

F. RICHARDSON DEAD

HIGHLY RESPECTED CITIZEN PASSED AWAY

Funeral Services were held Thursday—Burial at Wesley Cemetery

Mr. Frank Richardson, well known and highly respected citizen of this village, passed away at his home on the Bourbonnais road Monday noon at 12:30 after a lingering illness of several years duration of Brights Disease. Mr. Richardson was a long and patient sufferer and although he had been confined to his bed for about four weeks, he has been in a very bad condition for the past eighteen months or two years.

Mr. Richardson was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y. sixty four years ago and came to Illinois with his parents at the age of two years and settled on a farm near Wilmington, where he made his home until 1896 when he moved to Kankakee where he conducted the Rossmore Hotel for a number of years, moving to his present home about ten years ago where he has since resided and followed farming. He was married in 1894 to Miss Mary Coash and to this union two children were born Hiram aged seventeen and Gladys age nine years, who with their mother and two brothers Levi Richardson of this city and Alfred Richardson and one sister Mrs. M. Kahler of Wilmington together with a number of other relatives survive.

Mr. Richardson was one of our foremost citizens and all though he lived outside of the cooperate limits, he always had the interests of Bradley at heart and called Bradley his home. A few years ago Mr. Richardson erected and equipped the Orpheum Theater in this Village of which he was the owner and manager and conducted same in connection with his farm work. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand in anything towards boosting the interests of Bradley. The theatre was always at the disposal of churches, schools and Public for holding public and patriotic meetings and he was always on hand to give a helping hand. Mr. Richardson made many friends here in Bradley, who regret exceedingly to hear of his death and he will be greatly missed in this community.

The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church and the funeral services were conducted at the home on Bourbonnais road, yesterday afternoon at 1:30 Rev. Creighton officiating and the remains were taken to his old home near Wilmington and laid to rest in the Wesley Cemetery. The large score of friends, who gathered at the home, speak of the high regard in which Mr. Richardson was held by all who knew him in this community.

Home on Furlough

Fred Hirt of Camp Pike, Little Rock, Arkansas, is home on a furlough, which he is spending with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hirt and family and other friends and relatives here.

Board of Review

T. R. McCoy of this city has been appointed to serve on the County Board of Review for two years, beginning June 1st, 1918. The other members of the Board are: Henry Radeke of Kankakee, and Chas F. Skinner, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors. The Board will meet the Third Monday in June. Mr. McCoy has had previous experience on the Board of Review and will make a valued member to the Board.

Enrollment Station

Geo. C. Schneider, the druggist, has been appointed enrollment Agent for the United States Shipping Board and is taking applications for the enrollment of young men, who wish to enter the United States Merchant Marine. Young men, who enroll in

the Merchant Marine, are exempt from military duty, and in addition they have an opportunity of traveling the world over and learning an excellent trade.

Board Proceedings

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

Minutes of the regular meeting of April 1st, 1918, were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read and referred to the finance committee for their approval:

L. R. Weakley.....	\$10 00
Central Union Tel. Company.....	5 50
The Kankakee Republican Co.....	1 50
J. T. Fahey.....	1 00
Beland & McCoy.....	1 30
The Paris Store.....	3 50
John Beland.....	5 00
Joe Surprenant.....	37 50
Arthur Baldwin.....	9 50
The Illinois Printing Co.....	10 50
George Anderson.....	1 50
Chas Wertz Co.....	11 00
Adolph Contois.....	4 05
J. T. Fahey.....	37 50

The finance Committee reported that they found all of the bills to be correct.

Moved by Bade, seconded by McCue that the report of the finance committee be accepted and all bills be paid. Carried.

As there was no further business to transact, it was moved by Lambert, and seconded by Bertrand that we adjourn until 7:30 p. m. Tuesday evening, April 30th, 1918. Carried.

E. F. McCoy,
Village Clerk,

Approved April 30, 1918.

New Industry

The Paramount Knitting Co., of Kankakee, one of the largest employees of labor in this section of the country, has purchased the Dilly building on Broadway in this city and will move the looping department of the factory out here. They have a large force of workmen at work on the building remodeling and enlarging the building at the present time and getting ready to move in the machinery.

It is understood that they expect to employ about one hundred people in this branch here, which will be a welcome addition to the Industries out here. The machinery will be installed as soon as the building is gotten into shape.

Mother's Day Services

Sunday, May 12 is Mother's Day. The Congress of our country has recommended its observance. The best way to show your respect for mother is to attend church.

Sunday evening at 7:30 the Methodist church will observe the day with appropriate services. The pastor will preach on the glory of motherhood. There will be special music. You are cordially invited.

IVER JOHNSON,
Pastor.

To Hospital

Mrs. James Fields was taken to the Methodist Hospital in Chicago this week, where she will undergo an operation for a cancer.

Baby's Death

Maxine Lorraine Vickery, nine month's old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Vickery died at the home of Mr. Vickery's parents, Saturday morning at six o'clock of stomach trouble. The remains of the infant were laid to rest in the Vickery cemetery two miles east of Waldron, Sunday afternoon.

Grand Jury

The grand Jury for the May term of Court went into session Monday. Mr. Herman Worman of Bradley was appointed foreman of the Jury.

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

PASSED AWAY MONDAY

ISADORE SUPRENANT DIED MONDAY AFTERNOON

Funeral Services were held Wednesday Morning at 9:30—Interment at Mound Grove

Isadore Suprenant, one of the pioneer residents of this County died at the home of his son Louis Suprenant in Kankakee, Monday afternoon after a lingering illness. Mr. Suprenant has lived in Kankakee for the past fifty-four years and was one of the pioneers of this County.

He was born in Canada, August 16, 1840, and came to the

Salesman Wanted

Lubricating Oil, Grease, Specialties, part or whole time. Commission basis. Man with car or rig preferred. Riverside Refining Company, Cleveland, Ohio. 1t

Fred Hirt was a Chicago visitor, Tuesday.

Frank Snarski of Aroma Park spent Sunday in Bradley.

Mrs. Herman Worman was a Chicago visitor, Monday.

Art Smithers, of Camp Pike Arkansas, spent Sunday in Bradley with friends.

J. D. Kelley and wife were week end visitors in Creabans.

The three young children of Louis Labarge Jr., are on the sick list.

Mrs. Fred Aiecher and daughter Mrs. Hale McCleary were Manteno callers during the week.

PIONEER CALLED HOME

EDWARD BOUDREAU PASSED AWAY 7 P. M. MONDAY

Funeral was held Wednesday Morning from St. Joseph's Catholic Church

The community was shocked when the death of Mr. Edward Boudreau was announced on the streets here Monday evening as very few of his friends knew of his illness. Mr. Boudreau was taken down a week ago Sunday with pneumonia and passed away in his home on North Cleveland Ave. at 7 o'clock Monday evening.

Clifton Death

Mrs. Chas. Rengeisen of Clifton, a former resident of this city, died at her home at Clifton on Monday of this week. The remains were brought to Kankakee and laid to rest in the Mound Grove cemetery. At the time of her residence here, Mrs. Rengeisen was known as Mrs. Reese and will be remembered by several of the citizens of this city.

Business Men Meeting

The business men and public spirited citizens of this city held a meeting at the school house last night for the purpose of devising ways and means to raise money for the Red Cross Society of Bradley. Committees were appointed to go ahead and it is expected that they will give a dance or some other form of entertainment here in the very



Suprenant Family

United States when a young man and settled for a short time in St. Marys which is now known as Beaverville. In 1860 he was united in marriage to Miss Marcelline Goyette and four years later moved to Kankakee where he has since made his home. To this union fourteen children were born, of which number, ten boys are living, one girl who was the oldest preceded her father to the grave. Besides the children, Mr. Suprenant is survived by forty-four grand children and seven great grand children. Four years after celebrating their golden wedding, Mrs. Suprenant died in 1914 and the following year he was united in marriage to Mrs. Susan Bourquet who with the children survive him.

Mr. Suprenant was a very active citizen and was known by a large circle of friends and his interest in his family and business were his chief attractions in his life. He took great pride in his family of ten boys and was extremely proud of them. During his life, he was the proprietor of many different kinds of enterprises and was very successful in a business way and accumulated quite a little fortune with which he was very liberal. When he first came to Kankakee, he opened a wagon repair and blacksmith shop, he was in the furniture business and also run an undertaking establishment and has been in numerous other kinds of business.

Mr. Suprenant was a member of the Catholic Church and was a very devoted church goer. In the later years of his life, he became increasingly interested in church work and a short time ago presented the church of which he is a member with a thousand dollar liberty bond. He was a man who was well known and well liked by all who knew him and will be greatly missed in the Community. The funeral services were held at the St. Rose Church at 9:30 Wednesday morning and interment was made in Mound Grove Cemetery.

High School commencement exercises will be held May 23.

Eighth grade graduation exercises will be given on Tuesday evening June 4.

The students are now reviewing the years work and preparing for final examination.

Miss Kantz, instructor of the 4th grade after an absence of 2 weeks, has returned to her work.

Mr. Gleason Pres. of the school Board was a visitor at school on Tuesday.

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. 8-7.

Miss Mildred Erickson, of Chicago, spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Erickson.

A. Richardson, of Wilmington, visited here during the week.

Mary Pechowe was a week end visitor in Chicago.

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

T. Sweeney, of Watseka, visited his Grandparents A. Demarrah and wife here during the week.

E. L. Butts, of Chicago Heights, spent a couple of days this week with his family here.

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bray, who was injured sometime ago in an automobile accident, has fully recovered.

Mr. Boudreau was one of the pioneer citizens of this town having come here some thirty years ago. At that time Bradley was not established and has since made this his home. He was born in Canada sixty-seven years ago and emigrated to this country at the age of twelve years, settling on a farm near Bourbonnais, where he lived until he moved to Bradley some thirty years ago.

He was married at the age of nineteen to Miss Delia Lambert of Bourbonnais and to this union three children were born: Miss Rosie Boudreau, Mrs. Mary Houde, of Kankakee, and Mrs. Zuliza LaFlame, of Bradley, who with the mother survive. There are also, sixteen grand children, five brothers, Charles of Fowler, Ind., Fred of Bourbonnais, Louis of Louisiana, Hilaire of St. Anne and Joseph of Kankakee and one sister Mrs. Zizett Burton of Manteno and a number of other relatives to mourn the loss.

Mr. Boudreau was a man of a quiet disposition and of a home loving nature and had many friends among the older residents of this town. Since making his home in Bradley, he worked at various occupations. The funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Catholic Church here Wednesday morning at 7:30 and the remains were laid to rest in the Bourbonnais cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. John Beland son Louis and daughter Hazel, spent the past week in Chicago.

Leo Hodapp and Vic Sandstrom have written friends here that they arrived at Camp Dodge Des Moines, Ia., O.K. and like army life first rate.

Teddy Siarsinich is now stationed at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. Anthony Beland has written to friends and relatives here that they arrived in California, O.K.

Alta Topleff was a Sunday visitor in Chicago.

On Saturday evening, May 18, there will be a grand parade in Bradley, commencing at 6:30 p. m. This will not conflict with the Red Cross parade in Kankakee at 2:30. It is desired that the lodges, school and factories of Bradley participate, in fact everybody should turn out and be patriotic. Let us show that Bradley is on the map patriotically. For details see Rev. Johnson, chairman, Bell 721-3.

After the parade there will be a fine social entertainment and Bradley demonstration at the park by the Bradley factory.

near future. Every citizen should get back of this movement and help it along as it is for a very good cause.

Show Postponed

The benefit show for the Junior Red Cross, which was to be given Wednesday evening, May 8th, has been postponed until Wednesday, May 15th, on account of the death of Mr. Richardson, proprietor of the Orpheum Theatre.

Social

The ladies of the M. E. church gave a social yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. L. Gordon on Prairie Ave. A large crowd was in attendance and all reported as having had a fine time.

Baby Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Abraham are the proud parents of a nine and one-half pound baby girl.

Lost

Lost between Grand Ave. and Kankakee, either on Perry St., or Schuyler Ave., an automobile crank. Finder please return to T. Z. Jones, 281 North Grand Ave., Bradley, Ill., and receive reward.

Long Live the King

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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COUNTESS LOSCHEK, STARTING ON WAY ACROSS BORDER, WARNED TO KEEP COMMITTEE'S PLANS SECRET.

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 secrete 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. Without Karl's support the king's death would bring the terrorists into control. Illness of Prince Ferdinand William Otto's grandfather is discussed.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

The candle was at last lighted. It burned fitfully, illuminating only a tiny zone in the darkness.

"I need a lantern," Bobby observed. "There's a draft here. It comes from the other grating. Some time, when you have time, I'd like to see what's beyond it. I was kind of nervous about going alone."

