

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

OUTLINED PLAN FOR CORN BREEDING FOUNDATION STOCK

Ear-Row Test Two Methods May Be Followed Mass Selection or Pedigree Selection

Various systems of corn breeding have been proposed, each possessing its advantages and disadvantages. The possibilities for variation in procedure at many points are so numerous as to make it seem useless to attempt to lay down explicit directions to be followed absolutely in all details. There are, however, certain fundamental principles that must be recognized in this work. With these facts in view, the following outline is offered as a general guide, it being understood that many details are left to the judgment of the breeder to be carried out as conditions and circumstances may determine.

In the plan here described there are proposed two alternative methods of procedure to be followed after the first year's work; namely, mass selection and pedigree selection, which are described here as Method A and Method B, respectively. Mass selection is much the simpler and it is recommended for the busy farmer who may not be able to give the time and attention required by the more exacting methods of pedigree selection. Pedigree selection offers the greater possibilities for improvement if properly carried out, but success depends absolutely upon the accuracy with which all details of the work are conducted, and this system is recommended only for the breeder who can give the requisite time and the careful attention demanded.

The proposed plan of breeding is laid out under the following sections:

I. The Foundation Stock

1. Choose a variety well adapted to the local environment, at the same time taking into consideration commercial demands.
2. Select a large number of desirable ears, the more the better—several hundred if possible. It is preferable to take them from the standing plants in the field, selection being made in accordance with suggestions given in Section III, Method A.
3. Number each ear, skipping the even 10's to provide for checks, as explained below. Descriptive records of size, shape, type, etc., are of interest but not absolutely essential.
4. Germinate a sample from each ear. Observe variations in relative vigor. Such a test affords an excellent means of getting acquainted with your foundation stock.

II. The Preliminary Ear-Row Test

1. Select a uniform piece of land for an ear-row performance test. Plow so that the corn rows may be planted across the furrows at right angles. The same applies to the spreading of any manure or fertilizer on this land.
2. Plant seed from each ear in an individual row, numbering the rows to correspond with the ear numbers. A good, permanent label showing the row number should be placed at every tenth row.
3. Reserve the remnants of the ears for possible future use. Protect these remnants from the weather and from mice and other vermin.
4. Plant check rows from a uniform lot of seed at intervals of every tenth row, starting with No. 0 and continuing with the rows 10, 20, 30, and so on.
5. Duplicating the series adds immensely to the reliability of the work, and running a triplicate series is still better.
6. Rows should be 20 to 40 hills long, according to whether they are repeated.
7. The preferable system of planting for this purpose is one stalk to the hill, in which case the hills may be about 20 inches apart within the row.
8. No detasseling is necessary in this plot.
9. Watch the rows thru the growing season and compare their development. Notice characteristic tendencies of each individual row as a whole and note especially any variation in maturity.
10. Harvest and weigh each row separately. Taking into consideration state of maturity, select seed from the highest yielding rows. It is suggested that for Method A about 10 percent of the rows be taken; for Method B, not less than 40 rows.

(Repeating this trial a second year with the same ears will add still more reliability to the final selection.)

III. Subsequent Breeding—Two Alternative Methods

From this point, the breeding may

follow either one of two different systems, namely mass selection or pedigree selection, as outlined in the following divisions under Method A and Method B, respectively.

METHOD A—

1. Mix together the remnants of the most productive ears as determined by the preliminary ear-row test.
2. Plant this composite seed in a patch which is so located that the plants will not be exposed to crossing, thru contact with pollen of other corn. This plot we may call the seed patch.
3. Early in the autumn go into this seed patch and select ears from the standing corn, paying particular attention to the following points:
 - a. Select only from hills having two or more plants and with no missing hills adjoining.
 - b. Avoid plants growing in close proximity to barren plants.
 - c. Select strong, vigorous stalks that are neither broken, leaning, weak, nor diseased.
 - d. Ear should be borne not too high on the stalk and preferably hanging downward at maturity.
 - e. Avoid excessively long or short shanks.
 - f. Place special emphasis on maturity by making the selection early enough to distinguish between early and late tendencies as indicated by color of husks and denting of grain.
 - g. In this manner proceed each year to select seed from the field. After the first year, the special seed patch may or may not be maintained, but the hand-picking should be practiced regularly.

METHOD B—

1. Select a plot of uniform land as well isolated as possible from other kinds of corn (40 rods or more distant.) Exercise precaution regarding plowing and fertilizing as mentioned above in Section II, paragraph 1.
2. Plant the remnants of the most productive ears as determined by the preliminary ear-row test, each ear in an individual row. In order to guard against possible detrimental effects of inbreeding, it is suggested that at least 40 such rows be planted.
3. Number the ears and the rows to correspond, allowing for a check row every 10th row.
4. Plant check rows of a uniform lot of seed, at regular intervals—every 10th row. These check rows must be detasseled completely.
5. A duplicate planting in another field will add immensely to the reliability of the work.
6. Make the rows 200 hills or more long.
7. Provide for an even stand by planting extra kernels and thinning the plants after they come up.
8. Detassel one-half of each breeding row, alternating the detasseled ends (or, if the duplicate planting suggested above is made, detassel entirely the alternate rows in each plot, taking the even numbered rows in one plot and the odd numbered rows in the other.)
9. Detassel every plant in all check rows.
10. Detassel all inferior plants everywhere in the plot.
11. Harvest and weigh each row separately.
12. According to the performance record, select a proportion (not greater than one-fourth) of the competing rows.
13. From these high-yielding rows, select an equal number of ears from detasseled plants, the total number of ears selected being sufficient to furnish seed ears for a similar breeding plot the following year.
14. Keep records sufficiently complete to show at least the pedigree and the performance of every seed ear used in the breeding plots. To these may be added other records of significance when breeding for special characteristics.
15. Proceed in similar manner in subsequent years.
16. Plant a multiplying plot from extra seed produced in the selected rows of the breeding plot.
17. Select each year from the multiplying plot the best seed for planting the commercial fields.

Surprise Party

Mr. Ed. Kamman was pleasantly surprised at his home 251 Blaine Ave., in honor of his 37th birthday anniversary. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Michels, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Raich, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Heisler, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Topliff. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was passed.

Bond Issue Endorsed

At a meeting of the township commissioners and clerks of this district which was held in Chicago the Sixty Million Dollar Bond issue for hard roads was endorsed and a resolution adopted by them as follows. We publish below a copy of a letter from Clifford Older, Chief Highway Engineer and a copy of the resolution.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS & BUILDINGS DIVISION OF HIGHWAYS.

SPRINGFIELD, May 13, 1918.

To County Superintendents of Highways:—I am enclosing herewith copies of resolutions, which were passed at the meeting of the township commissioners and clerks and would suggest that they be published in some newspaper in each of the townships in your district for the information of all concerned.

Very truly yours,
CLIFFORD OLDER
Chief Highway Engineer.

RESOLVED that we hereby endorse and give our approval of the proposition of issuing State bonds to the amount of Sixty Million of Dollars for the building of a State wide system of highways, the bonds and interest to be paid from the proceeds of motor fees.

Further, that we urge each highway commissioner and town clerk to do his utmost in support of said bond issue both during the campaign and at the polls.

RESOLVED that we hereby endorse the system of accounting prepared by the division of highways of the department of public works and buildings as provided by law, and ask the following co-operation of all town clerks and township highway commissioners in the use of said system.

RESOLVED that we believe that the benefits to be derived from district meetings, such as is being held here today, are of sufficient importance to warrant the continuation of said meetings from year to year, and we request the division of highways of the department of public works and buildings to arrange to hold these meetings at such intervals as may be deemed expedient by them.

RESOLVED that we recommend to the next general assembly that a law be passed fixing the amount of per diem received by commissioners in counties of the first and second class equal to the per diem received by commissioners in counties of the third class.

RESOLVED that we recommend to the Board of Supervisors of each county that they appropriate a sum of money not over \$1,000 at the discretion of the Board to pay the expenses of the campaign committee that has been appointed by the Illinois Highway Improvement Association in boosting the \$60,000,000 Bond Issue which election takes place in November 1918.

RESOLVED further that we recommend the Board of Supervisors of each county furnish the necessary blanks prescribed by the State Highway Department to the town clerks, highway commissioners and treasurer of the township road and bridge fund,—the expense to be borne by the County.

Building Addition

Joe Dicarlo has started work on a new addition to his building on Broadway. He is having some living rooms built on the rear of the building.

To Jefferson Barracks

Louis Beland, of the firm of Beland and McCoy, who returned home Wednesday from a two weeks trip through Kansas, left Friday morning for Jefferson Barracks to join the drafted men who left here Tuesday. He was to go with them as an alternate but did not arrive here in time to go with them but left Friday to join them.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney and bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 four hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 35c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store. 6-18

Badly Burnt

Leo Suprenant, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Suprenant, was badly burnt about the body and face Wednesday morning when a can of gasoline exploded in his hands. He was lighting a fire and as it did not start as quick as he thought it should, he attempted to pour some more gasoline on it, resulting in the can exploding and throwing the flames all around him, burning him badly about the arms, body and face. His father who ran to his rescue was burnt about his foot and wrenched his limb in jumping to get hold of him.

Commencement

The Eleventh Annual Commencement of the Bradley High School took place at the Orpheum Theatre Wednesday night of this week and was attended by a large and appreciative audience. There were three graduates this year: Miss Mariam Hoehn, Miss Inez Windal and Miss Anna Engle.

The orations of the graduates were well rendered and received by the large audience. The program was as follows:

- Fraternity March.....
- Gertrude Wilson
- Overture—June Roses.....
- Solo—Selected.....
- Frances MacKintosh
- March—Hall of Fame.....Orch.
- Oration—The Illinois Centennial.....Inez Windal
- Solo—Sunshine.....Orchestra
- Oration—Joan of Arc.....Anna Engle
- Overture—Airs of Our Country.....Orchestra
- Oration—Democracy.....
- Mariam Hoehn
- Solo—Selected.....Gertrude Wilson
- Presentation of Diplomas.....
- President of School Board
- March—Majestic.....Orchestra
- Juanita Gay is on the sick list.
- Pete Peno of Manteno spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boyd are entertaining his mother and sister of Porter, Ind.

Miss Georgiana Worman is now employed in the office of the Kroehler Mfg. Works.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal McClarey motored to Joliet Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Korsi of Milwaukee are the proud parents of a seven and one-half pound baby boy, born May 21. Mrs. Korsi was formerly Miss Mary Lustig of this city.

Jas. McCue and family spent Sunday with relatives in Watseka.

Miss Ethel Haek of Chicago is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Peter Kohwelter.

Elmer Walters, who is working on a farm near Logansport, Ind., spent several days this week with home folks here.

Mrs. C. W. Reincke spent Monday in Chicago.

John Shraeder has purchased the Wilson home on Grand Ave. and will move into it at once.

Mr. Frank Snarski of Aroma Park spent Sunday here.

E. W. Palmer of Chicago was a business caller here Wednesday.

Curt Johnson was a Sunday visitor here.

B. J. Burton of Chicago was a week end visitor here.

E. A. Kurton of Peru was a week end visitor here.

Building Addition

Bert Anderson is building an addition to his Dance Hall on Broadway and putting a new front in the building.

Village 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 adjourned meeting of April 30th, 1918, were approved as read.

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

- Walter Spivey.....\$ 19.50
- Rape Knox.....15.75
- E. J. Fortier.....7.29
- Martins & Son.....12.00
- Eli Delude.....27.00
- Wm. Spivey.....37.00
- Arthur Spivey.....43.85
- Robert Lancaster.....46.80
- Thomas Tucker.....17.00
- Arthur Baldwin.....5.00
- Joe Surprenant.....37.50
- J. T. Fahey.....37.85
- Jim Hildreth.....1905
- Public Service Co.....38.20
- Public Service Co.....155.29
- The Illinois Printing Co.....12.00
- A. Bock.....10.00
- George Bertrand.....5.00
- F. L. Martin & Son.....1.97

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

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

Treasurer's report was read and referred to the finance committee for their approval. Finance committee reported that they found treasurer's books to be correct.

Moved by Hirt, seconded by McCue that finance committee's report on treasurer's books be accepted. Carried.

Moved by Miller, seconded by Martin, that the Village take out a \$2500.00 Liberty Bond. Carried.

Moved by Martin, seconded by Hirt, that the President be instructed to purchase a \$2500.00 Liberty Bond. Carried.

Moved by Hirt, seconded by Bock, that the Light and Water Committee investigate a place to put a tank to water horses and get information on same and make report at next meeting.

Resignation of George Bertrand was read and referred to the board for their acceptance and approval.

Moved by Martin seconded by Miller, that we accept the resignation of George Bertrand. Carried.

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

E. F. McCOY,
Village Clerk.
Approved May 20, 1918.

Mrs. Thomas Fields of Chatsworth, who has been at the bedside of her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Fields, who is ill returned home Monday.

Woman's friend 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

Transferred

Burrell Wilson, who is in the Aviation department of the government service, and who has been stationed at Austin and Dallas, Texas, was being transferred to Rantoul, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Miller were week end visitors in Chicago.

E. G. Smith was a business caller here Tuesday.

Burrell Wilson called on home folks during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal McClarey and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Topliff motored to Joliet last Sunday and spent the day.

Miss Leota Lake was a business caller in Irwin Wednesday. The M. E. Church choir will meet at the church tonight.

To Philadelphia

Mrs. N. Magruder and Miss Leota Lake will leave for Philadelphia tomorrow morning on an extended visit. Mrs. Magruder will visit her son, Irwin, who is working there and Miss Lake will visit her sister, Mrs. B. W. Jackson. They expect to be gone the greater part of the summer.

To Wisconsin

Rev. and Mrs. Iyer Johnson and baby son are in Wisconsin attending the golden wedding anniversary of Rev. Johnson's parents. While they are there they will have their little son baptised.

Arrived Safely Over There

Word was received here this week from Martin Sheehan of Bradley, a member of Co. L, 129 Inft., American Expeditionary Forces, that they had arrived safely overseas.

Infant Death

Kenneth, the 10 day old infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ward, died at the family home on Wabash Ave. Monday of pneumonia and was buried Wednesday at Deselm.

Baby Boy

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bradley the latter part of last week.

Baby Boy

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Donekoar last week.

To New Home

Mrs. Sam Wilson is leaving this week for Glen Ellyn where she will visit relatives and after a visit to other points she will go to her new home in Oklahoma.

Third Anniversary

Saturday was the third anniversary of Italy's entrance into the war and Joe Decarlo, the local shoe repairer unfurled a big Italian flag alongside of the Stars and Stripes in commemoration of the event.

