he saw a stranger slip his hand into Mr. Lich's back pocket.

"Butch" is some jumper and he caught the insinuating hand before Mr. Lich knew what was happening. He turned to see a strange young man waving a fox terrier around in the air and evidently not enjoying it a bit.

When Mr. Lich grabbed the would-be pickpocket "Butch" let go, but the thief squirmed from Lich's grasp and a second later was lost in the crowd.



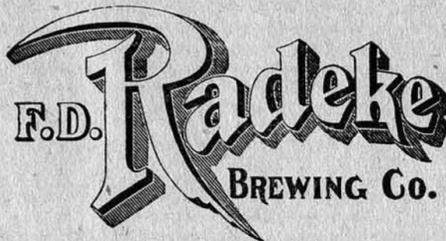
A Picture of Solid Comfort

A good sweet pipe and an easy chair; a breezy book and a bubbling bottle of "Radeke Beer." Then you are booked for a restful, refreshing hour before bedtime—an hour that relieves fatigue and assures a good night's sleep. Put yourself into such a picture tonight with a bottle of pure, wholesome satisfying

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



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



Shoulders All Baking Cares

When CALUMET comes in, all baking troubles take quick leave. You go right ahead and mix up baking materials, for biscuits—cakes—anything without fear of uncertainty. Calumet makes you forget failure.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

is the most popular because it does give most perfect results. It has the biggest demand because it is the most dependable. The fact that it is the biggest seller proves that it is the best. A trial will convince you that there is none just as good. Buy again—if you are not satisfied take it back and get your money back. Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.

You save when you buy it. You save when you use it.

HIGHEST QUALITY
HIGHEST AWARDS

But It's Never Shut. The Secret Door—Woman's mouth. Lippincott's Magazine.

ALEX J. POWELL

Attorney-at-Law

GENERAL LAW PRACTICE

Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

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

DICK & HERTZ

UNDERTAKERS

380 East Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Res. Phone 888-1 Res. Phone 1257.

DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Room 6 and 7

City National Bank Building

BELL PHONE 377

DR. E. G. WILSON

Physician and Surgeon

Kankakee, Illinois

MARTIN & SON

Coal and Transfer

Moving A Specialty

The Eagle Bar

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO

GENE RICHARD, Prop.

The Economy

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Bell Phone 298

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

TRY US



Public opinion has made *Certain-teed* a product of international prominence and use. That great force has built up the *Certain-teed* business from nothing, 14 years ago, to the world's largest roll roofing industry now.

Certain-teed

Roofing and Shingles

In every community under the sun, *Certain-teed* Roofing is giving longer and better roofing service, at a lower cost, than other kinds of roofing. *Certain-teed* costs less to buy, less to lay and less to maintain than any other type of roof. It is weatherproof, water proof, spark proof and fire-retarding. It cannot rust or corrode. It cannot melt under the hottest sun. It is not affected by gases, acids, fumes, smoke, etc. *Certain-teed* is established everywhere as the most advantageous and economical roof, for factories, round houses, elevators, garages, warehouses, hotels, farm buildings, stores, out-buildings, etc. In shingles, red or green, it is very popular for residences. *Certain-teed* Roofing is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years according to thickness. It is sold by good dealers, everywhere.



Certain-teed Products Corporation
Manufacturers of
Certain-teed Paints—Varnishes—Roofing
Offices and Warehouses in the Principal Cities of America

Roofing at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 per roll. Red or green slate surfaced roofing \$3.00 per roll. Red or green slate surfaced shingles \$6.50 per square. Agents and distributors for

CERTAINTEED PRODUCTS

Chas. Wertz Co.

MEN'S

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Village of Bradley, Election, Tuesday, April 16th, 1918

CITIZEN TICKET PATRIOTIC TICKET

- | | |
|--|---|
| FOR VILLAGE CLERK | FOR VILLAGE CLERK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> E. F. McCOY | <input type="checkbox"/> LAWRENCE HARDEBECK |
| FOR TRUSTEES | FOR TRUSTEES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JAMES McCUE | <input type="checkbox"/> EARNEST BADE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> F. L. MARTIN | <input type="checkbox"/> C. R. REED |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PETER MILLER | <input type="checkbox"/> EDWARD WRIGHT, JR. |
| FOR TRUSTEE TO FILL VACANCY | FOR TRUSTEE TO FILL VACANCY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EMIL HIRT SR. | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN H. SCHRAEDER |

E. F. McCOY,
Village Clerk.

WOMEN'S

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Village of Bradley, Election, Tuesday, April 16th, 1918

CITIZEN TICKET PATRIOTIC TICKET

- | | |
|--|---|
| FOR VILLAGE CLERK | FOR VILLAGE CLERK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> E. F. McCOY | <input type="checkbox"/> LAWRENCE HARDEBECK |
| FOR TRUSTEES | FOR TRUSTEES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JAMES McCUE | <input type="checkbox"/> EARNEST BADE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> F. L. MARTIN | <input type="checkbox"/> C. R. REED |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PETER MILLER | <input type="checkbox"/> EDWARD WRIGHT, JR. |
| FOR TRUSTEE TO FILL VACANCY | FOR TRUSTEE TO FILL VACANCY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EMIL HIRT SR. | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN H. SCHRAEDER |

E. F. McCOY,
Village Clerk.

(Continued from 1st page)

April 30, Hoehn Bros., groceries	114 50
April 30, Election Expenses	75 00
April 30, The Paris Store, children shoes	8 25
May 1, A. J. Beland, groceries	12 75
May 1, Union Cash Grocery, groceries	56 00
May 1, The Bradley Advocate Ballots, town & R. & B. reports	71 25
May 1, Gelino Bros., curtains	8 85
May 1, C. Wertz Co., coal	12 35
May 1, D. Martin, board for paupers	60 00
May 1, Herman Worman, house rent	7 50
May 1, Gallagau & Co., law book	5 50
May 1, Albert Messier, plumbing	1 00
May 1, H. C. Luehos & Sons, coal	2 75
May 1, The Republican Co., town clerk's orders	5 50
May 1, Geo. E. Cole Co., justices blanks	10 71
May 1, J. D. Kelly, town hall repairs	75
May 1, Ed Lagesse, Janitor	8 00
May 1, Martin & Sons, coal	1 25
May 1, J. Sauer, keys	25
May 1, A. J. Lamarer, bluing and lye	30
May 1, Marcotte & Lambert, flagpole rope	40
May 1, Pauline Osbolt, washing	2 50
May 1, Arthur Caron, carpenter work	6 75
May 1, Melvin Anderson, janitor	24 75
May 1, Louis J. Gauthier, assessing township	250 00
Aug. 30, Ceade Mersier, painting	45 00
Aug. 30, Mrs. Dayhoff, nurse	16 50
Aug. 30, S. Rivard, labor	3 50
Aug. 30, L. Bertrand & Sons, paint	41 29
Aug. 30, Simon Tetrault, electric fixtures	60 00
Aug. 30, Philip Haude, door and window screens	23 75
Aug. 30, P. Coyer, dog tax refunded	1 00
Aug. 30, T. R. McCoy, town hall ins. premium	37 50
Aug. 30, John Cosino, groceries and meat	61 04
Aug. 30, P. H. Lambert groceries and meat	135 92
Aug. 30, Union Cash Grocery, groceries	