It was the old passage, then, of course. Old Adelbert stared at Bobby took the candle and held it toward a second grated door, like the first, but taller.

A close examination revealed to old Adelbert two things: First, that a brick-lined passage, apparently in good repair, led beyond the grating. Second, that it had been recently put in order. No unused passage this, but one kept in order and repair. For what?

That evening Adelbert called to see his friend, the locksmith in the university place. He possessed, he said, a padlock of which he had lost the key, and which, being fastened to a chest, he was unable to bring with him. A large and heavy padlock, perhaps the size of his palm.

When he left, he carried with him a bundle of keys, tied in a brown paper.

But he did not back to his chest. He went instead to the thicket around the old gate, which was still termed the "Gate of the Moon," and there, armed with a lantern, pursued his investigations during a portion of the night.

When he had finished, old Adelbert, veteran of many wars, one-time patriot and newly turned traitor, held in his shaking hands the fate of the kingdom.

The Countess Loschek was on her way across the border. The arrangements were not of her making. Her plan, which had been to go across the mountain to the town of Ar-on-Ar, and there to hire a motor, had been altered by the arrival at the castle, shortly after the permission was given, of a machine.

"The matter of passports for the border is arranged, madame," Black Humbert told her.

"I have my own passports," she said proudly.

"They will not be necessary."

"I will have this interview at my destination alone, or not at all."

He drew himself to his great height and regarded her with cold eyes. "As you wish," he said. "But it is probably not necessary to remind madame that, whatever is discussed at this meeting, no word must be mentioned of the committee, or its plans."

Although he made no threat, she had shivered. No, there must be no word of the committee, or of the terror that drove her to Karl. For, if the worst happened, if he failed her, and she must do the thing they had set her to do, Karl must never know. That card she must play alone.

Everything hung on the result of her visit. If Karl persisted, if he would marry Hedwig in spite of the trouble it would precipitate, then indeed she was lost. If, on the other hand, he was inclined to peace, if her story of a tottering throne held his hand, she would defy the committee of ten. Karl himself would help her to escape, might indeed hide her. It would not be for long. Without Karl's support the king's death would bring the terrorists into control. They would have other things to do than to hunt her out. Their end would be gained without her. Let them steal the crown prince, then. Let Hedwig fight for her throne and lose it. Let the streets run deep with blood and all the pandemonium of hell break loose.

But if Karl failed her. She clinched her teeth.

The countess did not sleep. She was, with every fiber of her keen brain, summoning her arguments. She would need them, for she knew—none better—how great a handicap was hers. She loved Karl, and he knew it. What had been her strength had become her weakness.

Yet she was composed enough when before the sun was well up, the machine drew up in the village before

the inn where Mettlich had spent his uneasy hours.

She had expected to go to the lodge, but at nine o'clock that night Karl came to her, knocking at the door of her room and entering without writing for permission.

The room was small and cozy with frelight. Her scarlet cloak, flung over a chair, made a dash of brilliant color. Two lighted candles on a high carved chest, and between them a plaster figure of the Mother and Child, a built-in bed with white curtains—that was the room.

Before the open fire Olga Loschek sat in her low chair. She wore still her dark dress; and a veil, ready to be donned at the summons of a message from Karl, trailed across her knee. In the frelight she looked very young— young and weary. Karl, who had come hardened to a scene, found her appealing, almost pathetic.

She rose at his entrance and, after a moment of surprise, smiled faintly. But she said nothing, nor did Karl, until he had lifted one of her cold hands, and brushed it with his lips.

"Well!" he said. "And again, Olga!"

"Once again."

She looked up at him. Yes, he was changed. The old Karl would have taken her in his arms. This new Karl was urbane, smiling, uneasy.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" he said. "Your note alarmed me. Not the note, but your coming here."

"I was anxious. And there were things I felt you should know."

"What things?"

"The truth about the king's condition, for one. He is dying. The bulletins lie. He is no better."

"So!" said Karl uneasily. "But the chancellor assured me—" He stopped. It was not yet time to speak of the chancellor's visit.

"The chancellor! He lies, of course. How bad things are you may judge when I tell you that a hidden passage from the palace has been opened and cleared, ready for instant flight."

It was Karl's turn to be startled. He rose, and stood staring down at her. "Are you certain of that?"

"Certain!" She laughed bitterly. "The terrorists—revolutionists, they call themselves—are everywhere. They know everything, see everything. Mettlich's agents are disappearing one

by one. No one knows where, but all suspect. Student meetings are prohibited. The yearly procession of veterans is forbidden, for they trust none, even their old soldiers. The council meets day after day in secret session."

"But the army—"

"They do not trust the army."

Karl's face was grave. Something of the trouble in Livonia he had known. But this argued an immediate crisis.

"On the king's death," the countess

said, "a republic will be declared. The republic of Livonia! The crown prince will never reign."

"So you came today to tell me this?" She glanced up, and catching his eyes, colored faintly. "These are things you should know."

He knew her very well. A jealous woman would go far. He knew now that she was jealous. When he spoke it was with calculating brutality. "You mean, in view of my impending marriage?"

So it was arranged! Finally arranged. Well, she had done her best. He knew the truth. She had told it fairly. If, knowing it, he persisted, it would be because her power over him was dead at last.

"Yes. I do not know how far your arrangements have gone. You have at least been warned."

But she saw, by the very way he drew himself up and smiled, that he understood. More than that, he doubted her. He questioned what she had said. The very fact that she had told him only the truth added to her resentment.

"You will see," she said sullenly.

Because he thought he already saw, and because she had given him a bad moment, Karl chose to be deliberately cruel. "Perhaps!" he said. "But you leave out of this discussion the one element that I consider important, Hedwig herself. If the Princess Hedwig were tomorrow to be without a country, I should still hope to marry her."

She had done well up to now, had kept her courage and her temper, had taken her cue from him and been quiet and poised. But more than his words, his cruel voice, silky with friendship, drove her to the breaking point.

Nevertheless, he left her well guarded. Even Minna, slipping off for an evening hour with a village sweetheart, was stealthily shadowed. Before this, fine ladies had changed garments with their maids and escaped from divers unpleasantnesses.

At the end of two days the countess was able to be up. She moved languidly about her room, still too weak to plan.

And on the fourth day came the crown prince of Livonia on a pilgrimage.

The manner of his coming was this: There are more ways than one of reaching the hearts of an uneasy people. Remission of taxes is a bad one. It argues a mistake in the past, in exacting such tithes. Governments may make errors, but must not acknowledge them. There is the freeing of political prisoners, but that, too, is dangerous, when such prisoners breathe sedition to the very prison walls.

And there is the appeal to sentiment. The government, pinning all its hopes to one small boy, would further endear him to the people. Wily statesman that he was, the chancellor had hit on this to offset the rumors of Hedwig's marriage.

"A pilgrimage!" said the king, when the matter was broached to him. "For what? My recovery? Cannot you let your servant depart in peace?"

"Pilgrimages," observed the chancellor, "have had marvelous results, sire. I do not insist that they perform miracles, as some believe,"—he smiled faintly—"but as a matter of public feeling and a remedy for discord, they are sometimes efficacious."

"I see," said the king. "And lay still, looking at the ceiling."

"Can it be done safely?" he asked at last.

"The maddest traitor would not threaten the crown prince on a pilgrimage. The people would tear him limb from limb."

"Nevertheless, I should take all precautions," said the king. "A madman might not recognize the—religious nature of the affair."

The same day the chancellor visited Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and found him returned from his drive and busy over Hedwig's photograph frame.

"It is almost done," he said. "I slipped over in one or two places, but it is not very noticeable, is it?"

The chancellor observed it judicially, and decided that the slipping over was not noticeable at all.

"Otto," said the chancellor gravely, "I want to talk to you very seriously about something I would like you to do. For your grandfather."

"I'll do anything for him, sir."

"We know that. This is the point. He has been ill for a long time. Very ill."

The boy watched him with a troubled face. "He looks very thin," he said. "I get quite worried when I see him."

"Exactly. You have heard of Etzel?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto's religious instruction was of the best. He had, indeed, heard of Etzel. He knew the famous pilgrimages in order, and could say them rapidly, beginning, the year of Our Lord 915—the Emperor Otto and Adelheid, his spouse; the year of Our Lord 1100, Ulrich, Count of Ruburg; and so on.

"When people are ill," he said sagely, "they go to Etzel to be cured."

"Precisely. But when they cannot go they send some one else, to pray for them. And sometimes, if they have faith enough, the holy miracle happens and they are cured."

The chancellor was deeply religious, and although he had planned the pilgrimage for political reasons, for the moment, he lost sight of them. What if, after all, this clear-eyed, clean-hearted child could bring this miracle of the king's recovery? It was a famous shrine, and stranger things had been brought about by less worthy agencies.

"I thought," he said, "that if you would go to Etzel, Otto, and there pray for your grandfather's recovery, it—it would be a good thing."

The meaning of such a pilgrimage dawned suddenly on the boy. His eyes filled, and because he considered it unmanly to weep, he slid from his chair and went to the window.

"I'm afraid he's going to die," he said, in a smothered voice.

The chancellor followed him to the window, and put an arm around his shoulders. "Even that would not be so terrible, Otto," he said. "Death, to the old, is not terrible. It is an open door, through which they go gladly, because—because those who have gone ahead are waiting just beyond it."

"Are my mother and father waiting?"

"Yes, Otto."

He considered. "And my grandfather?"

"Yes."

"He'll be very glad to see them all again."

"Very happy, indeed. But we need him here, too, for a while. You need him and—I. So we will go and pray to have him wait a little longer before he goes away. How about it?"

She pondered over that, interlacing her fingers nervously as she reflected. "I will send no letter," she decided, "but I will give you a message, which you can deliver."

"Yes, madame."

"Say to the committee that I have reflected and that I will do what they ask. As far," she added, "as lies in my power. I can only try."

"That is all the committee expects," he said civilly, and with a relief that was not lost on her. "With madame's intelligence, to try is to succeed."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Crown Prince's Pilgrimage.

The day when Olga Loschek should have returned to the city found her too ill to travel. No feigned sickness this, but real enough, a matter of fever and burning eyes, and of mutterings in troubled sleep.

Minna was alarmed. She was fond of her mistress, in spite of her occasional cruelties, and lately the countess had been strangely gentle. She required little attention, wished to be alone, and lay in her great bed, looking out steadily at the bleak mountain tops, to which spring never climbed.

"She eats nothing," Minna said despairingly to the caretaker. "And her eyes frighten me. They are always open, even in the night, but they seem to see nothing."

On the day when she should have returned, the countess roused herself enough to send for Black Humbert, fretting in the kitchen below. He had believed that she was malingering until he saw her, but her flushed and hollow cheeks showed her condition.

"You must return and explain," she said. "I shall need more time, after all."

When he hesitated, she added: "There are plenty to watch that I do not escape. I could not, if I would. I have not the strength."

"If madame wishes, I can take a letter."

She pondered over that, interlacing her fingers nervously as she reflected. "I will send no letter," she decided, "but I will give you a message, which you can deliver."

"Yes, madame."

"Say to the committee that I have reflected and that I will do what they ask. As far," she added, "as lies in my power. I can only try."

"That is all the committee expects," he said civilly, and with a relief that was not lost on her. "With madame's intelligence, to try is to succeed."

"I'll try. I'm not very good. I do a lot of good many things, you know."

Here, strangely enough, it was the chancellor who fumbled for his handkerchief. A vision had come to him of the two of them kneeling side by side at Etzel, the little lad who was "not very good," and he himself with his long years behind him of such things as fill a man's life. And because the open door was not so far ahead for him either, and because he believed implicitly in the great record within the gate, he shook his shaggy head.

So the pilgrimage was arranged. With due publicity, of course, and due precaution for safety. By train to the foot of the mountains, and then on foot for the ten miles to Etzel.

The crown prince went through his preparation in a sort of rapt solemnity. So must the boy crusaders have looked as, starting on their long journey, they faced south and east, toward the far distant Sepulcher of Our Lord. The king's council went, the chancellor, the mayor of the city, wearing the great gold chain of his office around his neck, and a handful of soldiers—a simple pilgrimage and the more affecting. There were no streaming banners, no magnificent vestments. The archbishop accompanied them, and a flag-bearer.

They went on foot to the railway station through lines of kneeling people, the boy still rapt, and looking straight ahead, the chancellor seemingly also absorbed, but keenly alive to the crowds. As he went on, his face relaxed. It was as if the miracle had already happened. Not the miracle



"Death, to the Old, Is Not Terrible."

for which the boy would pray, but a greater one. Surely these kneeling people, gazing with moist and kindly eyes at the crown prince, could not, at the hot words of demagogues, turn into the mob he feared. But it had happened before. The people who had, one moment, adored the Dauphin of France on his balcony at Versailles, had lived to scream for his life.