Child Welfare Conference

Committees have been appointed to conduct a child's welfare conference here in Bradley under the C. W. D. Mrs. Fred Pombert is chairman of the committee and the work will start Monday, June 3. Dr. Goodwin has kindly offered his services for examining, weighing and measuring all children under six years of age at his office, beginning Monday, June 3rd, from 4 o'clock until 6 every evening, until the work is completed. Every mother is earnestly urged to bring the children, also a small towel or blanket so as to prevent diseases. No charges will be made, as this is all patriotic work, in helping to preserve the health and lives of our future generations.

Doing Nicely

Miss Stella Reed of West Broadway, who was operated upon at the Emergency Hospital last week is getting along nicely.

Grand Success

The final returns on the show given by the Bradley Auxiliary of the Red Cross were made public this week and an even \$100 was made on the venture. Much credit is due the committee in charge and those taking part in the entertainment, for making it such a grand success.

Over the Top

The Second Red Cross drive for a \$100,000,000 war fund came to a very successful close Saturday night with Bradley again showing her patriotism by going over the top by over 100 per cent. The quota for Bourbonnais township was \$1,700, of which Bradley was to raise \$800, but instead of raising only this amount Bradley turned in within a few dollars of the amount for the whole township. Bourbonnais township went over the top with a total of approximately \$2,979.00. Much credit is due the workers who donated their

GUNS TAKEN FROM TURKS IN MESOPOTAMIA



The results of the British victorious advance in Mesopotamia cannot yet be estimated, either in a political or material sense. These are merely a few Turkish guns taken by a British outpost at Ramadie.

TEUTON SUBMARINES ARE STILL BUSY OFF THE COAST OF ITALY

Spies and Fishermen Help Supply and Signal German Captains.

BASES ON NEUTRAL LAND

Craft Hunt in Groups and Have Accurate Information of Sailings—Temptation Too Much for Fishermen.

Rome.—The U-boat offensive is still serious in the Mediterranean. Submarine bases exist in neutral countries, where information, provisions and even petrol are supplied to the German commanders. Some time ago three Sicilian fishermen were charged with supplying provisions to an enemy submarine off Augusta. In the course of the trial before the military tribunal at Catania evidence was brought to show that while the fishermen were out at sea in their boat a submarine rose to the surface and ordered the three men to go on board.

The commander then informed them that two would be kept as hostages while the third was to go ashore in the boat and get the fresh provisions needed. If he returned with them within two or three hours the two fishermen would not only be released but also compensated; otherwise they would be killed. The man was warned that if he informed the Italian authorities the fate of his two companions would be the same. Naturally the man obeyed. He returned with the provisions within the appointed time and was well paid for his trouble and faithfulness. Of course the two hostages were released. Evidently the fishermen's story was corroborated by the evidence of other men, as the tribunal acquitted the two hostages and sentenced the man who got the provisions to ten years hard labor for neglecting to inform the authorities.

Cannot Resist Temptation.

There are thousands of fishermen in Italy who lead a hard life without earning a living wage and who cannot resist the temptation of making money. Besides, they are easily intimidated by the threats of the commanders of submarines, who often sink fishing boats and murder the fishermen for the sake of imposing obedience. It is reasonably suspected that fishermen aid submarines in many ways. They warn them of the approach of war vessels and mystery ships and give them valuable information about sailings and courses of convoys. Possibly if the allies compensated fishermen as well as the commanders of submarines do satisfactory results would follow.

Of course for obvious reasons full particulars about the activity of sub-

marines in the Mediterranean cannot be divulged. There have been instances of U-boats entering territorial waters at night and exchanging signals with people on shore. Until recently enemy citizens were allowed to reside in seaport towns and even deserted villages on the coast, so that all they needed to communicate with submarines was a light. Even now Austrians and Germans are interned in Sardinia, and more ships have been sunk by submarines off this island than anywhere else in the Mediterranean.

The mail boat between Sardinia and Civitavecchia was torpedoed in broad daylight only 20 miles off the coast of Sardinia. Although she remained afloat for three hours and the wireless operator remained on board until the ship sunk and communicated with a nearby naval station, unfortunately no torpedo boats were available to rescue the passengers, including many soldiers, who perished. There seems to be no doubt that the commander of the submarine had been informed that rescue was impossible, as otherwise the torpedoed mail boat would have been sunk by shell fire.

MAKES PARIS LAUGH

German Papers Give Lurid Tales of Bombardment.

Paris, France.—The damage caused in the Paris district by shells from the long range German cannon has been insignificant in proportion to the mirth provoked by German newspaper reports giving lurid accounts of the damage, panic and consternation in the French capital since the bombardment began.

One German paper says great numbers of dead are buried at night; that the people of Paris take their breakfast and luncheon in their cellars and that all those who can leave the stricken city are hastening to a safe distance. Another says that in the high tension of nerves resulting from the havoc the common people, "who are unable to leave the city" are bringing about trouble that amounts to riots after each unfavorable communique from the fighting front.

The situation in Paris has been described fully by cable. No disorder of any kind has occurred and instead of consternation there reigns and has reigned from the beginning perfect tranquility. No one pays further attention to the long range guns than to speculate after each explosion as to where the shell fell. Most of the shells fall in the soft earth of the country districts.

The few shells that have reached settled portions of "the entrenched camp of Paris" have done astonish-

WRIST-WATCH SAMMY

By KATHARINE EGGLESTON of the Vigilantes.

A bloated, boastful-looking man sat at a lunch table alone. Men came to him occasionally. He made notes in a small book. He was engaged in the highly-useful profession of book-making. His bulging eyes caught sight of a wrist-watch on the arm of a young man in khaki. "Humph! pretty Sammy and his wrist-watch! All dolled up and don't know how to fight! Won't the business end of a bunch of Boche guns make him run. Ought to have a stop-watch to keep a record of his get-away speed. "These picture soldiers make me sick! Wonder what that wrist-watch Sammy'll do when they send him over the top. Poor boy!"

Patriotic Austrian.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—In order that his three sons who are serving in the United States army may not be weeded out as alien enemies and that his fourth son may serve the flag when called in the next draft, John Kohn, a native of Austria-Hungary, but intensely American, appeared before federal officers here and asked to be allowed to take out citizenship papers.

China sends thousands of tons of peanuts abroad each year, and so does India.

CARRY, CARRY ON

By LITTELL M'CLUNG, of the Vigilantes.
With a smile that's ever cheering
A heart attuned to song;
And a vision ever clearing,
To light the path along;
With a faith that He is hearing
Our prayer to right the wrong;
With face aglow
For weal or woe,
We'll carry on, carry on.
With a courage that is hiding
Whatever pain we feel;
And determination guiding
Our sacrifice and zeal;
With a trust that's e'er abiding
In him who hears appeal;
For righteous peace
We'll never cease
To carry on, carry on.
With endurance ever shielding
A hope forever bright;
And a soul that is unyielding
In battling for the right;
With a will forever welding
New valor in the fight;
With Spartan heart
We'll do our part
To carry on, carry on.

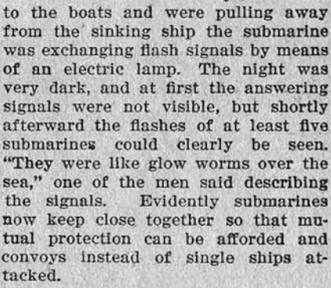
Other ships have been sunk both off Sardinia and in other parts of the Mediterranean very close to the coast under similar circumstances. It is significant that whenever enemy citizens or enemy agents and spies have been discovered and arrested in certain localities where ships were being sunk by submarines these zones ceased immediately to be dangerous. Experience shows that patrolling the route of convoys is not sufficient unless the coast is well watched so that signaling to submarines is prevented. It seems that U-boats hardly ever use their wireless even among themselves lest their messages should be intercepted and their whereabouts discovered.

Cease to Be Dangerous.

The crew of a ship recently sunk at night by a submarine reported to the authorities that when they had taken to the boats and were pulling away from the sinking ship the submarine was exchanging flash signals by means of an electric lamp. The night was very dark, and at first the answering signals were not visible, but shortly afterward the flashes of at least five submarines could clearly be seen. "They were like glow worms over the sea," one of the men said describing the signals. Evidently submarines now keep close together so that mutual protection can be afforded and convoys instead of single ships attacked.

ingly little harm. Even the shell that went into a church on Good Friday killed no one, the casualties resulting from the caving in of the arches. Had the shell not happened to strike a pillar supporting the ceiling few if any of the congregation would have been hurt. Shells have fallen within ten to thirty feet of buildings without doing more damage than breaking windows.

GUGGENHEIM WITH COLORS



N. Robert Guggenheim is the eldest son of Daniel Guggenheim, the mining and smelting king.

A collapsible boat invented by a Frenchman can be folded and carried in an ordinary suit case.

Friendliness for Huns Lands Him Behind Bars

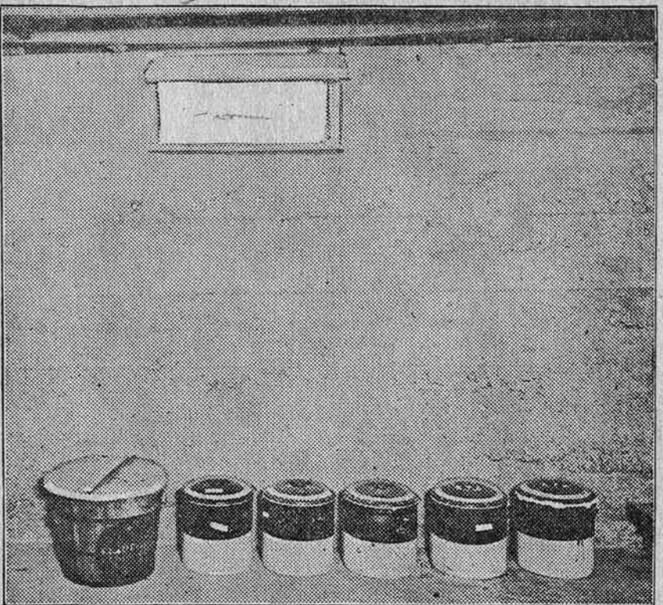
Paragould, Ark.—Tom West, a young farmer, expressed a desire that all American ships would be sunk and all American soldiers drowned before they could reach France to fight with the allies. West made his wants known, and while there did not appear to be any immediate prospect that he would be able to aid the kaiser in any way, it was thought by local authorities the country would be just as safe with him in jail.

Grocers Patriotic.

Milton, Mass.—Grocers of this town discovered they had an over-stock of white flour. They made an inventory and found there were 200 barrels more than their normal needs for the month. They at once notified the state food administration and the flour was diverted to other communities.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
FARM FAMILIES SHOULD EAT MORE EGGS.



Not a Particularly Exciting Picture but it Means About Sixty Dozen Eggs Saved in Water Glass for the Season of Scarcity.

POULTRY PRODUCE FOR FARM FAMILY

Housewife May Feed Twice as Many Eggs as Usual and Still Realize Profit.

CONSUMPTION IS NOT LARGE

More Liberal Use Would Be Beneficial to People by Affording Greater Variety of Diet—Plans to Preserve Eggs.

If any American family is genuinely entitled to the luxury of eating liberally of poultry and eggs, that family is the farm family. Yet the fact remains that farm families are not and have never been liberal consumers of either poultry or eggs.

For the whole country the average yearly consumption of eggs per farm is only 137½ dozen, which would be about 2½ dozen a week. The average yearly consumption of poultry per farm is 60 head, about one bird a week. In a few states, of course, the average consumption runs above these averages. The highest average consumption of eggs in any state is four dozen per week per family, and the highest consumption of poultry in any state is about three birds a week per family.

When the fact is taken into consideration that many farm families eat practically no eggs and very little poultry, it is apparent that some families must necessarily eat much more freely of both poultry and eggs than is indicated by even these highest averages. The maximum consumption of eggs for individual families would run from six to ten dozen a week, and of poultry from four to six head a week. These are not excessive quantities of poultry and eggs for a good-sized farm family, and a general adoption of such practice would be beneficial to the people who live on farms, because it would give them a greater variety of diet than they are accustomed to, would insure fresh meat for at least half the meals, and would make the basic cured meat diet of the average farm family less monotonous and, therefore, more beneficial.

More Money for Fewer Eggs.

The consumption of eggs on farms may be greatly increased, while the farm housewife may still receive the benefit of good prices for fresh eggs in the season of scant production. Indeed, such a system can be worked out in a way that will net the farm woman more clear money on her eggs for the year than if she sold them on the generally slipshod false economy system, without consuming any considerable quantity of them at home. That would be true because the entire home consumption would be from eggs laid during the period of heavy production and low prices, while all of the eggs laid during periods of scant production and high prices would be sold. Such a system would work advantageously not only for farm families, but for city people as well, because it would give them a larger supply at possibly more moderate prices during the months when the production of eggs is not abundant. The means to that end are not in any sense difficult. The trouble incurred is not commensurate with the money benefit derived, to say nothing of the possibly greater benefit of a more liberal egg ration for the family. All that has to be done is to save some of the eggs that are laid during periods of heavy production for consumption during periods of scant production. This does not mean, either, that the farm family must eat all of the stored eggs and give the city family all of the luxury of fresh eggs.

Eggs that are put away by the farm housewife in the summer, when they would bring very small prices, will bring very high prices in the fall and winter, and the fresh eggs that are laid on the farm during those months of high prices may be eaten at home.

Prices of Eggs.

The average farm price of eggs in the United States in April, May, and June, 1917, was 29 cents a dozen, against 38.7 cents a dozen in October, November, and December of that year. In 1916 the average difference in farm prices in the periods compared was 12.3 cents a dozen. There is a period of from five to six months in every year when the average price of fresh eggs on the farm is about ten cents a dozen more than the average price during the season of heavy production. The farm housewife, therefore, makes a dime clean, clear money on every dozen eggs laid during the season of heavy production that she holds over and markets during the season of scant production. If, for instance, she holds over a hundred dozen eggs laid during the season of scant production, she has made a ten dollar bill, which can be applied toward "setting a better table" during the season of heavy egg production, and there is no way in which she could better apply that ten dollars than by putting fresh eggs or even the perfectly good preserved eggs on her own table.

Methods of Preserving.

There are several ways in which spring and summer eggs can be preserved for fall and winter consumption on the farm. If the farm is in proximity to a cold-storage plant, the best practice might be to crate the eggs as shortly as possible after they are laid and put them in storage. The absence of the cold-storage plant, however, does not mean at all that the farm housewife cannot hold her eggs for higher prices. Eggs can be preserved either in water glass or in lime-water and kept in perfect condition for from six to nine months. Preserved by either of these methods the eggs are good and usable for a year or more, but the longer period of preservation would never be necessary, as the period of high prices follows the period of low prices inside the perfect preservation period of six months.