and meat	51 00
Aug. 30, C. Wertz & Co., coal	11 50
Aug. 30, Hoehn Bros., groceries	92 00
Aug. 30, Melvin Anderson, janitor	51 20
Aug. 30, D. Martin, board of paupers	72 00
Aug. 30, Laugan Paint Co. paint	5 15
Aug. 30, Malvina Fourmer, painting	12 95
Aug. 30, T. R. McCoy, tornado ins. premium	18 75
Aug. 30, H. C. Luehrs & Sons, coal	9 50
Aug. 30, C. L. Morel, medical services	65 00
Aug. 30, The Paris Store, school shoes	9 55
Aug. 30, F. Martin & Sons, coal	33 00
Aug. 30, Jerry Rivard, groceries	1 50
Aug. 30, The Economy Store, groceries	90 11
Aug. 30, A. J. Beland, groceries	30 01
Aug. 30, Simon Tetrault, repairs town hall	13 90
Aug. 30, E. Betourne, formaldehyde	4 20
Mar. 26, Herman Worman, town clerk name act	1 00
Mar. 26, Town Auditors, services	30 00
Mar. 26, Chas Roy, town clerks salary	75 00
Mar. 26, Fred F. Marcotte, supervisor's salary	100 00
Mar. 26, Geo. Courville, highway com. per diem	72 00
Mar. 26, Ben Fraser highway com. per diem	60 00
Mar. 26, John Haymond, highway com. per diem	86 00
Mar. 26, Ades Roy, highway com. per clerk	12 00
Mar. 26, Chas. Lambert, Canada thistles com.	54 00
Total Town Funds Expended	\$2416 36
RECAPITULATION	
Total Amount of Town Funds Received	5839 17
Total Amount of Town Funds Disbursed	2416 36
Balance on Hand	\$3422 81

Board Proceeding

Regular meeting of the president and the Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley Illinois. Meeting was called to order by the Presidental members being present except Magruder. Minutes of a regular meeting of March 4th, 1918 were read and approved as read. C. I. Magruder's resignation as a member of the Board of trustees was read and referred to the board. Moved by Book seconded by Bade that C. I. Magruder's resignation be accepted. Carried. The following bills were read and referred to the finance committee for their approval.

David Bradley Mfg. Wks.	\$ 3 21
J. T. Fahey	37 50
John Lergner	177 50
E. F. McCoy	1 00
Wm. Stickland	2 00
Chas Wertz Co.	6 00
F. L. Martin Delivery Co.	1 72
Joe Suprenant	37 50
Arthur Baldwin	16 00
Eli Delude	6 25
Klauer Mfg. Co.	26 82
Joseph Turk Mfg. Co.	3 00
Beland & McCoy	1 95
Central Union Tel. Co.	3 75
Arthur Spivey	15 00

The finance committee reported they found all bills to be correct. Moved by Bade seconded by McCue that report of the finance committee be accepted and bills be paid. Carried. The Village teamsters wages were taken up and discussed. Moved by Lambert seconded by McCue that the Village teamsters be paid \$6.00 per day instead of \$5.00 per day. Carried. As there was no further business to transact it was moved by Book seconded by Bertrand that we adjourn. Carried.

Approved April 1 1918.
E. F. McCoy,
Village Clerk.

Election Notice

Notice is hereby given, that on TUESDAY, APRIL 16th, 1918 next, at the Village Hall in the Village of Bradley, in the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, an election will be held for One Village Clerk, Three Members of the Board of Trustees.

One Member of the Board of Trustees to fill vacancy. Which election will be opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and shall be closed at five o'clock in the evening of that day. Dated at my office this 27th day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

E. F. McCoy,
Clerk.

F. L. Martin

F. L. Martin appears on the Citizen ticket as candidate for Trustee. Mr. Martin has been on the Board on several occasions and he has made a good trustee. He is the only man on the ticket from the Eastside and his claim should be given serious consideration by the voters at the coming Election next Tuesday April 16, 1918. Adv.

James McCue

James McCue is a candidate for member of the Board of Trustees, on the Citizen ticket, at the Elec-

tion to be held next Tuesday, April 16. Mr. McCue has been a member of the Board on several occasions and is at the present time filling the position. He has given this work careful consideration and has been a valuable member to the Board. In casting your ballot next Tuesday, for Trustee, it would be well to give a man like Mr. McCue, who has had experience in this line of work, careful consideration. Adv.

Emil Hirt Sr.

At the Election next Tuesday April 16, 1918, it will be necessary to elect a member on the Board of Trustees, to fill a vacancy. Mr. Hirt's name appears as a candidate to fill this vacancy. Mr. Hirt has been on the Board on several occasions and has proven his worth to the Village beyond question. He has been thoroughly honest in all his transactions and his claim should be given serious consideration by all voters. Adv.

Statement Of The Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required By The Act Of Congress Of August 24, 1912

Of The Bradley Advocate published weekly at Bradley, Ill., for April 1 1918.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss
County Of Kankakee

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

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Herman Worman Bradley, Ill. Editor, Herman Worman Bradley, Ill. Managing Editor, Herman Worman Bradley, Ill. Business Managers, Herman Worman Bradley, Ill.
2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Herman Worman Bradley Ill.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there is none, so state.) Herman Worman Bradley Ill.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embrac-

ing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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

HERMAN WORMAN Publisher Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April 1918.
(SEAL) E. A. VANDAGRIFF Notary Public (My commission expires March 21st 1921.)

Cow Being Unable to Stand, Barn Sparrow Clings to Its Horn and Lays Eggs.

Bennetts, N. Y.—One day last week Abner Snowden had a cow which mired in the swamp. At 5 o'clock when the cow did not come to the barn with the other animals Mr. Snowden and his hired man went to the swamp and found her.

The cow was dug out and it was found that the left hind leg was so badly sprained that she could not step on it. The cow was loaded on a stoneboat and drawn to the barnyard.

A veterinary was called, examined the leg, and as he found no broken bones it was decided not to kill the animal. The leg was bandaged and the cow has not stood on her feet since.

The next morning when Snowden fed the animal he observed a sparrow perched upon her back, but when he approached the bird flew away. That evening, when he went to care for the cow he was surprised to find that the bird had built a nest on the cow's back and had laid an egg in the nest. Since then the bird has laid four eggs in the nest and is now sitting on the eggs. The bird does not leave the nest when Snowden or his helper feeds the cow.

HUSBAND DRAGS WOMAN OUT OF CHURCH BY HAIR

Omaha Man Knocks Down Two Neighbors Seeking to Aid Wife Then Is Arrested.

Omaha, Neb.—Lon E. Pryor, 2632 Chicago Street, objected to his wife attending religious services.

When he came home the other night and found his better half out, he went to the Pentecostal Mission, 1723 Cumming street, and disrupted services by dragging her out, witnesses said, by her hair.

All the way home, witnesses said, he abused her and threatened a number of the congregation who followed them, if they interfered.

When L. Morris, a neighbor, rushed in to the Pryor household in answer to shrieks of "help" and "murder" from Mrs. Pryor, he was knocked down and forced to retreat.

Undaunted, Francis McGovern, another neighbor, entered the house. He received a cracked lip.

The whole neighborhood was aroused and police were summoned.

Before officers arrived, Pryor escaped. Shortly before the officers left he returned, took down an army rifle and threatened his wife with instant death. The officers were called again and Pryor was arrested before he could carry out his intention.

Mrs. Pryor said her husband always objected to her going to services, tho he insisted that she say grace at meals.

Long Live the King

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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OLD ADELBERT OF THE OPERA LOSES HIS JOB, AN EVENT WHICH STARTS A CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Synopsis.—The crown prince of Livonia, Ferdinand William Otto, ten years old, taken to the opera by his aunt, tires of the singing and slips away to the park, where he makes the acquaintance of Bobby Thorpe, a little American boy. Returning to the palace at night, he finds everything in an uproar as a result of the search which has been made for him. The same night the chancellor calls to consult the boy's grandfather, the old king, who is very ill. The chancellor suggests that to preserve the kingdom, the friendship of the neighboring kingdom of Karnia be secured by giving the Princess Hedwig in marriage to King Karl of that country. Countess Loschek, lady-in-waiting to Princess Annunziata, Hedwig's mother, is in love with King Karl and plots to prevent his marriage to Hedwig. Hedwig, who loves Nikky Larisch, Otto's aid de camp, is dismayed when told of the plans for her marriage. Countess Loschek sends a secret message to King Karl. The messenger is attacked by agents of the terrorists and a dummy letter substituted. Captain Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's chauffeur and secures the envelope. The captain impersonates Karl's chauffeur and exchanges the sheet within the envelope for some cigarette papers. On delivering the envelope to Karl, Larisch is made prisoner when the deception is discovered. Mettlich, chancellor of Livonia, goes to Karnia and arranges with Karl for his marriage to Hedwig. Karl thereupon releases Captain Larisch.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The quay receded, red carpet and all. Only the glare of the band followed them, and with the persistence of sound over water, followed them for some time.

