

JOINS THE MAJORITY

WM. BUTLER PASSES AWAY AT HOME OF HIS SISTER

Mrs. O. L. Magruder—Tuesday Afternoon—Death Due to Pneumonia

Wm. Butler passed away at the home of his sister Mrs. O. L. Magruder on North Grand Ave., after a week's illness due to pneumonia.

Mr. Butler was born in Bourbonnais thirty three years ago where he resided until a week ago, when he took sick and taken to the home of his sister in this city. Everything available was done to prolong his life but he gradually grew worse until death came, to relieve his suffering Tuesday afternoon about 1:30 o'clock.

Mr. Butler was a graduate of St. Viator's College and was a member of the Gleaners and Eagles in which he was a conscientious worker. He was a man that was liked by everybody and has many friends.

He leaves to mourn his loss, a mother Mrs. C. B. Butler of Bourbonnais and two sisters Mrs. O. L. Magruder of this city and Mrs. A. B. Messer and one brother Armand J. Butler of Kankakee. The remains were taken to Bourbonnais Tuesday night and the funeral was held Thursday morning at 9 o'clock in the Catholic church there, of which he was a member and the remains were laid to rest in the Bourbonnais Cemetery.

The family has the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of a loving son and brother.

Board Meeting

The Council met in special attention Tuesday evening, and the new council was organized. Five saloon licenses were granted, two less than last year. The two retiring from business are: Gene Richard and Thos Bray.

Moved

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sharrow are moving to Chicago Heights, Ill., where Mr. Sharrow has secured a position as foreman of a manufacturing plant. We regret very much to see this family leave Bradley, but wish them success in their new home.

Initiation

The Royal Neighbors initiated a class of candidates at their last meeting, which was held last Thursday evening. Refreshments were served and a general good time was had by all present.

Peached Quote

Illinois has subscribed her minimum quota of \$52,800,000. This is but a milestone that we have passed. The Secretary of the Treasury has officially asked for a 50% over-subscription. Therefore the new goal which is set for our state is \$70,200,000, or only \$7,000,000 more than was subscribed for the Second Loan. Surely the people of Illinois can be counted upon to meet this new demand, which is so evidently within the capacity of their resources. The critical situation existing on the western front and the fact that hundreds of thousands of our boys are now "somewhere in France" should be all the additional incentive that is needed. We call upon all citizens of Illinois who have not bought bonds to go to their banks or to their local committees and, in the spirit of loftiest patriotism and love of Country, enter subscriptions at once. We ask those who have bought bonds to make additional subscriptions to the full limit of their ability.

There will be only two kinds of people at the end of this war—those who are ashamed of themselves and those who are not. Let each citizen of Illinois make a record upon which he will be able to look back with pride.

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

Initiation

The Irene Rebecca Lodge expects to take in a class of eight new members next Tuesday night.

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

Louis Hickony, of Kankakee, has moved his family to North Michigan Ave. Mr. Hickony is an employee of the Jas Watson factory.

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.

The Typical American And The War

BY MORTON DENISON HULL

I know a young man who as a volunteer in the fighting service of the United States is now enroute to France. When he enlisted, he was asked a number of questions by one who loved him.

Did he realize what he was up against?

Yes, he answered, he thought he did.

Had he ever thought of himself in the midst of the fighting?

Quietly the answer, "Yes, he had."

How did he think he would feel in the actual fighting?

"Scared to death," came the answer with a smile.

Why, then, he was asked, did he wish to enlist before the draft age?

"Because," came the calm response, "thought he hated war, there was no place where he could go and get away from it." Because "it was his job, and he felt he had to go."

What was it that appealed to this young man with such compelling force, that from its beckoning call no corner of the world could shelter him? It was the cry of liberty crucified in Belgium and France. It was the outraged feelings of a strong and chivalrous young man at the conduct of the German power. It was the growing fear that if the liberties of Europe were conquered by the jungle spirit of the Prussian monster, "the day"—the reckoning day would come for America as well.

He knew the sense of fear and was willing to acknowledge it. He knew the horrors he might face, but was willing to face them. His was the spirit to conquer fear in a righteous cause.

I like to think of this young man as typifying the attitude of the thousands of young men already "over there" or destined to follow them. I like to think of his attitude as typical of America in this war. Shall we who are left behind fail to respond to the inspiration of their fine example?

They need our sympathy and our support, in the spoken and the written word, and more than all else the support which our money and our might can give. For that purpose our government is seeking huge sums of money, by way of taxes and of loans. Three billions of dollars are asked of us in the present loan. It is in truth as well as in name a liberty loan. To subscribe to it is a privilege which we shall be glad to recall in coming days. It is however, an enormous sum and it cannot be raised by the subscriptions, small and large, of millions of our people.

Surely the people of this state will not fail to be numbered generously among them. Where our heart is, there will our treasure also be. If our heart is in this war, our treasure must go with it. And our hearts must be in this war if we have the conscience and instincts of free men.

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

INSIST ON MATES OF MORAL HABITS

MAJORITY OF GIRLS MAKE THIS FIRST REQUIREMENT

Students at University of Missouri Give Views on Matrimony in Symposium.

Kansas City, Mo.—What are your requirements of the person whom you would marry? That question was asked of the students in connection with a discussion on "convention" by Prof. L. L. Bernard in his sociology class of the University of Missouri the other day. Sixty-eight students—forty-one women and twenty-seven men—placed on the professor's desk anonymous statements in reply.

The tabulated opinions show the women consider moral habits as the prime requisite. Nineteen women make it the first requirement, six the second requirement, eight the third requirement, six the fourth requirement, one the fifth requirement and one does not mention it.

Good social position is considered most important by seven women while the average place this requirement in fourth place.

Good income is held to be of prime importance by five women, while seventeen hold it to be of secondary and ten of tertiary importance.

Congeniality and good treatment is placed among the first four requisites by thirty-one women, three of whom make it the first requirement.

One signifies her willingness to abide with a middle-aged man, while thirteen place youth as fifth in importance.

One insists that good looks is the first essential in a husband, while the majority seem willing to waive this quality after putting in requests for a good income, congeniality and a good social position.

Just as the women require good moral habits as the prime essential, so the men insist on good character, and twenty demand it as the first requirement.

While the women are more insistent for intellectual ability, the men base their faith on physical beauty. Five men make it a first requirement, while no one places it below the fourth place.

"All except five of the men express an opinion on congeniality, but they do not hold it as a high requirement, and indicate their trust in character, youth and beauty to include that quality.

The men are generally interested in the training for home making, making this requirement average fourth in importance. The men are decidedly interested in good heredity, while the women make no mention of it.

Two women and two men desire their mates to be religious. One man yearns for mutual infatuation, and places it as a third requirement in his scheme of things for marital bliss. One woman longs for sympathy and assigns it in fifth place. One man insists on sincerity and common sense, while another requires musical talent in his wife-to-be and a third demands his wife must be economical.

Safe Bet.

"Cashley's got a splendid, vigorous woman in that wife of his."

"Just Cashley's luck! He always gets the best of everything."

"I'll bet he doesn't get the best of her."

Peace on a Volcano.

Peck—"My home has been a perfect haven of peace lately. I've hit on a great scheme."

Friend—"Indeed! What is it?"

Peck—"I make my wife so mad she won't speak to me."

The New Minuteman

He was working just as peaceful as he used to work at home—That's anywhere you care to name from Galveston to Nome—He was oiling up an engine, or was toying with a spade, When the Teutons took a notion that they'd like to start a raid.

Well, the worker saw them coming—like the spawn spilled out of hell—

And he looked his Yankee eye at them and said "Oh, very well, If my job is interrupted I'll find something else to do," And he shook his hairy Yankee fist at all the Teuton crew.

Then he hailed a wounded Tommy and he said "See here, old son, I would thank you mighty kindly if you'd let me have your gun, For those chaps have stopped my working and I feel chock full of spite,

So I guess I'll dig a shelter hole and settle down to fight."

He hadn't soldier training and he didn't need command,

But he knew the proper place was "front" and there he took his stand,

Like a soldier of the soldiers, like a peer among his peers,

For the credit and the honor of the Yankee Engineers.

And he may be dead or living, but wherever he is found

He will surely be facing forward and holding hard his ground;

And he holds his proper station in the hearts of those at home—

That's everywhere that you can name from Galveston to Nome!

HOW TO MAKE DISH DRYER

For the boy who wishes to make something that will help his mother do her daily work quickly, here is something that she will surely appreciate. Of all the devices invented to save many steps, a dish dryer is one of the greatest, says the Ottawa Citizen.

Such a contrivance is both simple and easily made, and consists of anything that will hold the dishes securely, with the fewest number of contact points possible. It should be placed such a position as to permit perfect drainage. The plates and saucers rest in two tiers on horizontal bars of wood 1 1/2 by 3/4 inches. These are separated and held upright by vertical dowel rods, which may be either of 1/4 inches hardwood or 1/8 inch galvanized wire. The two end pieces are narrowed at the bottom, so that the two lower horizontal bars are brought closer together to hold small plates and saucers in the lower tier. The end pieces should be cut from a 3/4 inch board. The vertical dowel rods are placed about 1 1/8 inches apart for ordinary plates, and 1 1/2 inches apart for soup plates, but in constructing the drier you can make the spaces to accommodate the dishes in daily use.

On top is tacked a piece of 1/4 inch mesh galvanized wire screen, forming a shelf for cups, bowls, nappies, and such other dishes as will not enter the tiers. The drier, which may rest on two small iron brackets, is fastened securely to the wall just over the sink or drainboard. Two dishpans are used with the drier, one filled with very hot clear water, and the other with very hot soapy water. The dishes, which have not been allowed to dry, are first carefully washed in the soapy water, using a coarse dish cloth, then pressed into the clear hot water for a few seconds and thence to the tiers of the drier.

Large dishes and silverware must, of course, be wiped in the old way, but the rapidity with which your mother will be able to master a heap of soiled dishes by the use of a drier is wonderful.

Barbecued Roast of Lamb

A leg of lamb, prepared as for "barbecuing," is far more appetizing and tender than one baked in the usual manner. Remove the outer layer of fat, and sprinkle well with salt, black pepper and paprika. Make a smooth paste of two teaspoons of mustard and a little vinegar, then add two cups of vinegar. Place the lamb in the roaster and pour in the vinegar and mustard, adding enough water to make the usual amount of liquid for basting. Cut one lemon in thin slices and lay over the top of the roast. Bake in a covered utensil and baste frequently. Have the oven at moderate temperature, and allow from two to two and one half hours for roasting.

Cabbage Baked in Oven

Put the cabbage into an earthen pot of boiling water to cook. Then let it cool for about ten minutes, and put it into another pot of boiling water, adding salt and pepper, boil, keeping the cover on tight. When done, press out all the water and chop it up. Put a layer in the bottom of a pie or vegetable dish, cover with a white sauce made of one cup of milk, one tablespoon of butter, one of flour, a little salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and then add a layer of grated cheese. Repeat your layers of cabbage, sauce, and cheese. Cover the top with a layer of bread crumbs and a bit of butter, and put it in the oven. When the sauce bubbles on the top, take it out and serve in the same dish.

Chestnuts a la Creme

Pour some boiling water over the chestnuts in order to take off the skins. Boil them in a little water, sugar, and vanilla. When soft and dry, mash them well and let them cool. Pass all through a large sieve, forming a sort of vermicelli; place it on a round dish and make a large hole in the middle of the dish, which should be filled with whipped cream. Serve cold.

From Lucile's Diary

"My people are all going to the country tomorrow," said Felix Weston to me last Thursday evening, when we were out for a motor ride. "I'm wondering what is to become of my pet crow."

"Oh, have you a crow?" I asked.

"What's his name?"

"Jimmy Of-Course."

"How interesting!"

"Yes, he makes life exceedingly interesting," Felix laughed. "You know a crow is an extremely active bird. I brought mine in from the country this spring and my sisters and I have had a strenuous time raising him, for he had to be fed every hour in his babyhood. I suppose now I shall have to send him to board at a bird fancier's."

"Don't send him to a bird store," I cried. "It would be awfully hard on him to be shut in, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't see what else I can do with the poor chap."

"Let me take him."

"I don't believe you know what you are offering, Lucile. I couldn't think of imposing Jimmy Of-Course upon you. I realize now that my remarks about him sounded dangerously near a hint, but they weren't so intended."

"I know that, but seriously I should love to take Jimmy Of-Course. It would be great fun to have a visit from a crow."

"But he's fearfully full of mischief. He might put you to a lot of bother."

I could see that Felix was weakening, and as he is one of the pleasantest young men I have met in a long while, I wished to do him a favor, and I simply insisted upon taking care of the crow for him. It was at last arranged that he should bring his bird to our house on his way downtown the next morning. He appeared so pleased and grateful that I was really delighted that I had thought of the plan to keep Jimmy Of-Course.

When I went in that evening after our drive I found that Ruth Ritchey had been telephoning me to join her for a week at Squirrel Inn, where she is passing a month, and I decided to go early the next morning. I was busy selecting the gowns for Cousin Fanny to press with the electric iron, which is such a comfort in time of hasty departure that I am very glad I gave her such a fine new one on her last birthday. Then I had to get mother to do a little mending for me. With all that to look after and in the excitement of packing, I quite forgot to mention the crow until the next morning.

Just as I was driving off to the train in David Robinson's car, I remembered about Jimmy Of-Course and called to Cousin Fannie to ask her please to take care of a bird that Mr. Weston was to bring to me. I could not hear her answer as we whirled away, but I felt no anxiety about Jimmy Of-Course for Cousin Fannie is always wonderfully kind to anything that comes under her care.

I had been at Squirrel Inn only three days when I received a telegram from father. It said: "Come home at once and dispose of your diabolical crow, or I will wring its neck."

It was most unkind of father to send me such a message. When after my arrival home I reproached him, he said that if the rules of the telegraph company had permitted he would have described Jimmy Of-Course in much stronger and more accurate language.

"That crow has nearly driven us and everybody in our neighborhood to distraction," he said. "It was a nice thing, I must say, for you to wish such a charge on your Cousin Fannie. She hasn't had a moment's peace since he came. He has stolen thimbles, scissors and embroidery cotton from every porch in the neighborhood and carried off my gold glasses and picked every flower in our window boxes and all the tea roses in the Humphries' garden. He has covered his feet with oil from the street and carefully stepped on all the handkerchiefs that have been spread on lawns in the neighborhood to dry. He has done everything that a totally depraved crow could do in that way of ruining personal liberty."