HENS: WAR OPPORTUNITY

One hundred hens on every farm—hens in every suitable back yard.

More meat? More hens on the farm and in the back yard give a quick answer.

Eggs to take the place of meat. Poultry to eat at home, to release meat for foreign service.

And manufactured largely from wastes—weeds—stray grain—insects.

The hens forage for themselves in the fields.

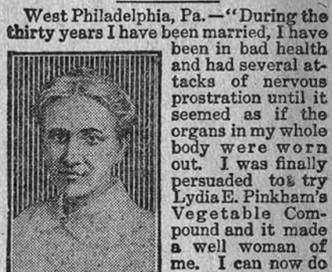
Worth doing always. Important to start now. Free farmers' bulletins on poultry raising tell how. Ask the United States department of agriculture for them.

Put Away Eggs.

For the past few weeks, while egg production has been perhaps at its highest, a considerable portion of the eggs have been used for setting. The hatching season, however, is now about over, and for the next several weeks, under the old practices, a very heavy production of eggs will be dumped on the market in toto. This period is the one in which the farm woman should put away a very large part of the eggs for sale or use during the fall and winter. If she sells them instead of holding them, the egg dealer and the cold-storage man make the profit that she might as well have for herself.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.



West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Overburdened.

Park—Senator Sidewise seems to be a gloomy person.

Wood—Yes; it is some sort of internal trouble.

Park—Organic?

Wood—Mouth organic, I'd call it.

Park—I fall to get you.

Wood—Well, he prepared a ten-hour speech not long ago and congress adjourned before he got a chance to spring it.

Park—Disappointed, eh?

Wood—Yes; but it isn't that so much as the fact that he is still carrying it around in his system.—Youngstown Telegram.

Important to Mothers

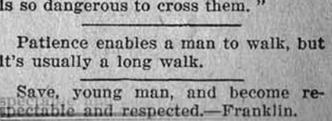
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Not on the Face of It.

"Are electric wires made of well-tempered metal?" "Hardly, since it is so dangerous to cross them."

Patience enables a man to walk, but it's usually a long walk.

Save, young man, and become respectable and respected.—Franklin.



What Do You Know About CATTLE?

Do You Want to Know the CATTLE BUSINESS? Drop us a post card today and get FREE INFORMATION about the New Book, "CATTLE BREEDS AND ORIGIN" about all breeds of cattle on earth. DR. DAVID ROBERTS' VETERINARY CO., 100, WAUKESHA, WIS.

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Cash for Old False Teeth Don't matter if broken. I pay \$2 to \$10 per set also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Write to E. Saeger, Dept. B, 2007 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

The Story of a Houseful of Loveable Girls

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.
—15—

"Pack the suitcase and the bag, will you, Auntie, and—"

"I already have," she answered, laughing at their frantic energy. "And I put out these white dresses for you to wear, and—"

"Gracious, auntie! They button in the back and have sixty buttons apiece. We'll never have time to fasten them," expostulated Carol, without diminishing her speed.

"I'll button while you powder, that'll be time enough."

"I won't have time to powder," called back Carol from the bathroom, where she was splashing the water at a reckless rate. "I'll wear a veil and powder when I get there. Did you pack any clean handkerchiefs, auntie? I'm clear out. If you didn't put any in, you'd better go and borrow Connie's. Lucky thing she's not here."

Shining with zeal and soap, Carol dashed out, and Lark dashed in.

"Are there any holes in these stockings?" Carol turned around, lifting her skirts for inspection. "Well, I'm sorry, I won't have time to change them. Did they come in the auto? Good!" She was brushing her hair as she talked. "Yes, we had a luncheon, all pie, though. We played tennis this morning; we were intending to come home right along, or we'd have phoned you. We were playing with George Castle and Fritzie Zale—Is it sticking out any place?" She lowered her head backward for her aunt to see. "Stick a pin in it, will you? Thanks. They dared us to go to the pie counter and see which couple could eat the most pieces of lemon pie, the couple which lost paying for all the pie. It's not like betting, you know; it's a kind of reward of merit, like a Sunday-school prize. No, I won't put on my slippers till the last thing, my heel's sore, my tennis shoe rubbed the skin off. My feet seem to be getting tender. Think it's old age?"

Lark now emerged from the bathroom, and both twins performed a flying exchange of dresses.

"Who won?"

"Lark and George ate eleven pieces, and Fritzie and I only nine. So Fritzie paid. Then we went on the campus and played mumble-te-peg, or whatever you call it. It is French, auntie."

"Did they ask us to stay a whole week, auntie?" inquired Lark.

"Yes. Jim was wearing his new gray suit and looked very nice. We never been out to their home. Is it very nice?"

"Um, swell!" This was from Carol, Lark being less slantly inclined.

"They have about sixteen rooms, and two maids—they call them 'gris'—and electric lights, and a private water supply, and—and—horses, and cows—oh, it's great! We've always been awfully fond of Jim. The nicest thing about him is that he always takes a girl home when he goes to class things and socials. I can't endure a fellow who walks home by himself. Jim always asks Larkie and me first, and if we are taken he gets someone else. Most boys, if they can't get first choice, plike off alone."

"Now, Carol," said Aunt Grace, smiling. "Be easy on him. He's so nice it would be a shame to—"

Carol threw up her eyes in horror. "I'm shocked," she cried. Then she dimpled. "But I wouldn't hurt Jim for anything. I'm very fond of him. Do you really think there are any—er—indications—"

"Oh, I don't know anything about it. I'm just judging by the rest of the community."

Lark was performing the really difficult feat of putting on and buttoning her slippers standing on one foot for the purpose and stooping low. Her face was flushed from the exertion.

"Do you think he's crazy about you, Carol?" she inquired, rather seriously, and without looking up from the shoe she was so laboriously buttoning.

"Oh, I don't know. There are a few circumstances which seem to point that way. Take that new gray suit for instance. Now you know yourself, Lark, he didn't need a new gray suit, and when a man gets a brand-new suit for no apparent reason, you can generally put it down that he's waxing romantic. Then there's his mother—she's begun telling me all his good points, and how cute he was when he was born, and she showed me one of his curls and a lot of his baby pictures—it made Jim wild when he came in and caught her at it, and she tells me how good he is and how much money he's got. That's pointed, very. But I must confess," she concluded candidly, "that Jim himself doesn't act very lovably."

"He thinks lots of you, I know," said Lark, seriously. "Whenever he's alone with me he praises you every minute of the time."

"That's nothing. When he's alone with me he praises you all the time, too. Where's my hat, Lark? I'll bet Connie wore it, the little sinner! Now what shall I do?"

"You left it in the barn yesterday—don't you remember you hung it on the harness hook when we went out for eggs, and—"

"Oh, so I did. There comes Connie now." Carol thrust her head out of the window. "Connie, run out to the

barn and bring my hat, will you? It's on the harness hook. And hurry! Don't stop to ask questions, just trot along and do as you're told."

Carol returned again to her toilet. "Well, I guess I have time to powder after all. I don't suppose we'll need to take any money, auntie, do you? We won't be able to spend it in the country."

"I think you'd better take a little. They might drive to town, or go to a social, or something."

"Can't do it. Haven't a cent."

"Well, I guess I can lend you a little. It was the smiling reply. It was a standing joke in the family that Carol had been financially hard pressed ever since she began using powder several years previous.

"Are you fond of Jim, Carol?" Lark jumped away backward in the conversation, asking the question gravely, her eyes upon her sister's face.

"Hum! Yes, I am," was the light retort. "Didn't Prudence teach us to love everybody?"

"Don't be silly. I mean if he proposes to you, are you going to turn him down, or not?"

"What would you advise, Lark?" Carol's brows were painfully knitted.

"He's got five hundred acres of land, worth at least a hundred an acre, and a lot of money in the bank—his mother didn't say how much, but I imagine several thousand anyhow. And he has that nice big house, and an auto, and—oh, everything nice! Think of the fruit trees, Larkie! And he's good-looking, too. And his mother says he is 'always good-natured even before breakfast, and that's very exceptional, you know! Very! I don't know that I could do much better, do you, auntie? I'm sure I'd look cute in a sunbonnet and apron, milking the cows! So, boss, so, there, now! So, boss!"

"Why, Carol!"

"But there are objections, too. They have pigs. I can't bear pigs! Pooooey, pooooey! The filthy little things! I don't know—Jim and the gray suit and the auto and the cows are very nice, but when I think of Jim and overalls and pigs and onions and freckles I have goose flesh. Here they come! Where's that other slipper? Oh, it's clear under the bed!" She wriggled after it, coming out again breathless. "Did I rub the powder all off?" she asked, anxiously.

The low honk of the car sounded outside, and the twins dumped a miscellaneous assortment of toilet articles into the battered suitcase and the tattered hand bag. Carol grabbed her hat from Connie, leisurely strolling through the hall with it, and sent her flying after her gloves. "If you can't find mine, bring your own," she called after her.

Aunt Grace and Connie escorted them triumphantly down the walk to the waiting car where the young man in the new sentimental gray suit stood beside the open door. His face was boyishly eager, and his eyes were full of a satisfaction that had a sort of excitement in it, too. Aunt Grace looked at him and sighed. "Poor boy," she thought. "He is nice! Carol is a mean little thing!"

He smiled at the twins impartially. "Shall we flip a coin to see who I get in front?" he asked them, laughing.

His mother leaned out from the back seat, and smiled at the girls very cordially. "Hurry, twinnies," she said, "we must start, or we'll be late for supper. Come in with me, won't you, Larkie?"

"What a greasy schemer she is," thought Carol, climbing into her place without delay.

Jim placed the battered suitcase and the tattered bag beneath the seat and drew the rug over his mother's knees. Then he went to Lark's side, and tucked it carefully about her feet.

"It's awfully dusty," he said. "You shouldn't have doped up so. Shall I put your purse in my pocket? Don't forget you promised to feed the chickens—I'm counting on you to do it for me."

Then he stepped in beside Carol, laughing into her bright face, and the good-bys rang back and forth as the car rolled away beneath the heavy arch of oak leaves that roofed in Maple avenue.

The twins fairly reveled in the glories of the country through the golden days that followed, and enjoyed every minute of every day, and begrudged the hours they spent in sleep. The time slipped by "like banana skins," declared Carol crossly, and refused to explain her comparison. And the last day of their visit came. Supper was over at seven o'clock and Lark said, with something of wistfulness in her voice, "I'm going out to the orchard for a farewell weep all by myself. And don't any of you disturb me—I'm so ugly when I cry."

So she set out alone, and Jim, a little awkwardly, suggested that Carol take a turn or so up and down the lane with him. Mrs. Forrest stood at the window and watched them, tearful-eyed, but with tenderness.

"My little boy," she said to herself, "my little boy. But she's a dear, sweet, pretty girl."

In the meantime, Jim was acquitting himself badly. His face was pale. He was nervous, ill at ease. He stam-

mered when he spoke. Self-consciousness was not habitual to this young man of the Iowa farm. He was not an awkward, ignorant, gangling farmhand we meet in books and see on stages. He had attended the high school in Mount Mark, and had been graduated from the state agricultural college with high honors. He was a farmer, as his father had been before him, but he was a farmer of the new era, one of those men who takes plain farming and makes it a profession, almost a fine art. Usually he was self-possessed, assertive, confident, but, in the presence of this sparkling twin, for once he was abashed.

Carol was in an ecstasy of delight. She was not a man-eater, perhaps, but she was early romance-mad.

The callow youths of Mount Mark, of the Epworth league, and the college, were almost unanimous in laying their adoration at Carol's feet. But Carol saw the elasticity, the buoyancy, of loves like these, and she couldn't really count them. She felt that she was ripe for a bit of solid experience now, and there was nothing callow about Jim—he was solid enough. And now, although she could see that his feelings stirred, she felt nothing but excitement and curiosity. A proposal, a real one! It was imminent, she felt it.

"Carol," he began abruptly, "I am in love."

"A-are you?" Carol had not expected him to begin in just that way.

"Yes; I have been for a long time, with the sweetest and dearest girl in the world. I know I am not half good enough for her, but—I love her so much that—I believe I could make her happy."

"D-do you?" Carol was frightened. She reflected that it wasn't so much fun as she had expected. There was something wonderful in his eyes, and in his voice. Maybe Lark was right—maybe it did hurt! Oh, she really shouldn't have been quite so nice to him!

"She is young—so am I—but I know what I want, and if I can only have her, I'll do anything I—" His voice broke a little. He looked very handsome, very grown-up, very manly. Carol quivered. She wanted to run away and cry. She wanted to put her arms around him and tell him she was very, very sorry and she would never do it again as long as she lived and breathed.

"Of course," he went on, "I am not a fool. I know there isn't a girl like her in ten thousand, but—she's the one I want, and—Carol, do you reckon there is any chance for me? You ought to know. Lark doesn't have secrets from you, does she? Do you think she'll have me?"

Certainly this was the surprise of Carol's life. If it was romance she wanted, here it was in plenty. She stopped short in the daisy-bright lane and stared at him.

"Jim Forrest," she demanded, "is it Lark you want to marry, or me?"

"Lark, of course!"

Carol opened her lips and closed them. She did it again. Finally she spoke. "Well, of all the idiots! If you want to marry Lark, what in the world are you out here proposing to me for?"

"I'm not proposing to you," he objected. "I'm just telling you about it."

"But what for? What's the object? Why don't you go and rave to her?"

He smiled a little. "Well, I guess I thought telling you first was one way of breaking it to her gently."

"I'm perfectly disgusted with you," Carol went on, "perfectly. Here I've been expecting you to propose to me all week, and—"

"Propose to you! My stars!"

"Don't interrupt me," Carol snapped. "Last night I lay awake for hours—look at the rings beneath my eyes—"

"I don't see 'em," he interrupted again, smiling more broadly.

"Just thinking out a good flowery rejection for you, and then you trot me out here and propose to Lark! Well, if that isn't nerve!"

Jim laughed loudly at this. He was used to Carol, and enjoyed her little outbursts. "I can't think what on earth made you imagine I'd want to propose to you," he said, shaking his head as though appalled at the idea.

Carol's eyes twinkled at that, but she did not permit him to see it.

"Why shouldn't I think so? Didn't you get a new gray suit? And haven't I the best complexion in Mount Mark? Don't all the men want to propose to a complexion like mine?"

He laughed again, then he sobered. "Do you think Lark will—"

"I think Lark will turn you down," said Carol promptly, "and I hope she does. You aren't good enough for her. No one in the world is good enough for Lark except myself. If she should accept you—I don't think she will, but if she has a mental aberration and does—I'll give you my blessing, and come and live with you six months in the year, and Lark shall come and live with me the other six months, and you can run the farm and send us an allowance. But I don't think she'll have you; I'll be disappointed in her if she does."