The countess, standing on her balcony and staring down into the valley, beheld the pilgrimage and had thus her first knowledge of it. She was incredulous at first, and stood gazing, gripping the stone railing with tense hands. She watched, horror-stricken. The crown prince, himself, come to Etzel to pray! For his grandfather, of course. Then, indeed, must things be bad with the king, as bad as they could be.

The church doors closed behind them.

Olga Loschek fell on her knees. She was shaking from head to foot. And because the religious training of her early life near the shrine had given her faith in miracles, she prayed for one. Rather, she made a bargain with God:

If any word came to her from Karl, any, no matter to what it pertained, she would take it for a sign, and attempt flight. If she was captured, she would kill herself.

But, if no word came from Karl by the hour of her departure the next morning, then she would do the thing she had set out to do, and let him beware! The king dead, there would be no king. Only over the dead bodies of the Livonians would they let him marry Hedwig and the throne. It would be war.

Curiously, while she was still on her knees, her bargain made, the plan came to her by which, when the time came, the terrorists were to rouse the people to even greater fury. Still kneeling, she turned it over in her mind. It was possible. More, it could be made plausible, with her assistance. And at the vision it evoked—Mettlich's horror and rage, Hedwig's pining tears, her own triumph—she took a deep breath. Revenge with a vengeance, retaliation for old hurts and fresh injuries, these were what she found on her knees, while the bell in the valley commenced the mass, and a small boy, very rapt and very earnest, prayed for his grandfather's life.

Yet the bargain came very close to being made the other way that day, and by Karl himself.

On the day of the pilgrimage Karl found himself strangely restless and uneasy. Olga Loschek haunted him, her face when he had told her about the letter, her sagging figure when he had left her.

Something like remorse stirred on him. She had taken great risks for

him. Of all the women he had known, she had most truly and unselfishly loved him.

Very nearly did he swing the scale in which Olga Loschek had hung her bargain with God—so nearly that in the intervals of affixing his sprawling signature to various documents, he drew a sheet of note paper toward him. Then, with a shrug, he pushed it away. So Olga Loschek lost her bargain.

At dawn the next morning the countess, still pale with illness and burning with fever, went back to the city.

"Thus," said the concierge, frying onions over his stove—"thus have they always done. But you have been blind. Rather, you would not see."

Old Adelbert stirred uneasily. "So long as I accept my pension—"

"Why should you not accept your pension? A trifle in exchange for what you gave. For them, who now fill us, you, you have gone through life but half a man. But one use they have for us, you and me, my friend—to tax us."

"The taxes are not heavy," quoth old Adelbert.

"There are some who find them so." The concierge heaped his guest's plate with onions.

Old Adelbert played with his steel fork. "I was a good patriot," he observed nervously, "until they made me otherwise."

"I will make you a better. A patriot is one who is zealous for his country and its welfare. That means much. It means that when the established order is bad for a country, it must be changed. Not that you and I may benefit. God knows, we may not live to benefit. But that Livonia may free her neck from the foot of the oppression and raise her head among nations."

From which it may be seen that old Adelbert had at last joined the revolutionary party, an uneasy and unhappy recruit, it is true, but—a recruit. "If only some half measure would suffice," he said, giving up all pretense of eating. "This talk of rousing the mob, of rioting and violence, I do not like them."

"Then has age turned the blood in your veins to water!" said the concierge contemptuously. "Half measures! Since when has a half measure been useful? Did half measures win in your boasted battles? And what half measures would you propose?"

Old Adelbert sat silent. Now and then, because his mouth was dry, he took a sip of beer from his tankard. The concierge ate, taking huge mouthfuls of onions and bread, and surveying his feeble-hearted recruit with appraising eyes. To win him would mean honor, for old Adelbert, decorated for many braveries, was a power among the veterans. Where he led, others would follow.

"Make no mistake," said Black Humbert cunningly. "We aim at no bloodshed. A peaceful revolution, if possible. The king, being dead, will suffer not even humiliation. Let the royal family scatter where it will. We have no designs on women. The chancellor, however, must die."

"I make no plea for him," said old Adelbert bitterly. "I wrote to him also, when I lost my position, and received no reply. We passed through the same campaigns, as I reminded him, but he did nothing."

"As for the crown prince," observed the concierge, eyeing the old man over the edge of his tankard, "you know our plan for him. He will be cared for as my own child, until we get him beyond the boundaries. Then he will be safely delivered to those who know nothing of his birth. A private fund of the republic will support and educate him."

Old Adelbert's hands twitched. "He is but a child," he said, "but already he knows his rank."

"It will be wise for him to forget it." His tone was ominous. Adelbert glanced up quickly, but the terrorist had seen his error, and masked it with a grin. "Children forget easily," he said, "and by this secret knowledge of yours, old comrade, all can be peacefully done. Until you brought it to me, we were, I confess, fearful that force would be necessary. To admit the rabble to the palace would be dangerous. Mobs go mad at such moments. But now it may be effected with all decency and order!"

"And the plan?"

"I may tell you this." The concierge shoved his plate away and bent over the table. "We have set the day as that of the carnival. On that day all the people are on the streets. Processions are forbidden, but the usual costuming with their corps colors as pompons is allowed. Here and there will be one of us clad in red, a devil, wearing the colors of his satanic majesty. Those will be of our forces, leaders and speech makers. When we secure the crown prince, he will be put into costume until he can be concealed. They will seek, if there be time, the Prince Ferdinand William Otto. Who will suspect a child, wearing some fantastic garb of the carnival?"

"But the king?" inquired old Adelbert in a shaking voice. "How can you set a day, when the king may rally? I thought all hung on the king's death."

King Karl becomes acquainted with the troubled state of the country in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Japanese are planning to link two of their islands with a railroad tunnel, 4,000 feet of which will be under the sea.

SAVING MAN POWER.

Three Important Ways of Making Farm Labor More Efficient in Field Operations.

Agricultural efficiency, in this national emergency, is in considerable measure a matter of efficiency in the use of farm machinery. Man labor is scarce. The lack must be made up largely by better utilization of men, horses, and tractors now on farms.

There are three important ways in which our more efficient farmers improve on traditional methods of using labor for field operations, namely:

(1) They increase the horsepower per man by increasing the size of teams.

(2) They increase the area covered per man and per team by substituting large-sized implements for smaller ones.

(3) They increase the area covered in a given time by increasing the size of fields.

To increase horsepower per man the farmer merely drives a three-horse team where before he drove but two horses, or a four-horse or five-horse team instead of a three-horse team. This is perhaps the simplest expedient for increasing labor efficiency on the farm, and one which is already very generally practiced by our farmers. Where horse labor is abundant and man labor scarce doubling up teams effects a material saving of labor, even without any increase in the size of implements used, since naturally the large team works more easily and more rapidly than a smaller one.

When the doubling of teams is accompanied by the introduction of larger implements, a further saving of man labor and of time is effected. For example, one man with a two-row cultivator will cultivate twice the crop area per day covered by the man with a one-row cultivator. Thus, too, under favorable conditions, an 8-foot mower or binder will cover much more ground in a day than will a 6-foot machine. Similar economies may be effected with other machines, such as harrows, sulky plows, hayrakes, and the like, especially in the Eastern states, where small-sized implements are the rule. In general, the larger sized machines cost but little more than the smaller ones; indeed the difference is usually so small that one season's saving in man labor through the use of a big machine will often pay the excess in its cost over that of one of a smaller size. The farmer should always buy the largest implement that will be practical on his land. It is false economy to buy a smaller one.

Resort to the third expedient for increasing labor efficiency in field operations, namely, enlarging fields, depends in a great measure on the lay of the land. Where the land is level or rolling and two adjoining fields to be plowed can be plowed as one if a fence between is removed, it is often worth while to tear away the fence and throw the two fields into one. Thus the straightaway reaches in plowing and other operations are lengthened and much of the time is saved that otherwise would be lost in turning. Incidentally, this procedure brings under cultivation the waste land in the fence row.

Farm management studies have shown that the size of farm is a controlling factor as regards efficiency in the use of man labor, horse labor, and machinery on farms. That is to say, other things being equal, the larger the farm the more crop acres worked per man. It is not possible, of course, for the average farmer to increase the size of his farm at will to meet emergency, but many will find it possible to gain at once a measure of the advantage of a large farm by making their fields as large and as few in number as is possible under the conditions of topography and rotation.

For the tractor owner there are certain special expedients that may be resorted to in this crisis. If work offers and proficient operators are available for two shifts, he should work his outfit 24 hours a day. The tractor that works all night as well as all day is the equivalent of two such tractors working 12 hours. The average tractor owner is in position to render effective aid in the production campaign by helping those of his neighbors who may be behindhand with their spring work, and in many instances, no doubt a week of night work by a tractor will go far toward solving the immediate labor problem of a neighborhood. At any rate it is the obvious duty of the tractor owner to do all the custom work he can do in the spring without neglecting his own work.

It should be borne in mind in this connection that experience has shown that in working exceptionally long hours with tractors it is generally the best practice to have one man in full charge of the outfit and responsible for all adjustments and repairs.

CORN KEPT IN SILOS MAKES A CHEAP FEED.

Because of the economy and convenience in feeding silage, more silos are being built every season. This year will likely see a larger number erected to "can" the corn crop.

Seventeen per cent more milk and 28 per cent more butterfat was produced by dairy cows fed largely silage than by others fed mainly a grain ration in a feeding test conducted at the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station. The silage ration produced butterfat at 13 cents a pound, and the grain ration at 22 cents. Two pounds of dry matter can be produced in the form of silage at less cost than one pound in sugarbeets, other tests have shown.

Home canning is kitchen patriotism.



S-O-M-E Goodies!

"—the kind that melt in your mouth—light, fluffy, tender cakes, biscuits and doughnuts that just keep you hanging 'round the pantry—all made with

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

the safest, purest, most economical kind. Try it—drive away bake-day failures."

You save when you buy it. You save when you use it. Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.

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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?
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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** PRODUCTS

AGED WOMAN CALLED

MRS. JAS. McELROY PASSED AWAY

Funeral Services were held Wednesday Afternoon—Interment at Mound Grove Cemetery

Mrs. Jas. McElroy, mother of Frank Cooper of this city, died at her home 442 South Harrison Ave., Sunday evening at 6:45 following a lingering illness due to infirmities of old age. Mr. and Mrs. McElroy were former residents of this city and have a large circle of friends and acquaintances here who regret to hear of her death.

Mrs. McElroy's maiden name was Miss Nelisa Hoyt. She was born in Kalamazoo Mich., April 10th, 1846, coming to Illinois with her parents at the age of two years. There being no railroads at that time, they made the trip over-land in a covered wagon. They settled in Limestone township, where they made their home for a number of years and Miss Hoyt received her education in the Kankakee Schools and taught for a number of years. In 1867 she was united in marriage to Mr. J. W. Cooper who died in 1887 and to this union three children were born, Frank Cooper of Bradley, Howard Cooper of Harvey, Ill., and Mrs. Cora McElroy of Blanchard, N. D. After the death of Mr. Cooper, she moved to Kankakee and in 1892 was married to Mr. Jas. McElroy who with the three children and two sisters, Mrs. Chas. Hartman and Mrs. Jas. McElvain and one brother J. L. Hoyt survive her.

While residents of this city, Mr. and Mrs. McElroy were active members of the United Brethren Church. After moving to Kankakee, they joined the Presbyterian Church. The funeral took place at the home Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Creighton officiating. The remains were laid to rest in Mound Grove Cemetery.

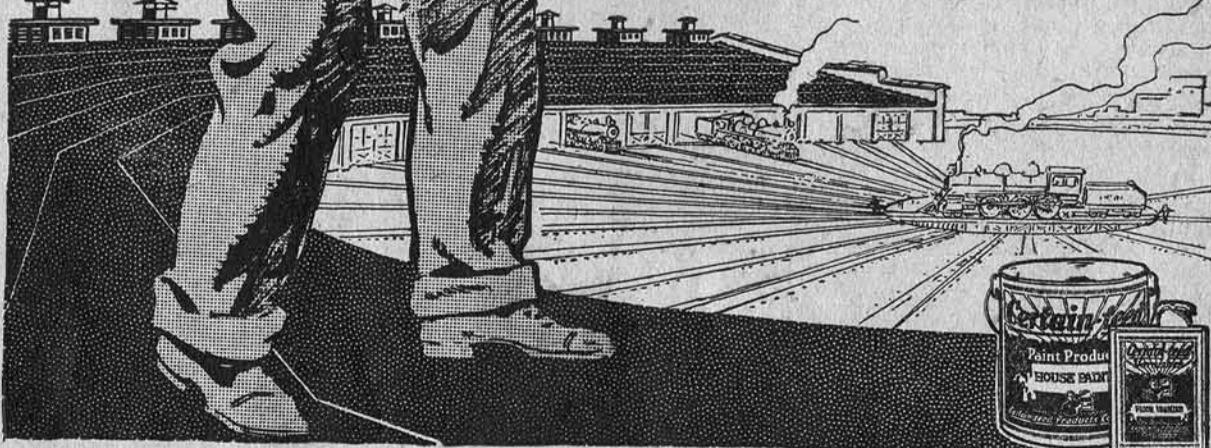


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 Sparks, smoke, gases, acids or fumes have no effect on a Certain-teed roof. Rust cannot corrode Certain-teed. The heat of the sun cannot cause it to melt or run. Certain-teed has the ability to resist every form of roofing attack, and the durability to give year after year of weather proof service, with little or no maintenance cost. Certain-teed offers every practical roofing advantage with a minimum roofing investment.