"But his greatest crime," went on father, "is his nefarious use of his voice. He begins his raucous cawing before dawn and stops only long enough to swallow food your Cousin Fannie gives him at frequent intervals till our breakfast time. There's hardly a person in this part of town who'll speak to us except to anathematize the crow, and no wonder, for every one is worn out for want of sleep. I can't see why you ever had him brought here."

"Because I wished to do a kindness, daddy."

"If you want to do a kindness you'll ship the crow away and relieve the blessings of the neighbors. That crow's got to go, Lucile. That's the ultimatum."

There's never any use arguing with an unreasonable person like father, so I called up Felix and asked him to take the crow to a birdhouse. It was naturally very mortifying to me, but no one in our family ever seems to consider my feelings.

Complications

"Well," began the father of the family, as he shook out his dinner napkin, "how is the dancing class going? Are you learning all the new steps?"

"I guess so," Caroline admitted gingerly. "It's swell!"

"Gee!" said her brother. "I just hate the old class!"

"What's the trouble?" their father inquired.

"Oh," Caroline piped up happily, "he's mad because Bunny danced with his girl all last time, and——"

"No such thing, tattletale!" protested that young man. "I guess I don't care anything about that stuckup Halie Bliss! I guess I wouldn't notice her if there wasn't hardly any other girl on earth! And she can dance with Bunny a million times for all I care! You needn't be so smart!"

"Tut, tut," reproved his father. "If she isn't your girl how did you know which one Caroline meant? Appearances are against you, Edward! Tho I would say that at your tender age I should regret knowing that your affections were becoming entangled——"

"Aw," his son burst out, red-faced, "Caroline needn't talk! She has an awful case on Larry Jones, and he don't give two cents for her!"

"He danced with me/more'n with any one else," Caroline came back calmly. "If he'll dance with me I don't care whether he gives two cents for me or not, do I?"

"There!" cried her father to the abashed Edward. "I trust this glimpse of feminine reasoning will teach you something, my son! It may keep you from big-headedness when some fair lady smiles on you!"

"I don't know whachu talking about!" protested Edward, huffily. "Anyhow, I don't see what Caroline likes about Larry, for he's a punk dancer!"

"He isn't!" Caroline defended. "Not when you get used to him, as I have! It's just his legs are queer! They wobble below the knees and lag behind the upper part of him! You can't help dancing a little queer if your feet are two or three steps behind you!"

"Huh!" jeered her brother. "I'd pick out some one else to have a case on then if I was a girl! Why don't you take Pinhead Warble? All the girls are crazy about him because he looks like a picture in a magazine—but, anyhow, he wouldn't look at you!"

"Pinhead!" hissed Caroline. "Him! He doesn't dance a bit better than Larry! His legs wobble, too; only they cave in at the knees something awful, and he's so tall you're afraid he's going to shut up like a jackknife! I know, because Susie told me it made her so nervous she never could have stuck it out, only she knew the new girl was jealous of her and she couldn't let her get a chance at Pinhead!"

"These social complications are distracting!" their father mourned. "I can't seem to get them straight. Aren't there any young gentlemen in the class with full command of their limbs?"

"Gee! You ought to see Bill do the high jump!" cried his son. "He's athletic, all right! We piled up all the girl's cloaks on a chair in the dressing-room, when they were dancing the Ta-Tao, and Bill he jumped clear over the whole lot!"

"Then that's where my vanity box got smashed!" shrieked his sister, in a fury. "And Susie's white fur was all mussed up and grimy! I'll tell the teacher on you!"

"She'd take your powder box away from you!" reminded her brother. "You don't dare. You're just mad because I told you were stuck on Larry!"

"I have got a dreadful case on him," said Caroline, surprisingly complacent. She preened herself. "He asked me for four dances at the next party—so there, smarty!"

"Aw-w-w!" Edward was momentarily breathless. Then he rallied, "Betcha Pinhead won't ask you, or any one else!"

"Hallie Bliss told me something," his sister said absently to the atmosphere. Edward wriggled in his chair.

"Say," he offered beguilingly. "Honestly, I didn't mean anything—what I said about Larry. His legs don't wobble so awful bad. Wh-what did Hallie say?"

"Said she was saving three dances for you," Caroline told him between spoonfuls.

"Gee!" Edward gasped ecstatically. "Did she honest?"

"I take it," their father remarked, "that the dancing class, as a dancing class, leaves nothing whatever to be desired in the way of progress!"

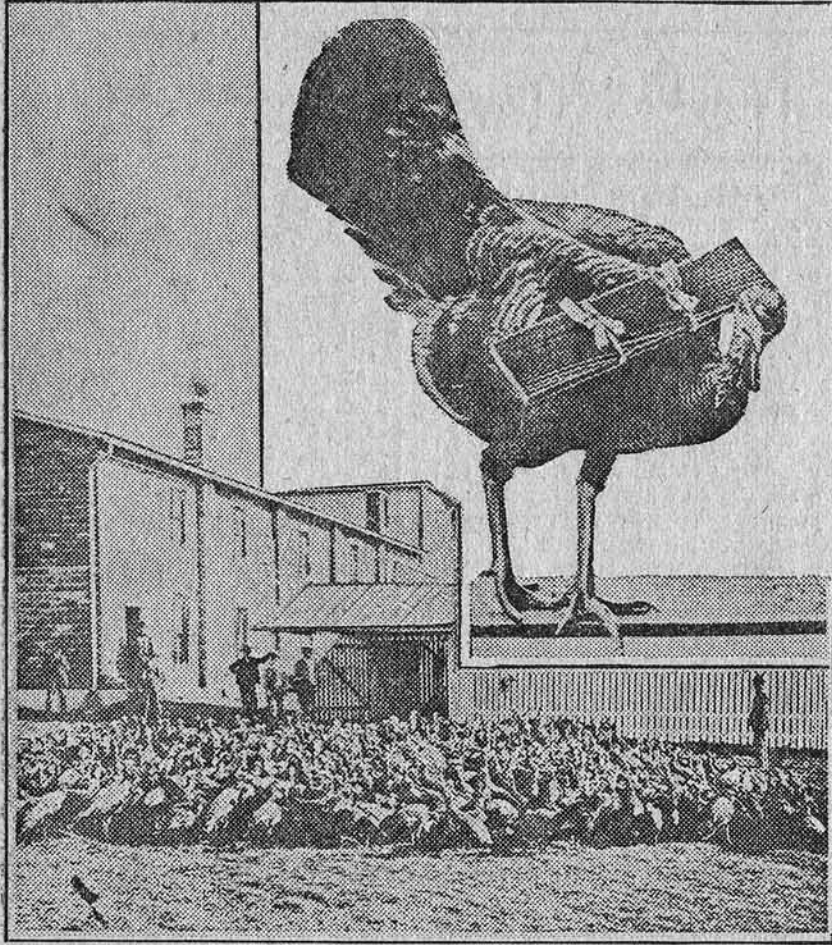
"I guess so," said Caroline and the brother, agreeably.

How to Sew Buttons

In sewing on buttons leave them a little loose from the garment, so that the thread may be wound around in order to insure a good fastening, says the New Haven Journal Courier. It is a good plan to place a pin between the button and the cloth, passing the thread over the pin; then when the thread is fastened remove the pin and the button is sufficiently loose.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
TURKEY RAISING NEEDS A BOOST, TOO



Turkey Meat Is Made Largely From Insects and Farm Wastes—A Paddle Fastened to the Wings Keeps Hens From Flying Over the Fence.

TURKEY RAISING GOOD SIDE LINE

Requirement of Range Usually Limits Production of Big Fowls to Farms.

BRONZE VARIETY IS POPULAR

Birds Are Especially Adapted to Grain and Stock Farms Where There Is Ample Ranging Ground Abounding in Feed.

For those who are favorably situated for raising turkeys, a more profitable side line scarcely can be found. Plenty of range is necessary to raise turkeys, so this usually limits the opportunity to the farms. Turkeys are included in the department of agriculture's program for increasing poultry production, and specialists of the department point out how and where increases can be obtained.

Turkeys are especially suited to the grain and stock farms where there is ample ranging ground abounding in such turkey food as grasshoppers and other insects, weed seeds, waste grain such as is left in the fields after harvest, and nuts of such varieties as beechnuts, chestnuts, pecans, pine nuts and acorns. On such farms the present prices of grain affect the turkey raiser but little, for with the exception of what is used at fattening time the feed consumed is largely of such a kind as would otherwise be wasted.

Raise More Turkeys.
 With but little additional outlay to the farmer many more turkeys could and should be raised, federal specialists say. The small number of turkeys per farm in the United States is surprising. According to the census of 1910, which is the latest that has been taken, only 13.7 per cent of the total number of farms reported any turkeys at all, and on those farms reporting turkeys an average of but slightly over four breeding turkeys was found per farm. Some farms by nature of the crops grown on them or because of unfavorable surroundings are not adapted to turkey raising, but most farms could easily handle a breeding flock of from 10 to 15 hen turkeys and a tom, raising from 75 to 150 each year at a good profit.

Throughout the middle West, where most of the turkeys are raised, it is unusual to see a flock of more than 50 on a farm, although in Texas, where more are produced than in any other state, flocks of several hundred are rather common. In sections of the Southwest and on the Pacific coast a few persons have engaged in turkey raising on a large scale, rearing a thousand or more every year. There are not, however, enough turkeys raised on the Pacific coast to supply the local demand. This is true also of the Atlantic coast states.

Owing to the fact that the Bronze turkey is the heaviest, it is more popular among turkey raisers than other varieties. Since turkeys are sold by weight the heaviest birds bring the greatest returns. When a large number of people are to be served, as in hotels, restaurants, and boarding houses, the demand is for heavy turkeys. For family use the demand is for small or medium-sized birds. Unless they are to be marketed locally among customers who demand small birds, it is far more profitable to raise the heaviest. Regarding other characteristics, it is quite generally asserted that the Bronze is the hardest variety,

that the Bourbon Red and White Holland are the most domestic, and that the White Holland is the most prolific. These qualities are possessed in different degrees by individuals of every variety, however, and can be developed by proper management and careful selection of breeding stock.

Work of Turkey Hen.
 A turkey hen that begins laying in the middle of March will usually finish laying her first litter early in April, her second late in April, and her third litter about the third week in May, depending upon the number of eggs she lays and the promptness with which she is broken up on becoming broody. Some turkey hens can be made to lay four or five litters, but this is not usually advisable as poults hatched later than June do not have a chance to develop for the Thanksgiving and Christmas markets and are not sufficiently mature the following spring to be used as breeders.

Turkey hens can easily be broken of their broodiness by confining them for two or three days to a coop with a slat bottom. They will mate soon after being let out of the coop and begin laying in about a week. Turkey hens and chicken hens usually are used to incubate turkey eggs, although incubators are quite generally used where turkeys are raised on a large scale.

KILL HENHOUSE PESTS.

The louse and mite-infested hen is handicapped. It cannot do its best at laying eggs or gaining in weight. It cannot utilize its feed to the best advantage.

Clean and disinfect the poultry house.

Use insect remedies freely.

This will stop a waste of feed.

The chickens will feed better.

You will get more eggs as a result of the little extra trouble necessary.

Farmers' Bulletin 801 of the United States department of agriculture tells how to get rid of poultry pests.

Bulletins on Poultry.

- The following publications of the United States department of agriculture relate to poultry culture. The Farmers' Bulletins are available for free distribution by the department:
- 51 Standard Varieties of Chickens.
 - 287 Poultry Management.
 - 390 Pheasant Raising in the United States.
 - 452 Capons and Caponizing.
 - 528 Hints to Poultry Raisers.
 - 530 Important Poultry Diseases.
 - 562 Boys' and Girls' Poultry Clubs.
 - 574 Poultry House Construction.
 - 585 Natural and Artificial Incubation of Hens' Eggs.
 - 624 Natural and Artificial Breeding of Chickens.
 - 632 Simple Trap Nest for Poultry.
 - 684 Squab Raising.
 - 697 Duck Raising.
 - 767 Goose Raising.
 - 791 Turkey Raising.
 - 801 Mites and Lice on Poultry.
- These publications are for sale by the superintendent of documents, government printing office, Washington, D. C., at the prices named:
- "Guinea Fowl and Its Use as Food." (Farmers' Bulletin 234.) Price, 5 cents.
 - "Commercial Fattening of Poultry." (Department Bulletin 21.) Price, 10 cents.
 - "White Diarrhea of Chicks. With Notes on Coccidiosis in Birds." (B. A. I. Circular 128.) Price, 5 cents.
 - "A System of Poultry Accounting." (B. A. I. Circular 176.) Price, 5 cents.

GERMANY'S PLAN MANY AGES OLD

Spirit of Militarism and Conquest Is as Old as Germany Itself.

SEEK CONTROL OF WORLD

Failure Due to Fact That It Did Not Include a Reckoning With Human Nature as God Made It.

(By HAPSBURG LIEBE of the Vigilantes.)

The average man of those who have kept up with current events during the last few years will tell you that Germany's colossal plan is 40 years old. As a matter of fact, the seeds of it were sown more than a dozen times 40 years ago. The spirit of militarism and conquest and might-is-right is as old as the Teutonic war party, which is as old as Germany itself. The majority of the other nations saw plenty of signs of the monster, for the war lords were bragging, and they could not refrain from boasting of their scheme. The wonder of all is that these other nations, the United States included, have not been taking preparatory and defensive measures for several decades.

The ultimate aim of the plan was, of course, the complete control and kulturization of the world. It was born of brains rendered brutish through the over and over intermarrying of an autocracy that was barbarian to begin with. A little like a moon-calf, it was at the outset, but its morally befuddled parents fostered it until they actually believed it possessed rare virtues; and they inoculated the people with its germs until the people themselves fell for it.

Human Nature Left Out.

So far this plan has failed, however narrowly, for the simple reason that it did not include a reckoning with the human nature that God made. The soldiermen of other nations are in the long run stronger than the cast-in-the-mold iron soldiers of Germany. It is the thorough organization of the German armies that has been the chief difficulty of the entente allies. Perhaps the greatest strength of the plan itself, however, lay in the very stupendousness of it. Few would believe that any one nation would dare attempt to enslave the rest of the world. Half the rest of the world does not realize it yet. It is too big for their imaginations. Their imaginations are, naturally, peace-time.