Carol was silent a moment then. She was remembering many things—

Lark's grave face that day in the parsonage when they had discussed the love of Jim, her unwanted gentleness and her quiet manners during this visit, and one night when Carol, suddenly awakening, had found her weeping bitterly into her pillow. Lark had said it was a headache, and was better now, and Carol had gone to sleep again, but she remembered now that Lark never had headaches! And she remembered how very often lately Lark had put her arms around her shoulders and looked searchingly into her face, and Lark was always wistful, too, of late! She sighed. Yes, she caught on at last, "had been pushed on to it," she thought angrily. She had been a wicked, blind, hateful little simpleton or she would have seen it long ago. But she said nothing of this to Jim.

"You'd better run along then and switch your proposal over to her, or I'm likely to accept you on my own account, just for a joke. And be sure and tell her I'm good and sore that I didn't get a chance to use my flowery rejection. But I'm almost sure she'll turn you down."

Then Carol stood in the path and watched Jim as he leaped lightly over fences and ran through the sweet meadow. She saw Lark spring to her feet and step out from the shade of an apple tree, and then Jim took her in his arms.

After that, Carol rushed into the house and up the stairs. She flung herself on her knees beside the bed and buried her face in the white spread.

"Lark," she whispered, "Lark!" She clenched her hands, and her shoulders shook. "My little twin," she cried again, "my nice old Lark." Then she got up and walked back and forth across the floor. Sometimes she shook her fist. Sometimes a little crooked smile softened her lips. Once she stamped her foot, and then laughed at herself. For an hour she paced up and down. Then she turned on the light and went to the mirror, where she smoothed her hair and powdered her face as carefully as ever.

"It's just a good joke on me," she said, smiling, "but it's just as good a one on Mrs. Forrest. I think I'll go and have a laugh at her. And I'll pretend I knew it all along."

She found the woman lying in a hammock on the broad piazza where a broad shaft of light from the open door fell upon her. Carol stood beside her, smiling brightly.

"Mrs. Forrest," she said, "I know a perfectly delicious secret. Shall I tell you?"

The woman sat up, holding out her arms. Carol dropped on her knees beside her, smiling mischievously at the expression on her face.

"Cupid has been at work," she said softly, "and your own son has fallen a victim."

Mrs. Forrest sniffed slightly, but she looked lovingly at the fair, sweet face. "I am sure I cannot wonder," she answered in a gentle voice. "Is it all settled?"

"I suppose so. At any rate he is proposing to her in the orchard, and I am pretty sure she's going to accept him."

Mrs. Forrest's arms fell away from Carol's shoulders. "Lark!" she ejaculated.

"Yes—didn't you know it?" Carol's voice was mildly and innocently surprised.

"Lark!" Mrs. Forrest was plainly dumfounded. "I—I thought it was you!"

"Me!" Carol was intensely astonished. "Me? Oh, dear Mrs. Forrest, whatever in the world made you think that?"

"Why—I don't know," she faltered weakly, "I just naturally supposed it was you. I asked him once where he left his heart, and he said, 'At the parsonage,' and so of course I thought it was you."

Carol laughed gayly. "What a joke," she cried. "But you are more fortunate than you expected, for it is my precious old Larkie. But don't be too glad about it, or you may hurt my feelings."

"Well, I am surprised, I confess, but I believe I like Lark as well as I do you, and of course Jim's the one to decide. People say Lark is more sensible than you are, but it takes a good bit of a man to get beyond a face as pretty as yours. I'm kind o' proud of Jim!"

After Fairy's wedding Carol naturally felt lonely. They had been such constant companions that the parting was sorrowful for both. Carol's thoughts frequently dwelt on their days of mischief in the old parsonage before Prudence was married, remembering especially one April fool joke that was decidedly on the twins.

Makes Eggs Tell Their Age.

A novel and rapid way whereby to determine the age of an egg has been developed by M. Grossfeld, a French investigator. He has supplemented the usual method by one dependent on specific gravity, notes the Boston Transcript. The existing way whereby to determine the age of eggs is by candling them and taking note of the "mirage" which forms about the yolk. Mr. Grossfeld has determined that specific gravity of normal eggs in the way attributed to Archimedes, and there has been figured out the loss in gravity, for each week of keeping. For quick inspection of qualities of eggs he has devised a form of hydrometer. The egg takes the place of the weighted bulb and the scale indicates the specific gravity and at the same time the age of the egg. A little cage has been arranged to hold the egg and is capable of quick handling. Big eggs and little eggs are subject to errors in the readings, but with eggs in the vicinity of 55 grammes the indication is instantaneous.



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The cattle raiser would receive only $\frac{1}{8}$ cent a pound more for his cattle

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Swift & Company pays for live cattle about 90% of the amount received for dressed meat and by-products. The remaining 10% pays for packing-house expense, freight to market, operation of distributing houses and profit. Swift & Company's actual figures per head for 1917 on over two million cattle were as follows:

Receipts	Payments									
<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">From By-products \$24.09 26%</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">From Meat \$68.97 74%</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Total \$93.06</td> </tr> </table>	From By-products \$24.09 26%	From Meat \$68.97 74%	Total \$93.06	<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">\$8.61 9%</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">\$1.29 2.46 2.30 2.56</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Profit Selling Freight Dressing</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Total \$93.06</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Paid for Live Cattle \$84.45 91%</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Total \$93.06</td> </tr> </table>	\$8.61 9%	\$1.29 2.46 2.30 2.56	Profit Selling Freight Dressing	Total \$93.06	Paid for Live Cattle \$84.45 91%	Total \$93.06
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Total \$93.06	Paid for Live Cattle \$84.45 91%	Total \$93.06								

*** This net profit of \$1.29 per head averages $\frac{1}{8}$ cent a pound live weight.**

And out of this small net profit dividends must be paid to shareholders.

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Address Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

What He Disliked About It.

Rex was always getting into trouble with his playmates, but almost invariably got the worst of it in the struggle for mastery. After a recent defeat he announced that he would stay in his own yard hereafter and play with his dog. "Rover doesn't fight," he added by way of explanation.

"Oh, I see," his mother remarked. "You don't like to fight as well as you used to."

"Well, I wouldn't mind fighting," replied Rex, "if I didn't get licked every time."

The Difference.

Wise Guy—When a single woman believes in practicing economy she husbands her means.

The Really Wise—And when a married woman believes that economy should be practiced she means her husband.—Judge.

Old People Who Are Feeble and Children Who Are Pale and Weak

Would be greatly benefited by the General Strengthening Tonic BROTHER'S EASTLASS CHILL TONIC. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. A General Strengthening Tonic for Adults and Children. 50c.

No Personal Quarrel.

A man, when asked why he wished to be exempted, said he had no personal quarrel with Germany. The officer in charge said:

"What would you do if on going home you found a cutthroat in the house with your wife?"

"I would leave him to his fate," the man replied.

Look upward—live upward.

Next to a new dress a woman likes nothing better than to buy new furniture.

No, Cordelia, drummers are not so called because they are on the beat, but rather because they are so noisy.

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

One kind of charity always has a card attached to it.



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THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

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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. Supernant, night police
James McCue, Adolph Bock, Geo. Bertrand, F. L. Martin, Emil Hirt, Peter Miller, trustees.

Board of Education

Meets every first Wednesday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. Bert Gleason, Pres., Jos. Grill, Secy., Geo. Richardson, Geo. Siebert, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller, George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

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

FATHER CHARLEBOIS, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

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

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Low mass, 7:00 a. m.
High mass, 9:00 a. m.
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.
Rev. WM. A. GRANGER, Pastor.

U. B. Church, Bradley.

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

Village of Bourbonnais.

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

Dr. C. T. Morel, A. F. Marcotte, George Arseneau, Patrick Lamontagne, George Courville, Oscar Byron, Trustees.

Meets first Friday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I.O.O.F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall at 3:30 P. M. First Sunday of each month.

Holy Name Society.

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall second Sunday of each month.

Children of Mary Society.

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

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are ure 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.

HORSE-BREEDING HINTS.

If Brood Mares are Used as Work Animals on Farms They Will Be Source of Two Profits.

A brood mare on the farm is a source of two profits. It is not uncommon to hear of some remarkable mare on a particular farm that, besides doing her share of the farm work, has raised many hundreds of dollars worth of colts. It is seldom that there is more than one such mare mentioned. To obtain the greatest returns, nearly all the work animals maintained on the farm should be mares of this character, says a Farmers' Bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture.

"Horses always are needed to do farm work," says the bulletin, "and generally they can be raised from farm mares more cheaply than they can be purchased, while the surplus, if of proper breeding and liberally fed on suitable balanced rations, will find ready sale at good prices because they will have the characteristics that suggest the ability to do work satisfactorily and profitably."

It is pointed out that breeding working mares places double duty on them, consequently they must be robust individuals properly conformed, and must be given good care and treatment. With two sources of profit from one animal, farmers can well afford to pay more for such stock, feed it more heavily, and give it special attention. The small farmer is most likely to get the best results from such a plan because he usually works his own teams or is in a position to watch them closely and see that they are not ill treated.

The two outstanding requirements in profitable farm mares are that they be breeders and workers, says the bulletin. Any mare that is not at least of high grade should not be considered. The particular breed or grade would depend largely on local markets. In a locality where there is a local horse market it is generally advisable to breed the prevailing type, since by so doing, sales are more easily made and the services of high-class stallions are practically assured.

Beets, carrots, parsnips, salsify, turnips and onions, though most common of the so-called succulent root crops, differ from starch-yielding vegetables like potatoes mainly in containing a larger proportion of water, 85 to 90 per cent on an average, and consequently a smaller proportion of nutritive material.—Office of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

The young and tender seed pods of some varieties of radishes are sometimes used for pickling like capers; in fact, the Madras or rat-tail radish is grown exclusively for its pods, which are eaten cooked and also used in pickle making.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Two thousand bluebill and 300 white-winged scoter ducks were found to destroy 8,000 oysters a day in a single bay near Olympia, Wash.

Recipes.

Tricadilloes—One large cup chopped cooked meat, veal, beef or lamb, one-half cup breadcrumbs or boiled rice, one tablespoon onion, chopped fine, seasoning of salt, pepper and sage. Moisten with beaten egg and water. Shape and brown them in drippings, or prepare and cook as croquettes in deep fat.

Coffee Cake—Take a small tablespoon of butter and the same of lard and cream them with about one-half cup of sugar. Add an egg well beaten, three-fourths cup of milk and stir in a pint of flour in which has been sifted one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt. Stir well together and spread in a shallow pan. Sift sugar over the top, also cinnamon, and dot with little bits of butter. Bake in a hot oven.

Stewed Potatoes—Pare, wash and cut into half-inch thick about a quart of potatoes. Put a teaspoon of butter in frying pan, add tablespoon finely chopped onion and fry until a golden brown. Stir in a tablespoonful flour and when all is well blended add two small cups hot water, small teaspoonful salt, tablespoonful chopped parsley if you have it, and a little pepper. When it boils up good, stir in the potatoes, cover closely and let simmer gently until cooked. Delicious with dry meats or fish.

Round Bread Boards

The round bread board set in a fancy nickel frame with a high standing nickel cover, while not absolutely new, is unfamiliar to many. It is, of course, designed for those who like to have the bread cut at table, and the cover keeps the bread from drying out while it stands. The hardwood board may be easily removed from the frame whenever it requires a scrubbing to keep it perfectly white.

The White Casserole

The white casserole dish is a newcomer. It is very pretty for, before the dish was fired, it was ornamented with a nickel pattern which gives it the appearance of silver deposit work. It is dainty enough to send to the table and may be used appropriately with any kind of china. These casserole dishes come in round and oblong shapes, as do the brown and green casserole dishes.

If you think some girl beautiful, you and she have one point of agreement from which to negotiate a complete understanding.

When you meet a famous man you usually wonder why he is so careless of his reputation as to go about letting people meet him.

In a New Class

"My boy came home the other day and said he was in a new room," said the storekeeper.

"Promoted, I suppose?" politely inquired the storekeepers clerk.

"Promoted? I should say not promoted. That's what I asked the boy and he said: 'Naw, just changed.'"

"I asked him how he happened to get changed, and he said there was fifty kids in the room and he was picked out of the whole bunch to go to the other room. 'Some distinction,' I said. 'But why?'"

"Oh," he said, "Miss Mingles was one student shy, and Miss Whaler had one too many, so they took one boy out of Miss Whaler's room and sent him to Miss Mingles, and I was the one Miss Whaler picked out. I missed nine words—they was ten she gave us—in spelling the first day, and Miss Mingles sent me back to show Miss Whaler what I had done, and Miss Whaler said she was surprised at me."

"I guess Miss Whaler was surprised at the kid for not missing the one other word," said the clerk. "I know Miss Whaler used to be surprised at me whenever I didn't miss a word."

"Yes, I went to Miss Whaler myself. I went to the same teacher that sidetracked your son, and she also sidetracked me to the same Miss Mingles. I, too, was picked out to go just as your son was, and was favored over all the rest of the class, every member of which longed for the excitement of a change."

"Miss Whaler said the reason she sent me to the other room was that the teachers in the rooms next to hers objected to the constant noise of me getting licked. I guess I was particularly bad for the teacher down below, tho, for she was quite timid and nervous, and she was afraid the plaster would fall on her, so she had to repair the hall whenever a threshing was under way. She thought it was a terrible interruption to have to pick up her books and shoo her little lambs into the hall every few hours to avoid a deluge of plaster."

"I guess she had good reason to be uneasy too. If the constant drip of water can wear away the roughest stone, the constant licking upstairs must have been a strain on the plaster of the ceiling below."

"Yes," agreed the storekeeper. "And if I'd known you were that kind of a fellow you never would have got a job in this establishment. Get to work and sort out these prunes."

HOW TO SELECT FOODS

Getting the Most Food for One's Money.

The following suggestions on getting the most food for one's money are from U. S. Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin 808, "How to Select Foods."

Use cereals (flour, meal, cereal breakfast foods, etc.) freely, taking pains to prepare them with great care and to vary the kind used from day to day if necessary to keep people from tiring of them.

Remember that a quart of whole milk a day for each child, to be used as a beverage and in cookery, is not too much.

Plan carefully both in buying and in serving.

Do not be ashamed to plan closely. Thrift in food means providing enough food, neither too little nor too much.

Notice carefully how much of such staples as flour, sugar, milk, cooking fat, etc., is used each week for a month, and see if there are any ways of cutting down the quantity needed.

Buy nonperishable materials in quantities if better prices can be secured and there is a good storage place in the home. Neighbors can sometimes club together to get lower rates.

