

THEY WERE MARRIED

MISS LAURA FLAGEOLE AND EUGENE J. LAMARR

Pretty Wedding At Bourbonnais Church Saturday. Prominent Young People Married

Miss Laura Blanche Flageole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Flageole and Mr. Eugene LaMarr of Bourbonnais, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony at Maternity Church last Saturday morning, Rev. Father Hazen performing the ceremony.

The bride was handsomely gowned in white charmeuse and tulle, and wore a veil which was held up by white lillies of the valley. She carried a bouquet of roses and sni-lax. Miss Bessie Bowler of Chicago attended the bride as maid of honor and Miss Louise Flageole, sister of the bride acted as bride's maid.

Master Bernard Marcotte, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Marcotte, was ring bearer and the ring was carried to the Altar in a large white lily.

J. Bert Frazer and Walter Nourie acted as best men, while Leo Tatro and Leo Marcotte acted as ushers.

Following the ceremony at the church, a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents. The young couple have gone to Florida, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Miss Flageole, is the daughter of ex-county clerk, John B. Flageole, and has a large circle of friends, who will be glad to hear of her marriage. Mr. LaMarr is a member of law firm of Savary, Paul & LaMarr and is a young lawyer who has the promise of a brilliant future. He is popular with all who know him.

The young couple will make their future home on East Court St, where the groom has erected a fine new home.

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

Mustered Out

Company L, Third Illinois Infantry, which has been doing duty on the border at Ft. Wilson Texas since last June were mustered out at Ft. Sheridan last Wednesday and the boys are at home again. All of the Bradley boys look well, and the nine months military training seems to have agreed with them. The time spent on the border has helped to make better Americans out of the boys and goes to show that military training for the American youths will be one of the necessities of near future.

School Notes

The Glee Club is having a Washington Entertainment this evening.

Teachers held their regular session on Monday.

The grades and High School held a Washington program in the High School Assembly Room on Thursday.

In behalf of the Bradley school I wish to thank the W. R. C. for the privilege of entering their patriotic contest. Also wish to thank them for the speakers, Atty. Powell and Mrs. Dan Smith who delivered such excellent and inspiring addresses.

Let me express my appreciation of the G. A. R.'s and W. R. C.'s at our program.

PROGRAM

- Patriotic March—"Under the Double Eagle"..... Ladies' Choir
- Song—"Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade"..... Bradley High School Glee Club
- Gettysburg Address..... School
- Flag Salute..... School
- Address—"Lincoln's Advantages"..... School
- Attorney Powell
- Patriotic Drill..... 4th and 7th grade pupils
- Presentation of Medal..... W. R. C.
- America..... School

The Still Hour

In the 46th psalm occur these words: Be still and know that I am God.

We are living in very troublous times. The civilized world is in the grip of a political and moral upheaval such as it has not witnessed for centuries. With half the world at war, and our own nation treading as it were on the

precipice of unknown perils, both domestic and foreign, it behooves us as individuals and as a nation to take a spiritual inventory. We need to sound the waters we are sailing in and ascertain our moral latitude and longitude. If ever there was need of a God-inspired Church and a nation, devoted to the passion of righteousness, that time is now.

The supreme need of our modern world is a fresh, vital sense of the presence of God. We need to quiet our hearts in the presence of God and listen to His voice until we are certain of our place in the program of the Almighty.

Being still before God will give life depth. The great perils of our age, restlessness, materialism and mad rush for material things is that we shall become shallow, and superficial, so engrossed with the incidentals of life that we forget the great essentials of right living. Too many of us have lost the art of quiet meditation, we no longer practice the very necessary habit of self-examination. We are like the social butterfly who cried out previously: "I hate to be alone for it makes me think and I hate to think."

Shallow folks are strangers to themselves, the vast, rich depths of their spiritual natures are unplumbed and undiscovered. "Be still and know that I am God" obey that injunction and you will discover of your soul and learn not to be satisfied with the mere appearance of success.

This quiet waiting upon God will give our lives strength. All of us are exposed to the tremendous pressure of evil. Temptations lure, carnal standards of conduct are prevalent, allurements to sinful indulgences are found on every hand. The weak man adjusts himself with snug self-complacency to things as they are. But we are not here to shrink, to drift, to play fast and loose with the demands of conscience. If we are not to succumb to the paralyzing and numbing influences of worldliness, if we are to be a source of virtue in the world, we must wait upon God until we be endowed with power from on high, and spiritually equipped for the moral tasks that confront us. Be sure, friend, you are weak without God. We are made of very fragile stuff and unless we be empowered by God, we are undone. And finally, the man who is quiet in the presence of God, who takes time to discover God, is serene. How we fume and fret! What lack of poise and self-control and peace there is in our lives! And all because we are too busy to pray, and too rushed with worldly cares to attend to our spiritual needs.

In this time of political crisis, America needs the poise and serenity of those who know the power and the grace of God. The world is being mightily shaken, but the Kingdom of God will endure. Christianity has not failed. It has not yet been tried. Other things that we have erected as substitutes for true Christianity have failed. We had thought that the world would be made safe, but how mistaken we were! Civilization cannot endure on an unreligious foundation. Enthroned the spirit of Jesus in the world and civilization is safe.