This is the main trouble with us here in America. So many of us will not see what we are facing or what we are fighting for. If we did see, the success of the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross drives, the food-saving and the fuel-saving campaigns, would be much greater. It's of no use now to harp that our administration leaders should have seen the signs of the times several years ago; it kills no German to blame our representatives at Washington for having been in the past, not statesmen, but politicians serving their own instead of their country's interests during those fat, sleepy years before Germany pried open the gates of Hell and loosed its legions upon earth. The one thing to do now is to

WORKS IN FACTORY AND GIVES WAGES TO POOR

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Mrs. Howard C. McCrady, a society favorite, is doing her bit by working ten hours and 45 minutes every day for the Union Switch and Signal company. Every morning at 6:45 Mrs. McCrady rides in her big green automobile to the garage near the plant, stables her machine, walks into the plant, dons a uniform of khaki blouse, overalls and cap and works on a lathe making cylinders for the Liberty motors until 5:30 each evening. The wages she earns are turned over to a poor family. Mr. McCrady is in the army.

HITS AT WARMONGERS

Maximilian Harden Says They Should Be Muzzled.

German Editor Finds No Justification For Gloating Over Alleged Teutonic Triumphs.

London.—By reading the following extract from a recent number of the Zukunft, Maximilian Harden's German newspaper, one may understand why Herr Harden is in constant difficulties with the military authorities: "After all, what special justification is there for the Pan-Germans and the war at any price mouth heroes to gloat over recent triumphs over the English? "It is true that the U-boats have contrived to bring it about that in an English hotel or boarding house no more meat is supplied at breakfast and that afternoon tea guests receive only an ounce and a half of bread or cake. Also an old maid of Dover, who fed

make stepping-stones of mistakes and work for Liberty!

The Pregnant Truth.
 There is a great deal of truth which we must not let go by us. You are apt to push out your chest, I know, and say: "Impossible!" Let me remind you of the fact that the last three years have been crowded with achievements of the impossible! Here is that pregnant truth: If we let Germany win over there, Germany will carry the conquest over here. It is a part of her colossal plan. Else why this elaborate spy system in America? Man, it is a more complete organization than our own government! If they come, of course, we are willing to die for our country, which is noble and brave, but what of our womenfolk? There lies the reddest Hell of the war, brother. Remember the unspeakable violation of Belgium.

And remember it, we who have not gone to France, should do our part to plant such crops as we never before planted, to support as we never before supported such movements as the Liberty loan and the Red Cross, and to suppress German propaganda. Selah, and Amen. Go to it, American!

THE NEW RESURRECTION



A French Pollu digging in the rear of the lines uncovers the mutilated figure of the Savior torn from the cross of a wayside shrine by a Hun and buried under a mass of debris.

JAPANESE WOMEN AID RED CROSS



Forty-two Japanese women of New York have formed a Red Cross auxiliary to help this country win the war.

her fourteen little dogs with milk and biscuits, has had to atone for her crime with a five pound note. All this, however, does not yet spell the decay of the British empire.

"It is time that the warmongers were muzzled and that the authorities once for all gave them to understand that they are determined, whenever the claims of any nation or group of peoples are found to be justified, that Germany would honestly aid them in establishing themselves on a clean basis of self-government.

"May our rulers reflect while yet there is time that, unless a new order be substituted for the old one of violence and force, human life will become intolerable and all hopes of human development will be rendered sterile for ages to come.

"Questions of the very highest import are at stake, questions that are not concerned about securing Germany's world power, but that involve the utilization of that power in the upbuilding of a new, bright and joyful human world, in which, if its foundations are to stand strong for all time, every nation, the greatest, the small-

GIRLS HELP FRANCE

Red Cross Worker Tells Thrilling Tale of Experience.

Pays Glowing Tribute to the Wonderful Spirit of the French Soldiers.

Chicago.—Miss Gladys M. Spencer of Highland Park, Ill., told 150 girls, ranging from seventeen years of age, her experiences as a Red Cross worker in France, and girls everywhere will be thrilled over her talk.

"Once while I was very close to the front lines with my ambulance," she said, "I was put in charge of several other machines and ordered to return the wounded to the base hospitals. It was then that I had my first real good opportunity to observe the wonderful spirit of the French soldiers. They remain quiet no matter how much pain they are in, and there is very little grumbling. Always you can find a smile. And they are going to win the war!"

It is difficult to realize that a tenderly reared American girl handled herself with so much poise in a shell-shattered area. The group of girls she was addressing were preparing themselves to face the same dangers, and thousands of other American girls and women as nurses are more than doing their bits.

"On another occasion," she continued, "I drove my ambulance to a freight house to remove some large boxes. Only old men were left to lift the boxes, or men convalescing from wounds. The boxes were too heavy for them, so three other women and myself pitched in and loaded the cars. The men smiled sadly and wistfully.

"The spirit of the entire French people is sunny. They are delighted over America, and they firmly believe that with our help the Germans will be a thing of the past in a very short time."

MESSENGER WEARS SILK HAT

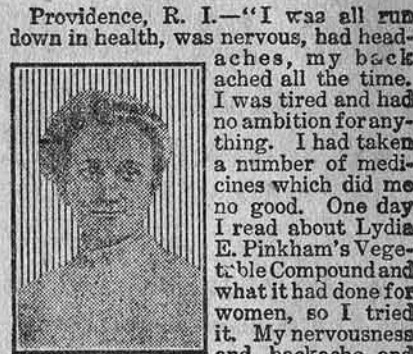
War Times Bring Many Quaint Characters Into Service in Washington.

Washington.—War times and the unprecedented demand for aides for Uncle Sam have brought many quaint characters to Washington.

One of the quaintest guards is seen daily at the main door of the old land office building, now occupied by Provost Marshal General Crowder and his staff. He is a gentleman of the old Southern school and while on duty wears a shining black silk hat of ancient vintage. On the left lapel of his frock coat is a little silver badge of authority and his courtly manner as he bids one enter the portals of the building always brings a smile. On the pay roll he is listed as a "messenger," and he is the only messenger in Washington who wears a silk hat.

HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS

Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.



Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had headaches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and

headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was."—Mrs. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.

Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment. Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Eczema

MONEY BACK
 without question if Hunt's Salve fails in the treatment of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't become discouraged because other treatments failed. Hunt's Salve has relieved hundreds of such cases. You can't lose on our Money Back Guarantee. Try it at our risk TODAY. Price 75c. at drug stores. A. B. Richards Co., Sherman, Texas.

HUNT'S Salve

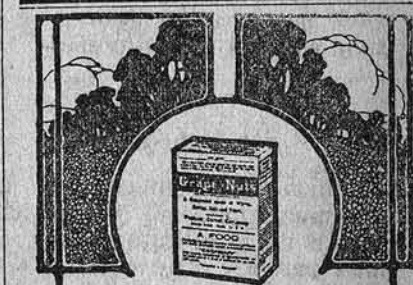
Patents: Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High class references. Best results.

LIZARDS AID SUGAR GROWERS

Small Reptiles Most Important Help in the Destruction of Parasites in West Indies.

Lizard farming and fungus cultivation are means adopted in the West Indies to protect the sugar industry. It has been discovered that the frog hopper, so-called on account of its great leaping powers, is the greatest pest of the sugar cane, and that it multiplies by thousands on single plants sucking the sap from roots and leaves. In the last three or four years two remedies have been developed. F. W. Ulrich, a West Indian entomologist, has demonstrated that lizards devour great quantities of the immature hoppers; biologists in a United States mycology known as "green muscadine" are peculiarly fatal to the adults. A part of the work to save the cane, war has been begun in Trinidad, where the investigation has been made against the rapacious mongoos, which has made lizards scarce. In addition, hundreds of lizards are collected in a protective enclosure, and are encouraged to multiply under favoring conditions of sand banks for burrows, with an abundance of food and water. The fungus is grown in test-tube cabinets which produce spores that are dusted over the cane fields by special distributing machines.

Conservation.
 "What are you doing there?"
 "Making over an old waist. War work. It is a sin to lose a pin; it is bad taste to waste a waist."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



A Package of Grape-Nuts teaches food conservation.

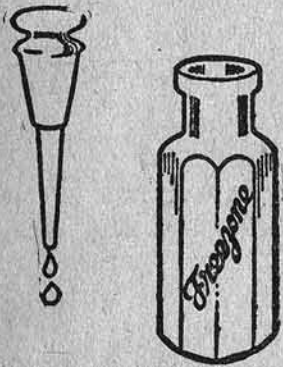
Saves FUEL SUGAR TIME WHEAT AND WASTE

SOLD BY GROCERS.

NO CAMOUFLAGE IN THIS STORY

APPLY A FEW DROPS THEN LIFT
TOUCHY CORNS OFF WITH
FINGERS.

Don't hurt a bit! Drop a little
freezezone on an aching corn, instantly
that corn stops hurting, then you lift
it right out. Yes, magic!



A tiny bottle of freezezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

To Release Grain In Case of Fire.

An excellent suggestion for saving wheat and other grain in country elevators in the event of fire has been made by a South Dakota builder. The idea is simple. Each bin for grain is provided with a trapdoor in the outer wall of the building, so arranged that in case of fire the door could be pulled open and the grain allowed to run out on the ground.—Scientific American.

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 *W. A. Parke*.

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Conservative Student.

"What does your teacher say about your studies?"

"Well," replied the small boy, "she thinks I have the right idea about geography. When it comes to giving the boundaries of European countries, the best you can do is to guess and that's a waste of time."

Itching Burning Skins.

For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, pimples, dandruff, sore hands, and baby humors, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supremely effective. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Aesop on Russia.

About 2500 years ago a slave named Aesop, one of the masters of literature, wrote, or perhaps dictated, our editorial for this week on Russia.

At least he is reputed to have done so.

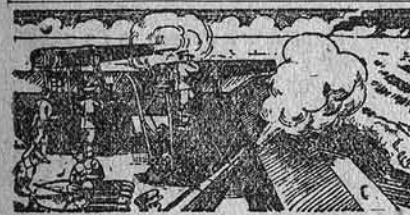
It is as follows:

"Why should there always be this implacable warfare between us? said the Wolves to the Sheep. 'Those evil-disposed Dogs have much to answer for. They always bark whenever we approach you and attack us before we have done any harm. If you would only dismiss them from your heels there might soon be treaties of peace between us.'

"The Sheep, poor, silk creatures! were easily beguiled and dismissed the Dogs. The Wolves destroyed the unguarded flock at their pleasure.

"Chance not friends for foes."—The Outlook.

True wit is always incidental—and usually accidental.



OUR DEFENSE

In the spring we may be attacked at any moment. Toxic poisons pile up within us after a hard winter, and we feel "run-down," tired out, blue and discouraged. This is the time to put our house in order—cleanse the system and put fresh blood into our arteries. You can obtain an alternative extract from Blood root, Golden Seal, Stone and Queen's root, Cherry bark, rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold by most druggists, in sixty cent vials, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This blood tonic, in tablet or liquid form, is just what you need for "Spring Fever," for that lack of ambition. It will fill you full of vim, vigor and vitality.

Chilliness, when other people feel warm enough, is a sign of biliousness, or of malarial poisons—so is a furred or coated tongue, loss of appetite, headaches or giddiness, and a dull, drowsy, debilitated feeling. It's your liver that's at fault. You want to stimulate it and invigorate it with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. With every trouble of the kind, these tiny little things act like a miracle. You can break up sudden attacks of Colds, Fevers, and Inflammations, with them. They'll give you permanent benefit for Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, and Dizziness. They are small and pleasant to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. Twenty-five cents at most drug stores.



CHAPTER X—Continued.

She looked at him queerly. "Maybe not."

"Connie might, I suppose." "Connie," she contradicted promptly, "will probably marry a genius, or a rascal, or a millionaire."

He looked dazed at that. She leaned forward a little. "Carol might."

"Carol—"

"She might." She watched him narrowly, a smile in her eyes.

"Carol's too worldly."

"You don't believe that."

"No, not really. Carol—she—why, you know what I think of it, Carol wouldn't be half bad for a minister's wife. She has a sense of humor, that is very important. She's generous, she's patient, she's unselfish, a good mixer—some of the ladies might think her complexion wasn't real, but—Grace, Carol wouldn't be half bad!"

"Oh, William," she sighed, "can't you remember that you are a Methodist minister, and a grandfather, and—grow up a little?"

After that Mr. Starr returned to normal again, only many times he and Connie had little outings together, and talked a great deal. And Aunt Grace, seeing it, smiled with satisfaction. But the twins and Fairy settled it in their own minds by saying, "Father was just a little jealous of all the beaux. He was looking for a pal, and he's found Connie."

But in spite of his new devotion to Connie, Mr. Starr also spent a great deal of time with Fairy. "We must get fast chums, Fairy," he often said to her. "This is our last chance. We have to get cemented for a lifetime, you know."

And Fairy, when he said so, caught his hand and laughed a little tremulously.

Indeed he was right when he said it was his last chance with Fairy in the parsonage. Two weeks before her commencement she had slipped into the library and closed the door cautiously behind her.

"Father," she said, "would you be very sorry if I didn't teach school after all?"

"Not a bit," came the ready answer. "I mean if I—yes, see, father, since you sent me to college I feel as if I ought to work and—help out."

"That's nonsense," he said, drawing the tall girl down to his knees. "I can take care of my own family, thanks. Are you trying to run me out of my job? If you want to work, all right, do it, but for yourself, and not for us. Or if you want to do anything else," he did not meet her eyes, "if you want to stay at home a year or so before you get married, it would please us better than anything else. And when you want to marry Gene, we're expecting it, you know."

"Yes, I know"—she fingered the lapel of his coat uneasily. "Do you care how soon I get married?"

"Are you still sure it is Gene?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Then I think you should choose your own time. I am in no hurry. But any time—it's for you and Gene to decide."

"Then you haven't set your heart on my teaching?"

"I set my heart on giving you the best chance possible. And I have done it. For the rest, it depends on you. You may work, or you may stay at home a while. I only want you to be happy, Fairy."

"But doesn't it seem foolish to go clear through college, and spend the money, and then—marry without using the education?"

"I do not think so. They've been fine years, and you are finer because of them. There's just as much opportunity to use your fineness in a home of your own as in a public school. That's the way I look at it."

"You don't think I'm too young?"

"You're pretty young," he said slowly. "I can hardly say, Fairy. You've always been capable and self-possessed. When you and Gene get so crazy about each other you can't bear to be apart any longer, it's all right here."

She put her arm around his neck and rubbed her fingers over his cheek lovingly.

"You understand, don't you, father, that I'm just going to be plain married when the time comes? Not a wedding like Prudence's. Gene, and the girls, and Prue and Jerry, and you, father, that is all."

"Yes, all right. It's your day, you know."

"And we won't talk much about it beforehand. We all know how we feel about things. It would be silly for me to try to tell you what a grand, sweet father you've been to us. I can't tell you—if I tried I'd only cry. You know what I think."