In every town, city and section you will find Certain-teed. Everywhere Certain-teed is chosen for buildings of all types and sizes, for factories, round houses, elevators, garages, warehouses, hotels, farm buildings, stores, outbuildings, etc. In artistic red or green shingles, Certain-teed is very popular for residences. Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness. Certain-teed costs less than any other type of roof—first cost and laying cost low, and maintenance practically nothing. Certain-teed is more economical than ordinary roll roofing, because it costs no more to lay and lasts much longer.

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

CERTAINTEED PRODUCTS

Chas. Wertz Co.

GOVERNOR BEATS MAYOR IN PLOWING



Atlanta, Ga., recently had a war-garden parade in which Governor Dorsey plowed the best furrow in the shortest time. The photograph shows Governor Dorsey (on extreme right) and Mayor Asa G. Candler of Atlanta (next to Governor Dorsey), the rivals. The president of the Atlantic Advertising Men's club, H. G. Hastings, is presenting the winner with a bouquet made of Georgia-grown vegetables.

TEN SUBMARINES SUNK BY AVIATORS

British Admiralty Gives Out Details of Achievements of Seaplanes.

BOMBS DO GOOD WORK

Undersea Craft Unable to Dive Before Missiles Are Dropped—One Destroyed in Act of Attack on Merchantman.

London.—Details concerning the destruction recently of ten German submarines by naval aircraft, eight by seaplanes and the others by dirigibles, have been obtained by the Associated Press from admiralty reports. The first case is described as follows: "While on patrol in the English channel a seaplane sighted a submarine eight miles away, directly in the path of an oncoming convoy of merchant ships. The seaplane dived at 30 miles an hour. The submarine attempted to escape by submerging, but was just awash as the seaplane reached a bombing position and released two bombs, one of which exploded on the conning tower. The seaplane dropped two more bombs into the midst of the bubbles from the collapsed submarine, which was of the largest type, carrying two guns."

The second case: "At dawn a seaplane sighted a large submarine on the surface, with a member of the crew standing by the gun. The seaplane dropped a bomb on the tail of the U-boat and afterward photographed the sinking submarine, with a big hole in its deck. A second bomb was dropped close to the submarine's bow, and the U-boat collapsed."

The third case: "Two seaplanes attacked a large submarine traveling on the surface at 14 knots, with two men in the conning tower. A bomb was exploded close to the conning tower, and the submarine began to sink stern first. A bomb from a second seaplane completed the work."

The fourth case: "Three patrol planes sighted a large submarine as it was submerging, and dropped two bombs close to the conning tower, causing the submarine to turn turtle and disappear in a mass of oil and wreckage."

The fifth case: "A seaplane sighted two submarines close to the surface and dropped two bombs. One bomb was ineffective, but the other hit the deck fairly amidships. The submarine was hidden by the smoke of the explosion, and when the smoke cleared the U-boat was sinking, with both ends in the air."

The sixth case: "A seaplane saw the track of a torpedo fired at a merchantman. It dived toward the surface and sighted the black shade of the submarine well below the surface. It dropped two bombs, which both ex-

ploded close to the submarine, resulting in a large quantity of oil, bubbles and wreckage."

The seventh case: "Two seaplanes sighted a U-boat on the surface and dropped a bomb each. The first bomb caused a heavy list to the U-boat, which began to sink by the stern. The second bomb exploded in the center of the swirl, demolishing the U-boat."

Oil Patch Shows Fate.
The eighth case: "A seaplane dropped a bomb on a submarine just emerging and the U-boat disappeared with a heavy list to port. The pilot dropped a second bomb into the swirl and a few minutes later a patch of oil 150 feet long and 12 feet wide appeared on the surface."

The ninth case: "A naval airship at midday sighted a suspicious patch of oil and circled it in an effort to ascertain the cause. Suddenly a periscope broke the surface in the midst of the oil. The airship dropped a bomb close to the periscope and a series of bubbles began appearing, indicating that the damaged submarine was moving slowly away under the water. Several more bombs were dropped in the path indicated until satisfactory evidence was obtained of the enemy's destruction."

The tenth case: "An airship dropped two bombs over a submarine which was engaged in attacking merchantmen. Great patches of oil and bubbles indicated severe damage and trawlers made this complete by Ceph charges."

COURT FREES MAN WHO WHIPPED A PRO-GERMAN

Fond Du Lac, Wis.—Because John Fox asserted that he could place a German flag on his residence if he so desired he was given a beating by James Finnegan. Fox had Finnegan arrested, but the court declared that it could find no man guilty in an assault case provoked by any individual who talked favorably concerning the Teuton flag.

BARRED FROM LAKE VESSELS

Subjects of Germany and Austria Will Not Be Permitted on Them This Summer.

Cleveland, O.—Federal officers here have issued an order prohibiting subjects of Germany and Austria from working or riding on lake vessels—either freight or passenger—this summer. Neither will they be permitted within 100 feet of a pier or dock where any vessel of 500 tons capacity is located.

Waterproof pockets with water-tight fastenings for bathing attire have been invented by two New York men.

WOMEN GOOD POLICE

Are Doing Efficient Service in Great Britain.

Annual Report of Inspector Praises Work in Combating Evils of War.

London.—The success of women on the police force is amply demonstrated in the annual report of Sir Leonard Dunning, H. M. Inspector of constabulary, just published.

Seven counties and 24 cities and boroughs have women "on the strength," and "their introduction into professional police work," says Sir Leonard, "may well help authorities to combat evils which have presented increasing difficulties to them for years past."

While most of the women are engaged in clerical work, others are given duties requiring the complete confidence of a woman or child, which

a woman can win better than a man; the maintenance of public decorum among girls, supervision over female servants' registries, duties under the shop hours acts, food control orders and the like, and supervision over places of amusement catering for children.

It is not, Sir Leonard hopes, suggested that women should be employed in the suppression of public order and the arrest of dangerous or violent criminals.

With regard to the desirability of intrusting to them that part of the investigation of sexual crime which involves intimate conversation with the victim, the inspector declares that the police themselves were the first to recognize this, but until some years ago failed to find a woman of education who recognized this as a woman's work.

Sir Leonard pays tribute to the fine work being done by the women police employed by the ministry of munitions, and refers also to the success of the efforts of the women patrols. He denies that the increase of offenses by juveniles and the decrease of personal chastity of girls are the

AID FROM RED CROSS

American Prisoners in Germany Being Cared For.

Food Sent Regularly Through International Red Cross in Switzerland.

Washington.—Food is now being sent regularly to American prisoners in Germany by the American Red Cross through an arrangement with the international Red Cross in Switzerland.

The American Red Cross office at Paris recently received a complete list of the 150 Americans then prisoners in Germany. The German government permits the Red Cross to send each man 20 pounds of food a week, in two packages of ten pounds each.

This Red Cross service is being enlarged and a warehouse to hold food enough for 10,000 American prisoners already is under construction near Berne, Switzerland. It is estimated that at least 90 per cent of the food packages reach the men.

Parents, wives and relatives of our soldiers and sailors will find in this particular Red Cross service the greatest satisfaction because they have dreaded German prison life for their loved ones perhaps more than death itself.

The American prisoners will be permitted to write two letters and four post cards each month, and also to acknowledge the receipt of food packages. The Red Cross food package follows the army ration pretty closely, and frequently fresh white bread is included from the Red Cross bakery in Berne.

This service is one more reason why the American people will respond generously to the next Red Cross war fund campaign, May 20-27, when another \$100,000,000 to "carry on" will be asked.

THRIFT STAMP SALESMAN



Master Dick Bruns of New York is the youngest Thrift stamp salesman in the country.

JAILED BECAUSE OF LOOKS

Youth Who Looks Older Than He Is Spends 202 Days Behind Bars.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Just because he looks to be twenty-five, but in fact is only twenty years old, Murphy Cutrer of Shreveport, La., has spent 202 days since June 5 last in jails on charges of being a draft slacker. Cutrer has just been released from his latest trouble after having been in the Marion county jail 20 days. He was first arrested in Fredonia, Kan., and held for 120 days, then he spent 56 days in another jail on similar charges. In each case he was able to prove he lacked one day of being twenty-one on registration day.

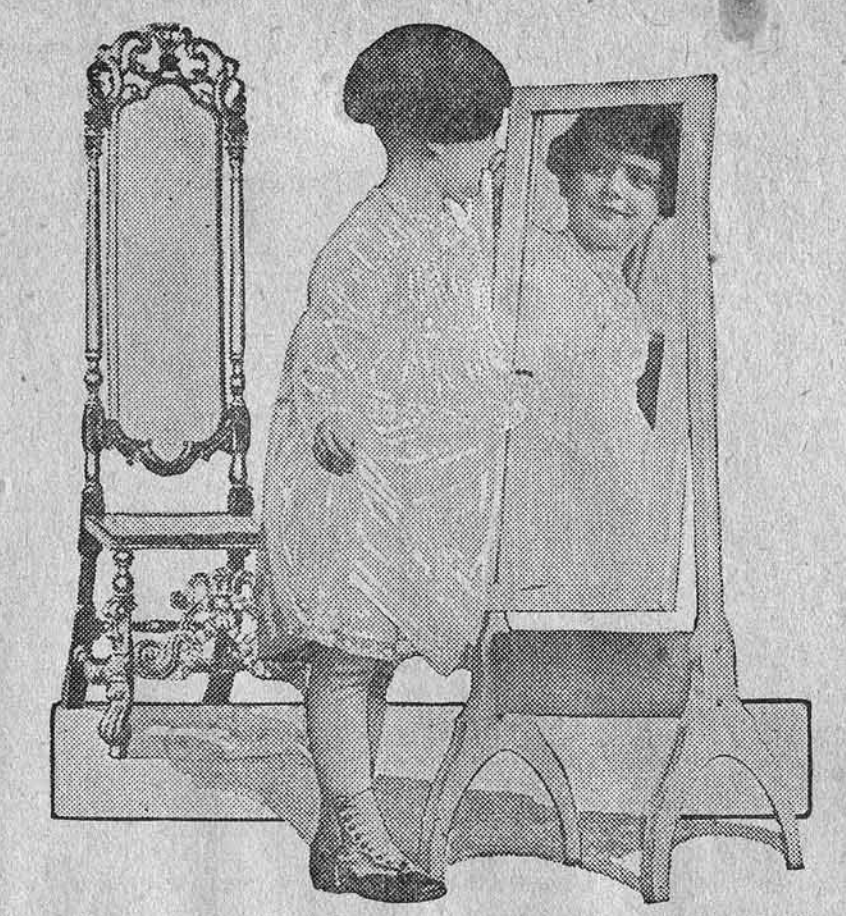
Gives 395 Pounds of Milk.

Columbia, Mo.—Campus Lady Hengerveld Alpha of the University of Missouri dairy herd has broken the Missouri butter record for two-year-olds. In a recent test this cow produced 395.2 pounds of milk and 21.95 pounds of butter a week.

"TWO BITS A DAY—THE PATRIOT'S WAY," WINNER

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Two bits a day—the patriot's way," was the prize winning slogan in a contest conducted by a local bank. Five thousand patriots participated in the contest. "Win the war, bit by bit" won the second prize, and "Every miser helps the kaiser" won the third prize.

Little Frocks for Parties and Weddings.



Just how early in life a satisfaction in pretty clothes dawns on the eternal feminine mind, is one of those interesting questions that no one has taken the trouble to get definitely answered. But we know it is one of the earliest of our joys and the most lasting. In the picture above a little maid of five seems to be discovering her party frock. Life is one continual round of more or less dainty clothes for her, and she finds herself on a special occasion in something more filmy and frilly than she has noticed before.

This little party frock is made of fine white net and trimmed with a little narrow Val lace insertion and edging. The skirt is full, finished with a hem and tucked at the bottom, and no other trimming. It is set onto a very short waist having many fine tucks running from shoulder to waistband and a flounce extending below the waistband. This flounce is finished with a row of Val insertion finished with a scant frill of Val edging. The square neck is finished in the same way.