It was Hedwig who showed the most depression on the trip, after all. Early that morning she had attended mass in the royal chapel. All the household had been there, and the king had been wheeled in, and had sat in his box, high in the wall, the door of which opened from his private suite.

Looking up, Hedwig had seen his gray old face set and rigid. The court had worn black, and the chapel was draped in crepe. She had fallen on her knees and had tried dutifully to pray for the dead Hubert. But her whole soul was crying out for help for herself.

So now she sat very quiet, and wondered about things.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat by the rail and watched the green banks flying by.

When no one was looking, he broke a flower from the bouquet and flung it overboard. He pretended that it was a boat, and was going down to Karnia, filled with soldiers ready to fight.

But the thought of soldiers brought Nikky to his mind. His face clouded. "It's very strange about Nikky," he said. "He is away somewhere. I wish he had sent word he was going."

Hedwig looked out over the river. The archduchess glanced at Miss Braithwaite. "There is no news?" she asked, in an undertone.

"None," said Miss Braithwaite.

A sudden suspicion rose in Hedwig's mind, and made her turn pale. What if they had sent him away? Perhaps they feared him enough for that! If that were true, she would never know. She knew the ways of the palace well enough for that. In a sort of terror she glanced around the group, so comfortably disposed. Her mother was looking out, with her cool, impassive gaze. Miss Braithwaite knitted. The countess, however, met her eyes, and there was something strange in them—triumph and a bit of terror, too, had she but read them. For the countess had put in her plea for a holiday and had been refused.

The new fortress faced the high road some five miles from the Karnian border. It stood on a bluff over the river, and was, as the crown prince decided, not so unlike the desk, after all, except that it had a moat around it.

Hedwig and the countess went with the party around the fortifications. The archduchess and Miss Braithwaite had sought a fire. Only the countess, however, seemed really interested. Hedwig seemed more intent on the distant line of the border than on anything else. She stood on a rampart and stared out at it, looking very sad. Even the drill—when at a word all the great guns rose and peeped over the edge at the valley below, and then dropped backed again as if they had seen enough—even this failed to rouse her.

"I wish you would listen, Hedwig," said the crown prince, almost fretfully. "It's so interesting. The enemy's soldiers would come up the river in boats, and along that road on foot. And then we would raise the guns and shoot at them. And the guns would drop back again, before the enemy had time to aim at them."

But Hedwig's interest was so evidently assumed that he turned to the countess. The countess professed smiling terror, and stood a little way back from the guns, looking on. But Prince Ferdinand William Otto at last coaxed her to the top of the emplacement.

"There's a fine view up there," he urged. "And the guns won't hurt you. There's nothing in them."

To get up it was necessary to climb an iron ladder. Hedwig was already there. About a dozen young officers had helped her up, and ruined many pairs of white gloves, although Hedwig could climb like a cat, and

really needed no assistance whatever. "You go up," said the crown prince eagerly, turning to the countess. "I'll hold your bag, so you can climb."

He caught her handbag from her, and instantly something snapped in it. The countess was climbing up the ladder. Rather dismayed, Prince Ferdinand William Otto surveyed the bag. Something had broken, he feared. And in another moment he saw what it was. The little watch which was set in one side of it had slipped away, leaving a round black hole. His heart beat a trifle faster.

"I'm awfully worried," he called up to her, as he climbed. "I'm afraid I've broken your bag. Something clicked, and the watch is gone. It is not on the ground."

It was well for the countess that the colonel was talking to Hedwig. Well for her, too, that the other officers were standing behind with their eyes worshipfully on the princess. The countess turned gray white.

"Don't worry, highness," she said, with stiff lips. "The watch falls back sometimes. I must have it repaired."

But long after the tour of the ramparts was over, after ammunition rooms had been visited, with their long lines of waiting shells, after the switchboard which controlled the river mines had been inspected and explained, she was still trembling.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, looking at the bag later on, saw the watch in place and drew a long breath of relief.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Adelbert.

Old Adelbert of the opera had lost his position. No longer, a sausage in his pocket for refreshment, did he leave his little room daily for the opera. A young man, who made ogling eyes at Olga, of the garde-robe, and who was not careful to keep the lenses clean, had taken his place.

He was hurt in his soldier's soul. There was no longer a place in the kingdom for those who had fought for it. The cry was for the young. And even in the first twenty-four hours a subtle change went on in him. His loyalty, on which he had built his creed of life, turned to bitterness.

The first day of his idleness he wandered into the back room of the cobbler's shop near by, where the butter seller from the corner, the maker of artificial flowers for graves, and the cobbler himself were gathered, and listened without protest to such talk as would have roused him once to white anger.

But the iron had not yet gone very deep, and one thing he would not permit. It was when, in the conversation, one of them attacked the king. Then indeed he was roused to fury.

Once upon a time a student named Haeckel had occasionally backed him up in his defense of the royal family. But for some reason or other Haeckel came no more, and old Adelbert missed him. He had inquired for him frequently.

"Where is the boy Haeckel?" he had asked one day. "I have not seen him lately."

No one had replied. But a sort of grim silence settled over the little room. Old Adelbert, however, was not discerning.

But, that first day of idleness, when he had left the cobbler's, he resolved not to return. They had not been unfriendly, but he had seen at once there was a difference. He was no longer old Adelbert of the opera. He was an old man only, and out of work.

He spent hours that first free afternoon repairing his frayed linen and his shabby uniform, with his wooden leg stretched out before him and his pipe clutched firmly in his teeth. Then, freshly shaved and brushed, he started on a painful search after work.

With no result. And, indeed, he was hopeless before he began. He was old and infirm. There was little that he had even the courage to apply for. True, he had his small pension, but

it came only twice a year, and was sent, intact, to take care of an invalid daughter in the country. That was not his. He never used a penny of it. And he had saved a trifle, by living on air, as the concierge declared. But misfortunes come in threes, like fires and other calamities. The afternoon of that very day brought a letter, saying that the daughter was worse and must have an operation. Old Adelbert went to church and burned a candle for her recovery, and from there to the bank to send by registered mail the surgeon's fee.

He was bankrupt in twenty-four hours.

That evening in his extremity he did a reckless thing. He wrote a letter to the king. He spent hours over it, first composing it in pencil and then copying it with ink borrowed from the concierge. It began "Sire," as he had learned was the form, and went on to remind his majesty, first, of the hospital incident, which, having been forty years ago, might have slipped the royal memory. Then came the facts—his lost position, his daughter, the handicap of his wooden leg. It ended with a plea for reinstatement or, failing that, for any sort of work.

He sent it, unfolded, in a large flat envelope, which also he had learned was the correct thing with kings, who for some reason or other do not like folded communications. Then he waited. He considered that a few hours should bring a return.

No answer came. No answer ever came. For the king was ill, and secretaries carefully sifted the royal mail.

That night, in the concierge's bureau, he was treated to many incidents, all alike. The government took, but gave nothing. As well expect blood out of a stone. Instances were given, heartlessness piled on heartlessness, one sordid story on another.

And as he listened there died in old Adelbert's soul his flaming love for his sovereign and his belief in him. His eyes took on a hard and haunted look. That night he walked past the palace and shook his fist at it. He was greatly ashamed of that, however, and never repeated it. But his soul was now an open sore, ready for infection.