Estimate carefully how much of any material will be needed before laying in a supply, then see that none is wasted by careless handling.

Try to make the dishes served of such size that there will be enough to satisfy the appetite of the family and no unnecessary table and plate waste.

Do not be above noticing whether anything usable is thrown away with the garbage, which always shows how thriftily food is used in a household.

Many inexpensive materials can be made attractive and the diet can be pleasantly varied by a wise use of different flavorings.

"Finicky" tastes in food often prevent the use of many valuable materials which might be the means of saving money.

Good food habits are an important part of personal hygiene and thrift. Children get such habits by having suitable amounts of suitable foods served to them and then being expected to eat what is set before them.

True economy lies not only in buying wisely but also in making the fullest possible use of what is bought.

A Tie Rack.

No matter how careless that man of yours, there is one thing that he is very apt to be careful of, and that is his necktie. He will actually take the trouble to string it on one of the many wooden and metal tie racks if one is placed conveniently near his bureau or chiffonier. The trouble that most women have to find with such racks is that they allow the ties to collect dust, and present an untidy appearance to the room. Here is an idea that both the man and his tidy womenfolks will appreciate: It is a small wooden tie rack, with a linen cover, which folds the hanging ties and snaps into place.



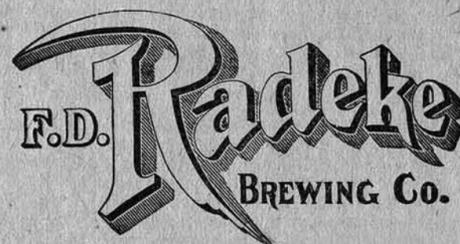
A Picture of Solid Comfort

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.



Makes Such Light, Tasty Biscuits

Just let mother call, "Biscuits for Breakfast!" We're sure there's a treat that can't be beat in store for us — light, tender biscuits — toasty brown and all puffed up with goodness! For mother is sure of her baking powder — Calumet. She never disappoints us because

CALUMET BAKING POWDER
never disappoints her. It's dependable. Results always the same—the best. Try it.

Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U.S. Food Authorities.

You Save When You Buy It. You Save When You Use It.

HIGHEST QUALITY AWARDS

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

Advertise

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
Want a Servant Girl
Want to Sell a Piano
Want to Sell a Carriage
Want to Sell Town Property
Want to Sell Your Groceries
Want to Sell Your Hardware
Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
Advertising Is the Way to Success
Advertising Brings Customers
Advertising Keeps Customers
Advertising Insures Success
Advertising Shows Energy
Advertising Shows Pluck
Advertising Is "Biz"
Advertise or Bust
Advertise Long
Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

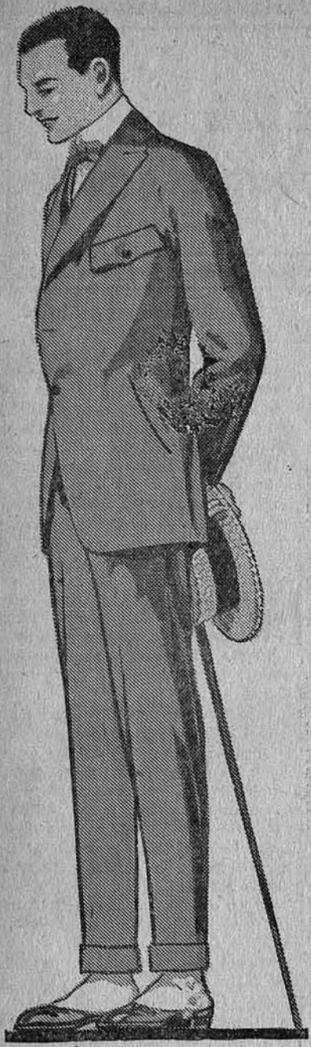
In This Paper

G. B. Koontz of Peoria transacted business here this week. George Walters of Rensselaer,

Joe Beland, of Ashkum, spent Friday of last week here with his brother John Beland and family.

Mrs. Switzer, of Aroma Park, was a week end visitor here.

Paul Beland of Matteson, came down Thursday night and accompanied his brother Louis, who went to Jefferson Barracks Friday, as far as St. Louis, returning to Matteson from there.



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The House of Kuppenheimer

Clothes Quality Passed by the Censor

The letters that come from "over there" pass through no stricter censorship than the clothes that come from

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

There's no room for anything but the best in those mammoth shops—in cloths or trimmings, in designing or tailoring, in fit or finish. They are reliable through and through; and this is a big thing to remember nowadays when clothes prices are high and real quality is scarce. See the Spring suits and top coats now.

\$20 \$25 \$30 \$35

KNECHT'S

"Kankakee's Greatest Clothier's"

NEW WAYS TO SERVE TOMATOES

Fried Tomatoes—Select four firm ripe tomatoes and wash and cut them in thick slices without paring them. Dust lightly with pepper and salt and fry them in hot butter. When done drain; then lay each slice on a buttered toast round, pour over each a small cup of hot cream and serve at once.

Stuffed Tomatoes—Select as many tomatoes as are needed to serve one to a portion, and hollow out the stem end. Make a savory stuffing of bread-crumbs, chopped celery and onion, and a little flaked cold boiled codfish; season all highly, add melted butter and a little cream and stuff the tomatoes with it. Dip each, after it is stuffed, in a little mented butter; then sprinkle with fine crumbs and bake on a buttered pan. Do not bake long enough to have them collapse and spoil the appearance of the dish.

Tomato Canape—Remove the centers from thin slices of tomato and lay each ring on a toast round; fill the center with a little minced cold boiled shrimp that has marinated in Clutney syrup; dust with grated cheese, and set in the oven long enough to heat and melt the cheese.

Rice and tomato Cutlets—Fry two thinly sliced onions until they begin to brown, then add to them four peeled tomatoes. Cook until tender, then turn into a bowl and chop fine, adding a little parsley and thyme. Have ready a cup of boiled rice and add to the mixture, with two ounces of fine crumbs, pepper, and salt and any other seasoning needed. Spread the mixture thickly on lightly floured plates and, when ready, cut in fingers, dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in hot fat until a delicate brown.

Panned Tomatoes—Cut firm tomatoes in halves, dust with flour and put cut side down in hot fat in a frying pan. Fry until done, then remove to a hot dish. Turn into the pan, with the remaining butter the tomatoes were fried in, add a cup of milk, pepper, salt, and a little butter and flour rubbed to a cream; let thicken, then add the juice of an onion, turn over the tomatoes and serve.

Recipes

Red Cabbage—Chop coarsely one red cabbage and put it into a large saucepan with six tart apples that have been pared, cored and sliced thinly. Cover with water and add a cup of vinegar. Cook until done; then drain thoroughly. Season with pepper, salt, and a half cup of sugar, a lump of butter and two tablespoons of tarragon vinegar.

Asparagus, Souffle—Take a large can of asparagus, drain and boil it for 15 minutes; then drain again and rub it through a sieve. Add to it three beaten eggs, a gill of cream, and salt and pepper. Fill buttered ramekins with the mixture and bake 10 or 12 minutes.

Escalloped Brussels Sprouts—Boil the sprouts until tender, then drain; add a small cup of crumbs, half a cup of grated cheese, gill of melted butter, a minced pepper, juice of an onion, one beaten egg and a cup of cream. Bake in buttered baking dish, ramekins or half pepper shells until a delicate brown and perfectly set. These are good to serve with boiled fish or fried sausage.

Encouraging Order in Children

There is one way to encourage a child to be neat, says the Philadelphia North American. That is to provide it with proper places in which to put away its belongings. A tiny clothes-tree, a diminutive chest of drawers are incentives. As an incentive to keep its shoes in order, make the youngster a small shoe bag. The bag can be fashioned from one strip of material turned up at the bottom and stitched to form little pockets. On the outside of each pocket outline in delicate blue or pink a shoe, or vary the decoration by embroidering on one compartment the word "shoe."

Bind the top of the pocket and the edges of the bag with blue tape. A mother cannot expect a child to be tidy if she does not arrange hooks or shelves at a convenient height for the youngster.

The Kitchen Clock Shelf

When you are furnishing your kitchen don't forget the shelf for a clock, says the Minneapolis Journal. It is to such as this that each kitchen owes its perfection. A clock is almost next to the stove in kitchen importance; if it has not a stationary place, one is forced to look around for it—perhaps a valuable moment or so is lost. And from the standpoint of appearances, a clock just set anywhere is never as good looking as a clock bought for a shelf, or a shelf made for a clock. So, when you are furnishing your kitchen, don't forget the clock shelf.

NO MORE PICKING UP OF NAILS

Magnetized Clip Now Does It For Carpenters.

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

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

Soup Parmentier a la Creme

Boil some potatoes, a little celery, one or two onions, salt and pepper in just enough water to cook it. Pass all through sieve; add some boiled milk and a large piece of butter. Before serving add two or three yolks of eggs, cream, green herbs and croutons.

LIGHTNING RODS.

Weather Bureau Gives Specifications For Installing Protective Devices on Farm Buildings.

Lightning rods, according to the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, are worth while for much more than just to make fearful folks feel comfortable during a thunderstorm. It goes on to say that with good lightning-rod installation they not only feel but are more secure, and that protection against lightning is general thoroughly justified for farm buildings.

In a bulletin just published the department gives specifications for installing lightning rods. These specifications are meant not so much to enable the householder to construct his own protective system as to make it possible for him to understand and inspect adequately the work of installation as done by an expert.

Copper-cable installation is recommended as the best, but it costs the most. Competitive bids should be secured if the installation is to be extensive.

A few of the main points to be considered are: Conductors should be installed in straight runs, and when bends are necessary they should, if practicable, not be abrupt. Changes of direction should preferably be made in large radius curves—that is on curves with a radius of a foot or more. Insulators should not be employed, because a good electrical connection with the wet roof and walls of a building helps to conduct the discharge to the ground harmlessly. Along ridges and flat roofs the aerials, or upward pointing conductors, should be not more than 25 feet apart; steeples and towers, because of their prominence, should be given extra protection.

The most important part of the work is the grounding of the conductors, or their electrical connection to permanently moist earth. Ample metal plates, or pipes, etc., are buried in the earth and permanently and thoroughly connected to the conductors on the building, and this metal in the ground should be of a noncorrosive type, such as copper, bronze or aluminum.

Steel towers, such as those which support windmills, do not require special protection, as a rule, because they are constructed of metal and are well-grounded through the pump. Deep-rooted trees are some protection to buildings near which they grow; on the other hand, it is recommended that especially valuable large trees might well be rodged.

Applause.

"I am very glad that you won so many honors and flowers and so much applause," said Fodde to his daughter. "But don't let it turn your head, because, you know, applause is customary on such occasions and doesn't signify anything."

"Moreover, there are many kinds of applause—appreciative, perfunctory, derisive, applause for the fun of applauding and deafening applause."

"Now, in your case, my dear, while your paper was excellent, as excellent as the encyclopedia could make it, you must remember that the people who were there would have applauded anything. In fact, the poorer it was the more they would have applauded, and if you had broken down entirely the applause would have been deafening."

"Once I was the recipient of resounding acclaim, and it didn't turn my head a bit. Also, I have been the recipient of derisive applause. Once I did a monolog. At the end of each of my funny sallies I waited a minute for them to clap their hands. The noise was deafening and the laughter was of the same nature. The audience remembered my monolog, too, and every time thereafter that I went on the stage to adjust a piano stool or anything, I was applauded, and every time I spoke people nudged each other and grinned."

"But it seemed to me there was a derisive note in it all. My knees shook and my voice had a way of quitting when I most needed it. When I finally skidded over a rug there was a storm of merriment that I could not attribute to my histrionic ability. They encored me. They wanted more of that falling down stuff. Brim, brim, brim-brim-brim! I think I said 'Hang the luck!' as I sprawled on the floor, and those simple words were uttered with sufficient expression to show that I wasn't a clothing-store dummy made of wire or wood."

"I made a hit in the playlet, also, when I said: 'Convict's daughter or not, I will marry her!' There were shrieks of laughter at that. And again when I said the simple words, 'Oh, Margaret,' there came near being a riot."

A Manly Man.

"What is your definition, Miss Mabel, of a manly man?" he asked.

Miss Mabel looked at him coldly. The clock struck eleven. She hid a yawn behind her hand and said:

"My definition of a manly man, Mr. Skinner, is a chap who doesn't stay on and on and on just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out."

It is about as easy to be popular with yourself and please the neighbors at the same time as it is to sit on a barbed wire fence.

Love may be blind, but it's foolish to attempt to work off a paste diamond on a girl under the impression that you have her hypnotized by your good looks.



PATRIOTS



THIS IS A WEATLESS DAY

LONG LIVE THE KING

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

—15—

Hedwig's notification that she would visit her, found the countess at leisure and alone. She followed the announcement almost immediately, and if she had shown cowardice before, she showed none now. She disregarded the chair Olga Loschek offered, and came to the point with a directness that was like the king's.

"I have come," she said simply, "to find out what to do."

"The countess was as direct. 'I cannot tell you what to do, highness. I can only tell you what I would do.'"

"Very well," Hedwig showed a touch of impatience. This was quibbling, and it annoyed her.

"I should go away, now, with the person I cared about."

"Where would you go?"

"The world is wide, highness."

"Not wide enough to hide in, I am afraid."

"For myself," said the countess, "the problem would not be difficult. I should go to my place in the mountains. An old priest, who knows me well, would perform the marriage. After that they might find me if they liked. It would be too late."

"This priest—he might be difficult."

"Not to a young couple, come to him, perhaps, in peasant costume. They are glad to marry, these fathers. There is much irregularity. I fancy," she added, still with her carefully detached manner, "that a marriage could be easily arranged."

But, before long, she had dropped her pretense of aloofness, and was taking the lead. Hedwig, weary with the struggle, and now trembling with nervousness, put herself in her hands, listening while she planned, agreed eagerly to everything. Something of a grim amusement came into Olga Loschek's face after a time. By doing this thing she would lose everything. It would be impossible to conceal her countenance. No one, knowing Hedwig, would for a moment imagine the plan. Or Nikky's, either, for that matter.

She, then, would lose everything, even Karl, who was already lost to her. But—and her face grew set and her eyes hard—she would let those plotters in their grisly catacombs do their own filthy work. Her hands would be clean of that. Hence her amusement that at this late day she, Olga Loschek, should be saving her own soul.

So it was arranged, to the last detail. For it must be done at once. Hedwig, a trifle terrified, would have postponed it a day or so, but the countess was insistent. Only she knew how the very hours counted, had them numbered, indeed, and watched them flying by with a sinking heart.