His face was against hers, and his eyes were away from her, so Fairy did not see the moisture in his eyes when he said in a low voice:

"Yes, I know, Fairy. And I don't need to say what fine girls you are, and how proud I am of you. You know it already. But sometimes," he added slowly, "I wonder that I haven't been a bigger man, and haven't done finer work, with a household of girls like mine."

Her arm pressed more closely about his neck. "Father," she whispered, "don't say that. We think you are wonderfully splendid, just as you are. It isn't what you've said, not what you've done for us, it's just because you have always made us so sure of you. We never had to wonder about father, or ask ourselves—we were sure. We've always had you." She leaned over and kissed him again. "Now we understand each other, don't we?"

"I guess so. Anyhow, I understand that there'll only be three daughters in the parsonage pretty soon. All right, Fairy. I know you will be happy." He paused a moment. "So will I."

But the months passed, and Fairy seemed content to stay quietly at home, embroidering as Prudence had done, laughing at the twins as they tripped gayly, riotously through college. And then in the early spring she sent an urgent note to Prudence.

"You must come home for a few days, Prue, you and Jerry. It's just because I want you and I need you, and I know you won't go back on me. Just wire you are coming—the three of us. I know you'll be here, since it is I who ask it."

It followed naturally that Prudence's answer was satisfactory. "Of course we'll come."

Fairy's plans were very simple. "We'll have a nice family dinner Tuesday evening. We'll all be together, nice and quiet, just our own little bunch. Don't have dates, twins—of course Gene will be here, but he's part of the family, and we don't want out-

sliders this time. His parents will be in town, and I've asked them to come up. I want a real family reunion just for once, and it's my party, for I started it. So you must let me have it my own way."

After the first confusion of welcoming Prudence home, and making fun of "daddy Jerry," and testing the weight and length of little Fairy, they all settled down to a parsonage home-gathering. Just a few minutes before the dinner hour, Fairy took her father's hand.

"Come into the limelight," she said softly; "I want you." He passed little Fairy over to the outstretched arms of the nearest auntie, and allowed himself to be led into the center of the room.

"Gene," said Fairy, and he came to her quickly, holding out a slender roll of paper. "It's our license," said Fairy. "We think we'd like to be married now, father, if you will."

He looked at her questioningly, but understandingly. The girls clustered about them with eager outcries, half protest, half encouragement.

"It's my day, you know," cried Fairy, "and this is my way."

She held out her hand, and Gene took it very tenderly in his. Mr. Starr looked at them gravely for a moment, and then in the gentle voice that the parsonage girls insisted was his most valuable ministerial asset, he gave his second girl in marriage.

It surely was Fairy's way, plain and sweet, without formality. And the dinner that followed was just a happy family dinner. Fairy's face was so glowing with content, and Gene's attitude was so tender, and so ludicrously proud, that the twins at last were convinced that this was right, and all was well.

But that evening, when Gene's parents had gone away, and after Fairy and Gene themselves had taken the carriage to the station for their little vacation together, and Jerry and Prudence were putting little Fairy to bed, the three girls left in the home sat drearily in their bedroom and talked it over.

"We're thinking out," said Connie. "Who next?"

"We'll stick around as long as we like, Miss Connie, you needn't try to shuffle us off," said Lark indignantly.

"Prudence, and Fairy—it was pretty cute of Fairy, wasn't it?"

"Let's go to bed," said Carol, rising. "I suppose we'll feel better in the morning. A good sleep is almost as filling as a big meal after a blow like this. Well, that's the end of Fairy. We have to make the best of us. Come on, Larkie. You've still got us to boss you, Con, so you needn't feel too forlorn. My, but the house is still! In some ways I think this family is positively sickening. Good night, Connie. And, after this, when you want to eat candy in bed, please use your own. I got chocolate all over my foot last night. Good night, Connie. Well, it's the end of Fairy. The family is going to pieces, sure enough."

Author of
"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

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CHAPTER XI.

Sowing Seeds.

"Have you seen Mrs. Harbert lately, Carol?"

"Yes, she's better, father. I was there a few minutes yesterday."

"Yesterday? You were there Tuesday, weren't you?"

Carol looked uncomfortable. "Well, yes, I was, just for a second."

"She tells me you've been running in nearly every day since she took sick."

Carol bent sharply inquiring eyes upon her father. "What else did she tell you?"

"She said you were an angel."

"Y—yes—she seems somehow to think I do it for kindness."

"And don't you?"

"Why, no, father, of course I don't. It's only two blocks out of my way and it's such fun to pop in on sick folks and show them how disgustingly strong and well I am."

"Where did you get the money for that basket of fruit?"

"I borrowed it from Aunt Grace." Carol's face was crimson with mortification. "But it'll be a sweet time before Mrs. Harbert gets anything else from me. She promised she wouldn't tell."

"Did any of the others know about the fruit?"

"Why—not exactly."

"But she thinks it was from the whole family. She thanked me for it."

"I—I made her think that," Carol explained. "I want her to think we're the nicest parsonage bunch they've ever had in Mount Mark. Besides, it really was from the family. Aunt Grace loaned me the money and I'll have to borrow it from you to pay her. And Lark did my dusting so I could go on the errand, though she did not know what it was. And I—er—accidentally took one of Connie's ribbons to tie it with. Isn't that a family gift?"

"Mr. Scott tells me you are the prime mover in the Junior League now," he continued.

"Well, goodness knows our Junior League needs a mover of some sort."

"And Mrs. Davies says you are a whole mercy and help department all by yourself."

"What I can't understand," said Carol mournfully, "is why folks don't keep their mouths shut. I know that sounds very inelegant, but it expresses my idea perfectly. Can't I have a good time in my own way without the whole church peddling me from door to door?"

The twinkle in her father's eyes deepened. "What do you call it, Carol, 'sowing seeds of kindness'?"

"I should say not," came the emphatic retort. "I call it sowing seeds of fun. It's a circus to go around and gloat over folks when they are sick or sorry, or—"

"But they tell me you don't gloat. Mrs. Marling says you cried with Jennie half a day when her dog died."

"Oh, that's my way of gloating," said Carol, nothing daunted, but plainly to get away without further interrogation.

It was a strange thing that of all the parsonage girls, Carol, light-hearted, whimsical, mischievous Carol, was the one most dear to the hearts of her father's people. Not the gentle Prudence, nor charming Fairy, nor clever Lark nor conscientious Connie, could rival the "naughty twin" in Mount Mark's affections. And in spite of her odd curt speeches, and her openly vaunted vanity, Mount Mark insisted she was "good." Certainly she was willing! "Get Carol Starr—she'll do it," was the commonest phrase in Mount Mark's vocabulary. Whatever was wanted, whatever the sacrifice involved, Carol stood ready to fill the bill. Not for kindness—oh, dear no—Carol stanchly disclaimed any such niceness as that. She did it for fun, pure and simple. She said she liked to show off. She insisted that she liked to feel that she was the pivot on which little old Mount Mark turned. But this was only when she was found out. As far as she could she kept her little "seeds of fun" carefully up her sleeve, and it was only when the indiscreet adoration of her friends brought the budding plants to light, that she laughingly declared "it was a circus to go and gloat over folks."

Once in the early dusk of a summer evening, she discovered old Ben Peters, half intoxicated, slumbering noisily on a pile of sacks in a corner of the parsonage barn. Carol was sorry, but not at all frightened. The poor, kindly, weak, old man was as familiar to her as any figure in Mount

Mark. He was always in a more or less helpless state of intoxication, but also he was always harmless, kind-hearted and generous. She prodded him vigorously with the handle of the pitchfork until he was aroused to consciousness, and then guided him into the woodshed with the buggy whip. When he was seated on a chunk of wood she faced him sternly.

"Well, you are a dandy," she said. "Going into a parsonage barn, of all places in the world, to sleep off an odor like yours! Why didn't you go down to Fred Greer's harness shop, that's where you got it. We're such an awful temperance town, you know! But the parsonage! Why, if the trustees had happened into the barn and caught a whiff of that smell, father'd have lost his job. Now you just take warning from me, and keep away from this parsonage until you can develop a good Methodist odor. Oh, don't cry about it! Your very tears smell rummy. Just you hang on to that chunk of wood, and I'll bring you some coffee."

Like a thief in the night she sneaked into the house, and presently returned with a huge tin of coffee, steaming hot. He drank it eagerly, but kept a wary eye on the haughty twin, who stood above him with the whip in her hand.

"That's better. Now, sit down and listen to me. If you would come to the parsonage, you have to take your medicine. Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have we give to you. And religion's all we've got. You're here, and I'm here. We haven't any choir or any Bible, but parsonage folks have to be adaptable. Now then, Ben Peters, you've got to get converted."

The poor doddering old fellow, sobered by this awful announcement, looked helplessly at the window. It was too small. And slender active Carol, with the buggy whip, stood between him and the door.

"No, you can't escape. You're done for this time—it's the straight and narrow from this on. Now listen—it's really very simple. And you need it pretty badly, Ben. Of course you don't realize it when you're drunk, you can't see how terribly disgusting you are, but honestly, Ben, a pig is a ray of sunshine compared to a drunk man. You're a blot on the landscape. You're a—your a—" She fished vainly for words, longing for Lark's literary flow of language.

"I'm not drunk," he stammered.

"No, you're not, thanks to the buggy whip and that strong coffee, but you're no beauty even yet. Well now, to come down to religion again. You can't stop drinking—"

"I could," he blustered feebly. "I could if I wanted to."

"Oh, no, you couldn't. You haven't backbone enough. You couldn't stop to save your life. But," Carol's voice lowered a little, and she grew shy, but very earnest, "but God can stop you, because he has enough backbone for a hundred thousand—er, jellyfishes. And—see, it's like this. God made the world, and put the people in it. Now listen carefully, Ben, and I'll make it just as simple as possible so it can sink through the small and get at you. God made the world, and put the people in it. And the people sinned, worshiped idols and went back on God, and—did a lot of other mean things. So God was in honor bound to punish them, for that's the law, and God's the Judge that can't be bought. He had to inflict punishment. But God and Jesus talked it over, and they felt awfully bad about it, for they kind of liked the people anyhow." She stared at the disreputable figure slouching on the chunk of wood. "It's very hard to understand, very. I should think they would despise us—some of us," she added significantly. "I'm sure I should. But anyhow they didn't. Are you getting me?"

The bleary eyes were really fastened intently on the girl's bright face, and he hung upon her words.

"Well, they decided that Jesus should come down here and live, and be perfectly good, so he would not deserve any punishment, and then God would allow him to receive the punishment anyhow, and the rest of us could go free. That would cover the law. See? Punishing him when he deserved no punishment. Then they could forgive us heathens that didn't deserve it. Do you get that?" She looked at him anxiously. "It all hinges on that, you know. I'm not a preacher myself, but that's the idea. So Jesus was crucified, and then God said, 'There he is! Look on him, believe in him, worship him, and in his name you stand O. K.' See? That means, if we give him the chance, God'll let Jesus take our share of the punishment. So we're just got to let go, and say, 'All right, here I am. I believe it, I give up, I know I don't amount to a hill of beans—and you can say it very honestly—but if you want me, and will call it square, God knows I'm willing.' And there you are."

"Won't I drink any more?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Usual Way.

Mr. Hixon—He said he would go through anything for her.

Mrs. Hixon—Yes; and he began going through her bank account.

Back Lane and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

An Illinois Case



Capt. Chas. A. Traub, 225 N. Tenth St., East St. Louis, Ill., says: "A fireman's work frequently exposes him to bad weather and in this way, my kidneys were seriously affected. They acted irregularly, giving me a lot of trouble and I often had attacks of backache. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I haven't had any cause for complaint since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Cause for It.
"Are you going to ask damages from your tailor for not having your trousers sent at the time he said they would be ready?"

"Yes; I am going to sue him for breeches of promise."

FOODS TASTE BETTER COOKED

—TOBACCO TASTES BETTER TOASTED

Since the day of the caveman, who liked his meat raw, civilization has learned a lot about the scientific treatment of the things we eat.

Naturally none of us would now prefer to have our meat raw, our potatoes as they come from the ground, our coffee unroasted.

And naturally follows the great discovery recently made by The American Tobacco Co.—that tobacco tastes better TOASTED!

This wonderful new idea—simple like all great inventions—was first used in producing the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette—made of toasted Burley tobacco.

Burley has a mellow flavor, entirely different from the tobacco usually used for cigarettes. It is a pipe tobacco and LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes taste like a pipe. Adv.

Disappointed.

"What did you get out of that will case?" asked the first lawyer.

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the second lawyer.

"Good round sum, eh?"

"Yes, but I thought the old man left more than that."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH

Strands of Gray Hair May Be Removed.

Strands of gray hair are unattractive and very unnecessary and accelerate the appearance of approaching age. Why not remove all traces of gray in the hair and possess an even shade of beautiful dark hair in bounteous quantities by the use of "La Creole" Hair Dressing? Used by thousands of people every day—everywhere—with perfect satisfaction. No one need be annoyed with gray hair—hair streaked with gray, diseased scalp or dandruff when offered such a preparation as "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Apply it freely to scalp and hair, rubbing it in well, and after a few applications you will be delightfully surprised with the results.

TRY

"LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING

for gray or faded hair and retain the appearance of youth. Used by gentlemen in every walk of life to restore an even dark color to their gray hair, beard or mustache. Sold and guaranteed by all good drug stores everywhere, or sent direct for \$1.20 by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn.—(Advt.)

A New Definition.

"And so you think I'm a coquette?" she smiled sweetly. "Why, Frank, I don't believe you know what a coquette is!"

"A coquette is a woman who syndicates her affections," he returned, bitterly.—Ainslee's.

To Be Strong and Healthy

You must have Pure Blood. GROY'S FASTEST-SELLING TONIC Purifies and Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. It contains the well known tonic properties of Iron and Quinine. You can feel its good effect on the Blood after the first few doses. Price 50c.

With Many Others.

"I say, old boy, do you happen to have an X about you?"

"Sir, an X is an unknown quantity with me."

Lots of people are interested in the man whose principle is for sale.

To be effective sympathy should always be backed by a little capital.

CATARRH

For head or throat
Catarrh try
the vapor treatment

Keep a Little Prepared in Your Home

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.

CODE TELEGRAMS
WIN MAN DIVORCE

"KANGAROO LAUGHTER," THAT'S
KIND OF MESSAGES WIFE GETS

Finding "Kangaroo" Means "I Love You," and "Laughter" "You Love Me"—He Goes to Court.