And Black Humbert bided his time. On the day of the excursion to the fortress old Adelbert decided to appeal to his fellow lodger, Herman Spier. Now and then, when he was affluent, he had paid small tribute to Herman by means of the camp cookery on which he prided himself.

"A soldier's mess!" he would say, and bring in a bowl of soup, or a slice of deer meat, broiled over hot coals in his tiny stove. "Eat it, man. These restaurants know nothing of food."

Herman could not help him. But he eyed the old soldier appraisingly. He guessed shrewdly the growing uneasiness behind Adelbert's brave front. If now one could enlist such a man for the cause, that would be worth doing. Among the veterans the old



"I Am Seeking a Student Named Haeckel."

man was influential, and by this new policy of substituting fresh blood for stale, the government had made many enemies among them.

The old man's bitterness had been increased by two things. First, although he had been dismissed without notice, in the middle of the week, he had been paid only up to the hour of leaving. That was a grievance. Second, being slow on his feet, one of the royal motor cars had almost run him down, and the police had cursed him roundly for being in the way.

At last he determined to find Haeckel, the student. He did not know his Christian name, nor where he lodged. But he knew the corps he belonged to, by his small gray cap with a red band.

It was very nervous when he made this final effort. Corps houses were curious places, he had heard, and full of secrets. Even the great professors from the university might not enter without invitation. And his experience had been that students paid small respect to uniforms or to age. In truth, he passed the building twice before he could summon courage to touch the great brass knocker. And the arrogance of its clamor, when at last he rapped, startled him again. But here at least he need not have feared.

The student who was also door-keeper eyed him kindly. "Well, comrade?" he said.

"I am seeking a student named Haeckel, of this corps," said old Adelbert stoutly.

"Haeckel?" repeated the doorkeeper. "I think—come in, comrade. I will inquire."

For the name of Haeckel was, just then, one curiously significant.

He disappeared, and old Adelbert waited. When the doorkeeper returned, it was to tell him to follow him, and to lead the way downstairs. Two or three students came toward him at once. "You are seeking Haeckel?" one of them asked.

"I am. I knew him, but not well. Lately, however, I have thought—is he here?"

The students exchanged glances. "He is not here," one said. "Where did you know him?"

"He came frequently to a shop I know of—a cobbler's shop, a neighborhood meeting place. A fine lad. I liked him. But recently he has not come, and knowing his corps, I came here to find him."

They had hoped to learn something from him, and he knew nothing. "He has disappeared," they told him. "He is not at his lodging, and he has left his classes. He went away suddenly, leaving everything. That is all we know."

It sounded sinister. Old Adelbert, heavy hearted, turned away and climbed again to the street. That gateway was closed, too. And he felt a pang of uneasiness. What could have happened to the boy? Was the world, after all, only a place of trouble?

But now came good fortune, and, like evil, it came not singly. The operation was over, and his daughter on the mend. The fee was paid also. And the second followed on the heels of the first.

He did not like Americans. Too often, in better days, had he heard the merits of the American republic compared with the shortcomings of his own government. When, as happened now and then, he met the American family on the staircase, he drew sharply aside that no touch of republicanism might contaminate his uniform.

On that day, however, things changed. First of all, he met the American lad in the hallway, and was pleased to see him doff his bit of a cap. Not many, nowadays, uncovered a head to him. The American lad was going down; Adelbert was climbing, one step at a time, and carrying a small basket of provisions.

The American boy, having passed, turned, hesitated, went back. "I'd like to carry that for you, if you don't mind."

"Carry it?" "I am very strong," said the American boy stoutly.

So Adelbert gave up his basket, and the two went up. Four long flights of stone stairs led to Adelbert's room. The ascent took time and patience. At the door Adelbert paused. Then, loneliness overcoming prejudice, "Come in," he said.

The bare little room appealed to the boy. "It's very nice, isn't it?" he said. "There's nothing to fall over."

"And but little to sit on," old Adelbert added dryly. "However, two people require but two chairs. Here is one."

But the boy would not sit down. He ranged the room, frankly curious, exclaimed at the pair of ring doves who lived in a box tied to the window sill, and asked for crumbs for them. Adelbert brought bread from his small store.

The boy cheered him. His interest in the old sapper, the intemperate with which he listened to its history, the politeness with which he ignored his host's infirmity, all won the old man's heart.

These Americans downstairs were not all bad, then. They were too rich, of course. No one should have meat three times a day, as the meat seifer reported they did. And they were paying double rent for the apartment below. But that, of course, they could not avoid, not knowing the real charge.

The boy was frankly delighted. And when old Adelbert brought forth from his basket a sausage and, boiling it lightly, served him a slice between two pieces of bread, an odd friendship was begun that was to have unforeseen consequences. They had broken bread together.

Gradually, over the meal, and the pigeons, and what not, old Adelbert unburdened his heart. He told of his years at the opera, where he had kept his glasses clean and listened to the music until he knew by heart even the most difficult passages. He told of the crown prince, who always wished opera glasses, not because he needed them, but because he liked to turn them wrong end before, and thus make the audience appear at a great distance. And then he told of the loss of his position.

The American lad listened politely, but his mind was on the crown prince. "Does he wear a crown?" he demanded. "I saw him once in a carriage, but I think he had a hat. When will he be a king?"

very old now. I was in a hospital once, after a battle. And he came in. He put his hand on my shoulder, like this—he illustrated it on the child's small one—and said—'Considering that old Adelbert no longer loved his king, it is strange to record that his voice broke.'

"Will he die soon?" Bobby put in. He found kings as much of a novelty as to Prince Ferdinand William Otto they were the old thing.

"Who knows? But when he dies, the city will be at once. The great bell of the cathedral, which never rings save at such times, will toll. They say it is a sound never to be forgotten. I, of course, have never heard it. When it tolls, all in the city will fall on their knees and pray. It is the custom."

Bobby, reared to strict Presbyterianism and accustomed to kneeling but once a day, and that at night beside his bed, in the strict privacy of his own apartment, looked rather startled. "What will they pray for?" he said.

And old Adelbert, with a new bitterness, replied that the sons of kings needed much prayer. Sometimes they were hard and did cruel things.

"And then the crown prince will be a king," Bobby reflected. "If I were a king, I'd make people stand around."



"If I Were a King I'd Make People Stand Around."

But has the crown prince only a grandfather, and no father?"

"He died—the boy's father. He was murdered, and the princess his mother also."

Bobby's eyes opened wide. "Who did it?"

"Terrorists," said old Adelbert. And would not be persuaded to say more.

That night at dinner Bobby Thorpe delivered himself of quite a speech. He sat at the table, and now and then, when the sour-faced governess looked at her plate, he slipped a bit of food to his dog, which waited beside him.

"There's a very nice old man upstairs," he said. "He has a fine sword, and ring doves, and a wooden leg. And he used to rent opera glasses to the crown prince, only he turned them around. I'm going to try that with yours, mother. We had sausage together, and he has lost his position, and he's never been on the scenic railway, father. I'd like some tickets for him. He would like riding, I'm sure, because walking must be pretty hard. And what I want to know is this: Why can't you give him a job, father?"

"What sort of a job, son? A man with one leg?"

"He doesn't need legs to chop tickets with."

The governess listened. She did not like Americans. Barbarians they were, and these were of the middle class, being in trade. For a scenic railway is trade, naturally. Except that they paid a fat salary, with an extra month at Christmas, she would not be there.

"He means the old soldier upstairs," said Bobby's mother softly. She was a gentle person. Her eyes were wide and childlike, and it was a sort of religion of the family to keep them full of happiness.

This also the governess could not understand.

"So the old soldier is out of work," mused the head of the family. Head, thought the governess! When they would him about their fingers! She liked men of sterner stuff. In her mountain country the men did as they wished, and sometimes beat their wives by way of showing their authority. Under no circumstances, she felt, would this young man ever beat his wife. He was a weakling.