If she gave a fleeting thought to the palace, to the crown prince and his impending fate, she dismissed it quickly. She had no affection for Annunziata, and as to the boy, let them



"In What Can We Trust?"

look out for him. Let Mettlich guard his treasure, or lose it to his peril. The passage under the gate was not of her discovery or informing.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nikky and Hedwig.

Nikky had gone back to his lodging, where his servant was packing his things. For Nikky was now of his majesty's household, and must exchange his shabby old rooms for the cold magnificence of the palace.

He was very downhearted. To the crown prince, each day, he gave the best that was in him, played and rode, invented delightful nonsense to bring the boy's quick laughter, carried gossamer of bones, to the secret reward of his soldierly soul, was boyish and tender, frivolous or thoughtful, as the occasion seemed to warrant, and always he was watchful, his re-

voicer always ready and in touch, his eyes keen, his body, even when it seemed most relaxed, always tense to spring. For Nikky knew the temper of the people, knew it as did Mathilde gossiping in the market, and even better; knew that a crisis was approaching, and that on this small boy in his charge hung that crisis.

So Nikky trusted in his own right arm and in nothing else. The very size of the palace, its unused rooms, its long and rambling corridors, its rambling wings and ancient turrets, was against its safety.

Since the demonstration against Karl, the riding school hour had been given up. There were no drives in the park. The illness of the king furnished sufficient excuse, but the truth was that the royal family was practically besieged, by it knew not what.

Nikky, summoned to the chancellor's house that morning, had been told the facts, and had stood, rather still and tense, while Mettlich recounted them.

"Our very precautions are our danger," said the chancellor. "And the king—" He stopped and sat, tapping his fingers on the arm of his chair.

"And the king, sir?"

"Almost at the end. A day or two."

Karl, with Hedwig in his thoughts, had returned to mobilize his army not far from the border for the spring maneuvers, and at a meeting of the king's council the matter of a mobilization in Livonia was seriously considered.

Fat Friese favored it, and made an impassioned speech, with sweat thick on his heavy face.

"I am not cowardly," he finished. "I fear nothing for myself or for those belonging to me. But the duty of this council is to preserve the throne for the crown prince, at any cost. And, if we cannot trust the army, in what can we trust?"

"In God," said the chancellor grimly.

In the end nothing was done. Mobilization might precipitate the crisis and there was always the fear that the army, in parts, was itself disloyal.

The king, meanwhile, lay dying. Doctor Weideman in constant attendance, other physicians coming and going. His apartments were silent. Rugs covered the corridors, that no footfall disturb his quiet hours. The nursing sisters attended him, one by his bedside, one always on her knees at the prie-dieu in the small room beyond. He wanted little—now and then a sip of water, the cooled juice of fruit. Injections of stimulants, given by Doctor Weideman himself, had scarred his old arms with purplish marks, and were absorbed more and more slowly as the hours went on.

He rarely slept, but lay inert and not unhappy. Annunziata came, and was at last stricken by conscience to a prayer at his bedside. On one of her last visits that was. She got up to find his eyes fixed on her.

"Father, can you hear me?"

"I—I have been a bad daughter to you. I am sorry. It is late now to tell you, but I am sorry. Can I do anything?"

"Otto," he said, with difficulty.

"You want to see him?"

"No."

She knew what he meant by that. He would have the boy remember him as he had seen him last.

"You are anxious about him?"

"Very anxious."

"Listen, father," she said, stooping over him. "I have been hard and cold. Perhaps you will grant that I have had two reasons for it. But I am going to do better. I will take care of him and I will do all I can to make him happy. I promise."

Perhaps it was relief. Perhaps even then the thought of Annunziata's tardy and certain-to-be bungling efforts to make Ferdinand William Otto happy amused him. He smiled faintly.

Nikky received a note from Hedwig late that afternoon. It was very brief:

Tonight at nine o'clock I shall go to the roof beyond Hubert's old rooms, for air. HEDWIG.

Nikky, who in all his incurious young life had never thought of the roof of the palace, save as a necessary shelter from the weather, a thing of tiles and gutters, vastly large, looked rather astounded.

"The roof!" he said, surveying the note. And fell to thinking, such a mixture of rapture and despair as only twenty-three, and hopeless, can know.

Somehow or other he got through the intervening hours, and before nine he was on his way. He had the run of the palace, of course. No one noticed him as he made his way toward the empty suite which so recently had housed his royal visitor.

Hedwig, in a soft white wrap over her dinner dress, was at the balustrade. A very dignified fairy, although her heart thumped disgracefully.

Whatever Nikky had intended—of obeying his promise to the letter, of putting his country before love, and love out of his life—failed him instantly. The Nikky, ardent-eyed and tender-armed, who crossed the roof and took her almost fiercely in his arms, was all lover—and twenty-three.

"Sweetheart!" he said. "Sweetest heart!"

When, having kissed her, he drew back a trifle for the sheer joy of again catching her to him, it was Hedwig who held out her arms to him.

"I couldn't bear it," she said simply. "I love you. I had to see you again. Just once."

If he had not entirely lost his head before, he lost it then. He stopped thinking, was content for a time that her arms were about his neck, and his arms about her, holding her close.

"Never let me go, Nikky," she whispered. "Hold me, always."

"Always!" said Nikky, valiantly and absurdly.

"Like this?"

"Like this," said Nikky, who was, like most lovers, not particularly



"Never Let Me Go, Nikky," She Whispered.

original. He tightened his strong arms about her.

Then, because she dared not give him time to think, she made her plea—rapid, girlish, rather incoherent, but understandable enough. They would go away together and be married. She had it all planned and some of it arranged. And then they would hide somewhere, and—"and always be together," she finished, tremulous with anxiety.

And Nikky? His pulses still beating at her nearness, his eyes on her upturned, despairing young face, turned to him for hope and comfort, what could he do? He took her in his arms again and soothed her, while she cried her heart out against his tunic. He said he would do anything to keep her from unhappiness, and that he would die before he let her go to Karl's arms. But if he had stopped thinking before, he was thinking hard enough then.

"Tonight?" said Hedwig, raising a tear-stained face. "It is early. If we wait something will happen. I know it. They are so powerful, they can do anything."

He put her away from him at last, after he had kissed her eyelids and her forehead, which was by way of renunciation. And then he folded his arms, which were treacherous and might betray him. After that, not daring to look at her, but with his eyes fixed on the irregular sky-line of the city roofs, he told her many things, of his promise to the king, of the danger, imminent now and very real, of his word of honor not to make love to her, which he had broken.

Hedwig listened, growing cold and still, and drawing away a little. She listened, even assented, as he pleaded against his own heart, treacherous arms still folded. And if she saw his arms and not his eyes, it was because she did not look up.

Halfway through his eager speech, however, she drew her light wrap about her and turned away. Nikky could not believe that she was going like that, without a word. But when she had disappeared through the window, he knew, and followed her. He caught her in Hubert's room, and drew her savagely into his arms.

But it was a passive, quiescent, and trembling Hedwig who submitted, and then, freeing herself, went out through the door into the lights of the corridor. Nikky flung himself, face down, on a shrouded couch and lay there, his face buried in his arms.

Olga Loschek's last hope was gone.

On the day of the carnival, which was the last day before the beginning of Lent, Prince Ferdinand William Otto awakened early. The palace still slept, and only the street sweepers were about the streets. Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat up in bed and yawned. This was a special day, he knew, but at first he was too drowsy to remember.

Then he knew—the carnival! A delightful day, with the place full of people in strange costumes—peasants,

imps, jesters, who cut capers on the grass in the park, little girls in procession, wearing costumes of fairies with gauze wings, students who paraded and blew noisy horns, even horses decorated, and now and then a dog dressed as a dancer or a soldier.

He yawned again, and began to feel hungry. He decided to get up and take his own bath. There was nothing like getting a good start for a gala day. And, since with the crown prince to decide was to do, which is not always a royal trait, he took his own bath, being very particular about his ears, and not at all particular about the rest of him. Then, no Oskar having yet appeared with fresh garments, he ducked back into bed again, quite bare as to his small body, and snuggled down in the sheets.

Lying there, he planned the day. There were to be no lessons except fencing, which could hardly be called a lesson at all, and as he now knew the "Gettysburg address," he meant to ask permission to recite it to his grandfather. To be quite sure of it, he repeated it to himself as he lay there:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Late in the morning Nikky took him to the roof. "We can't go out, old man," Nikky said to him, rather startled to discover the unhappiness in the boy's face, "but I've found a place where we can see more than we can here. Suppose we try it."

"Why can't we go out? I've always gone before."

"Well," Nikky temporized, "they've made a rule. They make a good many rules, you know. But they said nothing about the roof."

"The roof?"

"The roof. The thing that covers us and keeps out the weather. The roof, highness." Nikky alternated between formality and the other extreme with the boy.

"It slants, doesn't it?" observed his highness doubtfully.

"Part of it is quite flat. We can take a ball up there, and get some exercise while we're about it."

As a matter of fact, Nikky was not altogether unselfish. He would visit the roof again, where for terrible, wonderful moments he had held Hedwig in his arms. On a pilgrimage, indeed, like that of the crown prince to Etzel, Nikky would visit his shrine.

So they went to the roof. One could see the streets crowded with people, could hear the soft blare of distant horns.

"The scenic railway is in that direction," observed the crown prince, leaning on the balustrade. "If there were no buildings we could see it."

"Right here," Nikky was saying to himself. "At this very spot. She held out her arms, and I—"

"It looks very interesting," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto. "Of course we can't see the costumes, but it is better than nothing."

"I kissed her," Nikky was thinking, his heart swelling under his very best tunic. "Her head was on my breast, and I kissed her. Last of all, I kissed her eyes—her lovely eyes."

"If I fell off here," observed the crown prince in a meditative voice, "I would be smashed to a jelly, like the child at the Crystal palace."

"But now she hates me," said Nikky's heart, and dropped about the distance of three buttons. "She hates me. I saw it in her eyes this morning. Oh, Heaven!"

"We might as well play ball now," Prince Ferdinand William Otto turned away from the parapet with a sigh. This strange quiet that filled the palace seemed to have attacked Nikky too. Otto hated quiet.

They played ball, and the crown prince took a lesson in curves. But on his third attempt, he described such a compound curve that the ball disappeared over an adjacent part of the roof, and although Nikky did some blood-curdling climbing along gutters, it could not be found.

It was then that the Majordomo, always a marvelous figure in crimson and gold, and never seen without white gloves—the Majordomo bowed in a window, and observed that if his royal highness pleased, his royal highness' luncheon was served.

In the shrouded room inside the windows, however, his royal highness paused and looked around.

"I've been here before," he observed. "These were my father's rooms. My mother lived here, too. When I am older, perhaps I can have them. It would be convenient on account of my practicing curves on the roof. But I should need a number of balls."

He was rather silent on his way back to the schoolroom. But once he looked up rather wistfully at Nikky.

"If they were living," he said, "I am pretty sure they would take me out today."

Olga Loschek had found the day one of terror. The failure of her plan as to Nikky and Hedwig was known to the countess the night before. Hedwig had sent for her and faced her in her boudoir, very white and calm.

"He refuses," she said. "There is nothing more to do."

"Refuses!"

"He has promised not to leave Otto."

Olga Loschek had been incredulous, at first. It was not possible. Men in love did not do these things. It was not possible, that, after all, she had failed. When she realized it, she would have broken out in bitter protest, but Hedwig's face warned her. "He is right, of course," Hedwig had said. "You and I were wrong, countess. There is nothing to do—or say."

And the countess had taken her defeat quietly, with burning eyes and a throat dry with excitement.

The plot was arranged, to the smallest detail. The king, living now only so long as it was decreed he should live, would, in mid-afternoon, commence to sink. The entire court would be gathered in anterooms and salons near his apartments. In his rooms the crown prince would be kept, awaiting the summons to the throne room, where, on the king's death, the regency would be declared, and the court would swear fealty to the new king, Otto the Ninth. By arrangement with the captain of the palace guard, who was one of the committee of ten, the sentries before the crown prince's door were to be of the revolutionary party. Mettlich would undoubtedly be with the king. Remained then to be reckoned with only the prince's personal servants, Miss Braithwaite, and Nikky Larisch.

Two obstacles were left for the countess to cope with, and this was her part of the work. She had already a plan for Miss Braithwaite. But Nikky Larisch?

Over that problem, during the long night hours, Olga Loschek worked. It would be possible to overcome Nikky, of course. There would be four men, with the sentries, against him. But that would mean struggle and an alarm. It was the plan to achieve the abduction quietly, so quietly that for perhaps an hour—they hoped for an hour—there would be no alarm. Some time they must have, enough to make the long journey through the underground passage. Otherwise the opening at the gate would be closed, and the party caught like rats in a hole.

During the early afternoon the chancellor visited the crown prince. Waiting and watching had made inroads on him, but he assumed a sort of heavy jocularity for the boy's benefit.

"We must get the lad out somewhere for some air," he observed. "It is not good to keep him shut up like this." He turned to the crown prince. "In a day or so," he said, "we shall all go to the summer palace. You would like that, eh?"

"Will my grandfather be able to go?" The chancellor sighed. "Yes," he said, "I—he will go to the country also. He has loved it very dearly."

He left, shortly after three o'clock. And, because he was restless and un-



"The Scenic Railway Is in That Direction."

easy, he made a round of the palace, and of the guards. Before he returned to his vigil outside the king's bedroom, he stood for a moment by a window and looked out. Evidently rumors of the king's condition had crept out, in spite of their caution. The place, kept free of murmurs by the police, was filling slowly with people; people who took up positions on benches, under the trees, and even sitting on the curb of the street. An orderly and silent crowd it seemed, of the better class. Here and there he saw the police agents in plain clothes, impassive but watchful, on the lookout for the first cry of treason.

An hour or two, or three—three at the most—and the fate of the palace would lie in the hands of that crowd. He could not lead the boy to the balcony, and await the result.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Pirate's Den.

Miss Braithwaite was asleep on the couch in her sitting room, deeply asleep, so that when Prince Ferdinand William Otto changed the cold cloth on her head, she did not even move. The Countess Loschek had brought her some medicine.

"It cured her very quickly," said the crown prince, shuffling the cards with clumsy fingers. He and Nikky were playing a game in which matches represented money. The crown prince had won nearly all of them and was quite pink with excitement. "It's my deal, isn't it? When she goes to sleep like that, she nearly always wakes up much better. She's very sound asleep."

Nikky played absently, and lost the game. The crown prince triumphantly scooped up the rest of the matches. Then he lounged to the window, his hands in his pockets. There was something on his mind which the chancellor's reference to Hedwig's picture had recalled. Something he wished to say to Nikky, without looking at him.

So he cleared his throat, and looked out the window, and said, very casually:

"Hilda says that Hedwig is going to get married."