Little dresses of this kind are sometimes decked out with gay ribbon rosettes, but they have been left off of this one; perhaps this accounts for a strand of small pearl beads that make the little wearer very splendid. The dress is worn over a lace-trimmed petticoat, with several rows of Val insertion set in a fine lawn skirt and a frill of Val edging at the bottom. Now that the requirements of flower girls and other youthful attendants on the June bride must soon be considered, this little net frock is especially interesting. It can be worn over a col-

ored silk slip where color is important—as it is in a wedding procession.

Another little frock of net has a skirt made in the same way as this, one, with hem and tucked at the bottom. It is set on, with smocking to a short silk yoke. The yoke is cut with low, square opening in the neck at the back and front and extended at each side, under the arms to the waistline. The net sleeves are full and elbow length, finished with a flaring cuff of the silk. For the flower girl in a wedding procession this ought to satisfy the most exacting taste.

A Pretty Dimity Blouse.

A smart blouse of striped dimity is cut upon tailored shirt lines, with two narrow box plaits at either side of the opening in front. At each side of these, and also separating them, are inserts of wide heavy beading. The straight rolling collar has lines of beading inset in the same fashion, and is finished by an inch-wide hem of double dimity. Smart little cuffs of alternating bands of dimity and lines of beading finish the tailored sleeves.

Children's Gowns.

The fashion for dressing children in velveteen has progressed apace, and few things lend themselves to little people's daytime clothes more happily. The colors range through graduations of pinks, reds, yellows, blues, greens and violets. Velveteen is also adapted to the hand embroidery which, in limited quantity, is such a feature of children's frocks.



In Chicago a three weeks' drive for used clothing, to be sent to the destitute Belgians, has just been completed. Mr. Hoover, head of the Belgian relief commission, engaged the help of the Red Cross organization in making this drive and it was put through with the vigor and thoroughness that Chicago develops when its "I Will" spirit is aroused. Twenty-two carloads of clothing was the amount asked of this branch of the drive and Mrs. Samuel T. Chase was chosen to take charge of its collection as chairman of the committee who put the drive through.

Besides the fact that the committee got what it went after, this drive is interesting because of many incidents which show where Americans of all classes stand in this matter of caring for the unfortunate and the destitute in this war. The committee secured a large downtown storeroom, which was vacant, and made newspaper and other announcements inviting contributors to bring their bundles of used clothing there. The bundles came by the automobile load—where owners of cars contributed them for collecting the clothing—to the single package brought in by people on their way to work who deposited their contributions and went on to their tasks. Everything—from fur coats and Paisley shawls to sun bonnets of ancient vintage—came in response to the call, but most of the clothing was practical and good.

On a bright day a man came in and took off a very good overcoat, revealing a pair of overalls beneath—and handed over the coat, remarking that he could spare it. Another interesting contributor was an old lady whose son in the service had sent \$2 to buy flowers for her for Easter. She contributed these \$2 to the Belgian relief as the better way to use it. Men slipped in and left contributions of money, refusing to give their names.

To sort and pack all the clothing required many workers. Some of the big department stores sent over help.

Women of leisure from smart hotels, from homes, and business women from offices and shops—volunteering to work after business hours—came in. Fifty post office employees, who had a half holiday on election day, contributed their brief leisure to the work. Help came from many quarters—which all goes to inspire faith in our country's power to do what it undertakes to do in any direction.

Julia Bottomley

To Wash Pongee.

Pongee may be made to look like new, no matter how many times it is washed, if it is washed properly. First it should be rubbed and squeezed gently with the hands in a suds made of luke-warm water and a good white soap. When quite clean, it should be rinsed also in luke-warm water several times and the water squeezed out gently, not wrung out. When perfectly dry, instead of sprinkling it, rub or squeeze the pongee gently with the hands until it is well crumpled. This removes any hard or deep wrinkles. Iron then with a very hot iron and your pongee will look as fresh as new.

Watch Fob of Military Braid.

Anyone who has worn the usual gros-grain ribbon in a watch fob knows how short lived it is, and at what inconvenient times a new one must be inserted. I use military braid for the purpose, with excellent results, observed a woman. It lasts about two years, and its coarse weave is very attractive.

Candy-Striped Crepes.

There are some lovely new shirtings shown for tailored shirts of candy-striped cotton crepes, silk-striped oxford and corded crepe madras in the most attractive colorings. They are so fresh and practical and come from a tubing like new.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS OR SEE U. S. LOSE

Add to Funds That Will Forever End Germany's Desired Iron-Hand Rule.

DUTY OF EVERYBODY TO HELP

Question Is Not Whether We Feel Like Subscribing, but Our People Must Spend or Be Spent.

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Of the Vigilantes.

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof—so runs the legend on the Liberty bell, which by a favorite tradition pealed out to the world the tidings of the birth of the United States of America on that famous July 4, 1776. We thought that message had gone out once for all; that freedom in the United States was a rock of Gibraltar that could not be scaled nor penetrated nor moved. We have thought that the old days of national sacrifice and anxiety were forever passed. What so strong, so permanent, so vigorous, so dominant as government of the people in these United States?

If the American Revolution had been only bell ringing and the passage of resolutions, we should not now be the foremost republic of the world nor any other kind of a republic. The Declaration of Independence was a bold statement of liberty which had still to be made good. The heroes of the Revolution knew how to watch as well as to pray, how to march as well as to resolve. The Declaration of Independence is a mighty force in the world because when the country called soldiers sprang into the ranks. Liberty had to be spelled out by such big capital letters as Lexington, Illinois, Bennington, Eutaw, Rocky Mount, Trenton and Yorktown.

We Are Better Fortified.

The hard fighting in the field won only half the battle. Our forefathers were able to "proclaim liberty throughout the land" because they found the sinews of war. It was one thing to raise the flag, another to raise troops and still another to "raise the wind." There was not a bank in the United States till the Revolution was nearly over and few were the people who had money enough to lend to anybody, yet that 3,000,000, of whom a fourth were slaves who could have no property, somehow induced the people of the country to turn in their small surplus of provisions, clothing and military supplies and take for it the obligations of the government, which toward the end of the dark period of the Revolution seemed little likely ever to be paid. They furnished about \$65,000,000 in taxes, contributions and supplies and at the end of the war the national debts incurred in behalf of the Revolution were, including arrears of interest, \$70,000,000, which was then about \$20 a head on the population, man, woman and child, whites, Indians and negroes, seamen, farmers, plantation slaves as they ran.

Must Spend or Be Spent.

Make no mistake; this is not a question of whether we feel like subscribing to a loan any more than a question of whether we feel like receiving news of a break on the war front and the capture or retreat of the American troops. The nation is compelled to choose either to spend or to be spent. There is only one possible way to end the war to the honor and safety of the United States and that is to fight for it. Our sons fight in the army, our daughters fight in the Red Cross, we elders must fight with safe deposit boxes and mortgage deeds and sheets of securities.

In the days when the French were in the habit of recruiting troops in Switzerland, there was a saying, "No money, no Swiss!" Nowadays it is, "No money, no Yank!" for unless you subscribe to the loan your son cannot be trained or equipped or fed or transported over seas or carried to the front or protected by a barrage of artillery fire or put where he can attack the enemy.

Remember the Liberty Bell.

The battle is going on from day to day in the national banks and the savings banks and the trust companies and the treasuries of the fraternities and the clubs and the churches and the restaurants just as much as in northern France or Belgium. No one soldier can win at the front nor a hundred thousand together. It would take a million, but if every one of that million hangs back, there is no army, no war, nothing but shame and misery for the nation. Just so, you cannot save your country all alone by your subscription to the third Liberty loan; but you can unite with a million others. Do your duty and expect and urge others to do theirs. That makes a victorious army of people pouring in their rattling dollars as the boys at the front hurl hand grenades.

"All the inhabitants thereof," that is what the Liberty bell aroused. Not the soldier only, not merely the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the other noble co-workers and co-fighters with the troops. You plain farmer, you banker, investor, manufacturer; you doctor, lawyer, teacher, scientific man, engineer, business man, railroad man, mechanic, working man; you schoolboy and schoolgirl, listen to the Liberty bell, subscribe to the Liberty loan.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER WITH BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder you are doomed. Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins, and lower abdomen, gall-stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need. They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

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

STRANGLES

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

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

WHAT CONSTIPATION MEANS

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

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE
Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

BLACK LEG
LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED
by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS
Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

Boys and Girls Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Harvard Polish. Andrew Carnegie is today a firm believer in higher education, as his innumerable benefactions show, but in his early days in Pittsburgh he held the "varsity man" in contempt. Once at a dinner, a Pittsburgh matron said: "Mr. Carnegie, do you think it's true that a college education unfits a man for work?" "Not at all, ma'am," said the steel magnate; "not at all. I know a Harvard graduate in Philadelphia who is the best bootblack that ever shined my shoes."

YOUR DUTY TO BE ATTRACTIVE

Have Pretty Dark Hair.

"La Creole" Hair Dressing is the original hair color restorer, and not a dye. Applying it to your hair and scalp revives the color glands of nature. It is the only hair color restorer that will gradually darken all your gray or faded hair in this way. No matter how gray, prematurely gray, faded or lusterless your hair might be, "La Creole" Hair Dressing will make it beautifully dark, soft and lustrous. Easily applied by simply combing or brushing through the hair. Don't be misled into buying some cheap preparation.

USE "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING for gray or faded hair. Sold and guaranteed by all good drug stores everywhere, or sent direct for \$1.20 by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn.—(Adv't.)

Criticism. "Father," said the small boy, "what is constructive criticism?" "Constructive criticism, my son, is your own line of talk which if offered by some one else would be called ordinary fault-finding."

CROUP
Spasmodic croup is usually relieved with one application of—
VICKS VAPORUB
Keeps a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

Seen Through. "Germany loves the little nations—Belgium, Roumania, Serbia and so on—and now it appears that she loves the big nations, like Russia, too." The speaker was Saburo Okabe of the Japanese embassy. "But all of us," he went on, "see through Germany as clearly as the pretty Chicago heiress saw through the title fortune hunter. "You love me," she said to the fortune hunter, lightly, "Oh, yes, of course—you love me for my pelf alone."

\$100 Reward, \$100
Catarrh 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 Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Cannot Be Done. "An excess of efficiency merely defeats itself," said sage Professor Pate. "The happy medium lies in knowing not only what to do but what not to do. For instance, you cannot put a sneeze back after it has emerged, nor can a woman re-form a bow-legged man by marrying him. You cannot ignore the inevitable by refusing to bow to it. There is no such thing as convincing the average Hon. that the war will not be won by verbosity. You cannot accomplish the impossible, so why waste time and energy in trying?"—Kansas City Star.

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

Time's Changes. "Times have changed," mused Broncho Bob. "Times have changed." "Crimson Gulch does seem less turbulent." "No doubt about it. In the old days if a tenderfoot refused to take a drink with the boys, they'd shoot at him. Now if they catch one trying to bring a bottle into town with him, they have him arrested."

A Valuable Iron Tonic for the Blood
GROVE'S BASTILLE'S CHILI TONIC Purifies and Enriches the Blood. It arouses the liver, drives out malaria and builds up the whole system. A General Strengthening Tonic for Adults and Children, 6c.

Altogether Too Realistic. The critic seemed struck with the picture. "This snowstorm painting is very fine indeed," he said to the artist. "It almost makes me feel cold to look at it." "Yes, it must be realistic," admitted the other. "A fellow got into my studio one day in my absence, looked at the picture, and unconsciously put my fur overcoat on before he went out!"

Soothe Baby Rashes
That Itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c.—Adv.

So to Speak. "Lots of pretty girls visit the cantonments," "More than you can shake a swagger stick at." "We'll say this for the weather man; he's too wise to try making war predictions."

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
EGG "CIRCLES" HELP CUT BIG LOSS



Candling Eggs, Examining Them for Spoilage, Makes High-Grade Product Possible. (2) A Fresh Egg, and (3) a Spoiled Egg, as the Candler Sees It Before the Lamp. (4) Better Handling Might Have Saved This \$50 Loss.

EGG PRODUCERS WORK TOGETHER

Co-operation Will Save \$45,000,000 Annual Loss From Careless Handling.

IMPORTANCE OF EGG CIRCLES

Associations Watch Crop and Strive to Prevent Carelessness and Undesirable Conditions—Market Problems Overcome.

If egg producers would work together to reduce egg losses, much of the \$45,000,000 toll which results annually from careless handling could be eliminated. Egg circles, the name given to associations of egg producers, have been urged by the United States department of agriculture for a number of years. The work which these organizations can do now to save food is of the utmost importance.

