

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2.

BRADLEY, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1917.

\$1.50 A YEAR

WERE WED TUESDAY

MISS BLANCHE DEICHARME
TO AUGUST BERTRAND

Two Young People From Prominent Families United in Wedding at St. Joseph's Church

St. Joseph's Catholic Church was the scene of a pretty wedding Tuesday morning, when Miss Blanche Deicharme, the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Deicharme of this city, was united in marriage to August Bertrand, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Bertrand of Goodrich, Ill.

Rev. Granger performed the marriage ceremony, and the beautiful and impressive ring ceremony was used. Following the services at the church, the young couple went to the home of the bride's parents where an elegant wedding breakfast was served. The rest of the day was spent at the home of the groom's parents, where an all day wedding was held.

THE ADVOCATE joins their many friends in wishing them a happy and prosperous journey thru life.

Report on Water Supply of Bradley

G. C. HABERMEYER, Engineer

The following interesting analysis of our water supply has been furnished by the U. of I. Bradley was visited on November 27, 1916. Frank Beggs, President of the village, and J. W. Riley, Superintendent of waterworks, aided in securing information for this report.

GENERAL CONSIDERATION

Bradley is located in the central part of Kankakee County on the drainage area of the Kankakee River. The center of the village is about 1 1/2 miles north of the center of Kankakee, according to the United States census reports the population in 1900 was 1,618 and in 1910 it was 1,942. The school census of July, 1916, showed the population to be between 2,400 and 2,500. The surface of the ground in and around the village is quite flat. There is a 4 or 5 feet of soil overlying limestone. The Illinois Central Railroad passes through the village, the Chicago, Indiana, & Southern passes close to the southern limits of the village and furnishes transportation facilities and the Chicago & Interurban Traction Line from Chicago to Kankakee passes through the village.

The principal industries with the approximate number of employees are as follows: David Bradley Plough Works Co., 500; Kroehler Lounge Co., 350; Jos. Turk (iron beds), 100; J. H. Watson, (galvanized iron works) 40; Mann Corporation, (machine shop), 40. A combined system of sewers has been designed for the city and objections to the proposed system have carried their objection to the Supreme Court. The plans provided for a 48-inch outlet sewer to carry the sewage into the Kankakee River to the southwest of the village.

INSTALLATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF WATERWORKS

Waterworks were installed by the municipality in 1905. In 1913 the deep-well pump was changed and an electric motor was installed to furnish power. When sewers are installed the water mains will be extended to serve the population served by the system of sewers. At present, the waterworks consist of a deep well equipped with a deep-well pump, an electric motor to furnish power, a gasoline engine, an elevated tank, and a distribution system. All parts of the plant excepting the distribution system are located on a 50 foot by 145 foot lot owned by the city.

SOURCE OF SUPPLY

The source of supply is a well 12 inches in diameter and 332 feet deep. The distance from the surface of the ground to the water level is about 30 feet when not pumping.

CONSUMPTION OF WATER

At the time of the visit the consumption of water was estimated to be 15,000 to 20,000 gallons per day. There are about 180 services supplied from the public supply. J. H. Watson, Joseph Turk and the Mann Corporation factories use water from the village supply. The Kroehler lounge factory uses water from the Kankakee supply.

QUALITY OF WATER

Samples of water were collected at the pumping station and analyzed in the laboratory. The reports of analyses are as follows:

SANITARY ANALYSIS

Bradley Laboratory No., 35022.
Collected, November 27, 1916.
Source, Village well tap in pump 332 feet drilled.
Turbidity.....5
Color.....5
Odor.....0
Residue on evaporation.....611.
Chlorine in chlorides.....38.
Oxygen consumed.....6
Ammonia nitrogen.....0.000
Albuminoid nitrogen.....0.016
Nitrite nitrogen.....0.002
Nitrate nitrogen.....16.00
Alkalinity, methyl orange 292.
Bacteria per cc.....10
Agar.....1
Gas formers
10 cc.....1-2
1 cc.....2
O. 1 cc.....2

This is an excellent water and perfectly safe for use for drinking purposes.

F. W. MOHLMAN, Chemist.

Laboratory No., 35022.
Collected, November 27, 1916.
Source, Village well 332 feet drilled.

IONS

Potassium.....K.....2.8
Sodium.....Na.....0.9
Ammonium.....NH ₄0.0
Magnesium.....Mg.....30.3
Calcium.....Ca.....0.0
Iron.....Fe.....0.1
Alumina.....Al ₂ O ₃1.1
Nitrate.....NO ₃70.7
Chloride.....Cl.....0.38
Sulfate.....SO ₄82.9
Silica.....SiO ₂8.4

HYPOTHETICAL COMBINATIONS

Potassium nitrate.....KNO ₃7.2.....0.42
Sodium nitrate.....NaNO ₃90.9.....5.29
Sodium chloride.....NaCl.....0.7.....0.04
Sodium sulfate.....Na ₂ SO ₄5.2.....0.30
Ammonium sulphate.....(NH ₄) ₂ SO ₄98.2.....6.22
Magnesium sulphate.....MgSO ₄98.2.....6.22
Magnesium carbonate.....MgCO ₃69.4.....4.03
Calcium carbonate.....CaCO ₃241.8.....14.09
Iron oxide.....Fe ₂ O ₃0.1......06
Alumina.....Al ₂ O ₃1.1......06
Silica.....SiO ₂8.4......48
Bases..........1.0......11
Total..........525.1.....30.56

This water contains considerable mineral matter, most of which is present as salts of calcium and magnesium. It contains both temporary and permanent hardness and will form a very hard scale in boilers. There is some corrosion of the tubes in places. It contains an unusually large amount of sodium nitrate but this will probably have no harmful effect in boilers. It should be satisfactory as a potable supply. F. W. MOHLMAN, Chemist.

PUMPING STATION AND MACHINERY

The pumping station is a brick building 20 feet by 30 feet in size. The well is equipped with an American Well Works double-acting pump with 4 inch cylinder. The well head was furnished by Goulds Manufacturing Co. A 10 horsepower alternating current motor made by the Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co. is used to operate the pump. It is a 3 phase, 60 cycle, 220 volt, 31.5 amperes, 850 revolutions per minute motor.

There is a gasoline engine which may be used in case of necessity. This engine was used before the electric motor was installed. It is a Fairbanks Morse 15 horsepower gasoline engine.

DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM

There is an 8 inch pipe extending from the pumping station to Broadway. Broadway is the main street in the western part of the village and runs about east and west through the center of the village. There are blocks of 8 inch pipe on Broadway. In addition to this there is about 1 1/2 blocks of 8 inch pipe extending to a factory. From Broadway 4 inch pipe extends south for 2 blocks and north for 3 blocks on the 6 streets reached by the 8 inch pipe excepting where an 8

inch line extends from the pumping station to Broadway and on one block served by the 8 inch pipe leading to a factory. There are 12 dead ends on the system. East of the Illinois Central Railroad tracks a main connected to the Kankakee public supply extends northward along Schuyler Avenue to East Broadway. There is one branch from this main to the Kroehler Lounge Co. factory west of the tracks. On the village supply there are about 3,100 feet of 8 inch pipe, 13,400 feet of 4 inch pipe, and 36 hydrants. Two hydrants are Beaumont Manufacturing Co. hydrants and the others are Corey hydrants. Galvanized iron service pipes are used. The city puts the services in from the main to the curb line at a cost of about \$20.00. Plumbers are paid \$13.00 for services on the near side of the street and \$15.00 for services on the far side of the street. The city makes the excavation and does the back filling. For the factories, the village and factories, each pay about one-half cost of meters and installation.

RESERVOIR

There is an elevated tank on the brick tower located on the same lot with a pumping station. The main dimensions as taken from the plans are as follows:—Height of tank 52 feet; diameter of tank 13 feet; foundation of stone 7 feet high, 25 feet square at base, and 18 feet square at the top; height of tower 68 feet; diameter of tower 13 feet; thickness of tower wall 2 1/2 inches at bottom, and 2 1/4 inches near the top.

RATES

All factories supplied are me-

Parts per million Grains per gallon

K.....2.8
Na.....0.9
NH ₄0.0
Mg.....30.3
Ca.....0.0
Fe.....0.1
Al ₂ O ₃1.1
NO ₃70.7
Cl.....0.38
SO ₄82.9
SiO ₂8.4
KNO ₃7.2.....0.42
NaNO ₃90.9.....5.29
NaCl.....0.7.....0.04
Na ₂ SO ₄5.2.....0.30
(NH ₄) ₂ SO ₄98.2.....6.22
MgSO ₄98.2.....6.22
MgCO ₃69.4.....4.03
CaCO ₃241.8.....14.09
Fe ₂ O ₃0.1......06
Al ₂ O ₃1.1......06
SiO ₂8.4......48
.....1.0......11
Total.....525.1.....30.56

tered. All other users are on a flat rate. The meter rate is 25 cents per 1,000 gallons for from 500 to 1,000 gallons per day. The price is gradually reduced to 8 cents per 1,000 gallons for consumers using from 10,000 to 20,000 gallons per day.

The annual rates in force for most consumers are as follows: Dwelling houses, one family \$5.00 (to include one wash basin, one sink, faucet in basement).

Bath tubs in dwellings, each 2 00
Water closets.....2 00
Wash basins more than one in dwelling.....1 00
Lawn sprinklers.....1 00
Stores (drug, dry goods, grocery, hardware, feed, and general).....4 00

RECOMMENDATIONS

An excellent water is furnished for drinking purposes, but it could be improved near the present dead ends of the distribution system by connecting these ends and allowing the water to circulate more freely. This would also be of great benefit as a fire protection measure as water could then flow through many mains toward a fire in any part of the village. With the growth of the village the mains should be extended to serve the residents. It is understood that the village contemplates both the extension of mains and connection of dead ends recommended. To improve the water from this source of supply for use in boilers and for washing purposes it would be necessary to soften it. If arrangements can conveniently be made it would be advisable to connect the two distribution systems in the village, the one supplied from Kankakee, and the one supplied from Bradley. Then in case of any accident at

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

GOVERNMENT ADVOCATES TESTING DAIRY COWS

Increased Profits as Result of Cooperative Work-Bull Associations Raise Quality of Herds

Increases of from \$10 to \$15 and in some cases much higher in the annual profits from each dairy cow have resulted from the organization of cooperative work testing associations in the United States, according to statistics gathered by the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture. The extent of membership in these associations, on the other hand, has been only about \$1.50 per cow per year. The organizations therefore have been very profitable.

Because of the great and obvious economic advantages arising from the associations dairy specialists of the department believe that the organizations are one of the most important factors for the upbuilding and development of the dairy industry in this country. Such an organization consists generally of 25 farmers, living within a radius of a few miles, who cooperate to hire an expert tester to keep accurate accounts of the amounts and cost of feed consumed by each cow in the association, the quantity of milk produced by each and its richness in butter fat. These statistics usually reveal the fact that some cows are not producing enough to pay for their keep, while others are highly profitable. Acting on this information the owner of the cows disposes of the least desirable of his animals and makes up his herd exclusively of those that produce a considerable profit.

The membership of the association is placed at 26 so that the tester can make a complete round each month, devoting one work day to each member, and that he may keep his records on a monthly basis. It has been found by careful experiments that the averages based on monthly tests do not vary more than 2 per cent from the production as shown by daily observations. Since the tester is an expert and can make the necessary tests and computations rapidly, and since he can be depended on to make his observations independently of pressure of work on the individual farm, the owners of dairy cows find it cheaper and more satisfactory in many cases to have the testing done through the association than to undertake to do it themselves.

There are now nearly 350 cow-testing associations in the United States, 135 having been added during the last year. These associations have an aggregate membership of 8,800 farmers owning approximately 150,000 cows. The cow-testing association originated in Denmark in 1896 and the first of the organizations in this country was formed in Michigan in 1906. Because of the value of the associations to the dairy industry of the country the United States Department of Agriculture is stimulating interest in them and is assisting farmers in their organization.

Bull Associations

Another and somewhat similar line of cooperative work which is being encouraged by the department for the improvement of dairying and cattle raising is the formation of bull associations. The function of these organizations is to make available, at slight expense, the services of pure-bred bulls for the herds of the associated farmers. It has been found that often the total value of the scrub bulls owned by farmers is sufficient to supply through a bull association pure-bred bulls for the herds of all. A number of "blocks" of the association members are formed and a pure-bred bull placed in each. The bulls are shifted every two years to prevent inbreeding.