"So I hear, highness."

"She doesn't seem to be very happy about it. She's crying, most of the time."

It was Nikky's turn to clear his throat. "Marriage is a serious matter," he said. "It is not to be gone into lightly."

"Once, when I asked you about marriage, you said marriage was when two people loved each other, and wanted to be together the rest of their lives."

"Well," hedged Nikky, "that is the idea, rather."

"I should think," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, slightly red, "that you would marry her yourself."

Nikky being beyond speech for an instant and looking, had his royal highness but seen him, very tragic and somewhat rigid, the crown prince went on:

"She's a very nice girl," he said; "I think she would make a good wife."

There was something of reproach in his tone. He had confidently planned that Nikky would marry Hedwig, and that they would live happily in the palace. But, the way things were going, Nikky might marry anybody, and go away to live, and he would lose him.

"Yes," said Nikky, in a strange voice, "she—I am sure she would make a good wife."

At which Prince Ferdinand William Otto turned and looked at him. "I wish you would marry her yourself," he said with his nearest approach to impatience. "I think she'd be willing. I'll ask her, if you want me to."

Half-past three, then, and Nikky trying to explain, within the limits of the boy's understanding of royal life, his position. Members of royal families, he said, looking far away, over the child's head, had to do many things for the good of the country. And marrying was one of them. He sat, bent forward, his hands swung between his knees, and tried to visualize, for Otto's understanding and his own heartache, the results of such a marriage.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Menace of Croup.

Croup is a spasm of the larynx which comes on very suddenly. Often in the middle of the night the baby will awaken with a harsh cough, and rough and difficult breathing. Sometimes the face may become blue. The child should be made to vomit in order to relax the spasm. This is best brought about by giving a teaspoonful of sirup of ipecac. The inhalation of steam will help to shorten the attack. A croup-kettle is the best means of producing the steam. A tent made of a sheet will aid in concentrating the moist steam. It is better to use a teaspoonful of compound tincture of benzoin to each pint of water used in the croup-kettle than steam alone. Mustard plasters, one part mustard and five parts flour, as well as warm compresses over the chest, are of value. For a child who has persistent attacks of croup it is best to ascertain whether enlarged tonsils and adenoids are not a factor. If they are present have them removed.—From the Delinctor.

Requires Genius to Teach Music.

Knowledge of the imitative art is developed daily by experience and comparison with the life they prefigure; knowledge of literature by the creative habit of speech. Music can be developed only from experience in the art of music itself. It is an absolute addition to life. But from its manifold nature, its intangibility, the irregularity of musical endowment, and above all from the sparsity of musical experience in the normal life of the young, music requires a certain genius to teach it well, and in our schools the problem is not yet seriously attempted.—Manchester Guardian.

SORE THROAT
or Tonsillitis—gargle
with warm, salt water
then apply—
VICK'S VAPORUB
Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash-
ington, D.C.—Book free. High-
est references. Best results

In reflections on the absent, go no
further than you would if they were
present.—Beveridge.

The Anxious Pilot.
Noah sighted Arrarat.
"I hope to goodness that is the peak
of production," he cried.

You May Try Cuticura Free
Send today for free samples of Cuti-
cure Soap and Ointment and learn
how quickly they relieve itching, skin
and scalp troubles. For free samples,
address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston."
At druggists and by mail. Soap 25,
Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

More Grub.
"What we need," declared the first
Russian, "is a man on horseback."
"Yes," assented the other one, "we
could use a little horse meat, that's
true."

Rice as a Foodstuff.
Rice forms the staple diet of most
eastern races, and it is also largely
eaten in Europe and America. Its nu-
tritive value, says a bulletin of the Im-
perial Institute, depends on the form
in which it is eaten.

**State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas
County.**
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is
senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney
& Co., doing business in the City of To-
ledo, County and State aforesaid, and that
said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUN-
DRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh
that cannot be cured by the use of
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

**Sworn to before me and subscribed in
my presence, this 6th day of December,
A. D. 1885.**
(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken
internally and acts through the blood
on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.
Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Contract for Shad at \$1 a Fish.
Shad fishermen of New Castle, Del.,
numbering the owners of nineteen nets,
after disposing of their catches for the
early part of the season, have made a
contract with Francois Dominico for the
entire catch of the remainder of
the season, and prices have gone to
\$1 a fish as caught, large and small.
The purchaser has bonded for the
carrying out of the contract with a
surety company of Philadelphia.

Japanese Women Red Cross Workers.
"Few Americans realize how much
Japan has done during this war for
the Red Cross," says the foreign press
bureau of the woman's committee of
the council of defense. "Her Red
Cross membership far exceeded ours
in the early days of the war; and she
maintained hospitals in England,
France and Russia for a whole year;
just as we did, like our own, these
hospitals had to be given up for a
time for lack of funds. After this, how-
ever, Japan subscribed and sent a mil-
lion dollars to the wounded of the
allies, to be divided pro rata among
them."

His Great Gratitude.
"I have given all my ready money to
the Red Cross and other worthy causes.
I have mortgaged my home to buy Lib-
erty bonds. Tell me, if you can, of
something more that I can do to show
my appreciation of the beneficence of
our glorious government?"
"Considering your financial circum-
stances," said we, "it would seem that
you have done enough."
"Enough!" he interrupted. "I have
not done half enough. Why, the good,
kind government has taken my trifling
son-in-law in the draft! Hi-randy-
dandy-oh!" We left him, still chortling
like a laughing hyena.—Kansas City
Star.

War Demands
Saving of Sugar,
Saving of Fuel,
Use of other
Grains with Wheat
—No Waste.

Grape-Nuts
answers every
demand. It's an
economical, nour-
ishing and deli-
cious food, a build-
er and maintainer
of Vigor and Health.

Try it.
"There's a Reason"

SCRAPS of HUMOR



JOKE WAS A TWISTER.

There was the usual collection of
drummers in the smoke room and
among them the inevitable quiet man.
Conundrums had been the order of the
evening and the fun waxed fast and
furious.

Then the quiet man spoke.
"It's easy," he began, "to answer
such riddles as 'Why is your hat like a
baby?' which contains only one simile,
but some of those with two and more
are twisters. For instance, what is the
difference between the son of a mil-
lionaire, an organ and a gum pot?"

"I give it up," said the mustard tra-
veler, who was generally very hot at
guessing riddles.
"The son of a millionaire is an heir
to millions, while an organ has a mil-
lion airs. See?"

"But what about the gum pot?" in-
quired the hosiery representative.
"Oh, that's bast where you stick,"
replied the quiet man.

Demoralization.
"You pronounce those German names
very badly."

"I do the best I can. The teacher
tried to tell me what was proper."
"Why didn't you pay attention?"
"My feelings got the better of me. I
got so I couldn't believe a thing the
German teacher said."

She Knew.
"I'm not a prophet nor the son of a
prophet," said the orator.
"I guess he means that he's not a
profiteer," whispered a lady in the au-
dience.

Just Estimate.
"Don't you think the pay of avia-
tors ought to be raised?"
"It does seem that if the pay is to
be proportionate it ought to be high."

HARD TO GET.



Mr. Knox—Who are all those women
in front of the house?
Mrs. Knox—Neighbors. They heard
our cook was going to leave and they're
waiting to engage her.

Easier.
Some men complain in accents wise,
And so contrive to shirk.
It's easier to apologize
Than to do real work.

The Difference.
Wise Guy—When a single woman
believes in practicing economy she
hustles her means.
The Really Wise—And when a mar-
ried woman believes that economy
should be practiced she means her
husband.—Judge.

A Problem.
"What are you thinking of, my
dear?"
"I was wondering if Jonah's wife be-
lieved him when he explained his ab-
sence from home by telling her he had
been swallowed by a whale."

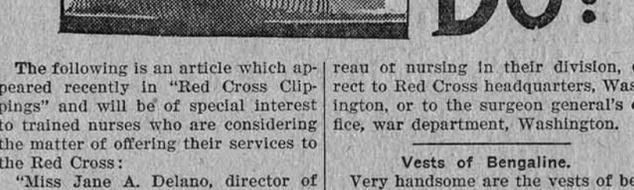
Suspicious Look.
She—I am convinced there is
something wrong about our new
neighbors, and they want to hide it.
He—What makes you think that?
She—Their hired girl is deaf and
dumb.

His Experience.
"As a character actor, I should
think that ex-compositors would be a
success."
"Why so?"
"He is so used to handling types."

That's the Question.
They were lecturing the young scape-
grace and told him he should be more
grateful to his uncle who had paid his
debts.
"Yes, yes," he allowed coolly, "I
know my uncle paid my creditors, but
what has he done for me?"

The Usual Way.
"My patience is taxed very often."
"Then, I suppose, you get relief in
the natural way."
"What's that?"
"Swearing it off."

WHAT CAN WE DO?



The following is an article which ap-
peared recently in "Red Cross Clip-
pings" and will be of special interest
to trained nurses who are considering
the matter of offering their services to
the Red Cross:

"Miss Jane A. Delano, director of
the bureau of nursing of the American
Red Cross, points out to nurses the un-
usual opportunities offered by the in-
surance law, enacted for the protection
of our army and navy. The provisions
of the insurance bill apply equally to
nurses assigned to duty as members of
the army and navy nurse corps, and
make it possible for the nurse to se-
cure, at nominal rates, protection for
herself as well as for designated mem-
bers of her family dependent upon her.

"A great responsibility rests upon
the nurses of the country," continues
Miss Delano. "They are the only group
of women recognized as a part of the
military establishment. While thou-
sands and thousands of nurses will be
needed, the number is relatively small
compared with the number of women
in America who should stand back of
them and make possible the service for
which they are so greatly needed at this
time.

"The nurses who share in the hard-
ships, the dangers and the privations
incident to war should be looked upon
as the representatives of the woman-
hood of America at the front, and these
women who stand ready to sacri-
fice all, even their lives, if necessary,
should receive the sympathy, the sup-
port and the interest of the millions of
women whose husbands, brothers and
sons are fighting for the safety of the
country. Not only should the women
of the country encourage nurses who
have this blessed opportunity for ser-
vice to volunteer promptly, but they
should make every effort possible to
protect the nurses holding themselves
ready for service and share with them
the responsibility and sacrifices neces-
sary.

"A special appeal is made there-
fore to the nurses of America to vol-
unteer at once through their nearest
local committee on Red Cross nursing
service, through the director of the bu-

Distracting Variety in Sweater-Coats



There is almost a distracting vari-
ety in sweaters and sweater-coats to
choose from this season. And along
with them sleeveless satin and velvet
sports coats have entered the race for
consideration, and sleeveless coats of
silk jersey. All of which goes to
prove that a sweater, or sports coat—
or both—are indispensable in the
wardrobe of today and that one can
afford to think twice and then think
again before making a final choice
among them.

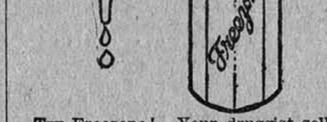
Where not much in the way of
warmth is really wanted of the sweat-
er and it is worn more for smart style
than anything else, the new short,
hand-knitted, slip-overs are apt to
win approval. They are made of
heavy zephyrs, in gay colors and knit-
ed on large needles. Turquoise blue
and rose pink are favorites for them
and one sees an occasional jade green.
Nearly all of them have white knit-
ed collars. It is left to the individ-
ual to decide for or against sleeves
and if the sleeves win, then white
knitted cuffs are theirs by right. These
sweaters fit the figure somewhat
closely and are worn with white
kid belts. They are much shorter
than the sweater and sweater-coat
shown in the picture, extending only
eight to ten inches below the waist-
line.

The knitted sweater pictured is a
machine-made garment, with wide
sailor collar, deep cuffs and short
girdle all knitted, but in a coarser
and heavier stitch than the sweater.

SO EASY! CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT

DOESN'T HURT AT ALL! AND
COSTS ONLY FEW CENTS.

Magic! Just drop a little Freezone
on that touchy corn, instantly it stops
aching, then you lift the corn off with
the fingers. Truly! No humbug!



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells
a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient
to rid your feet of every hard corn,
soft corn, or corn between the toes,
and callouses, without one particle of
pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone
is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati
genius.—Adv.

Russian Land Question.
"The economists, sociologists and
statesmen of Russia seem agreed that
communal land-holding is an outgrown
system. They want the muzhiks to be
acted upon by the same individualizing
and stimulating forces which have put
the French farmer and the American
farmer so far ahead of him. Stolypin
had been so impressed by the mob
psychology of the community peasant
that he put through a law requiring
the obshchina, on the demand of any
member, to give him his share of the
land in a single plot, which then be-
came his individual property. In ten
years many such associations were
dissolved, and 7,000,000 peasants—
about 20 per cent of those under the
communal system—had their land 'di-
vided out' and went to live on it like
American farmers."—Exchange.

Get New Kidneys!
The kidneys are the most overworked
organs of the human body, and when
they fail in their work of filtering out
and throwing off the poisons developed in
the system, things begin to happen.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiff-
ness in the lower part of the back; highly
colored urine; loss of appetite; indiges-
tion; irritation, or even stone in the blad-
der. These symptoms indicate a condition
that may lead to that dreaded and fatal
malady, Bright's disease, for which there
is said to be no cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first in-
dication of trouble in the kidney, liver,
bladder or urinary organs start taking
Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules.
For more than 200 years this famous pre-
paration has been an unfailing remedy for
all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles.
A delay is often fatal.

You can almost certainly find immediate
relief in Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules.
It is the pure, original Haarlem Oil your
great-grandmother used. About two cap-
sules each day will keep you toned up
and feeling fine. Get it at any drug store,
and if it does not give you almost immediate
relief, your money will be refunded. Be
sure you get the GOLD MEDAL brand.
None other genuine. In boxes, three
sizes.—Adv.

A Simple Arrangement.
Hardly—Does your wife ever bother
you about her new bonnets?
Easy—Not in the least. When she
wants one she simply gets it and has
the bill sent in.

FARMERS ARE WORKING HARDER
And using their feet more than ever before.
For all these workers the frequent use of
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to
be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the
foot-bath, increases their efficiency and in-
sures needed physical comfort. It takes the
Friction from the Shoe, freshens the feet,
and prevents tired, aching and blistered feet.
Women everywhere are constant users of
Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't get foot sore, get
Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by dealers every-
where, 25c.—Adv.

Gatty.
He—There is nothing mean in Miss
Prettyface's makeup.
She—Of course, there isn't. She
always gets the most expensive kinds.