Egg circles watch the egg crop, not only in its handling but in its production. They strive to prevent the carelessness which permits mongrel stock, dirty nests, stolen nests of broody hens, unconfined males, late-maturing pullets, and other undesirable conditions to exist on egg farms. Every effort is made to reduce the high percentage of small, cracked, dirty, stale, heated and rotten eggs. Many marketing problems also are overcome.

Early Chicks in Quantity. One very successful organization of egg producers has a large incubator house of 12,000 egg capacity where early chicks are produced for the members at a low cost. This is done in order to obtain early maturing pullets thus securing eggs during the fall when eggs usually are scarce. The company also has a receiving room for eggs where they are candled, sorted to weight—about 24 ounces to the dozen—packed in cartons, and shipped on contract orders. Their eggs are all guaranteed to be according to grade, they advertise the fancy grades on their cartons and cases, and market prices are paid to the members. Twice a year dividends are paid each member in proportion to the amount of eggs marketed through the company and the time of year eggs were brought in, a larger dividend being paid per dozen for eggs brought in during the fall and winter than for those received during the spring and summer, estimated by months. A regular trade is established with discriminating consumers, with city clubs, with the best class hotels and restaurants, and with fancy grocers for a supply each day or week.

Eggs for Fancy Trade. The reputation that is established enables this association to fix its prices at several cents a dozen above the regular market quotations, as fancy trade is willing to pay a premium for a guaranteed article. Most egg circles buy chicken feed and other poultry supplies in quantities for their members. While at first the number of eggs to be marketed may not warrant a central station with a manager to inspect, grade and market the whole product, the aim should be to develop to that state.

Specialists of the department of agriculture will aid producers in organizing community egg circles and also in problems of production and marketing. In Farmers' Bulletin 656 suggestions and forms are offered as aids in organizing and managing such co-operative associations.

Finding Turkey Nest. It requires some good detective work at times. Given free range, turkey hens usually hide their nests in obscure places such as patches of weeds, tall grass, or bushy thickets. Often they wander a half mile or more from home before they find places that suit them.

Prevent Egg Losses. 1. Selecting pure breeds that lay more and larger eggs, such as White Leghorns, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, etc. 2. Giving better care, food, and shelter, with dry, clean, vermin-proof nests. 3. Confining males except in breeding season. 4. Collecting eggs frequently, especially in hot or muggy weather. 5. Storing eggs in a dry, clean, cool place. 6. Using small and dirty eggs at home. 7. Marketing frequently, with protection at all times from heat. 8. Selling for cash on a basis of size and quality, "loss off" instead of "case count." 9. Using an attractive package. 10. Combining shipments as a matter of economy.

Back-Yard Hennyery. Make a hennyery one of your answers to Hunnery. A dozen or so hens in your back yard—Little equipment needed. A hobby rather than a task. Interesting to that boy or girl. Feed consists largely of garbage, insects, waste, and weeds. Manufactured by Mrs. Ben into eggs and meat.

WRIGLEYS

Six reasons WHY it's a good friend:

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

Three Flavors
WRAPPED IN UNITED STATES COUPONS

Chew it after every meal
The Flavor Lasts!

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.
SAPOLIO
Buy **SAPOLIO** For **PATRIOTISM** For **ECONOMY**
"Actions speak louder than words—Act—Don't Talk—Buy Now"

A Note of Triumph
Has been sounded to thirsty mankind—success unparalleled in the history of non-intoxicating beverages, has everywhere marked the introduction of **PEP** NON-INTOXICATING CEREAL BEVERAGE.
America's Health and Food Drink. It stands preeminent as the finest flavored cereal beverage made—one trial will convince you that "PEP" is the drink you have craved for. It aids digestion, quenches the thirst and builds up the system from head to foot.
THE INDEPENDENT BREWERIES CO. St. Louis, Mo.
Order from your dealer, at groceries, drug stores, soda fountains, restaurants, or from
ADAM ROTH GROCER CO. 421 S. Seventh Street, St. Louis, Mo.
MEYER-SCHMID GROCER CO. 417-419 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

Eczema
MONEY BACK
without question if Eczema's Salve fails in the treatment of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't become discouraged because other treatments failed. Eczema'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

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

Do Your Cows Fail to Clean?
This is a serious condition and requires prompt attention.
Dr. David Roberts' Cow Cleaner gives quick relief. Keep it on hand and prevent the ruin of your cow. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on diseases to cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Sold at \$1.00 at drug stores.
When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO
W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 12-1918

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.
H. H. Baker, mayor.
Edward F. McCoy, clerk.
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
T. R. McCoy, collector.
T. J. Fabey, marshal.
Jos. Superant, night police.
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bate James McCoy, Adolph Bock, C. I. Magruder, and Geo. Bertrand, trustees.

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

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.
Meets at Odd Fellows hall, Broadway and Wabash, every Thursday evening. Visitors welcome.

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.
Meets at Odd Fellows hall, Broadway and Wabash, every Tuesday evening.

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.
Meets at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, every Friday night.

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

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

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

St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of Foresters.
Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month at Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

St. Joseph's Court No. 190
St. John the Baptist Society meets every fourth Sunday at St. Joseph's hall at 11:30 a. m.

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais
First mass, 7:30 a. m.
Highmass, 10:00 a. m.
Vespers, 2 p. m.

FATHER CHARLEBOIS, Pastor.
Methodist Episcopal Church.

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

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

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

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

Village of Bourbonnais.
F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.
John Flageole, treasurer.

Dr. C. T. Morel, A. F. Marcotte, George Arsenau, Patrick Lamontagne, George Courville, Oscar Byron, Trustees.
Meets first Friday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242
Meet the first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows Hall, Broadway and Wabash.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.
Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.
Meet at St. Joseph's Hall at 3:30 P. M. First Sunday of each month.
Holy Name Society.
Meet at St. Joseph's Hall second Sunday of each month.

Children of Mary Society.
Meet at St. Joseph's Hall at 3:30 P. M. Third Sunday of each month.

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.

Brotherly Attentions

"You were at the Summer Circle dance, weren't you, Alice?" asked Ethel. Alice nodded.
"Why, what's the matter? Didn't you have a good time? Whom did you go with?"
"I went with By."
"How perfectly splendid it is to have two brothers; and I haven't any."

"Oh, I wouldn't feel bad about it, if I were you," returned 17-year old Alice. "Brothers are sort of mixed blessings. The fact is, I don't know anything more exasperating at times than a brother. The night of the Summer Circle dance I wished mine were both in Jericho."
"And yet By took you. I don't understand."

"Well, listen! You know Bob had been pursuing Ruth Spencer all summer, and because she was out of town he invited me to go. No one else seemed likely to ask me, so of course I said I'd go with him, altho I took good care to inform him that I knew why he so honored me."
"The night of the party I had just put on the perfectly sweet pink-and-white organdy that I had begged mamma to buy for me for the occasion when the maid came upstairs and told me that Charlie Lane had come to take me to the dance."

"To take me?" I exclaimed. "Why, he hasn't invited me, and, besides, I'm going with Bob."
"It's all right, Alice," said Bob, coming into my room. "I arranged with Charlie to take you tonight, after all. I knew you wouldn't mind, sis."

"Well, I do mind," I answered hotly. "I won't go with him."
"You won't go with him? You'll have to, Alice. You like Charlie all right, don't you?"

"I don't like either of you. I don't know what makes you boys think I can be passed around like a bothersome bundle. If Charlie wanted me to go to the dance why didn't he ask me? You asked him so you could take Ruth, who has just come home, I suppose!"
"Be careful, Alice, he'll hear you, warned Bob."

"I don't care if he does. Anyway, I'm going to tell him that I won't go. I flew downstairs, but when I got to the parlor door I walked in slowly and bowed over so slightly to Charlie."
"I'm sorry," I said, with dignity, "that you troubled yourself to come for me, as I can't go with you."
"Why, why not, Alice?"

"Why, why not, Alice?"
"Because I don't care to be tossed around like a leftover of some kind. You should have known better than to expect me to go with you when you didn't even bother to invite me."
"But—but, I thought you understood. I thought Bob would explain, and, of course, I was glad to accommodate—"

"Yes, it is sweet of you to do Bob a favor," I interrupted sarcastically, "but as it happens it won't be necessary." Then I turned and went slowly upstairs while he was murmuring something about being sorry and didn't think I'd take it that way.
"In a few minutes Bob came along and said he wished mother were home to make me behave. I made no reply and didn't open my door till I heard By come into the house. Then I asked him to take me to the party. He was perfectly horrid about it, but finally when I said he could take my camera camping with him next week he consented to go if I wouldn't ask him to dance any."

"And Charlie Lane was at the party! I was dancing with one of the Hanson boys when I saw him, and you may be sure that if he was suffering from the heat my bow must have cooled him off considerably. I had a good time, notwithstanding the fact that Bob glared at me every time he came my way, but when the dance was over I couldn't find By anywhere."
"I waited until every one had left and the janitor was putting out the lights. Then I went out on the porch, wondering what in the world I'd do, and Charlie Lane was there smoking a cigarette."

"Have you lost something?" he inquired casually.
"Have you seen By?" I returned coldly.
"Yes. He went with another kid over to the lake for a swim."
"He did! Why, he ought to be here to take me home."
"Yes, he ought, but I don't believe he will, for when he left he said that I should walk home with you, if he didn't get back in time."

"Well, I like that," I gasped, and then I began to cry.
"Don't feel bad, Alice, and don't blame By. I—I suggested that he shouldn't come back, because—well, you see I wanted a chance to say a few things to you."
"And then what?" inquired Ethel breathlessly.
"I let him say, of course. There wasn't anything else to do, and, besides, he told me that nothing suited him so well as having me wished on him, because he is always afraid to ask me to go to places when there are so many livelier fellows he thinks I'd rather go with."

"Oh, he isn't so slow after all, is he?"
"Cause for gratitude."
"You seem deeply attached to your little playmate."
"Her doll saved my doll's life," explained the doctor's daughter.
"How was that?"
"She consented to a transfusion of mudst."

VACCINATION AGAINST ANTHRAX

Improvements in the Preparation of Preventive Vaccine and Serum Assist in Minimizing Loss from This Disease.

Losses from anthrax, or charbon, which at the present time is responsible for the death of large numbers of live stock in low, moist lands of a more or less mucky character, may be minimized, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, by the proper use of protective vaccine and the proper disposal of the carcasses of infected animals. This disease affects chiefly cattle and sheep, but none of the domestic animals is exempt, and even man is sometimes a victim. Some centuries ago it is known to have caused the death of more than 60,000 persons in southern Europe. Since that time the disease has apparently become less virulent, but it is still the cause of considerable loss of stock owners. The preventive vaccine recommended by the Department of Agriculture is a development of the method devised about twenty-five years ago by Pasteur, the famous French savant. Since that time, however, scientists have succeeded in removing many of the objections to Pasteur's vaccine, and the new method is less dangerous to the animals treated and surer in its operation.

In a new publication of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Farmers' Bulletin 784, detailed directions for the administration of this treatment are given. The treatment consists, in ordinary cases, of an injection under the skin on one side of the animal, of 10 cubic centimeters of anti-anthrax serum, followed immediately by a similar injection, on the other side of the body, of 1 cubic centimeter of spore vaccine. In the case of sheep, which are peculiarly susceptible to the disease, the quantity of vaccine is reduced to one-fourth of a cubic centimeter.

In the bulletin mentioned, stock owners are warned to obtain the serum and vaccine from reliable manufacturers only, and not to administer the treatment unless the disease has already appeared in the vicinity, or the pastures on which the animals are to be turned out are known to be infected. Careless handling of the vaccine may result in spreading instead of controlling the disease.

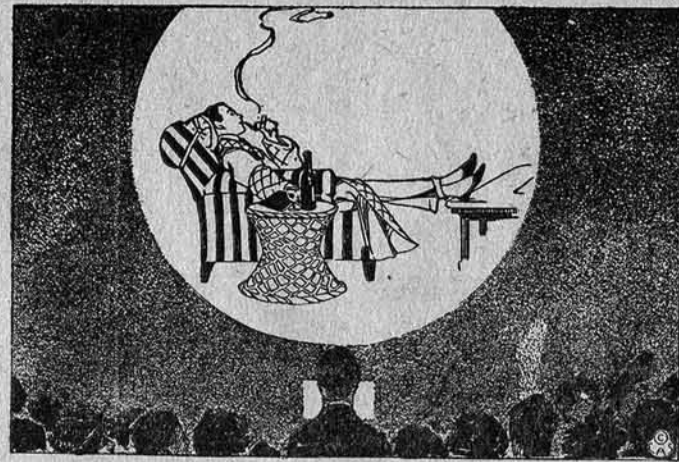
The principals underlying this treatment is the same as that which in man has resulted in the minimizing of death from smallpox, typhoid, and other diseases. It consists in conferring upon men or animals an artificial immunity ceptible. Just how this immunity is conferred is a complicated scientific problem, but it is known that under certain conditions the introduction into the body of a very much weakened form of the germ that causes the disease will build up in the body a resistance that will protect it from subsequent attacks of the same disease in its normal and more virulent form. Anthrax affords an interesting example of the practical working out of this fact. A fly can easily carry a sufficient quantity of blood from an animal infected with this disease to kill a horse. Nevertheless, by repeated inoculations, scientists have succeeded in developing such a high degree of immunity in a horse that the animal has been able to withstand the injection of more than a pint of the most virulent anthrax culture obtainable. This, of course, is a much higher degree of immunity than is required to insure an animal against ordinary infection.