A considerable proportion of the nearly 22 million cows in the United States are too inferior to produce properly. If the bull association have been formed the grade of the stock has been raised appreciably. Dairy specialists of the department believe that these associations will be an important factor in increasing the quality of dairy cattle throughout the country.

the pumping station in Bradley or on the line from Kankakee a valve provided between the two systems could be opened and the entire village supplied with water.

Respectfully submitted,
G. C. HABERMEYER,
Engineer.

The Home Paper

The local paper is the only one identified with home interests. It takes note of every happening in your town and you will find a weekly record of everything of interest transpiring in the place. It furnishes a complete compendium of its history, and the longer it continues the more are its interests interwoven with yours. It gives your town notoriety and reputation abroad and puts it in close relation with the outside world. It is a living indicator of your daily business, and a chronicle of all that transpires from day to day and year to year. Stand by it and encourage it to go on improving and adding to your prosperity during the year 1917, and years to come.

To Indiana

George Walters has gone to Reusseler, Ind., where he has accepted a position with the Columbia Furulture Co. in their upholstery department.

Pool Turnament

A team from the B and M Billiard hall here defeated a team at Cads place in Kankakee last week Thursday by a score of 300 to 270. The game was closely contested and was witnessed by a good size audience.

The B and M boys gave the team from Cads place a return game last night. They will play a series of 1500 balls in the near future to be played in three games of 500 balls each.

The teams and scores of last weeks games was as follows:

B and M	Look 68.
Hirt 109.	Behan 66.
Martin 74.	Youngerman 91.
Bradish 44.	Ray 54.
High Runs	
Youngerman 15-3 times.	
Behan 15-1 time.	
Hirt 14-2 times.	
Hirt 13-1 time.	
Bradish 14-2 times.	

Magazines at Bargain Prices

We can save you money on any magazine of any kind, see us. The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 per year. The Ladies Home Journal \$1.50 per year. Etude and McClures \$2.25 per year.

When your subscription expires on any magazine you are now taking, send your renewal to us and we will save you money.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Lost

LOST—A cuff button with initial E engraved on it. Lost between Michigan Ave. and Grand Ave. on either Perry or Broadway. Finder leave it at this office and receive reward. 2t

Don't Be A Fish

The Codfish lays a million eggs. While the little hen lays one; But the codfish never cackles To tell what she has done. And so we pass the codfish by. And the useful hen we prize. Which indicates to thoughtful minds. That it pays to advertise.

A Tall Treasurer

Ford county without doubt has the distinction of having the tallest county officer in the state. Mr. H. B. Shaw, the newly appointed county treasurer, is six feet and seven inches in the clear, making all allowance for footwear.

Married

Miss Florence Webb daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb of this city and Herman Walters of Kankakee were married by Rev. Creighton of the Presbyterian church at Kankakee Wednesday evening at four o'clock. Following the marriage ceremony a wedding supper was served at the home of the groom's parents. The couple will make their future home in Kankakee.

Shower

The many friends of Miss Florence Webb tendered a shower Tuesday evening in honor of her approaching marriage and they all enjoyed a pleasant evening. Miss Webb received many beautiful and useful presents.

Surprise

Mrs. R. G. McClave, 357 N. Rosewood Ave. gave her husband a delightful surprise Saturday evening, their 10th wedding anniversary by inviting to their home about 12 couples. The evening was spent playing progressive 500 first Indies, prize being won by Mrs. E. McDaniels, 1st gentlemen's prize by Mr. J. Haggarty, second ladies prize Mrs. D. Wikoff, 2nd gentleman prize Mr. C. A. Heinze. At 11:30 Mrs. McClave served a lovely two course supper assisted by her daughter, Florence, and Miss Ruth Williams, Mr. and Mrs. McClave were the recipients of many pretty presents. The guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. D. Wikoff, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heinze, Mr. and Mrs. E. McDaniels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Haggarty, Mr. and Mrs. F. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sirois, Mr. and Mrs. G. White, Mr. and Mrs. H. Vallat, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beardsley, Mr. J. White, Mr. C. A. Heinze, Mrs. Lola Smith. The out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. Rich of Chicago. The guests departed at a late hour voting Mr. and Mrs. McClave delightful hosts.

Entertained

Mrs. Virgil Pearson entertained the Harmony circle at her home on the East Side last week Wednesday. The entire membership was present and a very sociable time was had, fancy work was the feature of the afternoon. A very delicious luncheon was served. The club will meet next Wednesday with Mrs. A. N. Gathany at Kankakee.

Narrow Escape

Mrs. John Smiley, of South Center Ave., had a narrow escape from death by fire last Friday when her apron caught fire from a spark from the stove. She was badly burnt about the arms and body and her injuries are very painful. Had it not been for the prompt action of her husband and sister-in-law, Mrs. Armstrong, in extinguishing the flames, she probably would have been dead. Mr. Smiley and Mrs. Armstrong were both badly burnt about the hands and arms in extinguishing the flames.

Revival Meeting

The union revival services which are being conducted by the M. E. and U. B. churches, are being held at the U. B. church this week, and are being largely attended. Rev. Johnson of the M. E. church and Rev. Codd of the U. B. church are doing the preaching, and are delivering red hot messages that are safe and sane. The combination of the two choirs have resulted in some excellent singing which help make the meetings interesting. The attendance at these meetings, and especially during the week day services, is wonderful for Bradley. Two years ago, you couldn't get a hundred people in a church at one time here, if an earthquake was going on and the church offered the only refuge, while the attendance at the services last Sunday was 180. Whether this enlarged attendance is to be contributed to the fact that the people of Bradley are getting better, whether it is accountable for on the grounds that we now have better preachers, or whether they come to hear the excellent singing of the choir, does not appear, but the main fact remains, that church attendance in Bradley today is about triple what it has been in the past. Possibly this knocks the old time worn statement that Bradley is past redemption into a cocked hat.

Girls Club

The Bradley Girl's Club met at the Woodman Hall Tuesday evening and enjoyed the evening playing basket ball. Miss Jackson, the instructor taught them the fine points of the game, and was assisted by Mrs. J. W. Blackstone.

Harry Colstock of the University of Illinois at Urbana, Ill., is spending the week with home folks.

Irwin Hoehn is on the sick list.

GLIMBED STARS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that I could not go up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I could have an operation, and my friends thought I was not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens on the place. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are published they will do much for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

TO KILL RATS, MICE AND COCKROACHES ALWAYS USE STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE U. S. Government Buys It SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and \$1.00

Make the Liver Do its Duty Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY Mothers who value the health of their children should never be without CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

EGGEMAN'S "Eggman's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure the terrible itching. It is recommended for all cases of itching, whether it be caused by eczema, urticaria, or any other skin disease.

ACRESS TELLS SECRET. A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, small amount of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine.

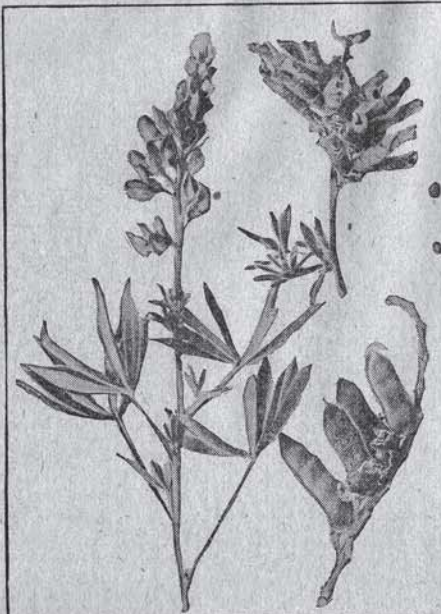
Good Health Makes a Happy Home Good health makes homelife easy. Bad health takes all happiness out of it. Hoarseness, back aching, nervous, "blue", tired, because they don't know what ails them.

An Illinois Case Mrs. H. V. Firtman, "Key" St., Alton, Ill., says: "A few years ago I was in my cooking. I suffered from heavy bearing. I was in pain through the small of my back and hips. Morning when I arose I found my back and hips sore and stiff across my back, and found it hard to stoop. Doan's Kidney Pills removed this ailment and made me feel better in every way."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LUPINES ARE POISONOUS TO RANGE SHEEP

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Various lupines which grow wild in the western United States may, under certain conditions, cause the fatal poisoning of range sheep. Remedies for the condition induced by eating the plant have not been found, but methods of managing the flocks so that poisoning may, to a large extent, be prevented have been worked out by specialists of the department of agriculture. The common names by which the lupines are known in the United States are sundial, old maid's bonnets, Quakers' bonnets, Indian beans, wild beans, blue peas, and blue beans. Cows and Horses Injured. Experiments carried on by the specialists showed that though it is possible for horses and cows to be injuriously affected by eating large quantities of the lupines, these animals will seldom consume enough of the plants to cause trouble, and that it is among sheep that the greatest danger of injury exists. All portions of the plants were found from the experiments to be poisonous, though the beans are



DIFFERENT KINDS OF LUPINE PLANTS. more so than either the pods or the leaves. The poisonous character of the plants is believed to be due to the presence of alkaloids. Under ordinary conditions on ranges well provided with grass, sheep can eat as heartily of the lupines as they wish without danger. Where the animals are unusually hungry, however, and are allowed to graze where the plants are abundant, there is danger that poisoning will result. The poison is not cumulative in its effects and sheep

DIFFICULT CHURNING IN WINTER SEASON Trouble Usually Caused by Incorrect Temperature or Composition of Some Milk. (By L. W. RINKLE, Missouri College of Agriculture.) Failure to get butter "to come" by churning is not an uncommon experience during the winter season. The trouble most often occurs on those farms where only a few cows are milked. If the milk of one or two animals is responsible for the difficult churning, other milk when mixed with it will overcome the trouble. Usually when the trouble occurs it is due to one of two causes: an incorrect churning temperature, or because of the peculiar composition of some milk and cream.

PLOW UNDER THIRD CUTTING OF ALFALFA Ancient Incas of Peru Practised Method of Fertilization Thousands of Years Ago. (By E. B. HOUSE, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.) More alfalfa means less frequent irrigation and it also means larger crops. It seems almost a shame to see most of our farmers cutting the third crop of alfalfa, and then plowing under the stubble. If this plowing were done in the fall about the time the third cutting was ready to harvest, it would give this field a dressing of green manure which would be invaluable for it. This is not a theory at all. It has been demonstrated over and over again. It was a profitable practice with the ancient Incas of Peru thousands of years ago, and has been the practice in Europe for the past two centuries. It is practiced today by our most successful farmers.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it promptly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without causing griping. When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "Fruit Laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When the little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

INOPPORTUNE. "Do you subscribe to the theory that there is something good in the worst of us?" asked the philosophical person. "Yes," replied the practical man, "but I don't propose to waste any of my time trying to find out what it is when a football player is pistol in my face and tells me to hand over my money."

FOR PIMPLY FACES Cuticura is Best—Samples Free by Mail to Anyone Anywhere. An easy, speedy way to remove pimples and blackheads. Smear the affected surfaces with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, bathing some minutes. Repeat night and morning. No better toilet preparations exist. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Squeezing Out the Water. "What is this?" "A letter-press. What did you think it was?" "I was in hopes you had decided to run those stock certificates you are to peddle through a ringer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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

Lost Opportunity. "I see an old gentleman approaching. He wears a silk hat and seems absorbed in a pamphlet he is reading. Further down the street several small boys are waiting with snowballs in their hands. What will happen?" "Nothing. I know something those small boys expect to do tonight. The old gentleman has to walk only ten feet before he will turn into his own house, where, I assure you, he will be quite safe."

"CASCARA" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning. Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascara, or merely forcing a passage-way every few days with Sella, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascara, or merely forcing a passage-way every few days with Sella, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters? Cascara thoroughly cleanses and regulates the stomach, removes the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, takes the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascara-to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work with the ease—no griping, no sticking or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascara now and then and never have headache, biliousness, coated tongue, flatulency, sour stomach or constipation. Adv. Honest. "He's honest, anyhow." "What makes you think so?" "I asked him to do the job if he thought peace was near in Europe and he said right off the bat that he didn't know a blasted thing about it."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE. Uncle Joe—Wily, Edith, where did you get that pretty ring? Little Edith—Mamma bought it for me. Uncle John—Is it a real diamond? Little Edith—Well, I should say it is. Mamma paid forty-nine cents for it.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CROWS AND OWL. "An old Owl," said Daddy, "had missed getting some Song Sparrows he had tried for, and their eggs, some time before, and he was bound he would have something better to make up for it."