When her former fiance, a man whose name is said to be Elliott, desired to communicate with Mrs. Harriette Sweet of Winnetka, Ill., he sent telegrams like this:

"Kangaroo rabbit showers bowling salt laughter."
One day Mrs. Sweet's husband, Harry J. Jr., discovered several telegrams of this nature. Then he found what he believed was a key to the mysterious words and after deciphering the telegrams went to a Chicago court and obtained a divorce.

Both the telegrams and code were presented in evidence. The code, which accounted for nearly all the strange words, is as follows:

ALGEBRA—I am broke.

BUBBLES—Hold on tight, finances bad, be careful.

BOWLING—I want to be your sweetheart forever.

GYMNASIUM—I am flirting, but I love only you.

GOLDEN—Hope you are well, happy, and still love me.

GLEE—I am well and feel good today.

GOLF—I love you, love you, love you.

GEHENNA—I no longer love you. Good-by.

INSURANCE—When will you start?

KANGAROO—I love you better than all else.

LAUGHTER—Hope you are well, happy and still love me.

PARADISE—Have met my Waterloo at last and am "his'n" forever.

PEPPER—I think you have found some one you love better than me.

PROSPERITY—Had a delightful trip; didn't flirt.

PRIMROSE—Flirted a little but did nothing really bad.

PERDITION—I have skipped with the one I love.

RABBIT—I am lonesome, longing for you.

RAINING—You are the dearest, sweetest girl in the world.

SERENE—Just to have you in my arms tonight would make me happy.

SPINACH—I am planning to leave in a few days.

SALT—There isn't another girl like you on the earth.

SHOWERS—If you were but here I would be happy.

TENNIS—I am miserable and unhappy.

VIOLET—After all you are the best and only one.

YELLOW—I have been flirting again.

Here are some of the telegrams: "Spinach book yesterday sensation serene Portland, Pasadena pearl golden golf. Elliott."

"I wish for you a pleasant, happy Sunday, with lots of golf and no tennis. Green sends best wishes to golden. Elliott."

"If you read that Friday letter again you will feel ashamed of the telegram you sent. You should always count 500 before you write or wire. The parachute is liable to land in Poland. Eat more candy and you won't be so peppery. I prefer salt and soda."

Of course, you didn't try to decipher any of the telegrams!

Birds on the Wing.

Twice every year a wave of living birds, almost inconceivably grand in the number of birds involved, surges over North America. The autumn wave rools from the arctic tundras of Canada and Alaska to the torrid valley of the Amazon and the great pampas of the La Plata, only to roll back again to the ice-bound northern ocean with the northward progression of the sun. And almost as ceaseless as the ever rising, ever falling swell of the ocean tides is this miraculous tide of beating wings and pulsating little hearts. The last stragglers of the northward migration do not reach their northern home before the early part of June; but in July the southward setting tide has begun again.

The number of birds that make up this mighty wave almost passes comprehension. Probably more than 95 per cent of all birds making their summer home between the northern boundary of Mexico and the Arctic ocean, that is in the United States and Canada help to swell the great bird-tide that moves southward in autumn and northward in the spring with the regularity of a pendulum. Allowing a little less than one migratory bird to an acre, we get the enormous number of 4,320,000,000 birds, whose wingbeats follow with rhythmic precision the southward and northward movement of the sun.

How It Was.

Brother Lobstock—How did yo' all got yo' nose busted?

Brother Tump—I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back.

Brother Lobstock—But, name o' goodness, sah!—yo' nose isn't located on yo' back!

Brother Tump—No, sah; an' needer was Brudder Wack.

Women would be happy if they could live long without getting old.

Her Memory

From Life.

Warrington had really no right to be angry. He was not engaged to Virginia, merely engaged with her in a somewhat tempestuous summer flirtation. Down in his heart he knew it for just that. But he was angry no less, for she had allowed a "hulking ass" newly arrived at the Inn to "hog her whole program and make him look a fool before everyone."

"Ah, ha!" cried the still small voice, "so it's pride, not heart." And that made him more angry than ever.

So he went away from the ball-room out onto the dim veranda and strode up and down muttering things better left unuttered. Presently he stopped at the far shadowed end, lit a cigarette, snapped his case viciously and said "damn."

A demure voice just behind him said "shocking!" and he turned to confront a small figure in a big chair backed up against the wall.

"I repeat, shocking," said the voice—a very nice voice. And giggled—a very ripply little gurgly little giggle.

His anger went away. "Mysterious lady of the shadows," he said (he was very good at that sort of thing), "does my righteous wrath amuse you?"

He came nearer. He had thought he knew every girl at the hotel. Here was a strange one, and pretty. Very. He decided that monopolizing Virginia had been a mistake.

"It's not a night for wrath, righteous or otherwise. See!" and she stretched out her arms to the great moon hanging low over the golf links beyond.

He hunted for a chair. This was bulky. And when he had drawn one up, quite close:

"Whence do you come, all silvery with the moon, to chide me for my sins, moon-maid?"

Without doubt he was outdoing himself.

She laughed softly and leaned toward him, elfin in the pale shimmer of light. "I am Romance," she breathed, "and this is my night. The night the moon and I conspire to make magic."

He secured a slim hand. The pace was telling. His voice was a little husky.

"Your charms are very potent, moon-maid," he said, "it is magic, isn't it? It—it doesn't happen like this—really."

Their eyes met—clung.

"You—you take my breath," he stammered. "Does your heart mean what your eyes are saying? Don't—don't look at me—like that unless you do—mean it."

She didn't answer in words. She, too, was breathing quickly.

He released her hand, and sprang up—half turned away. Then he dropped to the arm of her chair. Swiftly he took her face in his two hands: The throbbing of her throat intoxicated him. "I—I—love me," he stammered.

Her lips moved. A sob more poignant than words. They kissed for a long time.

There were footsteps down the veranda. She drew away. She recognized her mother's voice and Miss Nelson's. She was thinking very quickly. Should she send him away or end it now—end it all now?

"You darling—you darling. I—I love you," he was saying.

She leaned to him. "Kiss me. Kiss me—quickly."

The voices were quite close now. "Mother," she called, "here I am."

She laughed. "But I guess you know I wouldn't run away. Mother, this is Mr.—ah—Brown, and we have been discussing—doctors. Mr. Brown has an uncle in exactly my condition. Hopelessly paralyzed."

She said it calmly. The world reeled. His brain was numb. She was being wheeled away by the nurse. A wheeled chair—God!

"Good night!" she called.

A cripple. He had kissed her. Horrible! He made for the bar.

In her room while the nurse was making her ready for bed, the mother said "How strange you look, dear. And how—how beautiful."

She flung her arms wide in an intoxication of triumph. "Mother," she half sobbed, "all my life to now I've been just—a thing—a cripple. Now—now—I am a woman."

"Oh, God!" she cried, her eyes starry. "Life is good—good. For now—now I have—a memory."

Well Disguised.

The customer came forward to attend to the nervous old beau who was mopping his bald head and shining with a big silk handkerchief.

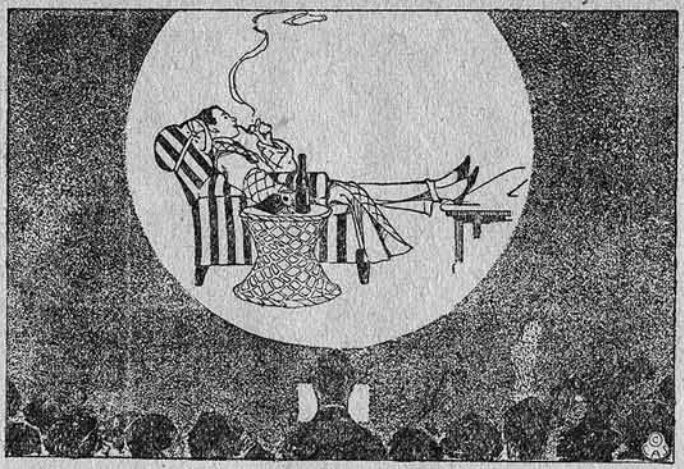
"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The customer looked at him over attentively, bestowing special notice of the gleaming knob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, thoughtfully, "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

The average man is seldom very polite—unless he is trying to sell you something.



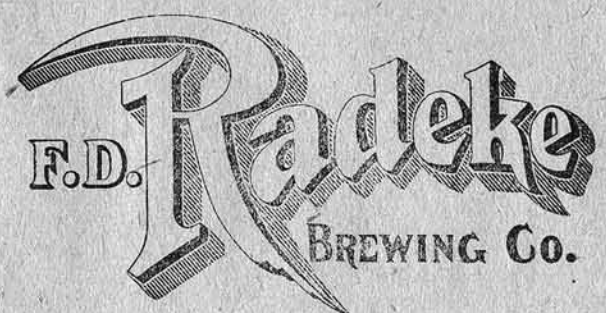
A Picture of Solid Comfort

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.



Jolly Reformer

"I declare," said Mrs. Weatherford, "the way men look at these reforms is simply awful! If a man is dishonest they think it is a joke. If a man gets drunk that is also a joke. Everything is a joke. The possibility of foreigners taking possession of our country, whether they be Japanese, Hindus or Zulus, is also a joke. Woman's suffrage is a joke. So is prohibition. I don't understand men."

"Now when I was getting ready for the prohibition parade Mr. Weatherford said he thought it a great pity we didn't have a czar in this country, and he added that all the Czar of Russia had to do was to say 'Nix on the vodka' and that settled the question of intoxication in his country for good and all, while we have parades and speeches and elections and volumes of logic and argument and other troublesome stuff that is a great waste of time."

"He said he thought it was a shame that 50,000 people would have to tramp to the polls and mark a long ballot, and that other people have to sit up for several nights counting ballots, and that the war news would be crowded out of the paper by it, when it was so easy and practical to have a czar who could just say 'Rouse mitem' and settle it all."

"That man never will look at things seriously. He hurries home from church to read a book about two rascals that go around swindling everybody, and he laughs and chuckles and has a grand time over it, but the fact that the nation is going to the dogs, as pointed out by the minister, doesn't worry him at all."

"My father wasn't like that. He used to thunder at greed and hypocrisy and sham. My husband finds it amusing. If a policeman fails to arrive in time to prevent a fight my husband is well pleased. He gets his joke out of it. The more ham and eggs cost the better the joke with him."

"I should think he would laugh himself to death at that rate," observed Mrs. Carnochan. "I rather admire him for it. He has to pay for the eggs, anyway, and he might as well have his fun out of it."

"You shouldn't worry. The fact that your husband laughs at these things doesn't prove that he approves of them. He always lines up against the very institutions that he laughs at. That is the way with the men in this country half the time. They laugh at prohibition and then go and vote for it, just the same."

SENTENCE SERMONS

The secret of satisfaction is losing sight of self.

You cannot sweeten the world with pickled piety.

Nothing helps one more than looking for the helpless.

None is hopelessly poor until he has lost all friends.

The only lonely people are those who can find no one to help.

The best proof of courage is taking your own pills with cheer.

Most of us prefer describing the way to heaven to walking in it.

Faith is manifest not in resignation to fate but in fidelity to ideals.

Many a man who attempts to blow his own horn comes out at the little end of it.

An ex-spinster says it is almost as hard to live with a husband as it is to live without one.

Sentimental charity often flies out of the window when practical ability comes in at the door.

Books are man's best friends; when they bore him he can shut them up without giving offense.

There are almost sure to be thorns in the Christmas packages when we set our own hearts on them.

A man of the experience says getting married is about the same as filing a petition in bankruptcy.

In contemplating what he has done for others, the average man is prone to forget what the others have done him.

A woman never knows a man until after she marries him; she begins to find him out nearly every night.

When you give free advice and it works you get no thanks, and if it doesn't work you get what's coming to you.

The saint who says he cannot sin may be an earnest man, but it is wisest to trust some other man with the funds of the church.

Dyspeptic Philosophy. A girl should never throw kisses. When she does she generally hits the wrong man.

The difference between a highwayman and a promoter is that a promoter hesitates to use a sandbag.

The fellows who can't keep their hands off money are not always so successful in keeping their hands off it.

Nor does the acceptance of a story, in spite of some of the cheap magazines, necessarily imply a lack of merit.

The sins of the fathers may be visited upon the children, but the sins of the weather man are visited upon the present generation.

Reflections of a Bachelor. Money that shrinks and shrinks when you own it swells and swells when you owe it.

What a man insists upon doing on a holiday for fun would be an outrage if he got paid for it.

If a man has a pint flask of whisky in a bedroom closet his wife can talk about their wine cellar.

That way a woman knows whether it's cold enough for her to wear her furs is for her to have them.

We all want other people to do useful things; what we ourselves do is satisfactory enough, useful or not.

Most women have a great yearning for blond hair unless they have it. People marry so much trouble it's a wonder they should want to borrow more.

If a man suddenly made a million dollars he'd just as suddenly have as many friends.

A woman never needs a reason for loving a man, nor does he either, till after they are married.

After all, children deserves a good deal of indulgence for the weird names their parents stick on them.

Fact and Fancy. The lions would perhaps have eaten Daniel if they had known how good he was.

Lobsters travel in regiments. It is hard to live within one's income, and harder still to live without it.

A Chinese woman is never photographed. No man has a right to refuse to support his wife because she is insupportable.

The Belgian Government conducts penny banks that are attached to all the public schools. Speculation is a word that often begins with the second letter.

Chili has woman car conductors who are never known to "knock down."

There is a good deal of mirage about marriage.

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.

**ALASKAN WOLF DOG
KILLS MOTHER BEAR**

Master From Whom Animal Recently Was Stolen Tells of "Timber Devil's" Savage Nature.

Seattle, Wash.—"Wolf" is Alaska's savage outlaw dog. The blood of many creatures is on his hardened conscience, and the brand of his fang on man and beast.

Son of the wild, he is, by virtue of what he has learned from his human associates, a super-brute. Many call him the "Timber Devil."

The story of his battle to the death with a she bear near here probably is unmatched for dog courage and loyalty to master. It was told by Paul Buckley, widely known Alaskan, from whom this remarkable dog recently was stolen.

Wolf's mother was a husky, his father a timber wolf. From puppyhood he has been a killer. Battle scars cover him. One ear is gone. A tuft under his jaw, like a beard, gives the broad, wolfish head a particularly sinister look. And he hates a bear with all the inherited venom of his breed.

When Buckley, his master, hunting up Valdez creek, jumped a large she bear and two cubs in the blueberry bushes, Wolf leaped to the attack to protect the man.

Circling for advantage, slashing and snapping warily, the two arch enemies bore off up a slope. Buckley, fearing for his dog, tried to whistle him back. Once or twice Wolf attempted to return, but the bear outflanked him.