The weakling smiled across the table at the wife with the soft eyes. "How about it, mother?" he asked. "Shall the firm of 'Bobby and I' offer him a job?"

"I would like it very much," said the weakling's wife, dropping her eyes to hide the pride in them.

"Suppose," said the weakling, "that you run up after dinner, Bob, and bring him down. Now sit still, young man, and finish. There's no such hurry as that."

And in this fashion did old Adelbert become ticket chopper of the American Scenic Railway.

And in this fashion, too, commenced that odd friendship between him and the American lad that was to have so vital an effect on the very life itself of the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia.

When the old king dies. He is

Late that evening, old Adelbert's problem having been solved, Pepy the maid and Bobby had a long talk. Pepy sat in a low chair by the tiled stove in the kitchen, and knitted a stocking with a very large foot.

"What I want to know is this," said Bobby, swinging his legs on the table: "What are the terrorists?"

Pepy dropped her knitting, and stared with open mouth. "What know you of such things?" she demanded. "Well, terrorists killed the crown prince's father, and—"

Quite suddenly Pepy leaped from her chair, and covered Bobby's mouth with her hand. "Hush!" she said, and stared about her with frightened eyes. Then, in a whisper: "They are everywhere. No one knows who they are, nor where they meet. I myself," she went on impressively, "crossing the place one night late, after spending the evening with a friend, saw a line of cats moving in the shadows. One of them stopped and looked at me." Pepy crossed herself. "It had a face like the Fraulein in there."

Bobby stared with interest through the doorway. The governess did look like a cat. "Maybe she's one of them," he reflected aloud.

"Oh, for God's sake, hush!" cried Pepy, and fell to knitting rapidly. Nor could Bobby elicit anything further from her. But that night, in his sleep, he saw a crown prince, dressed in velvet and ermine, being surrounded and attacked by an army of cats, and went, shivering, to crawl into his mother's bed.

CHAPTER X.

The Committee of Ten.

On the evening of the annual day of mourning, the party returned from the fortress. The archduchess slept. The crown prince talked, mostly to Hedwig, and even she said little. After a time the silence affected the boy's high spirits. He leaned back in his chair on the deck of the launch, and watched the flying landscape.

It was almost dark when the launch arrived at the quay. The red carpet was still there, and another crowd. Had Prince Ferdinand William Otto been less taken up with finding one of his kid gloves, which he had lost, he would have noticed that there was a scuffle going on at the very edge of the red carpet, and that the beggar of the morning was being led away, between two policemen, while a third, running up the river bank, gingerly deposited a small round object in the water, and stood back. It was merely one of the small incidents of a royal outing, and was never published in the papers. But Father Gregory, whose old eyes were far sighted, had seen it all. His hand—the hand of the church—was on the shoulder of the crown prince as they landed.

The boy looked around for the little girl of the bouquet. He took an immense interest in little girls, partly because he seldom saw any. But she was gone.

When the motor which had taken them from the quay reached the palace, Hedwig roused the archduchess, whose head had dropped forward on her chest. "Here we are, mother," she said. "You have had a nice sleep."

But Annunziata muttered something about being glad the wretched day was over, and every one save Prince Ferdinand William Otto seemed glad to get back. The boy was depressed. He felt, somehow, that they should have enjoyed it, and that, having merely endured it, they had failed him again.

The countess, having left her royal mistress in the hands of her maids, went to her own apartment. She was not surprised, on looking into her mirror, to find herself haggard and worn. It had been a terrible day. Only a second had separated that gaping lens in her bag from the eyes of the officers about. Never, in an adventurous life, had she felt so near to death. Even now its cold breath chilled her.

However, that was over, well over. She had done well, too. A dozen pictures of the fortress, of its guns, of even its mine chart as it hung on a wall, were in the bag. Its secrets, so securely held, were hers, and would be Karl's.

It was a cunningly devised scheme. Two bags, exactly alike as to appearance, had been made. One, which she carried daily, was what it appeared to be. The other contained a camera, tiny but accurate, with a fine lens. When a knob of the fastening was pressed, the watch slid aside and the shutter snapped. The pictures when enlarged had proved themselves perfect.

Pleading fatigue, she dismissed her maid and locked the doors. Then she opened the sliding panel, and unfasted the safe. The roll of film was in her hand, ready to be deposited under the false bottom of her jewel case.

Within the security of her room, the countess felt at ease. She even sang a little, a bit of a ballad from her native mountains.

Still singing, she carried the jewel case to her table, and sat down before it. Then she put a hand to her throat.

The lock had been forced.

Countess Loschek is summoned to appear before the Committee of Ten, leaders of the terrorists, where she is confronted with a terrifying demand. The next installment tells of this startling development.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Despard, a sister of General French, is said to have refused more than 500 applications for newspaper interviews after her return from visiting her brother at the front.



Following the sun with

WRIGLEYS

Vision for a moment, those far off ports beyond the trackless seas—

From Arctic ice, to the torrid lands beneath the Southern Cross—

From towns tucked in the mountains, to the busy river's mouth—

WRIGLEYS is there!

There, because men find comfort and refreshment in its continued use.

Because of its benefits and because



The Flavor Lasts

"After every meal"

Economic Move.

"So you want to give up work. But can you afford to retire?"

"Yes, sir; I'm going to get married."

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

Montreal claims to have the largest flour mill in the British empire, with a capacity of 5,000 barrels a day.

Ambiguous.

"Did they try the new play on the dog?"

"Yes; it was a howling success."

More Pull Needed.

McCole, a new recruit, was sent out for target practice on the ranges. He did fairly well at 300 yards, for a new one, but at 800 yards he generally managed to drop his bullets short. The sergeant patiently explained the raising of the sights, but McCole still fell short.

"Why can't you shoot higher?" demanded the sergeant. "What's the trouble?"

"I've found out what the trouble is, sir," answered the recruit. "I'm afraid I haven't been pulling the trigger hard enough."

If you can't do a kind act with a good grace, do it anyway.

Buy Copper Stocks for Investment

We mean the low priced coppers like **Nixon-Nevada**

It sold last March at 26c a share, this March at \$1.06 a share. United Verde sold at \$1.00 per share, and as high as \$45 per share. You now have the same chance for profit in Nixon-Nevada.

We will be pleased to fill any orders and will carry Nixon-Nevada on margin.

Eastman & Co.

Mills Building
NEW YORK CITY

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BOSTON, MASS.

Stock Exchange and Bank References

Win the War by Preparing the Land

Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops
Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada
CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than April 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to **U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR** ST. LOUIS, MO.; QUINCY, ILL.; ALTON, ILL.; ST. CHARLES, MO.

YOUR LOYALTY TO COUNTRY'S CAUSE

ARE YOU MAKING SACRIFICES EQUIVALENT TO THOSE OF OUR SOLDIERS?

ALL CAN FIND WAY TO HELP

Make No Ridiculous Reservations; Hold Back Nothing; Share Your Money, Your Food and Your Clothing to Aid the Great War.

(By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER of the Vigilantes.)

A good woman was discussing the rules of the food administration.

"I am doing a lot for my country," she said, "but there are certain trifles that I do not intend to give up. Such as white bread and bacon."

"No," she said in response to my astonished look, "I mean to have white bread when I want it. Why should I eat corn bread and other substitutes? I like white bread just as much as the soldiers and sailors do. And, anyway, what difference can it make if I use a little white flour and a few slices of bacon every day? I am only one person."

Only one of millions! Suppose they all took that attitude!

"I am no slacker," she added. "I work at the Red Cross four afternoons of each week, and I have made dozens of knitted things for the soldiers. But I draw the line at bacon and white bread and rolls."

Is this patriotism? I remembered the text: "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

Another good woman was talking of the next Liberty Loan drive.