"There is a wonderful Crow's nest," he said to himself. "It is just the time for the Crow Children to be at their best. I think I shall have a look at them tonight!" "The Crow Children every day sat in a row on the branch of a tree and had school! They learned many things that must be learned in Crow-land. Just as Children must learn to read and write."

"One of their most important lessons in the Sunday school had been the Cornfield lesson. They did not need any book to learn about the Cornfield. But they must remember that a gun is a very terrible thing and that it is better to go without corn than to run any risk of falling to the ground from one of the shots sent into the air."

"They learned that Men and Boys were apt to guard the Cornfield, and one Cornfield they had left entirely alone because they thought there was always a Man standing with a gun waiting. In reality it was a Scarecrow—a man or pole dressed up to look like a man and scare the Crows away. "But they had been quite safe and the Crow Children were growing more handsome every day. Their time for mounting had passed and they had taken a trip to a warmer climate where they were spending the winter."

"One evening a hoot was heard through the woods. It was quickly followed by another. "Danger," called Father Crow. The mother and her brood drew their heads from under their wings and sat watching. "We must not leave our nest," said Father Crow. And all the Crows shivered and very sleepily stayed and watched all through the night. For the Crow is helpless at night and the Owl could easily have made short work of them."

"He is Helpless in the Daytime." of the whole family if they had moved and he had seen where they were. "All right they kept wondering if the next moment would be their last and they would find them and destroy them. "The morning at last came and the Crow family were safe. Oh, how tired they were! Not a wink of sleep all night! "Crow will teach that old Owl a lesson," said Father Crow. "But he will kill us," said one of the Crow Children. "Nonsense, caw-caw, caw-caw, he will do nothing to us," said Father Crow. "He is as helpless in the daytime as we are at night—and we will worry him just a little to teach him to leave us alone in the future."

"So off went the Crows cawing for all they were worth. And they drove the Owl miles and miles away from their home. "Oh dear," said Mr. Owl. "What a shame I'm so dull in the daytime. My wisdom can only be used at night." "But the Crows went home cawing. "Safety for us, We're glad he is stupid in the daytime. Then we can have our glorious revenge!"

"So when they put their heads under their wings that night they all decided that they would rather go without the revenge than have many another night as they had had the night before when they had all stayed awake and had been afraid that every moment would be their last. "So you see that while Mr. Owl is able to do as he pleases at night, Mr. Crow gets the better of him when daytime comes. "For all the Animals and Creatures have their time—and the things that the Crows learn in the Crow school are when are their times and what they must do."

"Yes," said Nancy. "I suppose that is true. But what a terrible scare the Crows must have had when the Owl was hunting for them. An Owl seems so much more dangerous than a Crow when it is out at night." "That's so," said Daddy, "but this time the Crows got the better of sharp old Mr. Owl, you see!"

MUST BE AT PRIZE. Uncle Joe—Wily, Edith, where did you get that pretty ring? Little Edith—Mamma bought it for me. Uncle John—Is it a real diamond? Little Edith—Well, I should say it is. Mamma paid forty-nine cents for it.

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-now he grapes in the dark! Trachoma sticks its "fangs" in this man's eyes—and brought misery. For months he wept. The pain grew worse. He had to go to a specialist—the worst thing. Now he grapes in the light.

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Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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THE MORGAN GAP GANG STARTS TROUBLE AND DE SPAIN TAKES IMMEDIATE ACTION

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountain mine country, is infested with stage-coach robbers, cattle rustlers and gamblers. The worst of these belongs to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decides to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry de Spain general manager of the stage line. De Spain goes to Calabasas with John Lefevre as his assistant. Things begin to happen.

CHAPTER III.

The Spanish Sinks. In two extended groups, separated by a narrow but well-defined break, a magnificent rampart, named by Spaniards the Superstition mountains, stretches beyond the horizon to the south, along the vast depression known as the Spanish sinks. The break on the eastern side of the chain comes about twenty miles southwest of Sleepy Cat, and is marked on the north by the most striking, and in some respects marvellous, hills in the range—Music Mountain. The break itself has taken the name of its earliest white settlers, and is called Morgan's gap. No railroad has ever yet penetrated this southern country, despite the fact that the rich mines have been opened along these mountains, and are still being opened; but it lies today in much of the condition of primitive savagery, and lawlessness, as the world is conventionally accepted, that obtained when the first trails were made for the Thief River gold fields.

Business is done in this country; but business must halt everywhere by its means of communication, and in the Music Mountain country it still rests on the facilities of a stage line. The bullion wagons still travel the difficult roads. They look for safety to their armed horsemen; the four and six-horse teams look to the armed guard, the wayfarer must look to his horse—and it should be a good one; the mountain rancher to his rifle, the cattle thief to the moonless night, the bundle to his wits, the gunman to his holster; these include practically all the people that ride the Spanish sinks, except the Morgans and the Mormons. The Mormons looked to the Morgans for safety; the Morgans to themselves.

For many a year the Morgans have been almost overlords of the Music Mountain country. They own, or have laid claim to, an extended territory in the mountains, a Spanish grant. Morgan's gap opens south of Music Mountain, less than ten miles west of Calabasas. It is a narrow valley, where valleys are more precious than water—for the mountain valley means water—and this in a country where water is much more precious than life. And some of the best of this land at the foot of Music Mountain is the maternal inheritance of Nan Morgan.

At Calabasas the Thief River stage line maintains completely equipped relay barns. They are over twenty miles from Sleepy Cat, but nearly fifty from the other way from Thief River. And except a few shacks, there is nothing between Calabasas, Thief river and the mountains except sunshine and alkali. I say nothing, meaning especially nothing in the way of a human habitation.

The Calabasas inn stood in one of the loneliest canyons of the whole seventy miles between Sleepy Cat and Thief river. It looked in its depletion to be what it was, a barren, sterile, arid, sun, wind and alkali-beaten pile, around which was a ruin like those pretentious deserted structures sometimes seen in frontier towns—remains of the wide-open days, which stand afterward, stark and solitary, to serve as mementoes or blind pigs. The inn at Calabasas looked its part—a haunt of rustlers, a haven of nameless men, a refuge of road-agents.

The very first time De Spain made an inspection trip over the stage line with Lefevre, he was conscious of the sinister air of this lonely building. He and Lefevre had ridden down from the barn, while their horses were being changed, to look over the place. De Spain wanted to look over everything connected in any way, however remotely, with the operation of his wagons, and this point, Lefevre had told him, was where the freighters and drivers were not infrequently robbed of their money. It was here that one of their own men, Bill McCarty, once "scratched a man's neck" with a knife—which, Bill explained, he just "happened" to have in his hand for "not for nothing." Lefevre pointed out the unlovely gambler's grave as he and De Spain rode into the canyon toward the inn.

Not a sign of any sort was displayed about the habitation. No man was invited to enter, no man wanted to keep out, none was anywhere in sight. The stage men dismounted, threw their things, pushed open the front door of the house and entered a room of per-

haps sixteen by twenty feet. A long high bar stretched across the farther side of the room. The left end, as they faced the bar, was brought around to escape a small window opening on a court or patio to the rear of the room. Back of the bar itself, about midway a low door in the bare wall gave entrance to a rear room. Aside from this the room presented nothing but walls. Two windows flanking the front door helped to light it, but not a mirror, picture, chair, table, bottle or glass was to be seen. De Spain coughed, the eventful feature of the interior at a glance. "Quiet around here, John," he remarked casually.

"This is the quietest place in the Rocky mountains most of the time. It is when it is noisy, believe me, it is today. Look at the bullet holes in the walls."

"The old story," remarked De Spain, inspecting with mild-mannered interest the punctured plastering, "they always shoot like that."

He walked over to the left end of the bar, noting the hard usage shown by the ornate mahogany, and spreading his hands wide open, palms down, on the face of it, glanced at the low window on his left, open on the gravelled patio. He peered, in the semi-darkness, at the battered door behind the bar.

"Henry," observed Lefevre, "if you are looking for a drink, it would only be fair, as well as politic, to call the Mexican."

De Spain, turning, looked all around the room again. "You wouldn't think," he said slowly, "from looking at the place there was a road-agent with in a thousand miles."

"You wouldn't think, from riding through the Superstition mountains there was a lion within a thousand miles. I've hunted them for eleven years, and I never saw one except when they drove 'em out; but for eleven years they saw me. If we haven't been coming in here by some of this Calabasas bunch, I miss my guess," declared Lefevre cheerfully.

The hidden door behind the bar now began to open slowly and noiselessly. Lefevre peered through it. "Come in, Pedro," he cried reassuringly, "come in, man. This is no officer, no revenue agent looking for your license. Meet a friend of Pedro's. He continued encouragingly, as the swartly publican, low-browed and sullen, emerged very deliberately from the inner darkness into the obscurity of the barroom, and bent his gray eyes searching on De Spain.

"This Lefevre left hand lay on a gun on the back of De Spain's shoulder, "is our new manager, Mr. Henry de Spain. Henry, shake hands with Mexico."

This invitation to shake hands seemed an official formality. De Spain never shook hands with anybody; at least if he did so, he extended, through habit long inured, his left hand, with an excuse for the soreness of his right. Pedro did not even bat his remaining eye at the invitation. The situation, as Lefevre facetiously remarked, remained about where it was before he spoke, when the sound of galloping horses came through the open door. A moment later three men walked singly file, into the room. De Spain stood at the left end of the bar, and Lefevre introduced him to Gale Morgan, to David Sanson, and to Sanson's cronie, Ben Sandusky, as the new stage-line manager. The latter arrivals lined up before the bar, Sandusky next to Lefevre and De Spain, so he could hear what was said. Pedro from his den produced two queer-looking bottles and a supply of glasses.

"De Spain," Gale Morgan began bluntly, "one of our men was put off a stage of yours last week by Frank Elpaso." He spoke without any preliminary compliments, and his heavy voice was as direct as a hammer.

De Spain, regarding him undisturbed, answered after a little pause: "Elpaso told me he put a man off his stage last week for fighting."

"No," continued Elpaso loudly, "not for fighting. Elpaso was drunk." "What's the name of the man Elpaso put off, John?" asked De Spain, looking at Lefevre.

catch his eyes with your eyes. He seemed now to regard De Spain keenly, as the latter, still attending to Morgan's statement, replied: "Elpaso tells a pretty straight story."

"Elpaso" continued "told a straight story if he tried," interjected Sanson. "I have the statement of three other passengers; they confirm Elpaso. According to them, Sanson—" De Spain looked straight at the accused, "was drunk and abusive, and kept trying to put some of the other passengers off. Finally he put his feet in the lap of Pumperwasser, our tank and windmill man, and Pumperwasser hit him."

Morgan, stepping back from the bar, waved his hand with an air of finality toward his inoffensive companion: "Here is Sanson, right here—he can tell the whole story."

"Those fellows were miners," muttered Sanson. His utterance was broken, but he spoke fast. "They'll side with the guards every time against a cattleman."

"Sanson," interposed Morgan deliberately, "is a man whose word can always be depended on."

"To convey his meaning," intervened Lefevre cryptically, "of course, I know," he earnestly to the point of vehemence. "Everyone in Calabasas has the highest respect for Sanson. That is understood. And," he added with as much impressiveness as if he were talking sense, "everybody in Calabasas would be sorry to see Sanson put off a stage. But Sanson is off; that is the situation. We are sorry. If it occurs again—"

"What do you mean?" thundered Sanson, resenting the interference. "De Spain is the manager, isn't he? What we want to know is, what you are going to do about it?" he demanded, addressing De Spain again.

"There is nothing more to be done," returned De Spain emphatically. "I've already told Elpaso if Sanson starts another fight on a stage to put him off again."

Morgan's fist came down on the bar. "Look here, De Spain! You come from Medicine Bend, don't you? Well, you can't bully Music Mountain men—understand that."

"Any time you have a real grievance, Morgan, I'll be glad to consider it," said De Spain. "When one of your men is drunk and reckless he will be put off like any other disturber. That we can't avoid. Public stages can't run any other way."