Then Wolf, with all his cunning, began a deadly maneuver that ended only when the two had gone deep into the solitudes. Just as the she bear had forgotten her cubs, so the wolf dog had now forgotten his master until this wilderness feud had been settled.

Running with tireless ease, Wolf drew the black bear on until fatigue had sapped her terrible energy, until her slashing charges had begun to abate. She was fat, and he was lean—the resilient leanness of fighting fitness. And they closed, in a whirl of fury.

It must have been magnificent, that finish of cardinal hate, but no man saw it. Buckley, who had watched the beginning from a tree top, and who waited many hours for his dog's return, had finally made temporary camp and had shot the two whining, deserted cubs.

Hours later Wolf dragged himself into Buckley's permanent camp six miles distant where his master's partner was getting dinner. His tongue was out. He was badly mangled. With supreme effort he got upon Buckley's bunk, calling weakly for his master.

But there was bear's blood on his muzzle, and a gleam of victory in the baleful eyes. Next day, too, prospectors told of having found a dead she bear not far away in the timber—with her throat ripped open.

**MESCAL-EATING HABIT
GROWS AMONG INDIANS**

Becoming a Menace, Says Secret Service Agent Fighting Evil.

Winnipeg, Neb.—The mescal evil among the Indians is becoming a menace, according to F. T. Thunder, an Indian employed in the Government secret service. In addition to his regular work Mr. Thunder is fighting the mescal traffic. Indians of the Winniebag reservation are especially given to the use of the drug, Thunder declares.

The mescal plant bears small brown pellets about the size of the average overcoat button. These when eaten in quantities of a dozen or more leave the user in a temporary state of mental derangement, during which, the Indians believe, they are communicating with the holy spirit.

"While you are under the influence of this drug you do not see things as they really are," said Thunder. "I used the drug for a long time, and I thought as some of them do now. I could hear bells ringing and could see visions of heaven. I had a hard time quitting, but I did so. I am trying to persuade others to quit."

"But we are powerless to stop the evil except thru gentle means. When I come upon a number of men using mescal, each has a Bible, and they say they are holding a religious meeting. If I try to interfere they can have me arrested for disturbing the peace."

"There is no law I know of against the use of the mescal plant, but we hope the Legislature will take it up soon. It is killing many red men. Some of them feed it to their babies to quiet them."

FIND WOOD IN HORSE'S HEAD

Animal Is Relieved of Oak Splinters After Ten Years.

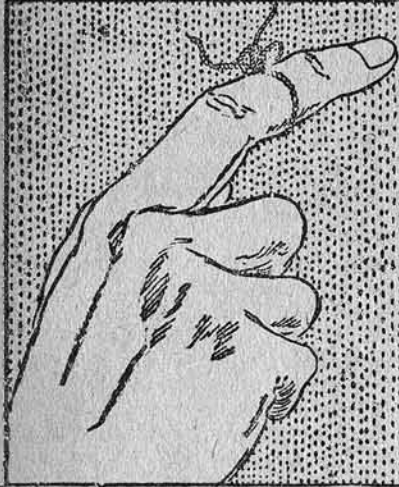
Covington, Ind.—Two pieces of oak wood, one two and three quarters inches long, and the other slightly shorter, were removed by a veterinarian from the head of a horse belonging to Julius Loeb. The wood had been in the animal's head for more than ten years.

John Bowers, who used the horse while on Loeb's farm, says the accident took place about eleven years ago. In striking its head against a projecting piece of oak, the left eye had been destroyed. The two pieces of wood which were removed from a place a little below the other eye, were well preserved.

The horse had worked until a year or so ago when Charles Howard, its present caretaker, turned it out to pasture.

It is hoped soon to make all of Yosemite National Park accessible throughout the year.

REMEMBER



That we have every facility for turning out neat printing of all kinds. Letter heads, bill heads, office stationery, etc., furnished at the lowest prices first class work will permit.

Advertise

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
Want a Servant Girl
Want to Sell a Piano
Want to Sell a Carriage
Want to Sell Town Property
Want to Sell Your Groceries
Want to Sell Your Hardware
Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
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Advertise Well
**ADVERTISE
At Once**

In This Paper



**We're
Shouting**

about the excellent quality of our printing. We don't care what the job may be, we are equipped to turn it out to your satisfaction. If we can't, we'll tell you so frankly.

Let Us Convince You

Mr. Farmer:
Why should you leave your farm work for one or two days at the busiest season, hitch up and go personally to look for help?
Telephone a want ad to this office, and the next day you may choose from among several applicants the man you want.
Try it.



**The Home Is No Cozier
Than Its Floors**

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

**NEPONSET
Floor Covering**

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

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

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



The **ECONOMY**

Though the judge never sits on the jury, he frequently does on the lawyers.

It is easy to make apologies for other people, as the job does not have to be first class.

Your personal history doesn't have to repeat itself. Your neighbors will attend to that.

It is better to love the person you can't marry than to marry the person you can't love.

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but a little fishing trip invigorates the imagination.

Many a fool man, after putting his foot in it, isn't satisfied until he gets there with both feet.

When a candidate places himself in the hands of his friends they massage his pocketbook freely.

Not every man who has sense enough to mind his own business is willing to let it go at that.

If women were unable to see the fine clothes other women wear they would have fewer wrinkles.

Marriage is sometimes a failure because a man is unable to think of the right excuse at the right time.

A red-haired woman has as much right to call her hair golden as a fat woman has to call herself plump.

And the lazy man consoles himself with the shop-worn adage about the race not being always to the swift.

An impolite man is one who always butts in and begins to talk about himself when you are talking about yourself.

When a girl sits down to dinner and tackles a juicy steak smothered in onions it's a sign she isn't worrying over love affairs.

Careful wives who habitually make up their husband's minds refine the process until they attain the most satisfactory results.

Don't place too much confidence in a man who boasts of being as honest as the day is long. Wait until you meet him at night.

If a man has the right kind of stuff in him it doesn't matter whether he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth or an iron ladle.

**The Sum and
Substance**

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.



KEEP IT COMING
We must not only feed our Soldiers at the front but the millions of women & children behind our lines"
Gen. John J. Pershing

WASTE NOTHING

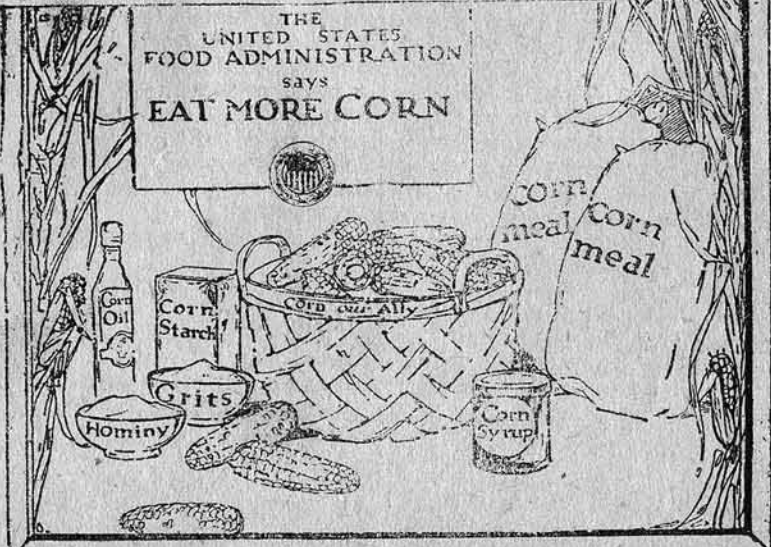
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PATRIOTS



THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION says
EAT MORE CORN

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corn meal

LONG LIVE THE KING

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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THE KING RECOMMENDS THAT PRINCE OTTO STUDY ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Synopsis.—Prince Ferdinand William Otto, heir to the throne of Livonia, is unaware of plots of the terrorists to form a republic. His grandfather, the king, in order to preserve the kingdom, arranges for the marriage of Princess Hedwig, Otto's cousin, to King Karl of Karnia. Hedwig rebels because of an attachment she has formed for Captain Nikky Larisch, Prince Otto's personal attendant. Countess Loschek, attached to the menage of Archduchess Annunziata, is in love with the king of Karnia, for whom she acts as spy. She is threatened by the committee of ten, leaders of the terrorists, unless she bows to the committee's will and helps to secret the crown prince when the king, who is very ill, dies. Nikky is torn between love and a sense of duty and loyalty to his king.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

But long after Nikky had gone he sat in the darkness. He felt old and tired and a hypocrite. The boy would not forget, as he himself had not forgotten.

Peter Niburg was shot at dawn the next morning. He went, a coward, to his death, held between two guards and crying piteously. But he died a brave man. Not once in the long hours of his interrogation had he betrayed the name of the Countess Loschek.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia was having a birthday. Now, a birthday for a crown prince of Livonia is not a matter of a cake with candles on it, and having his ears pulled, once for each year and an extra one to grow on. Nor of a holiday from lessons, and a picnic in spring woods. Nor a party, with children frolicking and scratching the best furniture.

In the first place, he was wakened at dawn and taken to early service in the chapel, a solemn function, with the court assembled and slightly sleepy. The crown prince, who was trying to look his additional dignity of years, sat and stood as erect as possible, and yawned only once.

At eleven o'clock came word that the king was too ill to have him to luncheon, but that he would see him or a few moments that afternoon. Prince Ferdinand William Otto, who was diagramming the sentence, "Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves in America," and doing it wrong, looked up in dismay.

"I'd like to know what's the use of having a birthday," he declared rebelliously.

The king did not approve of birthday gifts. So there were no gifts. None, that is, until the riding hour came, and Nikky, subverter of all discipline. He had brought a fig lady, wrapped in paper.

"It's quite fresh," he said, as they walked together across the place. "I'll give it to you when we get to the riding school. I saw the woman myself take it out of her basket. So it was no germs on it."

That afternoon, attired in his uniform of the guards, the crown prince received the delegation of citizens in the great audience chamber of the palace, a solitary little figure, standing in the red carpet before the dais at the end. The chancellor stood near the boy, resplendent in his dress uniform, a blue ribbon across his shirt front, over which Mathilde had taken care. He was the Mettlich of the public eye now, hard of features, impassive, inflexible.

He had staged the affair well. The crown prince, standing alone, so small, so appealing, against his magnificent background, was a picture to touch the hardest. Not for nothing had Mettlich studied the people, read their essential simplicity, their answer to any appeal to the heart. These men were men of family. Surely no father of a son could see that lonely child and not offer him loyalty.

With the same wisdom, he had given the boy small instruction, and no speech of thanks. "Let him say what comes into his head," Mettlich had reasoned. "It will at least be spontaneous and boyish."

The first formalities over, and the crown prince having shaken hands nine times, the spokesman stepped forward. He had brought a long, written speech, which had already been given to the newspapers. But after a moment's hesitation he folded it up.

"Your royal highness," he said, looking down, "I have here a long speech, but all that it contains I can say briefly. It is your birthday, highness. We come, representing many others, to present to you our congratulations, and—the love of your people. It is our hope"—he paused. Emotion and excitement were getting the better of him—"our hope, highness, that you will have many happy years. To further that hope, we are here today to say that we, representing all classes, are your most loyal subjects. We have fought for his majesty the king, and if necessary we will fight for you." He glanced beyond the child at the council, and his tone was strong and impassioned. "But today we are here, not to speak of war, but to present to you our congratulations, our devotion, and our loyalty."

Also a casket. He had forgotten

that. He stepped back, was nudged, and recollected.

"Also a gift," he said, and ruined a fine speech among smiles. But the presentation took place in due order, and Otto cleared his throat.

"Thank you all very much," he said. "It is a very beautiful gift. I admire it very much. I should like to keep it on my desk, but I suppose it is too valuable. Thank you very much."

The spokesman hoped that it might be arranged that he keep it on his desk, an ever-present reminder of the



The Crown Prince Received the Delegation of Citizens.

love of his city. To this the chancellor observed that it would be arranged, and the affair was over. To obviate the difficulty of having the delegation back down the long room, it was the crown prince who departed first, with the chancellor.

Late in the afternoon the king sent for Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He had not left his bed since the day he had placed the matter of Hedwig's marriage before the council, and now he knew he would never leave it. There were times between sleeping and waking when he fancied he had already gone, and that only his weary body on the bed remained. At such times he saw Hubert, only, strangely enough, not as a man grown, but as a small boy again; and his queen, but as she had looked many years before, when he married her, and when at last, after months of married wooing, she had crept willing into his arms.

So, awakening from a doze, he saw the boy there, and called him Hubert. Prince Ferdinand William Otto, feeling rather worried, did the only thing he could think of. He thrust his warm hand into his grandfather's groping one, and the touch of his soft flesh roused the king.

The sister left them together, and in her small room dropped on her knees before the holy image.

In the king's bed chamber Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat on a high chair, and talked, but he viewed his grandfather with alarm. His aunt had certainly intimated that his running away had made the king worse. And he looked very ill.

"I'm awfully sorry, grandfather," he said.

"For what?"

"That I went away the other day, sir."

"It was, after all, a natural thing to do."

The crown prince could hardly believe his ears.

"If it could only be arranged safely—a little freedom—" The king lay still with closed eyes.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto felt uneasy. "But I am very comfortable, and—and happy," he hastened to say. "You are, please, not to worry about me, sir."

straight. He had erred, and the boy must avoid his errors. He had cherished enemies, and in his age they cherished him. And now—

"May I ask you a question, sir?"

"What is it?"

"Will you tell me about Abraham Lincoln?"

"Why?" The king was awake enough now. He fixed the crown prince with keen eyes.

"Well, Miss Braithwaite does not care for him. She says he was not a great man, not as great as Mr. Gladstone, anyhow. But Bobby—that's the boy I met; I told you about him—he says he was the greatest man who ever lived."

"And who," asked the king, "do you regard as the greatest man?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto fidgeted, but he answered bravely, "You, sir."

"Humph!" The king lay still, smiling slightly. "Well," he observed, "there are, of course, other opinions as to that. However—Abraham Lincoln was a very great man. A dreamer, a visionary, but a great man. You might ask Miss Braithwaite to teach you his 'Gettysburg address.' It is rather a model as to speech making, although it contains doctrines that—well, you'd better learn it."

"Yes, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He hoped it was not very long.

"Otto," said the king suddenly, "do you ever look at your father's picture?"

"Not always."

"You might—look at it now and then. I'd like you to do it."

"Yes, sir."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Gate of the Moon.

A curious friendship had sprung up between old Adelbert and Bobby Thorpe. In off hours, after school, the boy hung about the ticket taker's booth, swept now to a wonderful cleanliness and adorned within with pictures cut from the illustrated papers.