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and you work the horse same time.
Does not blister or remove the
hair. \$2.50 per bottle, delivered.
Will tell you more if you write.
Book 4 R free. ABSORBINE JR.,
the antiseptic liniment for manking,
reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured
Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Wound
Cure, Cystitis, Gonorrhea, etc. Price \$1.25 a bottle
at druggists or delivered. Made in the U. S. A. by
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placed anywhere
attracts and kills
all flies. Best, clean,
ornamental, unobtrusive,
cheap. Made all seasons.
Made of metal, can't rust!
or slip cover, will not melt
or injure anything. Great
antiseptic effect. Sold by
dealers, or sent by mail,
price, prepaid, for \$1.00.
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TYPHOID
is no more necessary
than smallpox. Long
experience has demonstrated
the almost infallible effec-
tiveness of Antityphoid Vaccination.
Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you save
your family. It is more vital than horse manure.
Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "How
you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine,
results from use, and danger from Typhoid Cholera.
Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License
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W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 21-1916.

Don't Be Afraid of Your Meals

Take "Eatonic" and Laugh At
Stomach Troubles

H. L. Kramer, the man who origi-
nated Cascarets, has discovered a sure,
safe, quick-acting relief for bad stom-
achs. He named it EATONIC for your
stomach's sake.

You can eat anything you like now
and digest it in comfort, for stomach
ease is positively assured if you eat
an EATONIC tablet regularly after
each meal.

EATONIC acts directly with the
food the moment it enters the stom-
ach. It immediately checks any ten-
dency toward too much acid and en-
ables the food to pass from the stom-
ach into the bowel in a sweetened con-
dition, and thus prevents the forma-
tion of sour distressing gases that up-
set digestion and cause a bloated, dull,
lumpy feeling that makes your
FOOD REPEAT.

EATONIC enables you to eat your
fill and laugh at indigestion, dyspep-
sia, heartburn, "sour stomach" and all
the other bugaboos of "the-man-afraid-
of-his-stomach."

Kramer says: "EATONIC should be
in every home ready for use after every
meal. An EATONIC tablet will
aid you naturally to easily digest
and assimilate—your food can be thor-
oughly enjoyed without the slightest
danger of misery from acid stomachs.
I strongly advise every one to take EATONIC
after meals. To correct bad
stomachs and keep them in perfect
condition, it is a most wonderful dis-
covery."

If EATONIC fails to give you
prompt stomach relief, your money
will be refunded; 50c buys a large box
at any drug store. Or write to Eatonic
Remedy Co., 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chi-
cago, U. S. A.

BLACK WALNUT.

Forethought in Marketing Necessary to Obtain Best Prices—Cooperation in Shipping.

Black walnut is now in good demand and brings high prices on the market. The larger clear logs, butt cuts, and stumps, suitable for sawing or slicing into furniture veneers, are readily salable. Second cuts and limbs, however, are more difficult to market advantageously.

For high-grade walnut veneer the market wants logs 16 inches and over in diameter at the small end. Practically any length from 6 to 16 feet will do, but lengths of from 7 to 10 feet prevail. There is a good demand for walnut grown in the open because the rapid growth gives the wood a variegated color and a richly figured grain or pattern that is much in favor now for furniture. For logs of this character the present prices range from \$60 to \$100 board feet at the railroad. Luts should always be cut well into the ground in order to obtain as much as possible of the stump, which is often the choicest part of the tree.

Walnut logs left after the choice cuts have been removed should be peeled, the ends painted, and then rolled on sticks to keep them from the ground and to avoid deterioration. Walnut of this character is in demand for gunstocks. Recently there has been an unprecedented demand for these and the market has absorbed all the suitable wood offered. Now that the United States has entered the war it is likely that the demand for second and third grade logs will be continued.

Logs of this character are also in demand for sawed furniture stock. When intended for the latter purpose it is usually most profitable to saw them up locally into 1-inch boards, which should be well dried.

Black walnut is still cut into cross-ties in some communities. This is generally an unprofitable practice, however. Walnut logs of grades lower than veneer logs bring from \$30 to \$35 per thousand feet in the log for the smaller sizes, and from \$40 to \$60 for the larger and better classes. A 12-inch walnut log 8 1/2 ft. long, if sold is the log without any labor of hewing or splitting, should bring between \$1.25 and \$1.60. If hewed into a tie and delivered at the railroad, it would be worth about 65 cents, and if cut into cordwood, assuming the market price of this to be \$3.50 per cord, it would be worth about 25 cents. It is obvious, therefore, that walnut owners may incur considerable loss if they do not exercise forethought in marketing their timber. Cooperative marketing by a number of owners, each of whom has less than a carload of logs, is recommended with such valuable woods as hickory, ash, white oak, and black walnut. The forestry specialists and the county agents attached to the cooperative demonstration work of the United States Department of Agriculture will be glad to assist timber owners in obtaining a fair return for their property.

STUDY WILD ANIMALS.

Knowledge of Details in Life Histories Important in Prescribing Control Measures.

To prescribe the most effective measures for the control and eradication of rodents and obnoxious wild animals, the most intimate details of the life histories of the animals must be known. The Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture is in need of this information. It would like to know, for instance, more about the breeding habits and young of ground squirrels, pocket gophers, kangaroo rats, pocket mice, wood rats, grasshopper mice, and harvest mice. Accordingly, the survey recently has sent a request to its field naturalists asking for more detailed study of many of the American mammals. Other persons interested are invited to send in reports of their study.

Particular attention should be given, the request states, to locating and digging out the burrows of the various ground-inhabiting species. Measurements and detailed sketches showing the character of these underground habitations, the nesting and food chambers, and other peculiarities should be made. Insufficient information is available as to the quantity and character of the food many such animals store in their underground retreats or in other places.

The underground habits and young of shrews and moles, as well as winter chambers and posts of hibernating rodents, are insufficiently known. The breeding habits of bats are almost unknown, and every opportunity should be taken to study them, the statement adds. Bat caves or roosting places should be carefully examined and reported in detail. Close attention should be given to the food habits of all species and their relations to agriculture and forestry.

Field naturalists in charge of biological surveys of certain territories should familiarize themselves with the Survey's collection of species from their areas and be guided in their field work by the needs of the collection. Good photographs are needed, particularly of the smaller species, their haunts, nesting places, and of whatever else illustrates their habits. The need of study as described for habits of animals applies with equal force to birds, the statement adds.

The pasturing of corn is especially applicable to semiarid regions. The dry soil is not injured by the animals, and very little corn gets to waste or spoils by coming in contact with the soil. The stalks are left in good shape to prevent the drifting of snow.

For that tired feeling take a street car.

Conscience is the watchdog which barks at sin.

Poker keeps more men awake nights than brain fag.

And many a man who pays cash sleeps on tick.

Grown people tire of their toys just as children do.

Learn to do with diligence what you would do with ease.

Being a lucky animal, a camel never has to hump itself.

No man is tall enough to be above neighborly criticism.

Man is made of dust and he wants the rest of the earth.

Mistaking flattery for friendship is a very human error.

One thing a woman is willing to undergo is a new bonnet.

The bee is never too busy to administer a stinging rebuke.

And kissing is responsible for a good deal of heart trouble.

To avenge our wrongs costs more than to protect our rights.

About the only blow that strikes a man favorably is his own boast.

Nearly all men are suspicious and nearly all women are superstitious.

When a busy man has leisure he always does some other kind of work.

Many a man suffers painful exposure, though all wrapped up in himself.

The man who is in touch with the toothache is out of sympathy with it.

When a man talks much about himself he has nothing much to talk about.

Some men talk more religion in ten minutes than they practice in ten years.

Some men are so unworthy of confidence that their own dogs distrust them.

The wall flower at a ball is often the only girl present who can bake bread.

Some people spend a lot of time in explaining things they know nothing about.

After a girl gets married she begins to lose interest in curl papers and love stories.

A baby makes the home a happy place at all times—and more so when it's asleep.

Some men join the ranks of the benedicts voluntarily, and some have to be drafted.

Old Man Maguire says a woman always takes the cork out of a bottle by pushing it in.

Perhaps the reason a woman's work is never done is because she employs a domestic to do it.

By careful observation you will notice that wealth brings happiness—as often as poverty.

The less you talk, the less likely you are to choke if compelled to swallow your words.

Contentment is a virtue, but even in the matter of virtues one should beware of counterfeits.

One of the things a man can't understand is why his enemies seem to have so many friends.

It's surprising how quickly a man recovers from what he imagined was a fatal attack of love.

It doesn't take much courage for a man to call his wife down occasionally—if she is upstairs.

Political orators talk and talk, but the bright-faced girl on the silver dollar isn't saying a word.

Marrying a man to reform him is like trying to make a satisfactory omelet out of a bad egg.

The smile of a good woman will do a man more good than a dozen handed him by the bartender.

She is a wise woman who knows where her waist line will be after the next new styles come in.

A man's ability to say no at the right time is of more use to him than his ability to quote Latin.

Often a woman is so inconsistent that after making up her mind as to her age she's unable to stick to it.

It is unwise to judge a man by the criticisms of his enemies. Only his friends can properly denounce him.

Cupid does not take out a license when he goes hunting. The man of whom he makes game has to do that.

If a widower marries a milliner or dressmaker he may be figuring on getting back some of the money his first wife spent.

Dried Fruit Pies

When fresh fruits are not available, dried fruits will be found very good to use in pie making. Only the best quality of dried fruit should be used, as the second choice will not produce a satisfactory filling. In making the pies, use deep pie plates and good home made crust, but not necessarily puff paste. The deep plates are best because they yield more filling than crust, always a desirable point in home made pies.

Prune Pie—Soak a pound of large prunes for a couple of hours, then stew them carefully. When the prunes are done, remove them from the liquid, and to a cup or a little more of the juice, add a cup of sugar and a teaspoon of lemon juice; then boil to a thick sirup. While it boils, put in a stick of cinnamon. Remove the seeds from the prunes and chop them fine. After they are chopped, fill the pie-crust, which has been baked like a tartshell, with the fruit and add enough sirup to make it the right consistency; then heap the top with whipped cream and it is ready to serve.

Dried Apple Pie—Soak a half pound of dried apples over night. In the morning, stew them until tender with four slices of lemon, two cloves and a stick of cinnamon. When tender, add a cup and a half of sugar and let all stew down rather rich and thick. When cool, remove lemon and cinnamon, drain off a half cup of the sirup and add to it a teaspoon of ground ginger, a teaspoon of flour and two teaspoons of molasses. Drain the apples and add them to the pie, then add the ginger mixture and as much of the sirup as the pie will hold; add the top crust and bake. Serve the pie hot, with a square of good dairy cheese on the side.

Dried Cherry Pie—Take one pound of dried cherries and soak them over night. In the morning, stew them until they are tender, then add a cup and a half of sugar and cook down until the sirup is rich and heavy. When cool, fill the pie with the cherries and as much juice as it will take, and put on the top crust. This pie is good hot or cold served with cream.

Novel Flower Holders

New among flower holders are small canoes of clear glaze orange colored oriental china. These hold just four red tulips so planted that the bulb of each shows. Over the earth about them are strewn pebbles. Of the same china are little round jardinières about four inches in diameter. Each holds a red rambler rose, about five inches high, with several blossoms tufting the top.

Steamed Graham Bread

Ingredients: Four cups of sifted graham flour, sifted four times; one cup of molasses, two cups of sour milk, two teaspoons of salt, two even teaspoons of soda, and one cup of raisins. Dissolve the soda in two or three teaspoons of hot water, and pour into the sour milk and molasses. When it stops effervescing, stir in the flour and add the raisins, which have been dredged in flour. Bake in well greased pans or molds. Steam three hours with the cover on; then set in hot oven for 20 minutes, to dry and brown.

INFANT'S BODY BECOMES MUMMY IN 20 YEARS

Negro Baby Embalmed Long Ago Is Preserved by a Chester, Pa., Undertaker.

Chester, Pa.—A real mummy, a little colored baby, born some twenty years ago, who died after living several weeks, was viewed with interest the other day at an undertaking establishment here.

There is no record of the parentage of the infant, and, in brief, its history is that it was found dead twenty years ago, and the body was turned over to the late Thomas Minshall, then an undertaker and deputy coroner.

As the body was never claimed, he decided to use it for experimental purposes in embalming, and prepared a special mixture of embalming fluid, a portion of which he injected into the little body.

The result proved successful, and in a short time there were evidences of mummification, and after being an object of curiosity and a "ten days' wonder," the mummy, characterized "Izzie," was taken to an unused room in the building and tucked away on the top shelf of a closet.

During all these years the infant body has lain there undisturbed, except when some curious person has called at the establishment and requested permission to see it. The mummy is twenty inches long, weighs two pounds, and resembles in every way a real colored baby.

TRAMP DOG ATTENDS FUNERALS

Nesquehoning, Pa.—This community has a dog which manifests a fondness for attending funerals. Since attention was drawn to his habit he has never been known to miss one. He usually walks beside the hearse and will go into the church if permitted. He has frequently been driven out, but when this happens he will loiter outside until services are over and then accompany the cortege to the grave. He is only a common tramp dog, but since he has shown humane instinct people are taking more kindly to him, and instead of being kicked about he is now being treated with the utmost consideration.

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

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

- H. M. STONE, President,
- LAWRENCE BABST, Vice-Pres.,
- H. H. TROUP, Vice-Pres.,
- GEO. EHRRICH, Cashier,
- F. M. LOCKWOOD, Ass't Cashier.



Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus \$125,000.00

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go hand in hand. When the Nation is spending money on a scale never before imagined, the necessity of UNUSUAL SAVING on the part of every patriotic citizen is apparent.

It is your duty, not only to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, but also to save so that all the resources of America can be mobilized for National defense.

SAVE MONEY NOW AND HELP WIN THE WAR.

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS.

IF A FIRE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOME TONIGHT

are you prepared to stand the loss? You can not afford to carry the risk when good strong old line fire insurance companies will carry it for you very cheaply. Keep your home, or your household goods fully insured.

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(OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.)

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF BRADLEY STATE AND SAVINGS BANK

located at Bradley, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 11th day of May, 1918, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES.

1. Loans and Discounts	\$155,434 62
2. Overdrafts	110 21
4. Investments Liberty Bonds	14,387 50
5. Banking House	3,300 00
Furniture and Fixtures	961 88
6. Cash and Due from Banks	16,128 79
7. Other Resources Checks and Cash Items	5,124 53
TOTAL RESOURCES	\$195,447 52

LIABILITIES.

1. Capital Stock Paid in	\$ 25,000 00
3. Undivided Profits (net)	4,825 98
4. All other deposits	165,621 54
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$195,447 52

I, E. C. Vandagriff, Cashier of the Bradley State and Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, E. C. VANDAGRIFT, Cashier
COUNTY OF KANKAKEE, ss: Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of May 1918.

[SEAL] T. R. McCoy, Notary Public.

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Admission 5 cents

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