"All right," retorted Morgan. "If you take that tack for your new management, we'll see how you get along running stages down in this country."

"We will run them peaceably, just as long as we can," smiled De Spain. "We will get on with everybody that gives us a chance."

Morgan pointed a finger at him. "I give you a chance, De Spain, right now. Will you discharge Elpaso?"

"No."

Morgan almost caught his breath at the refusal. But De Spain could be extremely blunt, and in the parting shots between the two he gave no ground.

"Jeffries put me here to stop this kind of rovelry on the stages," he said to Lefevre on their way back to

the spurred ahead fast enough to over-hear a request she was making of McAlpin to mail a letter for her. She also asked McAlpin, just as De Spain drew up, whether the down stage had passed. De Alpin told her it had. De Spain, touching his hat, spoke: "I am going right up to Sleepy Cat. I'll mail your letter if you wish."

She looked at him in some surprise, as then glanced toward Lefevre, who now rode up. De Spain was holding out his hand for the letter. His eyes met Nan's, and each felt the moment was a sort of challenge. De Spain, a little self-conscious under her inspection, was aware of her rather fearless eyes and the dark hair under her fawn cowboy hat.

"Thank you," she responded evenly. "If the stage is gone I will hold it to add something." So saying, she tucked the letter inside her blouse and spoke to her pony, which turned lazily down the road.

"I'm trying to get acquainted with your country today," returned De Spain, managing with his knee to keep his own horse moving alongside Nan as she edged away.

Nan, without speaking, ruthlessly widened the distance between the two. De Spain unobtrusively spurred his steed to greater activity. "You must have a great deal of game around you. Do you hunt?" he asked.

He knew that she fumed as a huntress, but he could make no headway whatever against her studied reserve and when at length she excused herself and turned her pony from the Sleepy Cat road into the Morgan gap, De Spain had been denied every attempt to arouse the slightest interest in anything he had said. But, watching with regret, at the parting, the trim lines of her figure as she dashed away on the desert trail, seated as she was in a pair of her spirited horse, he felt only a fast-fading resolution to attempt again to break through her stubborn reticence and know her better.

CHAPTER IV.

First Blood at Calabasas.

Nothing more than De Spain's announcement that he would sustain his stage-guards was necessary to arouse a violent resentment at Calabasas and among the men at Calabasas. The grievance against Elpaso was made a general one along the line. His stage was singled out and ridden at times both by Sandusky and Logan—the really dangerous men of the Spanish range. De Spain, Morgan and Sanson to stir up trouble.

All Calabasas knew that Elpaso, if he had to, would fight, and that the eccentric guard was not actually to be covered with impunity. Even Logan, who Morgan and Sanson knew to be without fear and without mercy, felt at least a respect for Elpaso's shortened shotgun, and stopped this side actual hostilities with him. Sanson, however, possessed a particular grievance against the meditative guard, and his was one not tempered either by prudence or calculation. His chance came one night when Elpaso had unwisely allowed himself to be drawn into a cue game at Calabasas inn. Elpaso was notoriously a splitter for a square deal at cards. A dispute formed him without a friend in the room. Sanson reached for him with a knife.

McAlpin was the first to get the news at the barn. He gave first aid to the helpless guard, and, without dreaming he could be got to a surgeon alive, rushed him in a light wagon to the hospital at Sleepy Cat, where it was said that he must have more lives than a wildcat. He got to the hospital, De Spain's anger in tow, went temporarily into hiding. Elpaso, in the end, justified his old reputation by making a recovery—baitingly, it is true, and with perilous intervals of sinking out to recovery.

It was while he lay still in the hospital and hope was very low that De Spain and Lefevre rode, one hot morning, into Calabasas and were told by McAlpin that Sanson had been seen sitting by the bedside of the injured. Lefevre's news was like a bubbling spring to a thirsty man. His face beamed, he tightened his belt, shook out his gun, and looked with benevolent interest on De Spain, who stood nodding. "If you'll stay right here, Henry," he averred convincingly, "I will go over and get Sanson."

The chief stage-guard, Bob Scott, the Indian, was in the barn. He smiled at Lefevre's enthusiasm. "Sanson," said he, "is a slippery."

"You'd better let us go along and see you do it," suggested De Spain, who with the business in hand grew thoughtful.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," protested Lefevre, raising one hand in deprecation, the other resting lightly on his holster. "We still have some little reputation to maintain along the sinks. Don't let us make it a posse for Sanson, but let us go along with us, and he rode away alone.

tone and deliberate manner of the Indian, "if he can find him."

Lefevre rode down to the inn without seeing a living thing anywhere about it. When he dismounted in front he thought he heard sounds within the barnroom, but, pushing open the door and looking drowsily into the room before entering, he was surprised to find it empty. He noticed, however, that the sash of the low window on his left, which looked into the patio, was open, and two headmarks in the hard clay suggested that a man might have jumped through. Running out of the front door, he sprang into his saddle and rode to where he could signal De Spain and Scott to come up.

He told his story as they joined him, and the three returned to the inn. A better tracker than either of his companions, Scott after a minute confirmed their belief that Sanson must have escaped by the window. He then took the two men out to where someone, within a few minutes, had mounted a horse and galloped off.

"But where has he gone?" demanded Lefevre, pointing with his hand. "There is the road both ways for three miles." Scott nodded toward the snow-capped peak of Music Mountain. "Over to Morgan's, most likely. He knows no one would follow him into the gap."

"After him!" cried Lefevre hotly. De Spain looked inquiringly at the guard. Scott shook his head. "That would be all right, but there's two other Calabasas men in the gap this afternoon it wouldn't be nice to mix with—Deaf Sandusky and Harvey Logan."

"We won't mix with them," suggested De Spain.

"If we tackle Sanson, they'll mix with us," explained Scott. He reflected a moment. "They always stay at

Engaged to One. Maud—To protect myself against burglars, I'm going to get a six-shooter. Ethel—I'm going to get a six-footer.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Acquiescence. "I'd like to see you try to kiss me." "Well, you know, I always try to do anything you like."

IMITATION IS SINGERS' FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—It's the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00—Adv.

DEATH DUE TO EXHAUSTION Man Who Succumbs to Exposure Is Not Brought Back From It as It is Generally Understood.

During the deep sleep, which follows extreme fatigue the sensitiveness of the nervous system is greatly reduced, and it becomes unable to perceive the lowness of temperature. The unconscious sleep gradually passes into the unconsciousness of collapse. According to the popular belief such a man dies "frozen to death," but as a matter of fact he was killed long before his temperature fell to zero.

What really killed him was the reduction of the activity of his tissue, which always follows the loss of nervous control. As a result there was less and less chemical change accompanied by the production of heat, and at an internal temperature of about 88 degrees life ceased.

This is why, as experience has often shown, the weary traveler who gives way to the imperative desire to sleep on the line of march is doomed to death when he has no adequate protection from extreme cold.

Perians Buying American Shoes. Perians are becoming partial to American shoes. More than \$10,000 worth of them have been purchased recently in Teheran, the capital of Persia, according to a report from the American vice consul there.

Only one woman to every 1,000 men in the United States is protected by an eight-hour law.

There has been No Increase in the price of Grape-Nuts Nor Any Decrease in the Size of Package Or Quality Of the Food.

You'll find in the next installment that De Spain has picked the wrong man for his help. Not the least of his troubles in the immediate future is pretty Nan Morgan, pride of the gang.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Took it the Wrong Way. A draper is bemoaning the loss of a customer at L—, a lady was in the shop on Saturday and bought some goods.

"How much is it?" "One dollar."

"Dear me! Ninety-five cents is all I have with me. Cannot you let me have it for that?"

"Really, I could not," said the draper, "but you can pay the next time you are in."

"Oh, but suppose I should die!" "It would be a small loss," rejoined the draper, but he saw from behind the injured look the customer wore as she crept out of the door that he had made a mistake somewhere, though it did not dawn upon him until too late—Exchange.

Writers That Count. Two sorts of writers possess genius: those who think, and those who cause others to think.—Joseph Roux.

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Morgan's First Came Down on the Bar. Gale Morgan's or Duke's. We might sneak Sanson out without their getting on. Sanson knows he is safe in the gap; but he'll hide even after he gets there. I've got the Thief River trail this afternoon—"

"Don't take your gun this afternoon," directed De Spain. "Telephone Sleepy Cat for a substitute. Suppose we go back, get something to eat, and you ride singly over toward the gap this afternoon; let outside under cover to see whether Sanson or his friends leave before night—there's only one way out of the place, they tell me. Then I will join you, and we'll ride it before daylight, and perhaps catch him while everybody is asleep."

"If you do," predicted Scott, in his deliberate way of expressing a conclusion, "I think you'll get him."

It was so arranged.

De Spain joined his associates at dark outside the gap. Neither Sanson nor his friends had been seen. The night was still, the sky cloudless, and as the three men with a led horse rode at midnight into the mountains, the great red heart of the Scorpion shone fire in the southern sky. Spending out when they rode between the mountain walls, they made their way without interruption singly toward their rendezvous, an aspen grove near which Burgartie creek makes its way out of the gap.



For Many a Year the Morgans Have Been Overlords of the Music Mountain Country.

the barn. "This is a good time to be in. And Sanson and Gale Morgan are good men to begin with," he added.

As the horses of the two men emerged from the canyon they saw a slender horsewoman riding toward the barn from the Music Mountain trail. She stopped in front of McAlpin, the barn boss, who stood outside the office door. McAlpin, the old Medicine Bend barman, had been promoted from Sleepy Cat by the new manager. De Spain recognized the roan pony, but aside from that, a glance at the figure of the rider, as she sat with her back to him, was enough to assure him of Nan Morgan.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

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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.

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First mass, 7:50 a. m.
Highmass, 10:40 a. m.
Vespers, 2 p. m.

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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. E. S. WAMBLEY, Pastor.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Low mass, 8 a. m.
High mass, 10 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. JOHN COOD, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.
Johu Flageole, treasurer.
C. T. Morrel, E. J. Lamarre, George Arseneau, Oscar Byron, E. A. Marcotte and A. F. Marcotte, trustees.
Meets every second Monday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

S. S. P. and Z. Austrain Society

Meet first Monday of each month at Staudohar Hall.

Bradley Pleasure Club

Meets every Wednesday night at Suprenant Building, West Ave.

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 Staudohar 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.

Embarrassing Bird

The young man whose best girl lives in a city two hours away from Chicago threw down his bag when he reached the club and said, "Where-ew!" as he sank into a comfortable chair.

"Oh, that was an awful trip!" he groaned.

"So soon?" queried the cynical man.

"Not at all!" vigorously responded the young man. "But I hate parrots! Some people have just a nice, polite dislike for things, but as for me, when I don't like anything I detest it! If I had to decide on the thing in this whole world that appeals to me, most as the height of superficialness I should instantly, without the least hesitation, select a parrot! All would have been well if Ethel were not so horribly nice when she is nice! Why, that girl—say, I've seen that girl gaze into the eyes of a person I knew she simply couldn't stand and gaze in such a way that the fellow thought she was hanging on to his very word! It made me nervous and downhearted at first, wondering if she worked the same game on me! Well, you can imagine her effect, then, when she listened to Griggs talk about his parrot! Griggs is my boss, and the finest old chap in the world, and Ethel is crazy about him. So, in her eagerness to please perhaps she overdid the being interested act. At any rate, she must have given Griggs the idea that her life was a blank because it did not include a parrot, after she had learned from his own lips what intense joy the Griggs parrot gave its owners.

"Just as I was ready to start for the train today Griggs beckoned me in to his private office. His face radiated delight. He confided in me that if I would go around by a certain bird and animal store, I would find waiting for me a package he wished me to deliver with his compliments to Ethel. I hastened to that bird store, laboring with awful suspicions, which were more than confirmed when with a smile or real fiendish glee they handed over to me a huge cage with polly inside, carefully wrapped up in a paper, so that no one on earth would suspect that there was anything inside but a parrot.

"I suppose it is a happy moment for a bird store man when he gets rid of a parrot. This one seemed extremely jubilant. He told me it was a lovely bird. I carried that bird to the train in a taxi, and they would let me in to the parrot car with it. When I was playfully conveying it to the baggage room Polly sang hymns. She always coughed before each verse, and the populace would turn and glare as tho they suspected me of having a nice old lady with perfume drops in her pocket, concealed in the cage. Everybody grinned, and all burst out in exclamations over their great discovery: 'Oh—you have a parrot, haven't you?'