The cause of anthrax is a minute germ which multiplies rapidly in the body, especially in the blood, and produces poisonous substances which ordinarily cause death. The symptoms of the disease resemble, in certain respects, those of tick fever and black-leg. The differences which will enable stock owners to distinguish it from them are described in detail in the bulletin already mentioned. In acute cases, however, medicinal treatment is seldom effective. For this reason the best methods of combating the disease are to vaccinate all animals likely to be exposed to the infection and by deep burying or cremating of infected carcasses, to make certain that the infection is not allowed to establish itself in pastures.

It is a well-known fact that under certain conditions and in certain forms the germs of the disease are remarkably resistant to heat, cold, and drought. They will remain for a long time in a pasture and be capable of infecting any animals turned out on it. Ordinarily the disease is taken into the body through the mouth with food. It may, however, be absorbed through a wound or even an insignificant scratch. It is in this way that human beings usually become infected, and the name "wool-sorter's disease" is derived from the fact that men engaged in sorting wool are particularly liable to contact the disease through infection of scratches or other small wounds or abrasions on their hands.

In burying carcasses a useful precaution is to cover them with quicklime. Where the bodies are burned instead of buried, great care should be taken to see that the operation is thoroughly done. Even the earth upon which the carcass has lain should be thoroughly and deeply burned over so that the heat will penetrate to a depth sufficient to kill the germs that may have passed into the soil with fluids from the body.

Young stock will do better if not compelled to pick their living with the old. There will also be less trouble from lice.



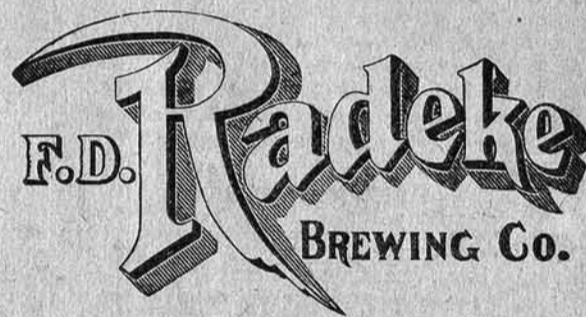
A Picture of Solid Comfort

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.



WEEKLY FARM LETTER

GIVE POTATOES MORE PROMINENT PLACE IN BILLS OF FARE

Different Ways of Preparing Potatoes Methods of Boiling and Baking Good Luncheon Dishes

The eating of more potatoes for supper, or for luncheon if the family is accustomed to have dinner at night, is a suggestion of the United States Department of Agriculture, in order that the tremendous crop of tubers produced in the United States this year may be utilized as fully as possible and spoilage avoided. Such increased use should, at the same time, bring about a saving of grain, since one common result of eating more potatoes is the eating of less wheat bread, which is a reasonable suggestion when one remembers that both of them are used as a source of starch in the diet. This reduction in grain consumption is desirable, the department points out, and there is great need of grain for shipment to our soldiers and to the soldiers and civilians of other countries engaged with us in the war against Germany.

The use of more potatoes for luncheon should be a simple matter, in the opinion of specialists of the Department of Agriculture, since practically all Americans like potatoes and since their are numerous ways in which the tubers may be prepared to avoid a sameness in the diet. Potatoes, even in their simplest forms—baked and boiled—make good luncheon dishes. They may also be used for making a variety of dishes, such as creamed and scalloped potatoes, with or without cheese; stuffed potatoes; potato croquette; and so on. Combination dishes, such as hash, stews, meat pies with potato crust, and so on, in which a considerable amount of potatoes is used with other foods, may constitute practically an entire luncheon, being hearty enough to serve for the purpose with a little salad or fruit or sweets.

The following recipes for potato dishes are a few of the many which the housewife will find useful in preparing supper or luncheon:
Cut cold boiled potatoes into quarter-inch slices; dredge lightly with flour and fry in pan with a little butter.

When light brown, heap on side of pan; let stand a few minutes, then loosen with a knife and turn out on a platter in much the same way that an omelet is taken out. Sprinkle with salt and serve at once.

Potato and Pork Stew
3 or 4 slices salt pork 1/2 cup water.
cut in small pieces. 1/2 teaspoonful salt.

4 medium sized potatoes 1/2 teaspoonful salt.
1 onion pepper.

Fry the pork in a deep frying pan until it is light brown; then to the pork and fat add the potatoes cut in one-half-inch slices, and thinly sliced onion and seasonings. Add the water, cover closely and cook until the potatoes and onions are soft. The mixture should be stirred occasionally in order that the pork and vegetables may be thoroughly mixed. The "stew" as it was called in old times—for it is an old-fashioned dish—should be moist but not thin.

Wash and pare potatoes; let them soak for a half hour, and cut in one-fourth-inch slices. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and dot over with one-half tablespoon of butter. (A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over each layer if desired.) Repeat until the baking dish is nearly filled, then cover with hot milk. Bake one and one-fourth hours in a moderate oven, or place on the back of the stove and cook slowly.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into half-inch cubes and season with salt and pepper, or a few drops of onion juice if desired. Heap in a mound in a salad dish and pour over all a cooked salad dressing; and, if one wishes, garnish around edge with a circle of lettuce and hard-boiled eggs.

For variety add to 2 cupfuls of potato one-half cupful of diced cold boiled beet and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or cheese; carrots and a little chopped celery leaf may be used if preferred.

Many cooked or canned left-over vegetables may be attractively used for salads. Diced turnips and carrots are often used in potato salad. Left-over beans, peas, etc., with finely diced potato, may be used to fill to mato cups and served with any preferred dressing.

Cooked Salad Dressing
2 eggs. 1/2 teaspoonful salt.
3 tablespoonfuls vinegar. 2 teaspoonful salt.
gar. 1/2
3 tablespoonfuls water 1/2 teaspoonful

(cold). mustard if desired
Beat the eggs until light, then add salt, sugar, mustard, water, and vinegar and beat thoroughly. Cook over boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. Pour the hot dressing over the cold potatoes, and set away until cold. If preferred one can let the dressing get cold before using it, and this is best if other vegetables are used with the potato.

Potato Fritters
2 cups hot mashed potatoes. 2 eggs.
toes. 1/2 cup flour.
4 tablespoonfuls milk. 1/2 teaspoonful salt.
1 teaspoonful salt; grated nut-cayenne pepper, meg.
few grains.

Add the milk and seasoning to the potatoes, then the eggs well beaten. Set in a pan of cold water and beat until cold. Add flour, mix well, and drop by spoonfuls in deep fat. Fry until brown and drain on brown paper. Put one-half teaspoonful jelly in each spoonful before frying. Roll in powdered sugar when done.

Mrs. Fred Holland, who has been visiting at the home of her mother Mrs. Ivan Stevens and other relatives, has returned to her home in Centralia, Ill.

John McElroy of Blanchard N. D., who was called here by the death of his mother-in-law, visited friends and relatives in Bradley this week.

George Koontz, of Peoria, was a business caller here during the week.

KEEP IT COMING
We must not only feed our Soldiers at the front but the millions of women & children behind our lines.
Gen. John L. Pershing
WASTE NOTHING

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

The Story of a Houseful of Loveable Girls

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—12—

"No, not if you let go hard enough, I mean," she caught herself up quickly, "I mean if you let clear go and turn the job over to God. But you're not to think you can keep decent by yourself, for you can't—it's not born in you, and something else is—just let go, and stay let go. After that it's God's job, and unless you stick in and try to manage yourself, he'll see you through."

"All right, I'll do it." Carol gasped. She opened her lips a few times, and swallowed hard. She didn't know what to do next. Wildly she racked her brain for the next step in this vital performance.

"I think we ought to pray," she said feebly.

"All right, we'll pray." He rolled curiously off the stick of wood, and



"I Think We Ought to Pray," She Said Feebly.

fell, as if by instinct, into the attitude of prayer.

Carol gazed about her helplessly. But true to her training, she knelt beside him. Then came silence.

"I—well, I'll pray," she said with grim determination. "Dear Father in Heaven," she began weakly, and then she forgot her timidity and her fear, and realized only that this was a crisis in the life of the drunken man.

"Oh, God, he'll do it. He'll let go, and turn it over to you. He isn't worth anything, God, none of us are, but you can handle him, for you've had worse jobs than this, though it doesn't seem possible. You'll help him, God, and love him, and show him how, for he hasn't the faintest idea what to do next, and neither have I. But you brought him into our barn tonight, and you'll see him through. Oh, God, for Jesus' sake, help Ben Peters. Amen."

"Now, what shall I do?" she wondered.

"What's your father for?" She looked quickly at Ben Peters. He had not spoken, but something certainly had asked, "What's your father for?"

"You stay here, Ben, and pray for yourself, and I'll send father out. I'm not just sure what to say next, and father'll finish you up. You pray for all you're worth."

She was gone in a flash, through the kitchen, through the hall, up the stairs two at a time, and her arm thrown closely about her father's shoulder.

"Oh, father, I got stuck," she wailed.

"I'm so ashamed of myself. But you can finish him off, can't you? I honestly believe he's started."

He took her firmly by the arms and squared her around on his lap. "One, two, three, ready, go. Now, what?"

"Ben Peters. He was drunk in the barn and I took him into the woodshed and gave him some hot coffee—and some religion, but not enough to hurt him. I told him he had to get converted, and he said he would. So I told him about it, but you'd better tell him again, for I'm afraid I made quite a mess of it. And then we prayed, and I was stuck for fair, father, for I couldn't think what to do next. But I do believe it was God who said, 'What's your father for?' And so I left him praying for himself, and—you'd better hurry, or he may get cold feet and run away. Be easy with him, father, but don't let him off. This is the first chance we've ever had at Ben Peters, and God'll never forgive us if we let him slip through our fingers."

Carol was dumped off onto the floor and her father was half-way down the stairs before she caught her breath. Then she smiled. Then she blushed.

"That was one bad job," she said to herself sadly. "I'm a disgrace to the Methodist church. Thank goodness the trustees'll never hear of it. I'll bribe Ben Peters to eternal silence if I have to do it with kisses." Then her face grew very soft. "Poor old man! Oh, the poor old man!" A quick rush of tears blinded her eyes, and her throat throbbled. "Oh, why do they—what makes men like that? Can't they see, can't they know, how awful they are, how—" She shuddered. "I can't

see for the life of me what makes God treat us decently at all." Her face brightened again. "It was a bad job, all right, but I feel kind of pleased about it. I hope father won't mention it to the girls."

And Ben Peters truly had a start, incredible as it seemed. Yes, as Carol had warned him, he forgot sometimes and tried to steer for himself, and always crashed into the rocks. Then Carol, with angry eyes and scornful voice, berated him for trying to get hold of God's job, and cautioned him anew about "sticking in when it was not his affair any more." It took time, a long time, and hard work, and many, many prayers went up from Carol's bedside, and from the library at the head of the stairs, but there came a time when Ben Peters let go for good and all, and turned to Carol, standing beside the bed with sorry frightened eyes, and said quietly:

"It's all right, Carol. I've let go. You're a mighty nice little girl. I've let go for good this time. I'm just slipping along where he sends me—it's all right," he finished drowsily. And fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The Connie Problem.

Mr. Starr was getting ready to go to conference, and the girls hovered about him with anxious eyes. This was their fifth conference since coming to Mount Mark—the time limit for Methodist ministers was five years. The Starrs, therefore, would be transferred, and where? Small wonder that the girls followed him around the house and spoke in soft voices and looked with tender eyes at the old parsonage and the wide lawn. They would be leaving next week. Already the curtains were down, and laundered, and packed. The trunks were filled, the books were boxed. Yes, they were leaving, but whither were they bound?

"Get your ecclesiastical dander up, father," Carol urged, "don't let them give us a church fight, or a twenty-thousand-dollar debt on a thousand-dollar congregation."

"We don't care for a big salary or a stylish congregation," Lark added, "but we don't want to go back to washpans and kerosene lamps again."

The conference was held in Fairfield, and he informed the girls casually that he would be home on the first train after the assignments were made. He said it casually, for he did not wish them to know how perturbed he was over the coming change. During the conference he tried in many and devious ways to learn the will of the authorities regarding his future, but he found no clue. And at home the girls were discussing the matter very little, but thinking of nothing else. They were determined to be pleased about it.