Outwardly Adelbert was peaceful. The daughter now received his pension in full, and wrote comforting letters. But his resentment and bitterness at the loss of his position at the opera continued, even grew.

For while he had now even a greater wage, and could eat three meals, besides second breakfast and afternoon coffee, down deep in his heart old Adelbert felt that he had lost caste. The opera—that was a setting! He had been, then, of the elect. And now, to what had he fallen! To selling tickets for an American catchpenny scheme, patronized by butchers, by housemaids, by the common people—a noisy, uproarious crowd, that nevertheless counted their change with suspicious eyes, and brought lunches in paper boxes, which they scattered about.

There was, however, a consolation. He had ordered a new uniform. Not for twenty years had he ventured the extravagance, and even now his cautious soul quailed at the price. For the last half dozen years he had stumped through the streets, painfully aware of shabbiness, of a shiny back, of patches, when, on the anniversary of the great battle to which he had sacrificed a leg, the veterans marched between lines of cheering people.

Now, on this approaching anniversary, he could go peacefully, nay, even proudly. The uniform was of the best cloth, and on its second fitting showed already its marvel of tailoring.

On an evening a week before the parade would occur, he got out his boots. He bought always large boots with straight soles, the right not much different from the left in shape. Thus he managed thriftily to wear, on his one leg, first one of the pair, then the other. But they were both worn now, and because of the cost of the new uniform, he could not buy others.

Armed with the better of the two he visited the cobbler's shop, and there met with bitter news.

"A patch here, and a new heel, comrade," he said. "With that and a polishing, it will do well enough for marching."

The usual group was in the shop, mostly young men, a scattering of gray heads. The advocates of strange doctrines, most of them. Old Adelbert disapproved of them, regarded them with a sort of contempt.

Now he felt that they smiled behind his back. It was his clothing, he felt. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. He no longer felt ashamed before them. Already, although the tailor still pressed its seams and marked upon it with chalk, he was clad in the dignity of the new uniform.

He turned and nodded to them. "A fine evening," he said. "If this weather holds, we will have a good day for the marching." He squinted a faded eye at the sky outside.

"What marching?"

Old Adelbert turned on the speaker sharply. "Probably you have forgotten," he said scornfully, "but in a week comes an anniversary there are many who will remember. The day of a great battle. Perhaps," he added, "if

you do not know of what I speak, there are some here who will tell you."

"It is the way of the old to live in the past," a student said. Then, imitating old Adelbert's majestic tone:

"We, we live in the future. Eh, comrades?" He turned to the old soldier:

"You have not seen the bulletins?"

"Bulletins?"

"There will be no marching, my friend. The uniform now—that is a pity. Perhaps the tailor—" His eyes mocked.

"No marching?"

"An order of the council. It seems that the city is bored by these ancient reminders. It is for peace, and would forget wars. And processions are costly. We grow thrifty. Bands and fireworks cost money, and money, my hero, is scarce—very scarce."

Again the group laughed.

After a time he grasped the truth. There was such an order. The cause was given as the king's illness.

"Since when," demanded old Adelbert angrily, "has the sound of his soldiers' marching disturbed the king?"

"The sound of wooden legs annoys him," observed the mocking student, lighting a cigarette. "He would hear only pleasant sounds, such as the noise of tax money pouring into his vaults. Me—I can think of a pleasanter: the tolling of the cathedral bell, at a certain time, will be music to my ears!"

Old Adelbert stood, staring ahead. At last he went out into the street, muttering. "They shame us before the people," he said quickly.

The order of the council had indeed been issued, a painful business over which Mettlich and the council had pondered long. For, in the state of things, it was deemed unwise to permit any gathering of the populace en masse. Mobs lead to riots, and riots again to mobs. Five thousand armed men, veterans, but many of them in their prime, were in themselves a danger. And on these days of anniversary it had been the custom of the university to march also, a guard of honor. Sedition was rife among the students.

The order was finally issued.

Old Adelbert was ill that night. He tossed about in a fever. His body ached, even the leg which so long ago had moldered in its shallow grave on a battlefield. For these things happen. By morning he was better, but he was a different man. His eyes glowed. His body twitched. He was stronger, too, for now he broke his sword across his knee, and flung the pieces out of the window. And with them went the last fragment of his old loyalty to his king.

Old Adelbert was now, potentially, a traitor.

On the morning after Adelbert had turned his back on his king, Bobby Thorpe rose early, so early, indeed, that even Pepy still slept in her narrow bed, and the milk sellers had not started on their rounds. The early rising was a mistake, owing to a watch which had strangely gained an hour.

Somewhat disconsolately, he wandered about. Heavy quiet reigned. From a window he watched the meat seller hang out a freshly killed deer.



"Since When Has the Sound of His Soldiers' Marching Disturbed the King?"

just brought from the mountains. He went downstairs and out on the street, past the niece of the concierge, who was scrubbing the stairs.

"I'm going for a walk," he told her. "If they send Pepy down you might tell her I'll be back for breakfast."

He stood for a time surveying the deer. Then he decided to go hunting himself. The meat seller obligingly gave him the handle of a floor brush, and with this improvised gun Bobby went deer stalking. His dog trotted at his heels.

Around the old city gate, still standing although the wall of which it had been a part was gone, there was ex-

cellent hunting. Here they killed and skinned a bear, took fine ivory tusks from a dead elephant, and searched for the trail of a tiger.

The gate was an excellent place for a tiger. Around it was planted an almost impenetrable screen of evergreens, so thick that the ground beneath was quite bare of grass. Here the two hunters crawled on stomachs that began to feel a trifle empty, and here they happened on the trail.

Tucker found it first. His stumpy tail grew rigid. Nose to the ground, he crawled and wriggled through the undergrowth, Bobby at his heels. And now Bobby saw the trail, footprints. It is true that they resembled those of heavy boots with nails. But on the other hand, no one could say surely that the nail marks were not those of claws.

Tucker circled about. The trail grew more exciting. Bobby had to crawl on hands and feet under and through thickets. Branches had been broken as by the passage of some large body. The sportsman clutched his weapon and went on.

An hour later the two hunters returned for breakfast. Washing did something to restore the leader to a normal appearance, but a wondering family discovered him covered with wounds and strangely silent.

"Why, Bob, where have you been?" his mother demanded. "Why, I never saw so many scratches!"

"I've been hunting," he replied briefly. "They don't hurt, anyhow."

Then he relapsed into absorbed silence. His mother, putting cream on his cereal, placed an experienced hand on his forehead. "Are you sure you feel well, dear?" she asked. "I think your head is a little hot."

"I'm all right, mother."

She was wisely silent, but she ran over in her mind the spring treatment for children at home. The blood, she felt, should be thinned after a winter of sausages and rich cocoa. She mentally searched her medicine chest.

A strange thing happened that day. A broken plate disappeared from the upper shelf of a closet, where Pepy had hidden it; also a cup with a nick in it, similarly concealed; also the heel of a loaf of bread. Nor was that the end. For three days a sort of magic reigned in Pepy's kitchen. Ten potatoes, laid out to peel, became eight. Matches and two ends of candle walked out, as it were, on their own feet. A tin pan with a hole in it left the kitchen table and was discovered hiding in Bobby's bureau, when the Fraulein put away the washing.

The governess protested that he heard nothing she told him, and was absent-minded at his lessons. But as she was always protesting about something, no one paid any attention. Bobby drew ahead on his pocket allowance without question, and as his birthday was not far off, asked for "the dollar to grow on" in advance. He always received a dollar for each year, which went into the bank, and a dollar to grow on, which was his own to spend.

With the dollar he made a number of purchases—candles and candlestick, a toy pistol and caps, one of the masks for the carnival, now displayed in all the windows, a kitchen knife, wooden plates, and a piece of bacon.

Now and then he appeared at the scenic railway, abstracted and viewing with a calculating eye the furnishings of the engine room and workshop. From there disappeared a broken chair, a piece of old carpet, discarded from a car, and a large padlock, but the latter he asked for and obtained.

His occasional visits to the railway, however, found him in old Adelbert's shack. He filled his pockets with charcoal from the pall beside the stove, and made cautious inquiries as to methods of cooking potatoes. But the pall of old Adelbert's gloom penetrated at last even through the boy's abstraction.

"I hope your daughter is not worse," he said politely, during one of his visits to the ticket booth.

"She is well. She recovers strength rapidly."

"And the new uniform—does it fit you?"

"I do not know," said old Adelbert grimly. "I have not seen it recently."

"On the day of the procession we are all going to watch for you. I'll tell you where we will be, so you can look for us."

"There will be no procession."

Then to the boy old Adelbert poured out the bitterness of his soul. He showed where he had torn down the king's picture, and replaced it with one of a dying stag. He reviewed his days in the hospital, and the hardships through which he had passed, to come to this. The king had forgotten his brave men.

During the rest of the day Bobby considered. No less a matter than the sharing of a certain secret occupied his mind. Now, half the pleasure of a secret is sharing it, naturally, but it should be with the right person. And his old playfellow was changed. Bobby, reflecting, wondered whether old Adelbert would really care to join his pirate crew, consisting of Tucker and himself. On the next day, however, he put the matter to the test,

having resolved that old Adelbert needed distraction and cheering.

"You know," he said, talking through the window of the booth, "I think when I grow up I'll be a pirate."

"There be worse trades," said old Adelbert, whose hand was now against every man.

"And hide treasure," Bobby went on. "In a—in a cave, you know." Bobby edged closer to the window. "I've got the cave already."

"So!"

"Here, in the park. It is a great secret."

"A cave—here in the park?"

"I'll take you, if you'd like to see it."

Old Adelbert was puzzled. The park offered, so far as he knew, no place for a cave. It was a plain, the site of the old wall, and now planted in grass and flowers. He himself had seen it graded and sown. A cave!

"Where?"

"That's a secret. But I'll show it to you, if you won't tell."

Old Adelbert agreed to silence.

Until midday, when the railway opened for business, the old soldier was free. So the next morning, due



"There it is!" Cried Bobby.

precautions having been taken, the two conspirators set off. Three, rather, for Tucker, too, was now of the band of the black flag.

Outside the thicket Bobby hesitated. "I ought to blindfold you," he said. "But I guess you'll need your eyes. It's a hard place to get to."

Perhaps, had he known the difficulties ahead, old Adelbert would not have gone on. And, had he turned back then, the history of a certain kingdom of Europe would have been changed. Maps, too, and school books, and the life story of a small prince. But he went on. Stronger than his young guide, he did not crawl, but bent aside the stiff and ungainly branches of the firs. He battled with the thicket, and came out victorious. He was not so old, then, or so feeble. His arm would have been strong for the king, had he not—

"There it is!" cried Bobby.

Not a cave, it appeared at first. A low doorway, barred with an iron grating, and padlocked. A doorway in the base of a side wall of the gate, and so heaped with leaves that its lower half was covered.

Bobby produced a key. "I broke the padlock that was on it," he explained. "I smashed it with a stone. But I got another. I always lock it."

Prolonged search produced the key. Old Adelbert's face was set hard. On what dungeon had this boy stumbled? It was strange.

Bobby was removing the leaf-mold with his hands. "It was almost all covered when I found it," he said, industriously scraping.

The door swung in, silently, as though the hinges had been recently oiled; as indeed they had, but not by the boy.

"It's rather dirty," he explained. "You go down steps first. Be very careful."

He extended an earthy hand and led the old man down. "It's dark here, but there's a room below; quite a good room. And I have candles."

Truly, a room. Built of old brick, and damp, but with a free circulation of air. Old Adelbert stared about him. It was not entirely dark. A bit of light entered from the aperture at the head of the steps. By it, even before Bobby had lighted his candle, he saw the broken chair, the piece of old carpet, and the odds and ends the child had brought.

Old Adelbert felt curiously shaken.

"None have visited this place since you have been here?" he asked.

"I don't suppose any one knows about it. Do you?"

"Those who built it, perhaps. But it is old, very old. It is possible—" He stopped, lost in speculation. There had been a story once of a passageway under the wall, but he recollected nothing clearly. A passageway leading out beyond the wall, through which, in a great siege, a messenger had been sent for help. But that was a passage; while this was a dungeon.

Further plotting for the kidnapping of the crown prince is revealed in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Charity covers a multitude of sins—and so does success.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Melancholy Precedent. "We'll have to move on," said Eve, sadly. "Yes," replied Adam. "What hurts my feelings most is to be the original failure as an amateur gardener."

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrah is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrah that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists Co. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Easy.

"How'd you like to be on Easy street?" "Been there all my life. Any peddler can stick me."

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today eases the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1898 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

Easier Than.

"Major, you must forgive your little friends when they are rude to you." "I do, mother; but I slap their faces first."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT

When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. Gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen, tender feet. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the troops at the front. Sold everywhere, 50c. Don't accept any substitutes.—Adv.

Precious to Herself.

"Why is she always saying, 'Dear me?' 'That's the way she thinks of herself.'"

The Reason for It.

"Let that man down easy." "Why must I?" "Because he's hard up!"

Did it ever occur to you that summer girls and peaches disappear simultaneously?

IN DUEL TO DEATH

Brave Old Buck Proved Himself True Knight.

Exhibition of Woodland Chivalry That Impressed Hunters in the Florida Everglades So Much They Spared the Victor's Life.

A couple of hunters on the border of the Florida Everglades were surprised to hear the wild snorts and whistles of a buck in fight, mingled with the plaintive bleats of a doe in distress—a combination of sounds that was unaccountable. The men crept cautiously up, and in five minutes reached the edge of an open glade.

In the center crouched a doe, wild with terror. By her side was a fawn only a few hours old, still too weak to follow its mother, while the old buck, with bristling hair, and antlers lowered, stood by, snorting in rage and defiance. His eyes, green with rage, followed some object moving in the palmetto scrub on the border of the glade.

Looking carefully, the hunters saw a young panther passing backward and forward in an effort to turn the flank of the defense and get at the fawn. A wiser beast would have abandoned the attack as soon as such a defender went on guard, but this panther was evidently in the full flush of his first strength, and without experience of the prowess of an old buck at bay.

Forward and back he crawled, spitting and snarling, only to find the buck always between him and the doe. At last he crouched for the spring. The buck, snorting grimly, braced all his muscles for the coming crash; he appreciated his danger, but dared the worst. The doe whimpered and closed her eyes, but did not desert her fawn.

The panther rose in the air and came down within ten feet of the buck. Then the buck went into the air, and falling with his feet together on the struggling cat, seemed to stab him through and through. Immediately the buck rose again and landed a dozen feet away. Then he lowered his head and plunged at the panther.