"When the baggage man repeated the formula I leaned close and whispered in his pink ear that what I really had in the cage was a performing tarantula, that ate a pound of beef-steak at every meal, and please to treat it tenderly. I saw him peeking into the paper wrappings respectfully until the parrot burst out to the effect that 'along came Ruth.'

"I rode in state in the town bus at my Journey's end, holding onto the bird cage, which was balanced against an irate gentleman with the gout, who was not at all backward in expressing his opinion of men who carried around their little pets in public. As I tumbled out, red-faced at Ethel's house, I met my future father-in-law coming out. He took one look at my baggage and blew up.

"Never so long as he lived, he roved, should he suffer one of those infernal birds under his roof-tree! Hitherto he had regarded me resignedly in the light of a son-in-law, as something that must be borne, but this settled it! I had shown what I was. I revealed my real nature. Why, he demanded sarcastically, if I wished to bring Ethel a tender token, had I not picked out something really suitable for the home, such as a ringed-in lobster or a waiting hyacinthus or a full grown crocodile? Any of these he would have given shelter and waited patiently for death, knowing he had not many years more on earth, anyhow, but as for a parrot—well!

"The bus had not driven away because everyone aboard was far too interested waiting to see me thrown out bodily into the gutter. Ethel gave the final touch to the movie atmosphere by opening the door just then upon the scene. My eyes I held out the cage to her, 'Here's your popular present from Mr. Griggs!' I told her. 'You poor thing!' said Ethel, in instant comprehension, dragging me inside and leaving her irate parent on the front steps with the bird. 'Never mind—maybe it will choke!'

"By the time I left the parrot had chewed up two window curtains and alienated the cook, and Ethel's people were getting real proud of it—just as people do over had small children that happen to belong to them. My nerves are shattered."

"Hah! Hah!" said the cynical man. "I know what I am going to give you for a wedding present—a parrot!"

Had Her Doubts.

"Does she doubt your love, Count?"

"Parabulic! Worse! She doubts my title."

Open Evenings

CASH IS KING

Open Evenings

Several years of merchandising and a close study of a liberal credit system has taught us, that the man who pays his bills has to pay a high rate of interest, not only on his own bills but also on the debts of the fellow who does not pay. Therefore, under a liberal credit system, the honest prompt paying man is pay-too much for the goods he buys, while the slow pay, or dead beat is getting his goods too cheaply. In fact, we all know that the "good pay" are paying for their goods, and about one half of the other fellows. To eliminate this bad feature in our business, we will on February 10th, 1917, adopt the following credit system;

On all purchases amounting to \$5.00 or more, we will require cash or a note bearing 7 per cent interest. All purchases amounting to less than \$5.00, will be handled as a book account, and become due and payable on the 10th of the month following purchase. No more than \$5.00 credit will be extended any one, and credit automatically stops, when the account reaches \$5.00 until bill is paid in full.

These terms apply to all persons having an established credit rating. This new credit policy is not due to the fact that we have found our customers poor pay. On the contrary, we have no fault to find in this respect. We have simply found that we can give you more and better goods for your money, when we sell for cash, or bankable note, as we then have the use of our money in our business instead of having it tied up in book accounts.

Our Store Is Headquarters

for everything needed for the home. We can and will quote you money saving prices on everything needed for the home. See us before buying. Our line consists of paint, wall paper, beds, mattresses, springs, furniture, hardware of all kinds, tinware, enameled ware and aluminum ware. We handle the Famous Free Sewing Machine and the Motor High Speed Washing Machine, the only washing machine on the market that is guaranteed to run easier loaded than others do empty. Every part of this machine is guaranteed for five years. Let us cover your floors with our high grade linoleum. You will be well satisfied. REMEMBER—We guarantee every article purchased at our store to give satisfaction.

Open Evenings

THE ECONOMY

Open Evenings

Bradleys Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave.

Bradley, Illinois

Watch THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for our weekly advertisements quoting money saving prices.

Prices 10, 20, 30c

MAJESTIC

Prices 10, 20, 30c

STOP! LOOK AND LISTEN

IT MADE THE MAJESTIC POPULAR AND WE GUARANTEE IT TO BE BETTER THAN EVER

WM. FREIDLANDER, Inc., Presents

"THE NEW NIGHT CLERK"

25 Clever People and Beauty Chorus—Carload of Scenery

3 DAYS ONLY, COMMENCING MONDAY, MATINEE, FEB. 5th

Good Things To Eat

The freshest of bakery goods, bread, pies, cakes and rolls. Soft drinks of all kinds. Cigars, tobaccos and candies. A full line of school supplies. We sell the Guarantee Tablets.

MAT PALZER

Opposite School House

The Eagle Bar

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

A Pleasant Place to Spend a Pleasant Evening

The best of

Liquors, Wines, Cigars and Sandwiches

Our draught beer is always just right

Tony's Place

Broadway

Bradley, Ill.

THE Fashion
For MEN QUALITY CLOTHES For BOYS
252 East Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

The Moler Barber College of Chicago, Ill., wants men to learn barber trade. They offer splendid inducements and a short term complete. They mail free a beautiful catalogue and ask all our readers to send for it. 52-2t
 Attorney E. A. Marcotte has moved from Bourbonnais to his new home on East Court, Kankakee.

Have you paid your subscription?
 Mrs. Fred Johns of South Center Ave., who has been on the sick list is better.

Several parties from here attended the Insurance Men's Banquet at the Schuyler Hotel last Wednesday evening.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE. Mrs. Peter Plante is spending the week with relatives and friends in Manteno.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfe are visiting friends in Harvey, Ill. Ed Trahan has wired his house and will install electric lights.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for all the home news.

Wellard Erickson, from the University of Illinois at Urbana, Ill., is spending the week with home folks.

Household necessities of all kinds at the Economy, Bradley's handy shopping store.

L. M. Matthews and family visited friends and relatives in Hoopston during the week.

Edw. Bartha lost a valuable gold watch last Thursday evening on Goodwin Street and found it again Monday.

Tell your neighbor to mail in his subscription to THE ADVOCATE today. The price is only three cents per week; he needs the paper and we need the money.

Two Sisters from the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, Canada, have been transferred to the convent at Bourbonnais to assist with the work there.

Three cents a week pays for this paper. Can you afford to be without it at this price.

Fred Pombert, who was laid up with a siege of the grippe, was able to return to work the latter part of the week.

Lavona Pombert has recovered from an attack of the measles.

B BURRELL Mail Order Service will save you money on everything you buy for home or farm. If we haven't it in stock, we get it for you. We buy direct from factories. 200 N. East Ave., Kankakee, Ill. t.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE—A good seven room house, full lot on Wabash Ave. A bargain. Inquire at the Advocate office.

FOR SALE—Cheap—good residence lots in Bradley. Inquire at The Advocate office.

FOR SALE—A six room house, a good home. A bargain. Inquire at the Advocate office.

MARTIN & SON

Coal and Transfer
 Moving A Specialty

Magazine Prices Going Up!

But Our Price To You Remains The Same

OUR OFFER IS EFFECTIVE UNTIL SEPT. 1, 1917

Today's, Women's World, Home Life and Better Farming is by far the biggest magazine value of the season. We've told you so all along. We believe you agree with us.

But Here's More Good News

Today's Magazine has recently announced the purchase of The Housewife, a 50c publication of high standing, and beginning with February, 1917, issue the two magazines will be merged under the name Today's Housewife. The result will be a bigger and better magazine than ever before. The subscription price which is now 50c will be increased to 75c or \$1.00, and will probably become effective April 1, 1917.

Woman's World had just announced that its subscription price will be raised from 35c to 50c. This change will take place early in the Spring, and will be accompanied by a corresponding improvement in physical and editorial make-up of the magazine.

It's Like Striking Oil In Your Back Yard

We are still offering these magazines, together with a year's subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for \$1.75. Get your subscription in today.

The Bradley Advocate

Head Injured

Henry Vallat had a narrow escape from serious injury and possibly death Friday of last week when he stepped from a running elevator at the Bradley factory and was struck on the head by the gate that is used as a guard. Fortunately the gate struck him in such a way that he fell forward and landed on the second floor of the building with no further injury than a severe gash on the head. Had the blow struck him in such a way that he would have fallen backwards he would have fallen down the elevator shaft and possibly would have been killed.

New Barber

Evert L. Biets has taken charge of the barber shop which has been conducted by Mr. Clinton and will welcome all his old friends. Mr. Clinton will move his family to Kankakee.

Don't take a chance on the slippery sidewalk get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers at the Economy and save doctor bills.

Several people attended the card party and dance at Manteno last Friday evening.

Geo. Walters returned home from Bonfield Friday where he had been taking care of A. E. Tooper who is dangerously ill.

Buy your kitchen utensils at the Economy, Bradley's handy shopping store.

Mrs. Henry Pans and children are spending the week with relatives in St. Anne, Ill.

Read the home paper THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Nap LeSage has resigned his position at the Jackson-Clinton-Butts barber shop.

Mrs. W. P. Eberfield was a visitor here from Chicago several days the past week.

Mrs. Cecil Thomas spent several days the past week in Chicago at the auto show.

Subscribe for THE ADVOCATE. You need the paper and we need the money.

Mrs. Cecil Thomas and Mrs. Elmer Williams are spending the week at Melvin, Ill., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Rowland.

Watch your step and step right into the Economy and get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers.

William Hodel of Chicago spent several days this week visiting Edw. Bartha and family.

Have you paid your subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore and Joseph Caron have returned to their home in Marshall, Minn., after an extended visit at Bourbonnais, here and other places in the country.

Mrs. J. Wilson of Chicago is visiting Mrs. E. Wolf for several days.

Virtue in Silence.
 Silence is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves. —William Hazlitt.

FIRE CANNON IN WAR ON LOCUSTS

COSTA RICANS USE METHODS OF HUMAN WARFARE TO FIGHT INSECT FOE

Rockets Sprayed With Asphyxiating Gases Employed in Battle.

San Jose, Costa Rica.—This country has recently completed the destruction of an invasion of locusts. It was the first appearance of the insect here since 1873, and was so extensive that it called for the resources of the government to check it. The population was for a time thrown into a panic, and even women and children turned out to fight the insects. Some of the methods used in exterminating the pests were not unlike those employed in destroying human beings on the European battle fields.

The invading army was bombarded with cannon loaded with sand, and with rockets sprayed with asphyxiating gases and blown up with gunpowder. The torch was also used, and there was likewise let loose to attack the insects an army of coco-bacilli, mortal enemy of the locusts.

Disease among the locusts themselves, however, did most to destroy them, as has sometimes been the case in human armies.

The locust came over the border from neighboring Central American republics. The press of the latter had been reporting the devastating effects of a locust plague for a year, which were so alarming that the Costa Rican government made preparations for an invasion of its territory.

Disheartening reports reached here not only from Guatemala and Honduras, but also from Salvador and Nicaragua, where, through neglect or for other reasons, no efforts to eradicate the plague were made either by the government or by private agricultural interests.

The damage the insects wrought on crops in those countries advanced several prices to such an extent that their governments were forced to import large shipments of grain which were sold at moderate prices.

This, together with the increase in the rate of exchange caused by the European war, caused dealers in this country to ship large quantities of grain to these markets. This resulted in a considerable increase in the local market price and all grains underwent what might be termed a boom.

In view of the excellent prospects for the sale of the next crop, all farmers in this country, notwithstanding the threatened plague, were attracted to the planting of cereals and large tracts of land were prepared and cultivated.

As a warning of the impending peril, a small swarm of locusts invaded Costa Rica territory by the province of Guanacaste, but owing to the prompt action on the part of the government with sand loaded cannon and rockets, the swarm was easily repulsed and turned back into Nicaraguan territory.

After this, two or three months elapsed in which the government had time to make more elaborate preparations and adopt special measures. A certain quantity of coco-bacilli was imported by the ministry of public works, which was cultivated in the national laboratory and held in readiness. Almost all signs of the danger seemed to have disappeared, when about the middle of May one horde after another invaded Costa Rican territory on the Nicaraguan border.