"Well," she declared, "they need not come to me for help! I am a business woman, and I have lost money on heatless Mondays, and since the government has made me do that I do not propose to help with their Liberty loan. I love my country, and I am a Red Cross worker, and all that—but there is a limit."

Should Be No Limit.

A limit! Is there any limit to what she would do if her nearest and dearest were fighting for his life? Would she stop to argue that she had given the suffered expensive woolen underwear, but that she drew the line at the renunciation of certain comforts so that he might have them? Would she be considered a good wife or mother or daughter if she held this attitude towards husband, child or parent?

Let us stop all these ridiculous reservations, these talks of what we will do and won't do. Let us hold back nothing. Do the women who are sending their sons abroad hold back anything? Do these sons grudge risking their beautiful youth, their lives, for their country? Yet some people hesitate at white bread and bacon, and refuse to buy Liberty bonds!

The last-named hesitation is not only unpatriotic, but it is absurd. Later we will know the meaning of the expression, "What I give I have." The money we invest in Liberty bonds will be ours when other money that we now have is gone.

All such talk as I have quoted is wickedly unpatriotic. Let us give as our sons give—ungrudgingly, proudly, because we are counted worthy to make sacrifices for the greatest crusade against evil that the world has ever known.

Make It An Honorable Service.

What would the Son of Righteousness say to our hesitation about trifling luxuries? He died for his cause. We women are not called upon to do that. (Some of us may wish that we were.) But we are called to sacrifice our selfishness for it.

I am not making light of the wonderful work done by those women who toil at Red Cross stations; I am not forgetting the noble and vast army of wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts who stop at nothing in their desire to help end the war honorably.

But I hope that such sentences as I have quoted go no further than the tip of the tongue. If they do, shame to the speakers. And shame to us who let such speech pass unreprieved.

"His very living—such was Christ's giving."

We women "have not yet resisted unto blood." But some of our men have, and—God help us!—many more may have to. Can we then endure the ignominy of remembering that even in our inner hearts we have paused to consider what delicacies we may use? Shall we not—in the language of our dear fighting boys—"cut out" all doubtful articles? And let us make of the trifling duty an honorable service. The cause ennobles all that it touches.

True Respectability.

Having the courage to live within one's means is respectability.

Build Character Firmly.

The character which you are constructing is not your own. It is the building material out of which other generations will quarry stones for the temple of life. See to it, therefore, that it be granite and not shale.

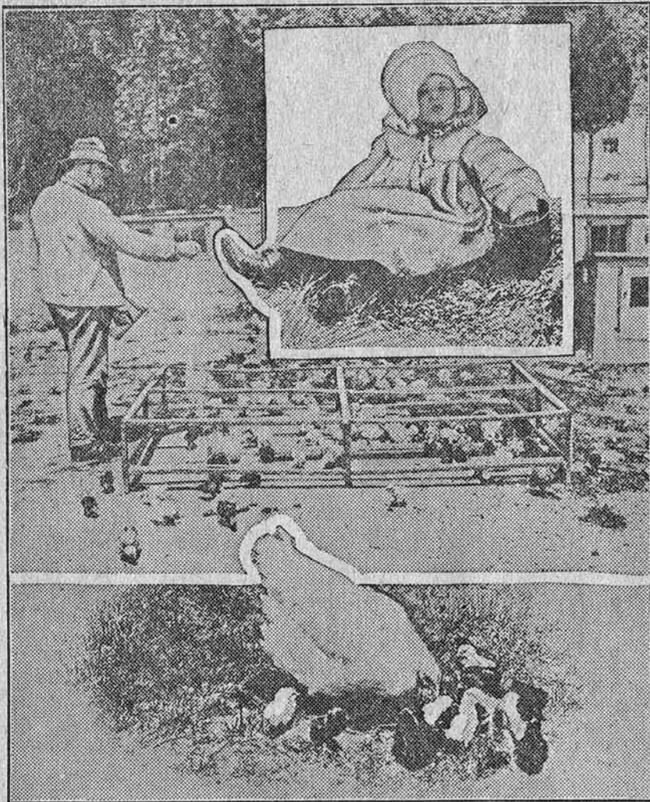
Famous Writer Poor Physician.

Schiller, the author of "William Tell," was medical officer in the Prussian guard before he found his profession irksome. He proved to be a very incompetent physician and was expelled from his regiment.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

BAKED FEED GIVES CHICKS A GOOD START



A Screened Feeding Pen Through Which the Chicks Can Run Will Keep Older Fowls Away at Feeding Time.

BEST FOODS FOR YOUNG CHICKENS

Begin Feeding Any Time After Youngsters Are 36 to 48 Hours Old.

BAKED JOHNNYCAKE IS GOOD

Put the "Grow" in Young Fowls by Giving Bread Crumbs and Rolled Oats Mixture Five Times Daily—Also Give Milk.

Give the young chicks a good start in life by feeding carefully prepared, nourishing food. Feeding should begin any time after they are thirty-six to forty-eight hours old, whether they are with the hen or in a brooder, and for the first month or two they may be given food as often as five times a day.

Baked johnnycake composed of the following ingredients in the proportions named is a very good feed for young chicks: One dozen infertile eggs or one pound of sifted beef scrap to ten pounds of corn meal; add enough milk to make a pasty mash, and one tablespoonful of baking soda. Dry bread crumbs may be mixed with hard-boiled eggs, making about one-fourth of the mixture eggs, or rolled oats may be used in place of the bread crumbs.

Feed Five Times Daily.

Feed the bread crumbs, rolled oats, or johnnycake mixtures five times daily for the first week, then gradually substitute for one or two feeds of the mixture finely cracked grains of one part by weight of cracked wheat, six parts finely cracked corn, two parts pinhead oatmeal or hulled oats, and one part kafir corn, to which about 5 per cent of cracked peas or broken rice and 2 per cent of charcoal, millet or rape seed may be added. A commercial chick feed may be substituted if desired. The above ration can be fed until the chicks are two weeks old, when they should be placed on grain and a dry or wet mash mixture.

After the chicks are ten days old a good growing mash, composed of two parts by weight of bran, two parts middlings, two parts cornmeal, one part rolled oats, and 10 per cent sifted beef scrap may be placed in a hopper and left before them at all times. The mash may be fed either wet or dry; if wet, only enough moisture (either milk or water) should be added to make the feed crumbly, but in no sense sloppy. When this growing mash or mixture is not used a hopper containing bran should be accessible to the chickens at all times.

When one has only a few chickens it is less trouble to purchase the prepared chick feeds, but where a considerable number are reared it is sometimes cheaper to buy the finely cracked grains and mix them together. Many chick feeds contain a large quantity of grit and may contain grains of poor quality, so that they should be carefully examined and the quality guaranteed before they are purchased.

Eliminate Chick Feed.

As soon as the chickens will eat the whole wheat, cracked corn and other grains—usually in about eight weeks—the small-sized chick feed can be eliminated. In addition to the above feeds the chickens' growth can be hastened if they are given sour milk,

skim milk, or buttermilk to drink. Growing chickens kept on a good range may be given all their feed in a hopper, mixing six parts by weight of cracked corn with one part of wheat and one part kafir corn in one hopper and the dry mash for chickens in another. In addition feed two parts of the scratch mixture in the form of sprouted oats until the chickens are three or four months old, when dry whole oats can be used. The beef scrap may be left out of the dry mash and fed in a separate hopper, so that the chickens can eat all of this feed they desire. If the beef scrap is to be fed separately it is advisable to wait until the chicks are ten days old, although many poultrymen put the beef scrap before the young chickens at the start without bad results. Chickens confined to small yards should always be supplied with green feed, such as lettuce, sprouted oats, alfalfa, or clover, but the best place to raise chickens successfully is on a good range where no extra green feed is required. Fine charcoal, grit and oyster shell should be kept before the chickens at all times, and cracked or ground bone may be fed where the chickens are kept in small bare yards, but the latter feed is not necessary for chickens that have a good range.