There was a confusion of flying dirt and grass, and again the deer sprang away. There were now deep cuts on his head and neck, and his antlers were splashed with red.

The panther now tried to creep away, but again the buck leaped, stabbed with his feet together and sprang away. The cat now lay gasping, while the buck watched him with his hair stiffened into a mane and eyes that nearly bulged from his head. Then the hunters walked forward.

When the buck saw them he must have realized that he was completely in their power. His proud crest fell, and he lost all the swelling part of the victory; but still he showed no intention of deserting the doe, but moved off and stood beside her. She crouched down again with the fawn.

The hunters walked over quietly and examined the panther. He was very badly cut up. Both shoulders were broken, and the antlers had passed repeatedly through his body. During the examination the buck stood quietly in plain view, and no gladiator saluting Caesar and conscious of being about to die ever showed more dignity.

Without a word the hunters walked off the field and left the old knight alone in his glory. Had he not shown knightly qualities—the chivalry that protects the weak, the courage that braves all odds in a good cause, and finally a dignified submission to what seemed the inevitable?

Praised for Devotion to Duty.

When the city of Norfolk, Va., was threatened with the complete destruction by fire of its thriving business section early in January, every available fire-fighting force at hand and from nearby towns was called into the battle. At the height of the fire the enlisted men of the United States navy on duty at the navy yard and in the harbor were called on to help not only in subduing the flames but controlling the crowds. To a man they gave a splendid account of themselves. Among these men was John Joseph McLoughlin, a chief boatswain's mate. Although he had worked all night, had narrow escapes and was drenched to the skin with ice-cold water, McLoughlin declined a relief when it was offered and remained on duty continuously until the danger was passed. For this conspicuous service he has been commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels. McLoughlin enlisted in the navy in 1908 at New York.

Had Enough Eggs.

First Barber—I bet that fellow is a bum actor. Second Barber—Why? First Barber—When I asked him if he wanted an egg shampoo he put on his hat and walked right out.

Immense Export of Oils.

More mineral oils were exported from the United States during the fiscal year 1917 than ever before, the total amounting to 2,749,438,434 gallons.

Either One.

He—He's got an awfully red nose, but he swears he never touched a drop in his life. She—Maybe it's water color.

No Danger.

"Don't take me out in the breakers. I feel so dizzy." "Then it's all right, if your head's swimming."

"PRUSSIC ACID" FATAL

Liberty Bonds Will Prove Highly Successful Antidote.

Average Dose of Remedy Is From \$50 to \$5,000—Ample Evidence Why Immediate Provision Should Be Made.

By LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES of the Vigilantes.

Prior to August 1914, prussic acid was known as one of the deadliest poisons, but comparatively few persons were killed by it.

Since that time German autocracy has killed and maimed millions and jeopardized the life and liberty of all free nations by wholesale use of a new kind of prussic acid—a "hydrocyanide" of brute force which, if not hindered, will be as fatal to freedom as the prussic acid of the laboratory to him who inhales its deadly vapor.

With this deadlier prussic acid, the kaiser and his crew are trying to poison the minds as well as the bodies of those who will not submit to the domination of might. Thus far he and his hell mates have succeeded fairly well, but a new antidote for this poison will check the peril if amply applied.

Americanism is its name, and the method of application is as follows:

As soon as symptoms of the poisoning appear—either in the form of trench, air or submarine raids or German propaganda-planting, take one large dose of Americanism in the form of Third Liberty Loan bonds.

The effect will be instantaneous. At once the purchaser will pass from a state of approaching despair to an unprecedented degree of satisfaction at having backed up the boys who are fighting for freedom and the millions of men and women who are working to help win the war. This will be followed by a sense of security in having strengthened our defenses against devilism, and at the same time the effect on the foe will be that of a powerful emetic, causing them to throw up their hands in horror at the thought of such whole-hearted support of the Allied Cause.

For the average American the dose suggested is from \$50 to \$5,000—taken daily in small quantities over a long period, or swallowed at one time and followed by a feeling of happiness which cannot be appreciated until experienced.

And while this is suggested as the most admirable antidote for this poison, it also possesses the peculiar quality of providing a "plan" for Kaiser Bill at the same time. Testimonials from millions of Americans who already have used this remedy and like it so well that they are going to lay in another large supply, make clear the use for buying your bonds early!

WORLD WANT

By BARNETTA BROWN of the Vigilantes.

Place your elbows on your knees, put your head in your hands, and think. Many strange things are happening. Unprecedented conditions abound. Those who have carefully studied the world situation tell us that we may have to face widespread world war if we are not forethoughtful and forehanded. With millions of men turned from their usual occupation of helping to provide the necessities of life, depending on others for food and clothing while they fight, the industrial order is thrown completely out of balance. The ship of state is passing through troubled waters. What can we do, what must we do, to insure safe passage?

How to Prevent It.

World want cannot be prevented by hoardings. Neither is anyone's safety dependent on the amount of money he has hidden away. Safety depends on the sane, wise, unselfish use of the resources of the nation. Every man's resources are the resources of the nation. Safety depends on the willingness of the individual to share now with the government every resource he possesses—thought, activities, money. The right, free use of these, our powers, should be towards production, not restriction. Of what avail will money be later, if there should be little or nothing to buy? The government is trying to speed up production. It will try harder by-and-by. Help on towards your own safety and the safety of all by helping the government. Therefore, buy Thrift stamps, War Saving stamps, Liberty bonds. So you put your hand, with all the other hands, on the helm of our ship, and become one of the pilots who will steer it through the storm to a safe harbor.

"Wool" From Cork.

The department of overseas trade has been informed through a reliable channel that a Spanish firm is manufacturing "wool" from cork, which, it is claimed, may with advantage be substituted for natural wool in the manufacture of mattresses, pillows, quilts, etc. This material is stated to be cleaner and lighter than wool.

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Favorite Variety. "Are you going to raise flowers in your garden?" "Yes," replied Mr. Crosslots. "Mostly cauliflowers."

Be sure you are right, but not too sure that everyone else is wrong.

Money is like the parrot—it seldom talks at the right time.

Transparent Scare. "Did you see where in New York they are warning people to look out for glass in their bread?" "I should think that a trick easily seen through."

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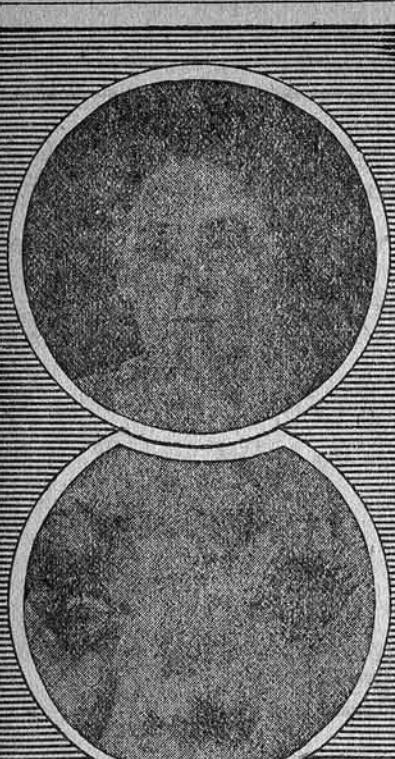


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The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada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

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Restful Evenings

Margaret had been camping in the Rockies, so that she had not seen Anita all summer. She held her friend's hand in a long clasp when they met in a tea-room.

"It's thrilling to find you wearing this ring," she said, gazing at a glowing jewel on Anita's third finger. "It must be tremendously exciting to be engaged."

"Since you are the trusted friend of my youth, I'll confess to you that I haven't found being engaged nearly so exciting as you might imagine," returned Anita in an enigmatic tone.

"Why, isn't everything all right?" asked Margaret anxiously. "Aren't you and Ned happy?"

"Well, I believe Ned is happy."

"But, you, Anita? I thought of course, you must be in the seventh heaven of bliss."

"At first I did soar about at quite a dizzy height, but that was before I discovered that I had a dangerous rival."

"What do you mean? Who is she?"

"It's a game. It's golf."

"Pooh! You made me quite nervous for a moment. I might have known you weren't serious."

"I am serious. It's no joke when one's fiancé is a golf fiend. When you get a man, dear, choose one that doesn't know a tee from a bunker."

"Well, it's pretty nice for a man to love outdoor sports. I should think you like to have Ned play golf. It's splendid exercise for any one who works in an office. It makes a man eat and sleep so well."

"There is no doubt about it making Ned sleep well. That's the trouble. He comes to our house every evening and if we don't go out somewhere we usually sit on the porch. At least I sit on the porch, but Ned sooner or later falls into the hammock and takes a nap. At first I reproached myself for being so dull and uninteresting that poor Ned couldn't keep awake in my company. I began to wonder, since I bored him to slumber every evening, if it wouldn't be best for me to break the engagement. But one evening when he told me that he rose regularly every morning at four o'clock to play golf in the park, I realized that probably after all I did not put him to sleep."

"Didn't you show your disapproval of his getting up at such an unearthly hour that he couldn't stay awake in the evening?"

"I tried to, but any time I mentioned golf, intending to lead up to a critical remark, he would begin at once to describe some wonderful new strokes he was practicing, or tell me what a good score he had made that morning, and I hadn't the heart to throw cold water on his enthusiasm. But I did determine to give him a practical lesson."

"Two nights ago, when as usual after a little visit with me he had slipped off into dreamland, I stole quietly away from the porch and went across the street and told Jimmy Dobson that I had come over to accept one of his numerous invitations to try his new car, if he happened to be taking it out. Jimmy's an old friend and neighbor, and though he looked a little surprised, he remarked that he had been wishing that he could take me for a ride."

"So away we went. I couldn't enjoy myself, however, for I was sure Ned would be awfully vexed when he awoke and found me gone, particularly if mother told him I was out with Jimmy, the warmth of whose friendship Ned greatly overestimates. I felt horribly mean all the time, and I alighted at our house with a bad conscience, for I felt that I hadn't really treated Ned right."

"Was he angry?" asked Margaret.

"Not at all, my dear. He hadn't missed me, apparently, for he was snoring when I stepped on to the porch. Then I was the one who was vexed. I threw a traveling rug over him and went to bed."

"Passing It On.

A Sunday school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now, is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked:

"Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

What He Said.

Uncle Henry Barnes was a mild man, but when John Ragland deliberately cheated him out of \$900 even his patient spirit was ruffled.

"Sometime," he remarked to his wife, "I'm going to tell that man what I think of him."

One day he came home highly satisfied with himself.

"I saw John Ragland today, and I told him straight out what I thought of him," he said.

"What did you say?" asked his wife.

"I told him I thought he was a very unreasonable man."

Patched Up.

Friend—Whose make is your machine?

Autobus—The repairer's mostly."

His Illness

"Was your husband very sick?" inquired the woman who was buying bargain lengths of kitchen toweling. Her friend in the flower toque looked at her reproachfully as she tucked her shopping list back in her bag. "Did you ever know of a sick man," she inquired "who was not at death's door? My husband is quite a normal man, so you can infer that he was very desperately sick. I knew what the trouble was the minute he arrived home from the office in the middle of the day. It was a clear case of influenza, and had it been myself or any other woman, she or I would have tumbled into bed and endured it till it was over. But Henry!

"Mary," he began—and I knew it was going to be a hard siege, for he never calls me Mary unless he is making his will or telling me which college he wishes the children sent to in case he dies before they are grown up. "Mary, I'm a sick man! I had such a chill at the office that for a time they thought it was all up with me. Get the doctor. And tell him he'd better bring a specialist with him while he's about it!"

"Well I got Henry to bed and phoned the doctor," pursued the woman with the flower toque. "He told me at the door that Henry had a very light fever, and it would not be necessary for him to call again, and to take the usual precautions. When I went back and Henry inquired, I incautiously told him what the doctor had said. Henry sat right up in bed. He looked terrible with his hair standing ten ways for Sunday.

"And he calls himself a doctor!" Henry roared. "A man without the ability to diagnose a desperate case! And you are satisfied with him! I wouldn't go so far as to say that you want to get rid of me, Mary, but I hope you will never regret trusting Dr. Firstcamp!"

"Of course, this made it pleasant for me, but I didn't have time to think about it, because Henry said he knew he had another chill coming on, and please bring more blankets."

"Then I added his overcoat and an Oriental rug from the floor and he said that, whatever I did, I should somehow try to conceal the fact that he had perished thru lack of sufficient covering. He valued his financial reputation among his friends, he said."

"When I had finished tucking in the heavy couch cover over the Oriental rug, Henry gave one heave and tumbled the towering pile off into the floor. He said he had a horrible attack of fever, and please to take his pulse and temperature. He insisted his pulse was heating so rapidly that he could not count it. When I told him his temperature was only one degree above normal and his pulse fifteen beats overtime, Henry sneered at me. He said it was too bad I never went to night school, and he supposed it was not my fault I could not count."

"He added that usually when people had a temperature like his and were absolutely burning up, something was done for them. He suggested an ice pack for his head, so I fixed the ice bag. When it touched him he howled like a hyena. I explained that I could not possibly serve the ice boiled or otherwise heated—and he retorted that if I understood the first principles of nursing I'd know how to fix an ice bag so it wouldn't petrify a helpless man at first whack. So he threw the ice bag across the room, and it broke my pet fern."

"Then he inquired feebly if I didn't know that nowadays with lung cases they kept the windows wide open. And five minutes after I had opened them he wanted to know whether I was trying to kill him at once! He wanted milk for supper hot, and when he got it hot, he said his temperature had changed and he'd like it cold."

"Of course he felt rocky the next day and he could not talk out loud. He said he was too feeble to do anything more than whisper. He asked to be read to out of the book that we had loaned the Japsons on the North Side—and I had to phone Mrs. Japson to leave the book at a downtown store, and I sent the second maid down after it. He had me brush his hair every fifteen minutes, because he said it soothed him and insisted on the door and telephone bells being muffled, because he was too sick to stand them. When some one called up from the office and I said he was doing nicely, he fairly howled at me. "I'm a sick man!" he hissed. "Tell them it'll be a long time before I shall feel well enough to come back to work!"

"By next day there wasn't a thing the matter with him," pursued the woman in the flower toque. "He hadn't an ache or temperature or a pain, so he said he'd sacrifice himself for my sake and go back to his toil. He walked very feebly down the steps, but at the corner he forgot himself and swung into his old stride and lit a cigar—so I knew he was all right. I called up during the day to inquire and in hollow tones he told me he was sticking it out thru sheer grit, and then he came home and ate enough dinner for six men, and played cards till midnight! But he had had a narrow escape!"

"That's just the way my husband acts!" said the woman buying toweling.

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