The swarms were numerous and of huge proportions. Everybody, with out exception, helped in one way or another to destroy the insect. Private subscriptions were raised and in many towns invaded the women and children turned out with torches, lamps and other implements to aid in its annihilation.

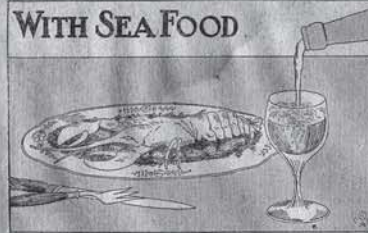
TO MAKE WAIST PRETTY.

Any Woman Can Do Much With Crochet Hook.

An extremely simple white waist was made into a distinguished and "different" looking one all through the medium of a crochet hook and a little coarse washable cotton of a clear orange color. Any woman can work the miracle herself. The buttons on the waist were of the washable crocheted variety, and around each one of them was a crocheted edge of the colored thread. Then the edges of the waist were finished in the same way, and the inside net collar was also edged with the color. If you have any special color on your hat, or in your suit, use that on your waist to harmonize your costume. A soft, silk tie of the same shade would be a final and very successful touch.

By paying a great deal of attention to harmony of color, or the repetition of one small bit of strong color in two places in a costume will often make all the difference between a well dressed impression and an ordinarily dressed impression. The clever woman will dress in taste as well as in clothes. Taste is not necessarily expensive. It is always a good investment, and best of all, it can be cultivated.

Perhaps you have noticed that the man with a long tongue rarely has a long head.



**Radeke Brand--
 the Drink Superb**

This pure, wholesome, unusual beer brings out all of the goodness and flavor in sea food. It adds relish to fish, oysters and lobsters. Nowadays, it is the mark of a good hostess and housewife to find that at the evening meal, Radeke Beer is invariably served, cold and sparkling, from the ice box.

A food product of golden barley and aromatic hops

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



**This May Happen to You
 WHY TAKE THE CHANCE?**

News Item from Kankakee Republican

Thousands of Dollars worth of property is burnt and many people injured and killed every year by explosions of this kind.

DOING NICELY
 Mrs. Frank Enos who was severely burned about the face several days ago when she was cleaning some clothing with gasoline, and the fumes from the escaping gas was ignited, is doing nicely.

Send your clothes to this Modern Cleaning Plant and don't take a chance of this kind for the small amount it cost to have your

**CAUTION FIRST
 SAFETY WILL FOLLOW**

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

Neatly and promptly done in a MODERN AND SANITARY WAY

THE PARIS CLEANING COMPANY

M. E. CHAPMAN, Prop.

Bell Phone 450. Ind. Phone 1013. 147 North Schuyler Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

Bradley Agency: B & M BILLIARD HALL, Bell Phone 1697
 179 Broadway, Bradley, Ill.

The Sum and Substance

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

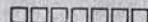
Do it now! Subscribe for THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

DR. E. G. WILSON

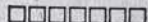
Physician and Surgeon
 Kankakee, Illinois

Res. Phone 888-1. Res. Phone 1257.
DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD
 Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
 Room 6 and 7
 City National Bank Building
 BELL PHONE 377

Mrs. Louis Gauthier was called to Kentland, Ind., this week on account of the illness of her mother.



THE VALUE
 of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere



THE ALTICTION BLOCK

A Novel of New York Life By REX BEACH

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Bob acquiesced, glad to escape even in company with his redoubtable brother-in-law. When he and Jim had gone Mrs. Knight addressed Lorelei with motherly candor.

"It's a pleasant fellow, of course, and he's crazy about you, but don't let's be sentimental. If there's no chance to make it up with his family we must get out of this mess and save what we can."

"Was Mr. Wharton very angry?"

"Was he?" Mrs. Knight rolled her eyes in mingled rage and despair. "I'm positively sick over the things he said. Everybody seems to be against us, and I'm almost ready to give up. But at least that old crank will surely stretch his offer to keep his name off the billboards. Fifteen or twenty thousand is better than—" Noting the shadow of a smile upon her daughter's lips, she checked her rush of words. "You don't seem to care what—"

"I don't."

Mrs. Knight's face twisted into an expression of pained incredulity. "Surely you don't mean to live with Bob?" she gasped. "Not—now."

"I do mean to."

The mother's lips parted, closed, parted again—she seemed to taste something unexpectably bitter. "My dear! Why, my dear! He hasn't a cent. It's absurd. The marriage was only a form. You're no more his wife in the sight of God than—"

"Let's not talk about God," cried Lorelei. "That ceremony was scarcely legal, not to speak of religion or decency."

"You've lost your mind! You've changed completely."

"Yes, I have. You see, I wasn't a wife until yesterday—until Bob and I had an understanding. I've had a suspicion that my old ideas were wrong, and here we are."

"Middle-dead! You're hysterical. You can't make me believe you learned to love that man."

"I don't say I love him."

Mrs. Knight snorted her triumph loudly. "Then you mustn't live with him another moment. My dear child, such a relationship is—well, think it out for yourself."

Lorelei saw the futility of argument, but certain thoughts demanded expression, and she voiced them, as much for her own sake as for her mother's. "I've learned that marriage is more than it is considered to be, mother. It's an obligation. I intend to live up to my part just as long as Bob lives up to his. If he complained of the fraud we practiced on him I'd be willing to leave him; but he doesn't—so the matter is out of our hands."

Mrs. Knight relished her steadily increasing anger by a harsh outburst.

"I never thought you could be so silly, after the way you were raised. Didn't we give you a lesson for you? Didn't Peter sacrifice his life's work to give you an opportunity?"

"I'll keep on sharing my salary with you."

"Salary?" Mrs. Knight spat out the word. "After all our pains! Salary?"

"You're probably just as honest in your ideas as I am in mine," Lorelei told her. "I sha'n't allow you to want for—"

"I should hope not, since you're to blame for Peter's condition—Oh, you know you are! If you hadn't wanted a career he'd still be in Yale, a strong, healthy man instead of a cripple."

"I didn't want a career," Lorelei denied with heat. "And father almost had to leave Yale."

"Nothing of the sort. He was a big man there. Had to leave Yale, eh? So you've turned against your own blood, and disparage your father. Anyhow, he was but what he was working to give you a start, and now he's helpless. Ten thousand dollars right now would save his life. Think that over, when your own father is dead and gone."

White with anger, sick with disappointment, Mrs. Knight whisked herself out of the apartment.

Strangely enough, the news of Bob Wharton's marriage had not leaked into the papers up to this time, and Lorelei, having regard for the feelings of his parents, insisted that he help her to keep the matter secret as long as possible. Bob rebelled at first, for he adored publicity, but he relented at her newest exploit and desired his world to hear of it, while the prospect of further mortifying his father was so agreeable that it required much persuasion to make him relinquish it. With her own family Lorelei had less sympathy, for they were by no means eager to advertise their bad bargain and had withdrawn behind a stiff restraint, leaving the couple to their own devices. This attitude spared the bride much unpleasant notoriety, enabling her to pursue her work at the theater without comment.

Bob's society proved in some ways a welcome change from the sordid drabness of her own relatives, for he was colorful, versatile, and always a good humored. Misfortune aroused in him a wild hilarity; cares excited mirth. Lorelei realized before long that this very jocundity of his, since it fed upon constant and the most menace constituted the gravest menace

to her happiness. The man lived entirely outside of himself; he utterly lacked the sense of self-possession. He refused to frequent the theater, ostensibly because of their secret, in reality because of his shame at allowing her to work. As Lorelei came to know him better and to understand the conflicting forces within him, she began to wonder how long he could hold himself true to his bargain.

During the first week of their married life his system struggled to throw off the effects of his recent disappointments, and in consequence it craved only rest. Greatly encouraged by this lack of desire, he boasted that the battle was already won, and Lorelei pretended to agree with him.

She did not deceive herself, however, and a brief experience convinced her that to be merely a wife to one of Bob's vagrant disposition was not enough that in order to keep his new self alive she must also be his sweetheart, his charm, and his partner. If she failed in any one of these roles disaster was bound to follow. But to succeed in them all, when there was no love to strengthen her, was by no means easy. Always she felt a great emptiness, and a disappointment that her life had been so crookedly fashioned; sometimes she even felt degraded, and wondered if she were doing right, after all.

In the course of a fortnight Bob began to grow restless. One evening when he came for her she saw that he was nervous; a strained, tired look had crept into his eyes, and she thought she understood. Nevertheless his epicure

Of necessity the two lived in the closest intimacy, than which nothing is ordinarily more fatal to domestic happiness. But Bob was unique; he did not tire; he began to rely upon Lorelei as a sick man leans upon his nurse, and to worship her as a man worships his sweetheart. There was more than passion in his endearments.

But it was discouraging to the girl, who gained no strength from her presence and derived no satisfaction whatever in service for service's sake. The whole arrangement tried her patience desperately; she was weary in mind and body, and looked back with regret upon her former easy life. There was no time now for recreation—Bob had to be amused. Salary day assumed a new importance, and she began to count the cost of every purchase.

So spring went and midsummer came. It was terribly hot in the city; the nights were breathless, the days were glaring, and this heat was especially trying to one in Bob's condition. In his paroxysms of rage he showed his wife with attentions and squandered every dollar he could borrow in presents for her; in his hours of depression he was every thing strange, morose and without her knowledge he applied to his old firm for a salaried position and was refused. He appealed to Merkle with the same result, but succeeded in borrowing a thousand dollars, with which he bought a set of black opals, paid into debt for half the price.

CHAPTER XX.

Lorelei's family continued to smart under a sense of bitter injustice, but although they kept aloof they were by no means uninterested in her experiment. On the contrary, they watched her desperate enjoyment predicting with certain failure of her financial Wharton's insult Jim was all for a prompt revenge, but he could not determine just how to use his dangerous knowledge to the best advantage. He considered the advisability of calling the aid of Max Melcher; but not liking the thought of dividing the lot, he decided provisionally to engineer a separation between Bob and Lorelei.

His desire to make mischief arose in a slight degree from resentment—Jim's method of making a living had long since dulled the edge of feeling—it was merely the first step in a comprehensive scheme. With Bob and Lorelei estranged, a divorce would follow and divorce was profitable. A divorce, moreover, would open the way for a second broad upon the Wharton wealth, for with Lorelei's skirts clear Jim could proceed with a large scheme of extortion, based on the Hammond murder.

One evening after Lorelei had gone to the theater Jim appeared at the apartment and found Bob in a mood so restless and irritable that he dared not go out.

"I had a hunch you were lonesome," the caller began, "so I came up to white and spit at the stove."

Now Jim could be agreeable when he chose; his parasitic life had developed in him a certain worldly good fellowship; he was frankly unregenerate, and he had sufficient tact never to apologize nor to explain. Therefore he kept Bob entertained.

A few nights later he returned with a fund of new stories, and during the evening he confessed to a consulting thirp.

"Death valley has nothing on this place," he murmured.

Bob explained, poetically, "I'm sorry, but there's nothing in the bottle wetter than Croton water."

"I understand. Will you object if I sweeten a glass of it with some Scotch whisky?" Jim asked, and when he saw that water was not objectionable, he poured a little into a glass and handed it to Lorelei. "I must do to the sensitive lining of a human stomach," Jim drew a flask from his pocket, then hesitated as if in doubt.

"Don't mind me," Bob assured him, hastily. "I'm strapped in the driver's seat." But he looked on with eager appreciation as his brother-in-law filled a long glass and sipped it.

Bob had never been a whisky-drinker, yet the faint odor of the liquor tantalized him. When in the course of time he saw Jim preparing a second drink he stirred.

"Kind of feby, eh? Let's whip across the street and get a game of pool," suggested Jim; and Bob was glad to escape from the room.

An agreeable follow; but Bob played badly, and found that his eye and lost its sureness. His hand was unsteady, and this lack of coordination disgusted him. He was sure that with a steady drink he could beat Jim, and eventually he proved it; but, mindful of his resolution, he compromised on beer, which Jim agreed, could not reasonably be called an intoxicant.

On his way to the theater Bob chewed cinnamon bark, and when he kissed Lorelei he held his breath.

This was the first of several pool matches, and after a while Bob gratified to find that beer in moderation left no disagreeable effect whatever upon him. He rejoiced in his power of restraint.