FEED CHICKS OFTEN— BUT DON'T STUFF THEM.

Young chickens should be fed from three to five times daily, depending upon one's experience in feeding. Undoubtedly chickens can be grown faster by feeding five times daily than by feeding three times daily, but it should be borne in mind that more harm can be done to the young chickens by overfeeding than by underfeeding, and at no time should they be fed more than barely to satisfy their appetites and to keep them exercising, except at the evening or last meal, when they should be given all they will eat. Young chicks that are confined need more attention to avoid overfeeding than those that have free range, as leg weakness is likely to result in those confined.

Heat for Brood Chicks.

The best temperature at which to keep a brooder or hover depends upon the position of the thermometer, the style of the hover, the age of the chickens and the weather conditions. Aim to keep the chickens comfortable. As the operator learns by the actions of the chickens the amount of heat they require, he can discard the thermometer if he desires. When too cold the chicks will crowd together and try to get nearer the heat.

It is not possible to say for each case at what temperature the brooder should be kept to raise young chickens, but it will run from 90 to 100 degrees in some cases, as some broods of chickens seem to require more heat than others. Average temperatures approximate 93 to 95 degrees for the first week or ten days, when the temperature is gradually reduced to 85 degrees for the following ten days, and then lowered to 70 or 75 degrees for as long as the chickens need heat. This depends somewhat on the season of the year and the number of the chickens, as it can be readily seen that the heat generated by 50 chickens would raise the temperature under the hover to a higher degree than the heat given off by a lesser number.

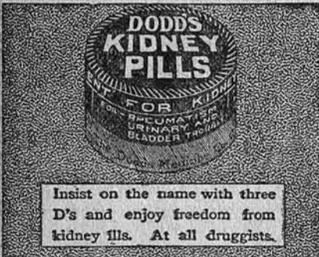
IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."

—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.



Just the Right Thing.

"Baby was taken very bad while you was out, mum," said the new servant girl.

"Oh, dear!" cried the young wife. "Is he better now?"

"Oh, he's all right now; but he was bad at first. He seemed to come over quite faint; but I found his medicine in the cupboard."

"Found his medicine! Good gracious! What have you been giving the child?"

"There was no medicine in the cupboard."

"Oh, yes, there was, mum. It was written on it."

And then the girl triumphantly produced a bottle labeled "Kid Reviver."

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

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

She who loves and runs away may be sorry later on.

Fair words butter few parsnips at 67 cents the pound for butter.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's has helped thousands back to health.

An Illinois Case

R. J. Henderson, Alma, Ill., says: "Hard work and heavy lifting weakened my kidneys. My back was in bad shape and I couldn't walk without sharp pains shooting through me. I was sore and stiff and felt tired and languid. The kidney secretions passed too often and were scanty and some nights I had to get up a dozen times. Nothing gave me any real benefit until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They soon had me feeling much better and continued use benefited me in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PREVENT ABORTION IN COWS!
If any of your cows, heifers or hinds are having a natural discharge wash them out with **Dr. David Roberts' Antiseptic and Flushing Ointment**. Price \$1.00. Thousands of dollars and many calves can be saved by this simple preventive.

Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Abortion in Cows. It is free in your town, write for it.

Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

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a 1000-page plan book \$1
All home-loving home-builders, people need it in their library for style, guide and economy in building. 200 plans and designs. Sent post-paid to you, \$1
HERBERT C. CHIVERS, ARCHTCT, ST. LOUIS

Cuticura Soap Is Ideal For the Hands

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

PISO'S

CAT FIGHTS EAGLE AND DOES IT WELL

FUR AND FEATHERS FLY FAST AND FURIOUS.

Tom Comes Back Again and Again, a Regular Glutton for Punishment — Boy Declares "Draw."

Springfield, Mo. — While plowing near here William Ford witnessed a thrilling fight between a cat and an eagle. It was claws and beak against claws and teeth, and resulted in a draw.

Farmer Ford saw what at first he took to be a chicken hawk sweeping down on his barnyard. He thought it was after a chicken and stepped to the fence. Closer inspection revealed that it was an eagle.

The bird swooped, struck and rose, but, to the farmer's surprise, it held in its talons not a chicken, but his large tom cat. The eagle held the cat by the back. The cat's four feet were extended and its tail pointed toward the zenith.

Forty feet from the ground the cat gave a twist, wriggled from the grasp of the bird and fell to the earth, seemingly unhurt. The bird circled and made another swoop but this time the cat was waiting for its feathered adversary, and, when the bird struck, things happened. For about three minutes the air was full of fur and feathers.

The eagle withdrew baffled, to a distance of about fifteen feet, dragging one wing. The cat had its back high in the air, and both cat and eagle were hissing and spitting. Finally the cat crouched and began to creep slowly and steadily toward the eagle, its tail dragging. Its fighting blood was up.

The eagle stood with one foot lifted, turning its head from side to side, the better to observe its adversary. The feathers on its neck were ruffled. The cat hugged the ground a little closer and then sprang. It evidently expected the eagle to attempt to leap to one side, for its legs were far apart.

The cat, however, made a mistake. The eagle turned on its back and drove its talons into the cat's breast and tried to strike it in the eyes, with its beak. The cat missed the bird's neck and got its wing. Then the air again became filled with fur and feathers.

The farmer's little son had seen the encounter from the front of the house, and ran as fast as he could toward the scene. He was afraid his "pussy" was going to be carried off. His shout frightened the cat and it released its hold for a minute; the bird struggled free, ran about twenty feet and launched itself with a heavy wing and badly battered plumage into flight. The cat climbed the fence, moved, licked its bloody breast and moved again, eyeing its fleeing adversary with baleful eye and switching tail.

MAN'S HEART SENT ACROSS THE OCEAN

Countess in California Ships Organ of Mate to Comply with a Spanish Law.

Pasadena, Cal. — At her hotel in this city, the Countess Blanca de Ovies eagerly awaits news of the safe arrival in Spain of probably the strangest package that has left by ship from New York to take its chances with German submarines.

To comply with the letter of the Spanish law, and to receive an inheritance, the countess is sending the embalmed heart of her late husband to be buried in Spain soil. Her arrangement for the peculiar transaction was made during the last month since the countess has been a guest in this city.

The count died six years ago in Atlanta, Ga., and at that time the body was prepared with the view of sending the heart to Spain at this time. The count and the countess were natives of Spain and both were exiled because of political differences with the ruling authorities. The count owned a vast estate in Spain, which can come into the possession of the countess after she has complied with the peculiar Spanish law.

In his will the count left minute instructions telling the countess just how to proceed in complying with the law. A slow legal development in Spain, conducted at the expenditure of a small fortune, made it unnecessary to carry out the strange burial rites until this time.

The countess in an interview the other day told of her husband's adventurous life. When he was 12 years old he was stolen by bandits, and a ransom demanded. When the ransom was not forthcoming, the lad was abandoned in a forest after both his hands had been nailed to a tree.

In 1876 he was exiled from Spain for taking part in the Carlist rebellion, and became a wanderer in many lands.

NO MORE PICKING UP OF NAILS

Magnetized Clip Now Does It For Carpenters.

A device to save carpenters from picking up nails has been invented. It consists of magnetized clips, which the carpenter fastens to his fingers and which draw the nails to his hands.

Good liars are scarce, but some liars are very skillful.

ALLEGED WOMAN FAKED ROBBERIES

Houston Man in Divorce Petition Asks For Custody of Their Child

Houston, Tex. — Mrs. Mary McKaskle, a bride of two months, has been sued by Clarence W. McKaskle for a divorce. At the same time and in the same court a former husband sued her for the possession of their 18-months-old child.