Just the same, on Wednesday evening, the girls sat silent, with intensely flushed faces and painfully shining eyes, watching the clock, listening for the footstep. They had deliberately remained away from the station. They thought they could face it better within the friendly walls of the parsonage. It was all settled now, father knew where they were going. Oh, why hadn't he wired? It must be terribly bad then, he evidently wanted to break it to them gently.

Maybe it was a circuit! There was the whistle now! Only a few minutes now. Suppose his salary were cut down—good-by to silk stockings and kid gloves—cheap, but kid, just the same! Suppose the parsonage would be old-fashioned! Suppose there wasn't any parsonage at all, and they would have to pay rent! Sup— Then the door slammed.

Carol and Lark picked up their darling, and Connie bent earnestly over her magazine. Aunt Grace covered a yawn with her slender fingers and looked out of the window.

"Hello!"

"Why, hello, papa! Back already?" They dropped darling and magazine and flew to welcome him home.

"Come and sit down!" "My, it seemed a long time!" "We had lots of fun, father." "Was it a nice conference?" "Mr. James sent us two bushels of potatoes!" "We're going to have chicken tomorrow—the Ladies Aid sent it with their farewell love."

"Wasn't it a dandy day?"

"Well, it's all settled."

"Yes, we supposed it would be. Was the conference good? We read accounts of it every day, and acted stuck-up when it said nice things about you."

"We are to—"

"Ju-just a minute, father," interrupted Connie anxiously. "We don't care a snap where it is, honestly we don't. We're just crazy about it, wherever it is. We've got it all settled. You needn't be afraid to tell us."

"Afraid to tell us!" mocked the twins indignantly. "What kind of slave-drivers do you think we are?"

"Father knows we're all right. Go on, daddy, who's to be our next flock?"

"We haven't any, we—"

"The girls' faces paled. 'Haven't any? You mean—'"

"I mean we're to stay in Mount Mark."

"Stay in—? What?"

"Mount Mark. They—"

"They extended the limit," cried Connie, springing up.

"No," he denied, laughing. "They made me a presiding elder, and we're—"

"A presiding elder! Father! Honestly? They—"

"They ought to have made you a bishop," cried Carol loyally. "I've been expecting it all my life. That's where the next jump'll land you."

"I pity the next parsonage bunch," said Connie sympathetically.

"Why? There's nothing the matter with our church!"

"Oh, no, that isn't what I mean. But the next minister's family can't possibly come up to us, and so—"

The others broke her sentence with their laughter.

"Talk about me and my complexion!" gasped Carol, wiping her eyes.

"I'm nothing to Connie and her family pride. Where will we live now, father?"

"We'll rent a house—any house we like."

"Rent! Mercy, father, doesn't the conference furnish the elders with houses? We can never afford to pay rent! Never!"

"Oh, we have a salary of twenty-five hundred a year now," he said, with apparent complacency, but careful to watch closely for the effect of this statement. It gratified him, too, much as he had expected. The girls stood stock-still and gazed at him, and then, with a violent struggle for self-composure Carol asked:

"Did you get any of it in advance? I need some new slippers."

So the packing was finished, a suitable house was found—modern, with reasonable rent—on Maple avenue where the oaks were most magnificent, and the parsonage family became just ordinary "folks," a parsonage household no longer.

Mr. Starr's new position necessitated long and frequent absences from home, and that was a drawback to the family comradeship. But the girls' pride in his advancement was so colossal, and their determination to live up to the dignity of the eldership was so deep-seated, that affairs ran on quite serenely in the new home.

One day this beautiful serenity was broken in upon in a most unpleasant way. Carol looked up from "De Senecute" and flung out her arms in an all-relieving yawn. Then she looked at her aunt, asleep on the couch. She looked at Lark, who was aimlessly drawing feathers on the skeletons of birds in her biology text. She looked at Connie, sitting upright in her chair, a small book close to her face, alert, absorbed, oblivious to the world. Connie was wide awake, and Carol resented it.

"What are you reading, Con?" She asked reproachfully.

Connie looked up, startled, and colored a little. "Oh—poetry," she stammered.

Carol was surprised. "Poetry," she echoed. "Poetry? What kind of poetry?"

Connie answered evasively. "It is by an old Oriental writer. I don't suppose you've ever read it. Khayyam is his name."

"Some name," said Carol suspiciously. "What's the poem?" Her eyes had

fallen on a page of poetry.

He Finished Drowsily, and Fell Asleep.

narrowed and darkened. By this time Carol had firmly convinced herself that she was bringing Connie up—a belief which afforded lively amusement to self-conducting Connie.

"Why, it's 'The Rubaiyat.' It's—"

"The Rubaiyat!" Carol frowned. Lark looked up from the skeletons with sudden interest. "The Rubaiyat?" By Khayyam? Isn't that the old fellow who didn't believe in God, and heaven, and such things—you know what I mean—the man who didn't believe anything, and wrote about it? Let me see it. I've never read it myself, but I've heard about it." Carol turned the pages with critical disapproving eyes.

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How can I know whether it's trash or not, unless I read it? I—"

"Ministers' daughters are supposed to keep their fingers clear of the burning ends of matches," said Carol neatly. "We can't handle them without getting scorched, or blackened, at least. Prudence says so."

"Prudence," said Connie gravely, "is a dear sweet thing, but she's awfully old-fashioned, Carol; you know that."

Carol and Lark were speechless. They would as soon have dreamed of questioning the catechism as Prudence's perfection.

"She's narrow. She's a darling, of course, but she isn't up-to-date. I want to know what folks are talking about. I don't believe this poem. I'm a Christian. But I want to know what other folks think about me and what I believe. That's all. Prudence is fine, but I know a good deal more about some things than Prudence will know when she's a thousand years old."

The twins still sat silent.

"Of course, some folks wouldn't approve of parsonage girls reading things like this. But I approve of it. I want to know why I disagree with this poetry, and I can't until I know where we disagree. It's beautiful, Carol, really. It's kind of sad. It makes me want to cry. It's—"

"I've a big notion to tell papa on you," said Carol soberly and sadly.

Connie rose at once.

"I'm going to tell papa myself."

Carol moved uneasily in her chair.

"Oh, let it go this time. I—I just mentioned it to relieve my feelings. I won't tell yet. I'll talk it over with you again. I'll have to think it over first."

"I think I'd rather tell him," insisted Connie.

Carol looked worried, but she knew Connie would do as she said. So she got up nervously and went with her. She would have to see it through now, of course. Connie walked silently up the stairs, with Carol following meekly behind, and rapped at her father's door. Then she entered, and Carol, in a hushed sort of way, closed the door behind them.

"I'm reading this, father. Any objections?" Connie faced him calmly, and handed him the little book.

He examined it gravely, his brows contracting, a sudden wrinkling at the corners of his lips that might have meant laughter, or disapproval, or anything.

"I thought a parsonage girl should not read it," Carol said bravely. "I've never read it myself, but I've heard about it, and parsonage girls ought to read parsonage things. Prudence says so. But—"

"But I want to know what other folks think about what I believe," said Connie. "So I'm reading it."

"What do you think of it?" he asked quietly, and he looked very strangely at his baby daughter. It was a crisis, and he must be very careful.

"I think it is beautiful," Connie said softly, and her lips drooped a little, and a wistful pathos crept into her voice. "It seems so sad. I keep wishing I could cry about it. Part of it I don't understand very well."

He held out a hand to Connie, and she put her own in it confidently. Carol, too, came and stood close behind him.

"Yes," he said, "it is beautiful, Connie, and it is very terrible. We can't understand it fully because we can't feel what he felt. He looked thoughtfully at the girls. "He was a marvelous man, that Khayyam—years ahead of his people, and his time. He was big enough to see the idocy of the heathen ideas of God, he was beyond them, he spurned them. But he was not quite big enough to reach out, alone, and get hold of our kind of a God. It is a wonderful poem. It shows the weakness, the helplessness of a gifted man who has nothing to cling to. I think it will do you good to read it, Connie. Read it again and again, and thank God, my child, that though you are only a girl, you have the very thing this man, this genius, was craving. We admire his talent, but we pity his weakness. You will feel sorry for him. You read it, too, Carol. You'll like it. We can't understand it, as I say, because we are so sure of our God, that we can't feel what he felt, having nothing. Of course it makes you want to cry, Connie. It is the saddest poem in the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Middlemen.

A farmer raised a peck of wheat beside the River Dee; a boarder ate a wheated loaf 'way down in Tennessee; the loaf the boarder fed upon cost half as much and more as did the farmer's peck of wheat a month or so before. "Now, why is this," the boarder raved, "they hold me up on bread?" "And why is wheat so bloomin' cheap?" the plodding farmer said.

A chap beyond the Rocky ridge raised 20 pounds of limes; another one in old New York was kicking on the times, for he had downed a glass of "ade," and, poor forlorn galoot, had paid

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EARTH, SAND-CLAY, AND GRAVEL ROADS

Suggestions for the Construction of the Most Common Types of Highways Made by Office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering of the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Recent Bulletin.

Nearly 2,400,000 miles of the two and a half million miles of public roads in the United States are of earth, sand-clay, or gravel, according to recent statistics gathered by the Office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Roads of these materials are, therefore, of predominant importance in most communities of the country and probably will remain so for many years. For this reason the Office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering has issued as Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 463 a comprehensive discussion of the materials, methods of construction, and maintenance for the three types.

Most roads are located originally as earth roads, the bulletin points out. In such location work, the fact that the road eventually may develop into an important highway should be kept constantly in mind and routes should be chosen which will not have to be radically changed, perhaps at great expense, at some future time. The tendency in many rural communities to locate all new roads along land lines has been responsible for much waste, it is pointed out.

The importance of grade, drainage, and width of roads, as well as the materials of which they are built, is emphasized in the publication, and the machinery and tools used in constructing roads of the different materials are described. The necessity for adequate maintenance is brought out, and in this connection directions are given for the making and use of road drags. Typical specifications for the construction of roads from earth, sand-clay, and gravel are included in an appendix to the bulletin.

Arsenical Spray Used to Control Plum Pest.

Spraying with arsenate of lead with a soapy spreader and sticker proved most effective, in tests conducted by the Ohio Experiment Station, to control the plum curculio, a beetle that attacks plums, cherries, apples and other fruits, causing them to fall off or to be gnarled, wormy and worthless for market.

Two to three pounds of arsenate of lead paste is mixed with 2-3-50 Bordeaux and two pounds of soft soap and applied just after the plums or cherries have bloomed, then again in about two weeks, and if necessary in the latter part of July to destroy young beetles emerging from the ground at that time. The Bordeaux mixture, added to control rots, is made by dissolving two pounds of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) in hot water, adding this solution to the milk of lime obtained by slaking three pounds of quicklime, and then diluting the mixture of these materials with water to make 50 gallons. Where these sprays were applied at the times indicated curculio beetles were completely checked in a single season.

This insect, which is generally distributed throughout eastern United States, emerges from winter quarters and begins feeding on young fruit and leaves in April and May, much depending upon weather conditions. Eggs are laid in a hole cut in the young fruit. These punctures alone lead to deformed, unsalable fruit, and the larva feeding within causes further injury. Often the largest part of the crop of fruit falls because of such attacks, and the insect afterward leaves the fruit and completes its life cycle in the ground.

Gathering and destroying fallen fruit and cultivating the orchard frequently in July and early August have also proved helpful methods of keeping the pest in check.

Anthracoze Serious on Some Bush Fruits.

Sanitation measures and spraying with Bordeaux mixture and ammoniacal copper carbonate are recommended by the Ohio Experimental Station for the control of anthracnose, one of the most destructive fungous diseases of raspberries, blackberries, dewberries and loganberries. Grayish, circular spots of various size, with purplish margins, characterize the disease on the canes. On the leaves small, pale spots with purple borders develop.

Planting disease-free stock on land that has not grown blackberries or raspberries for at least four years, and that is not near diseased plantations, is the surest method of obtaining healthy plants, the Experiment Station botanists say. Cutting out old canes and diseased new ones just as soon as the crop is harvested and burning all rubbish about the patch also aids in controlling the fungus.

Spraying with 4-4-50 Bordeaux mixture, made by adding the milk of lime obtained from slaking four pounds of quicklime to a solution obtained by dissolving four pounds of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) in two gallons of hot water, and then diluting this mixture of the two compounds with water to make 50 gallons, is also recommended to check the disease. This mixture is applied just before the canes are about six inches high and later just previous to blossoming. To make this spray stick better and spread farther, about a pound of dissolved soap should be added. When the berries are attacked, they should be sprayed with a mixture of six ounces of copper carbonate dissolved in three pints of ammonia and added to 50 gallons of water, according to the experts.

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