There came a night when he failed to meet his wife. After waiting nearly half an hour Lorelei went home, only to find the apartment deserted. She nibbled at a lonely lunch, trying to assure herself that nothing was seriously amiss; but she could not make up her mind to go to bed. She tried to read, and failed. An hour passed, then another; a thousand apprehensions crowded in upon her.

Bob, when he did arrive, entered with elaborate caution. He paused in the little hall, then tossed his hat into the living room, where his wife was waiting. After a moment his head came slowly into view, and he said:

"When the hat stays in, go in; when it comes out, beat it."

Lorelei saw that he was quite drunk. "I just came from the theater," he explained, "but I was dark. Has the show failed, dearie?" He tried to kiss her, but she turned her face away.

"Come! Must have my little kiss," he insisted as she rose and moved away, telling her in a hoarse, hoarse voice.

Studying Lorelei's unsmiling face his tone altered. "Oh, I know! I slipped, but it couldn't be helped. Nature insisted, and I yielded gracefully; no harm done, none whatever. The fate of several companies. Moderation is the thing. Live and let live."

Lorelei nodded. "Exactly! We shall live as we choose, only, of course, we can't live together after this." Then her disgust burst its control, and she demanded, "Can't you get any strength whatever? Haven't you any strength, Bob?"

He grinned at her cheerfully. "I should say I had. I walked a fence on the way home just to prove it; and I certainly wobbled. Balance, strength! Why, you ought to see Jim. They had to carry him."

"Jim? Was—Jim with you?"

"In spirit, yes; in body—only for a twinkling in my private life tracks. He's hand in hand, then Jim tagged. He's a nice boy, but weak; he fathers beneath a load."

She questioned him searchingly and soon learned of Jim's visits, of the late, of several companies. When she understood it all her eyes were glowing, but she found nothing to say. At last she got Bob to bed, then lay down beside him and stared into the darkness through many wakeful hours.

In the morning he was not only contrite, but badly frightened, yet when he undertook to make his peace he found her unexpectedly mild.

"If you're sorry, that's all I ask," she said sweetly. "I changed my mind during the night."

"Never again! he promised, feelingly. "I thought I had cured myself."

Lorelei smiled at him faintly. "I've smelt ten years to work the damage done. I will probably take ten years to repair it."

Bob was agast. "Good heaven! In ten years I'll be too old to drink—I'd tremble so that I'd spill it. But where did you get that hope?"

"I've been reading. I've been talking to a doctor, too. You see, I want to help."

"Let's change doctors. Ten years! It can't be done."

"You're right. There's no such thing as reformation. If you're a born alcoholic you'll probably die a drunkard. I'm hoping that you didn't inherit the taste."

A few nights later it was left to me or whether I bought it, I can't go dry for ten years."

"Then our bargain is ended."

He looked up sharply. "Oh, no, it isn't."

"Yes."

He extended a shaking hand, and his voice was supplicating as he said: "I can't get along without you, kid. You're a part of me—the vital part. I'd go to pieces quick if you quit now."

"When we make our agreement I meant to live up to every bit of it," Lorelei told him, gently. "But we're going to try again, for this was Jim's bargain."

"Jim? Jim was sorry for me. He tried to cheer—"

Lorelei's smile was bitter. "Jim was never sorry for anybody except himself. My family hate you just as your family hate me, and they'd like to separate me from you."

"Say, that's pretty rotten!" Bob exclaimed. "If he weren't your brother I'd—"

Lorelei laughed mirthlessly. "Go ahead, I'll be the right sort," he said, clear the atmosphere."

"Then I will." After a moment he continued, "I suppose you feel you must support me. Is it entirely dry in my case? Seeing her hesitate, he insisted, "Isn't there any love at all?"

"I'm afraid not, Bob."

The man pondered silently. "I suppose it'll be the right sort," he said at length, with some difficulty. "I'd let you go under these circumstances. Well, I'm not the right sort; I'm not big or noble. If Barleycorn brothers had I'd go under. But if I go under I'll take you up. I won't give you up. I won't!"

"I sha'n't let you pull me down," she told him, soberly.

When Bob reached the financial district next day and resumed his quest for work he was ablaze with resentment at himself and at the world in general.

He took up the search with a dogged determination that was quite unlike him. One after another he unknissed his friends for a position, and finally, as if ill fortune could not withstand his fervor, he was successful. It was not much of a job that was offered him, but he snapped at it, and returned home that evening in the best of humor. Already the serious issues of the morning were but a memory; he burst in upon Lorelei like a gale, shouting:

"I'm chalk-boy at Crosset & Meyers, so you can give Bergman your notice tonight."

"What's the salary?"

"It isn't a salary; it's a humiliation—twenty-five a week is the total result."

"Why, Bob! That won't keep two and the family—"

He quoted himself with an effort. "Well, you give your notice, anyhow. I'll spare the coin for such establishments as, however. Come, I insist, I want to be able to share myself without blushing."

Lorelei's objections were not easily overcome, but at last, in view of the fact that the summer run of the Revue was drawing to a close and the show would soon take to the road, she allowed herself to be persuaded.

Throughout the next week Bob Wharton really tried to make good. He was enthusiastic; the excitement of actual acquaintances of the show was not that he had not time to think of liquor. When Saturday came and he found himself in possession of honestly earned funds he felt a soul-satisfying case. He decided to invest his first savings in a present for Lorelei, then a graver sense of responsibility seized him, and he sent them to Mrs. Knight. Then he set out to find Jim. At Tony the Barber's shop, in the rear room, he found his brother-in-law playing cards with a pop-eyed youth and a repellent person with a cauliflower ear.

Bob's greeting was hearty. "Evening, James," he cried. "Feel like taking your beating here?"

"What's the matter?" Jim rose from his chair with a shocked intensity of gaze.

"I've come to return your last call. Aias, James, I'm a weak vessel! Your work was coarse, but I fell for it." To the usual occupants of the room he apologized. "I'm sorry to spoil your little game of authors, but necessity prods me." He extended a muscular hand for Jim's collar and found it.

Mr. Armistead was of the emotional kind; he was not to the rescue of his friend; but when Bob's fist buried itself in the spongy region of Mr. Armistead's belt buckle that young man promptly lost all interest in Jimmy Knight's affairs. He sat down heavily, deeply concerned with a strange difficulty in breathing.

Alert, aggressive, Bob turned to face the man with the swollen ear; but young Sullivan, being a professional fighter, made no capital of amateur affairs, and declined the issue with an upraised palm.

It was no difficult matter to chastise Jim, whose spirit was as wretched as his strength; as the wind whips a flag, as a man flaps a dusty garment, so did Bob shake his victim. Jim yelled, he clawed, he kicked, he struggled; his arms thrashed loosely, like the limbs of a stuffed figure.

When Bob emerged from the rear room he found the barber shop in confusion. Tony was leading a charge, but he fell back at sight of the flushed victor.

"It was nothing but a little family affair," Bob reassured him. "Now, if you please, I'll borrow a hairbrush." In front of a mirror he tidied himself,

settled his scarf with a deft flick, then went out whistling. As it was nearly closing time for the matinee, he strolled toward the Circuit theater, full of a satisfying contentment with the world, as if he owed it nothing, and he resolved to meet his future obligations as they arose.

Early on Monday morning Bob reported for work, only to receive from Mr. Crosset, whom he had always regarded as a warm friend, the notice of his discharge.

"What's the matter? Didn't I make good?" he demanded.

"Crosset was a young man; more than once he and Bob had scandalized Broadway; some of their exploits were epic. Now he shrugged carelessly, saying:

"Oh, you made good, I guess; but we can't take a chance with you."

"I suppose you're afraid I'll steal some of your chalk. Now tell me, how did you wet your feet, and whence comes the ley draft?"

"Well, from the direction of Pittsburgh, if you must know. There's a call from the customer's groom, dashed away with a heavy farewell."

"I see. I'm afraid I'll have to disown that father of mine."

"What's the trouble, anyhow?"

At Bob's explanation Crosset whistled. "Tony didn't hear about it. Married and happy, eh? Well, I'm sorry I can't help you—"

"You can. Lend me five hundred."

"Certainly!" Crosset lunged at his desk, scribbled a line to the cashier, and handed it to Bob, then, in response to a call from the customer's groom, dashed away with a heavy farewell.

As Bob passed through the outer office he ran his eye over the opening prices, being half inclined to "scalp" with his usual wealth; but he had never run his eye over the market since he had been in New York. Anyhow, there were more agreeable uses to which he could put this money; for one thing, he needed several mits, for another, it was high time he gave Lorelei a little remembrance—she hadn't given her present in nearly two weeks, and women set great store by such attentions. He decided to invest the money in Maiden Lane and demand credit from the bank for a half-hour at a jewelry shop convinced him that nothing suitable to so splendid a creature as his wife could be purchased for a paltry five hundred dollars, and he was upon the point of returning to Crosset with a request to double the loan when his common sense asserted itself. Poverty was odious, but not shameful, he reflected; ostentation, on the other hand, was vulgar. Would it not be in bad taste to squander this happy windfall upon jewelry when Lorelei needed practical things?

Bob was cheered by the breadth of these sentiments; they showed that he was beginning soberly to realize these sudden necessities of a family man. No, instead of a jewel he would buy his wife a dog.

At a fashionable uptown kennel he found exactly what he wanted, in the shape of a Pekinese—a playful, pedigreed pocket dog scarcely larger than his two fists. It was a creature to excite the admiration of any woman; its family tree was taller than that of a Spanish nobleman, and its name was Ying. But here again Bob was handicapped by poverty; for sleeve dogs are expensive novelties, and the price of Ying was seven hundred dollars—marked down from one thousand, and evidently the bargain of a lifetime at that price.

Bob hated to haggle, but he showed that his ability to drive a sharp bargain was merely latent, and he finally bore the animal away in triumph. To outgear a dog fancier was a tribute to his shrewdness; to save two hundred dollars on a single purchase was economy of a high order. Much elated, he set out briskly for his tailor's place of business.

CHAPTER XXI.

It still lacked something of finchness time when Bob Wharton swung into Fifth avenue. He was in fine fettle with the certainty of an agreeable hour with his tailor. It was always a pleasure to deal with Kurtz, for in his shop customers were treated with the most delicate consideration. Salesmen, cutters, fitters, all were pleasant acquaintances. Kurtz himself was an artist; he was also a person of generally cultivated taste and a man about town. His books were open only to those he considered his equals. A stony-faced doorman kept a watch in the ward in the Gothic hallway to discourage the general public from entering the premises. The fact that Bob owed several hundred dollars dismayed that young man not in the least, for Kurtz never mentioned money matters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wants to Know Why—

Why is it that a careless ten-year-old boy can drop a half-burned match in an alley and burn up all the barns in the block, while an abled-bodied man has to use up a box of matches to get a wood fire started to a man who has draft enough to draw all the furniture up the stovepipe?—L. Times.



"Death Valley Has Nothing on This Place," He Mourned.



"We Can't Afford to Antagonize the Whole Steel Trust."

TO LIVE LONG!

A recipe given by a famous physician for long life is: "Keep the kidneys in good order! Try to eliminate from the skin and intestines the poisons that otherwise clog the kidneys. Avoid eating much as much as you can of milk and nutch salt, alcohol, tea. Try a milk and vegetable diet. Drink plenty of water, and exercise so you sweat—the skin helps to eliminate the toxic poisons and uric acid."

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH, AS A REMEDY

For every womanly ailment, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's the only medicine for women certain in its effects. Favorite Prescription is an invigorating, restorative tonic, and is especially adapted to strengthen the nervous system, and a complete cure for all the ailments that attend the degenerative, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex.

Gathered Smiles

FORESIGHT OF POOR FARMER.

A certain hard-working farmer had sent his son to a good preparatory school so that he might, early in life, receive the best instruction. For his study of music the boy had to have a violin, but he was such a little fellow that his teacher thought that a so-called "half violin" was all that was necessary for him.

FINE BUSINESS.



"How's the outlook for poultry this season?" "Fine; I expect to get at least a dozen eggs a week from a thousand-dollar investment."

Yea, Verily! Here's a line of truthful dope. We've evolved after a tussle; some men have too much hope, and too darned little bustle.

Creating Atmosphere. "This movie of 'Camille' is rather good." "Yes, but I miss the star's hacking cough. That was always a big hit on the stage, you know."

Wanted—A Million. "If I only had a million dollars," exclaimed the angry father. "And what would you do with it, dad?" asked the wayward son.