Mrs. McKaskle is a beautiful young woman whose recent performances have had Houston's police force guessing. She has reported five successive burglaries in the McKaskle home in as many weeks. All these burglaries were alleged to have taken place in the day-time, and on one occasion Mrs. McKaskle was found in a fainting condition from apparent fright, she having called her husband by telephone from his work in the Union National Bank. The furniture was thrown around in a promiscuous fashion, there were stains looking like blood about the floor and an overturned bottle of carbolic acid was found which Mrs. McKaskle asserted a burglar attempted to force down her throat.

McKaskle alleges in his petition for divorce that his wife developed ideas without a parallel in human history. "Ideas of imaginary murders, suicides, burglaries and other crimes frequently possess Mrs. McKaskle," reads the petition for divorce. "If she rehearses a sensational burglary, she poses and plays as the victim, pretends to lose valuables, to have been knocked down, ill treated and abused. "The vulgar gaze of a curious public was trained upon the privacy of our home when the daily newspapers of Houston published glaring headlines, such as: 'Bride, 19, Found in a Faint,' 'Says Man Sought Her Life.'"

When the police discovered that the supposed burglaries had not been committed, Mrs. McKaskle was quoted as saying she was merely testing the love of her husband for herself.

Parents of Mrs. McKaskle declared that the bride had pawned jewelry to purchase necessary supplies and had then resorted to what amounted to mere practical jokes.

The suit filed for the custody of the child by the former husband, J. Russell Winston, also asks for an injunction restraining Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McKaskle from removing from Harris County, Texas, Frances Rebecca Winston, 28 months of age. The child had been awarded to her custody at the time she was divorced from Winston last September, one month before she married McKaskle.

WOMAN EATS AN ONION; STARTS A RIOT IN CLUB

Apology for Violation of Boycott Angers Mothers and Hair-pulling Match Results.

Boston, Mass. — Mrs. May Levine ate an onion. The other night the meeting of the Malden Mothers' League in Bryant Hall, was converted into a hair-pulling session and almost ended in a riot as a result.

As Eve partook of the forbidden fruit in the garden, so did Mrs. Levine allow a gnawing desire for an onion to cause her to fall from grace in the Mothers' League. For, be it known, the delectable and detectable onion is among the forbidden "fruits" in a boycott the club has started.

If Mrs. Levine had not been one of the important pickets in a recent siege of grocers her indiscretion might not have assumed such alarming proportions. But when she publicly confessed that the call of the onion had proved irresistible, her apology proved poor balm for the wounded feelings of her dumfounded compatriots.

A commotion followed, during which cries of sympathizers to the effect of: "Have a heart; maybe an onion's her weakness," only served to enrage the feelings of others.

Whether it was pure envy or a matter of principle, nobody took time to state. There was a generous reach for convenient heads and the squeals that followed showed that considerable enthusiasm was employed in tugging the crowning joy of woman.

The matter was finally arbitrated along the lines of every woman having a weak moment at least once in her life and of the irresistible qualities of the impressive and fragrant onion.

But the meeting did not close until a committee of five had been appointed to obtain a list of names and addresses of every person buying boycotted food with the avowed purpose of refusing to allow their children to play with the children of the non-boycotters.

"SMELLER" LOCATES OIL WELL

He "Scents" Metals Also by Walking Over Ground.

Wichita Falls, Texas.—Henry Zachary, an "oil smeller," was employed to locate the well of the Uncle Luke Wilson Oil Company on a lease on the Wilson ranch in the Archer district. He is said to be gifted with super-sensitive olfactory nerves which enable him to find buried oil or metals by simply passing over the ground.

SEES FORTUNE IN OLD VIOLIN

Civil War Veteran Said to Own Genuine "Strad."

Sussex, N. J.—Mahlon P. Johnson, a civil war veteran, recently got out an old violin given to him by his grandfather in 1847. An expert in such matters discovered on the inside of the instrument the inscription "Antonio Stradivarius, Cremona Faciet, Anno 1730." It is now valued at from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

OLD VETS RECALL RAIDS BY INDIANS

TWO AGED WESTERNERS TELL OF THRILLING DEEDS.

As Boys They Suffered Beatings at Hands of Savages, While Friends Were Slain.

Rock Springs, Texas. — Two old-timers met here a few days ago. W. C. Riggs, now of Colorado, who "struck it rich" and is now touring Texas hunting up his old friends and relatives, came to see his friend, D. M. Elms, or, as his friends call him, "Indian Dave."

Mr. Riggs, who was born in Izard County, Arkansas, came to Texas when a small boy with his parents, John and Jane Riggs, who settled near Sugarloaf Mountain, 18 miles from Belton, in 1857. Mr. Elms said:

"I also am an Arkansawyer. My parents came to Texas, settled in Washington County in 1847, moved to Bell County in 1850, and of all of the things I have seen the murder by the Indians of Mr. and Mrs. John Riggs is most indelibly stamped on my memory. I was a boy about 12 years old. John Riggs and I started after some cedar posts to fence our field. We had only gone a short distance when we were overtaken by fifteen Indians.

"The first one that came up spoke to us in English and said, 'Ho' do you do?' As the others came up they formed a circle around us and began to club us with cow tails, holding the bush of the tail in their hands. We stood the punishment quite a while. Mr. Riggs started toward his home in a run, followed by a number of the Indians. Some of the Indians continued to punish him, the others laughing and shouting, evidently very much amused. The three left with me seemed to have just lots of fun, punishing me in various ways, took off my clothing and divided the garments up among themselves.

"We could hear the other Indians yelling and those left with me went off in that direction. I then became frightened and ran my level best in the opposite direction to Alex Reid's place, three and a half miles away. When about half-way, I met Mr. Reid's brother riding a horse and leading another, which I mounted, and we went to Mr. Reid's and reported what had happened.

"Mr. Riggs had a brother at home and, being unarmed, ran for help. When the few neighbors gathered at the Riggs home they found the dead bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs some 200 yards from the house—the baby crawling over its dead mother.

"W. C. Riggs, then a small boy, ran and hid in the tall grass. The two girls, Roda and Margaret, were carried away prisoners. In the afternoon the girls witnessed the killing of George Pevey at Douglas Mountain, near where the town of Killain now stands. In their haste to get away they dropped the girls and left them. The girls spent the night alone on the prairie, but next morning went to a vacant house and were found by John B. Slack. Just prior to the killing of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs the Indians killed Young Pierce."

"Uncle Dave" timidly removed his hat and exhibited scars, the result of the beating he received.

After the death of his parents, the baby and the present Mr. Riggs and two sisters made their home with their grandparents and uncles — Grandma Roda and Grandpa Thomas, Branick and James Riggs. They first settled near Salado, then in Bandera County at Cave Mountain near Medina Dam. The old home is now owned by Mrs. John Leboldt.

The Indians gave them a great deal of trouble, stealing their horses and killing their cattle. So the Riggs family, assisted by Frank Fox, built a large stockade, commonly known as Fort Riggs. The walls were double, filled between with dirt, and on top they planted cactus. They had no wagons or horses and the stone was hauled on slides pulled by oxen. Grandpa Riggs was drowned in the Medina River and is buried near where Lee D. Montell now lives.

The hair of these old-timers is now whitened by the many winters, but their minds are clear, and many are the stories of hardship and adventures of the early settlers and their personal experience and observation; and not many summers will pass until they cross over the river to join their friends and relatives in the "happy hunting grounds."

MAKES FEET OF PAPER PULP

Doctor's Idea to Meet Needs of Crippled Soldiers.

The uses to which paper and paper pulp are being put are constantly increasing in number. At present there are paper furniture, paper cloth, paper silks and clothes, and even paper legs.

Now Dr. Svindt, of Denmark, who is responsible for the artificial leg of papier-mache, has brought forward a paper foot, intended to meet the needs of the crippled soldiers. These feet are said to be strong enough to withstand ordinary usage, and they have the added advantage of being cheap.

A model of the foot is made of wire gauze, and upon this is poured a specially prepared pulp which entirely fills the interstices of the model.

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



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