Politically Economical. "Did I understand you to say Dub-wait was a close student of political economy?" "Yes, in one sense." "How is that?"

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THE BASIS OF CANADA'S RICHES

A Theme Discussed by the Wall Street Journal.

In speaking of Canada a short time ago the Wall Street Journal made the statement that "the basis of Canada's riches is the fertility of the soil, and no freak of warfare can injure that, while her grain will increase in demand as the population of the world grows. As an investment field Canada is worthy of consideration."

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The year 1915 saw most wonderful crops and magnificent yields over the entire country, and many farmers wiped out indebtedness that had hung over them long before they came to the country, and in 1916 they stand in a condition of absolute independence. A report had been verified by a high official might seem marvelous, were the particulars not well known, and where are the other cases that would seem almost as phenomenal.

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Wonderful yields are reported from all parts of this district. Recently 4,640 acres of a ranch were sold to an Illinois farmer; 300 acres of wheat in 1914 produced a yield that averaged 42 1/2 bushels of wheat per acre, George Richard, formerly of Providence, R. I., on a southern Alberta farm got 2,052 bushels of wheat from a 50-acre field, or 40 bushels per acre, and from a 50-acre field of oats got a return of 70 bushels per acre and still had some sheaves left over for feeding.

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Alberta farms, selected with even moderate discretion, have raised men to independence and affluence with records of wonderful development unsurpassed amongst the phenomenal industrial success of which Canada well may boast.

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One of the problems which Western Canada has to face every year is the securing of an adequate supply of labor to handle the harvesting and marketing of its big crops. This problem, indeed, is always present in any country that has a big agricultural production. In the case of Western Canada it is enhanced by the comparative sparsity of population and the long distance from industrial districts, which can be expected to offer a surplus of labor.

In Western Canada the present difficulties are increased by the war. A very large number of Western Canada's small population have enlisted for service with the Canadian forces in Europe, and at the present time there is generally speaking no surplus of labor for the ordinary channels of industry, to say nothing of the unusual demands of harvest time. The situation, however, has to some extent been met by the action of the Canadian militia department, who have released all such men who are not engaged in military western military camps and who desire to engage in harvest work for a period of generally one month.

Puts a ... Distemper CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how contagious. All good druggists and turf goods houses. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. Chemists and Bacteriologists, Washburn, Ind., U. S. A.

New Industry for South Africa. After experiments in South Africa a year, it has been found that the manufacture of vegetable oils and soap can be made a profitable industry in South Africa.

Cuba Lady Discovers New Remedy For Croup—You Just Rub It On

Apply Well Over Throat and Chest. Then Cover With a Warm Flannel Cloth.

Mrs. Ida Ford lives in Cuba, Mo., and not on the island of Cuba, and her discovery is one that many other Missouri mothers have made since Vick's Vap-O-Rub was introduced here from the South last winter. And this discovery is simply this—that it is no longer necessary to disturb the delicate little stomachs of the kiddies in treating cold troubles. But let Mrs. Ford speak for herself.

"I have tested Vap-O-Rub three times on my little boy four years old for croup, and can say I have never used a medicine of greater value for this trouble. It acted almost immediately. My boy is subject to croup, and I have used almost every kind of medicine one could buy for it, but it was always about three days and nights before I could get it checked. Vick's Vap-O-Rub acted almost instantly. You may use this letter if you wish, and I will take pleasure in answering any inquiries."

VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

Wanted Information. Father—When I was a small boy I was—What did you do with it? Son—What did you do with it?

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you fasten your nightgown, trousers, or undershirt by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing—Adv.

Living Frederick is one of the prettiest actresses in New York.

The Quinine That Does Not Cause Nervousness or Ringing in Head

Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and Headache. Used whenever Quinine is needed.

—but remember there is Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is the Original Laxative Bromo Quinine This Signature on Every Box

Use the World Over to Cure a Cold 25c. in One Day.

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

Advertisement for 60-acre Western Canada farms. Text: "The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the West can be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is to sell you a 60-acre farm for \$100.00. Wonderful crops also of Hops, Apples and Peaches. Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising has been developed in the West. Good schools, churches, and all the conveniences of a town are within easy reach. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to any of our agents." Includes a small illustration of a farm scene.

Must Be Crooked.

"Beware of that fellow Siltherby." "What's the matter with him?" "I overheard him say to one of his cronies, 'Now, you and I are practical men.'"

Not for Him. Ragged Rogers—Wouldn't you like to have fame, Griggsy? Grimy Griggs—Naw! Day say dat fame is a bubble, and there's generally soap in bubbles.

MATCHED. "If I only had a million dollars," exclaimed the angry father. "And what would you do with it, dad?" asked the wayward son.

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Information Wanted. Little Lemuel—Say, paw? Paw—Well, what is it, son? Little Lemuel—Is pa thinking of taking lessons. Paw—A splendid eye for times. He—Indeed! By the way, was that eleven or twelve the clock just struck?

Right Away. "I understand Mrs. Bangs knows all the details of that latest divorce scandal." "Is that so? I shall call on her tomorrow."

Possible Explanation. Weddedy—I wonder why a splinter nearly always has a cut or a dog for a pet? Mrs. Weddedy—Oh, I suppose she wants some animal that will stay out at night occasionally, so she will have something to worry about.

Which Is What It Was. "I see the word 'obey' is to be left out of the marriage ritual." "Yes, the church people evidently thought the ritual was no place for a joke."

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The actual number of men engaged in 1916 in harvest work was between 600,000 and 800,000. Wages were higher than usual, running from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a day with board. I from \$35 to \$40 a month.—Advertisement.

Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID

DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

High Class Dentistry

Popular Prices and Modern Methods of doing business have built for us the largest Dentist Practice in Kankakee. We guarantee satisfaction. Examination free.

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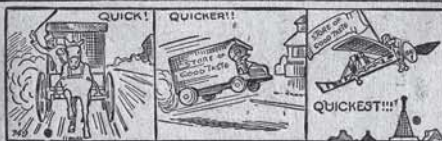
Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

Daily 8:30 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sunday 10 to 1

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184



It Depends Altogether

On How Early or How Late

You send us your order

Which Method of Delivery we use

We aim to reach you on time

Rice Pudding—Wash and boil two tablespoonsful of rice in water to cover. Dissolve a quarter of a box gelatin in cold water, stir into the rice while hot, cool, add a cupful of sugar, two tablespoons of chopped preserved ginger, vanilla to taste, and two tablespoons of preserved figs. Put on ice several hours; serve with whipped cream.

ORDER THESE EARLY

Nice Beef Roast, Sweet Pot Cauliflower, Choice Rutabaga Turnips, Head Lettuce, Cucumbers, etc. Choice apples for pie with cream cheese makes a very nice desert.

Don't forget to stop in

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO

GENE RICHARD, Prop.



"On the Line by Nine O'Clock"

A better washing; whiter clothes; no hard work. Freedom from hours of sloop and steam, when you use the

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

It runs easier loaded than others do empty. It's the washer with the spiral cut gears that give ease and speed; the four winged wooden dolly that churns the hot suds through the clothes—positively won't injure even the finest fabrics; metal faucet, automatic cover-lift, high art finish, and other distinctive features. Your money refunded in 30 days if not satisfied. The washer backed by a positive 5-year-guarantee.

Come in for demonstration TODAY

\$12.75
THE ECONOMY

An Ordinance

Providing for the sale of Lot six (6), in Block thirty-three (33) in the Village of Bradley, County of Kankakee and State of Illinois.

WHEREAS, the Village of Bradley, a municipal corporation of the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, is now the owner in fee simple of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, which said above described real estate is now vacant and,

WHEREAS, in the opinion of the Board of Trustees of the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, said above described real estate is no longer necessary, appropriate or required for the use of such Village or profitable to, or its longer retention for the best interests of the said Village, therefore:—

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE SAID VILLAGE OF BRADLEY, COUNTY OF KANKAKEE AND STATE OF ILLINOIS:—

SECTION I. That proper steps be taken to obtain bids for the sale of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, in accordance with Section 144, Chapter 138 of Courtright's Statutes of the State of Illinois, which said described real estate is now owned in fee simple by the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, and which said described real estate is now vacant and not used by the said Village.

SECTION II. That bids for the sale of the said above described real estate be received up to 7:30 p.m., of the 5th day of March, A.D. 1917, by the Village Clerk of the said Village, and that said bids be considered and opened at the regular meeting of the said Board of Trustees, to be held at the Village Hall in said Village of Bradley, on the 5th day of March, A.D. 1917, at the hour of 7:30 p.m. of said date.

SECTION III. That the Village Clerk of the said Village be authorized and directed to publish this ordinance and proposal of sale, in the Bradley Advocate, a weekly paper duly and regularly published in said Village of Bradley, Illinois, for a period of not less than sixty (60) days, in accordance with the provisions of the Statutes of the State of Illinois, in such cases made and provided.

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

The above and foregoing ordinance was duly passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 18th day of December A. D. 1916.

WM. DRESSLER,

Village Clerk.

Approved by me this 18th day of December, A. D. 1916.

FRANK BEGNOCHE,

President of Board of Trustees.

Notice of Proposal of Sale of Real Estate

Public notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an ordinance passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1916, sealed bids will be received by the President and Board of Trustees of said Village, for the sale of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in said Village of Bradley, Illinois, which said above described real estate is now vacant and not used by the said Village.

That said bids will be received by the Village Clerk of said Village, up to the hour of 7:30 p.m., on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, and that said bids will be considered and opened at a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Village, to be held at the Village Hall in said Village on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 7:30 p. m. of said date.

The President and Board of Trustees of said Village reserve the right, by a majority vote of said Board, to reject any and all bids.

Dated this 19th day of December, A. D. 1916.

WM. DRESSLER,

Village Clerk of the Village of Bradley, Illinois.

If you have not already paid your subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE, start the New Year right and do it now.

Clean your carpets, prevent disease in the home by using dustbane. The Economy, Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Felix Bournelle or Manteno will move his family back to Bradley about Feb. 15th, and will occupy their home on Grand Ave. and Perry St.

Capital, \$100,000.00
Surplus \$150,000.00



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

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

H. M. STONE, President,
LAWRENCE BAIST, Vice-Pres.,
H. H. THOUT, Vice-Pres.,
GEO. EHRLICH, Cashier,
F. M. LOCKWOOD, Ass't Cashier.

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H. M. STONE, President,
H. A. MAGRUDER, Vice-Pres.,
W. S. VANDERWATER, Vice-Pres.,
A. M. SHOVEN, Ass't Cashier.

City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

Stop Hitting at Nothing

If you are saving spasmodically or not at all, you are HITTING AT NOTHING.

Why don't you turn right about face—adopt a definite plan for saving part of your earnings and achieve for yourself the success you admire in others?

We will aid you by paying four per cent interest, compounded twice a year, on your savings.

Open a savings account here at once!

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

BIG DANCE

Given by

Bradley Saloon Keepers and Pleasure Club

at

Orpheum Hall

Broadway and Wabash Ave.

Bradley Illinois

Thursday, February 8, 1917

Good Music Best of Order

Car to Bourbonnais and Kankakee after the dance

Everybody welcome

Gents 50c

Ladies 25c

John Stua Jr., has accepted a position at the Illinois Central baggage room at Kankakee.

Deck Gorman has gone to work at the Turk Mfg. Co. factory.

Edward and George Mulligan were in Chicago Wednesday of last week visiting relatives and friends in Co. L. who have just returned from the border.

Tony Gross and Theo. Book returned home from Chicago Tuesday.

Edward Mulligan has accepted a new position on the I. C. R. R.

Miss Jennie Strelluf has recovered from the grippe.

David Lagesse, who has been visiting at the home of John Beland and family, has returned to his home in Clyde, Kansas.

Ray Kash and family have moved to St. Louis, Mo.

Frank Luchanich has accepted a position with the New York Central R. R. Co. as locomotive fireman.

Tom Coyer has gone to work for the Martin & Sons delivery service.

Miss Rosa Krumreich of Chicago spent the week end with her sister Mrs. J. B. Dawkins in this city.

Read The BRADLEY ADVOCATE for all the news.

Henry Bourelle who has been living on a farm near Manteno for the past several years will return to this village in the near future to make his home.

F. W. Hoehn was on the sick list during the week.

John Friar has accepted a position at the Butts barber shop.