The great forces are the quiet forces. The laws of gravitation holds the world together, but they are noiseless, electricity drives our streetcars, and runs our industries, but electricity blows no trumpet; the light comes to greet us every morning on noiseless feet. Elijah learned that God was not in the fire and storm, but in the still small voice. The permanent forces are not boisterous. Gods ways are in the deep and He will establish His sovereignty over the lives of men by the quiet appeal of conscience, the persuasion of truth, the beauty of holiness. Let us not lose our peace of mind. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." The lives of providence and destiny are in the hands of God. He sitteth upon the circle of the earth and maketh even the wrath of men to praise Him. Men can no more upraise His eternal purposes than they can extinguish the stars or blot out the sun. God stands sentinel at the gateway of time and he that trusteth in Him shall not haste. Those who love God will be serene. IVER M. JOHNSON.

Mrs. C. Heil is on the sick list.

SCHOOL PROGRAMME

LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON PROGRAMME

Patriotic Address Delivered by Attorney Powell, Bradley Wins Medal

The children of the Bradley public schools gave a Lincoln and Washington programme at the assembly hall last Friday morning, that was by far the best program ever rendered and goes to show that the spirit of patriotism is alive in the hearts of the children. The Women's Relief Corps and the G. A. R. of Kankakee were present at the programme as well as a number of people from Bradley. Attorney A. J. Powell delivered the address of the day, his subject being "Lincoln's Advantages." The speaker handled the topic in the masterful way that he is capable of, and the applause that greeted his utterance, showed that his audience understood and appreciated the sentiments that he was trying to convey to them.

"Under the Double Eagle" an instrumental selection by Miss Leona Sanor was well rendered. "The Old Brigade," a vocal selection by The Glee Club, not only showed that there are good singers amongst the pupils, but brought the days of 60 and 64 vividly to mind, and the storm of applause that greeted the club from the veterans who sat in the old hearts today as it was in the 60's. The Salute of the flag, with the flag bearer in the center surrounded by four infantymen with rifles, was impressive and could not help but instill patriotism into the hearts of all who witnessed it. The entire school then delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The immortal Lincoln, appealing for "One Country, One Language, One Flag," was honored by the way the Bradley school children handled his appeal. How much meaning there is contained in these words, coming from the mouths, and, yes, from the hearts of our children in our public schools. Today when the clouds of trouble hang heavily over us, it is indeed inspiring and touches the chord of love of country and flag, to hear these stirring words coming from the lips of children, who are being brought up and trained in that great American institution, the public school. It calls forcibly to our minds the fact that tho we have no large standing army, that the only army may not rank with the foremost that as long as we have that great democratic institution, our public school, the love of the flag will be instilled into the hearts and minds of our children, and should occasion again arise that we need defenders for our country and our flag, the children of today will not give their life's blood in defense. Not enough interest is shown by the average American citizen in our schools. Many of the strongest advocates of compulsory military training seem to overlook the all important fact, that the training without the spirit of patriotism and love of country instilled into the hearts of our children, would not give us the defense our country needs. The veneration of the flag, the deep rooted love of country, the principles of "One Country, One Language, One Flag," can only be ingrained in the heart of a child in our public schools, and the training here secured determines the value of our future citizens. Every effort should therefore be made by every true American to encourage the teachers of our public schools in the great work they are now doing, the building up of solid patriotic, country loving men, and women, who will be the back bone of the future nation.

Following the rendering of the Gettysburg address the entire school and audience joined in singing America. A flag drill given by the girls and boys under the direction of Miss Recher was well rendered and well received by the audience. Mrs. Hale of Kankakee, president of the Women's Relief Corps made an excellent address complimenting the school and the instructors upon the good

showing made by our schools. She was followed by Mrs. Grinnell of the Corpse, who stated that out of the thirty-four entries in an essay writing contest, one first prize had been awarded out of the four prizes given to the Bradley school, and the pupil who brought this honor to our school was Walter Monty. She presented him with a beautiful pin and expressed her appreciation of his patriotism and ability. The essay written by Walter was "History of the Stars and Stripes," and not only shows a thorough knowledge of the subject, but shows further a spirit of patriotism and love of country, such as should be in the heart of every American youth. Walter Monty can well feel proud of the victory he has achieved, the teacher of our public schools should feel proud of him, and the rest of us are all gratified to know that one of our boys has the ability to write such an essay, and that the love of flag and patriotism is not dead.

Prof. Hartleb thanked the pupils and the audience for the interest shown in the work, and his words showed that he appreciates the interest shown in the work by both pupils and public. The medal won by Walter Monty is the third medal won by this school for essays of this kind. Two medals here last year. This in itself speaks for the good work that is being done in our public schools, and the public should show its appreciation by taking an active interest in our schools. The future generation of this nation will not be any better than our schools make them, and as we all have the future of our country at heart, it is certainly to our advantage to assist our instructors in every possible way to get the height of efficiency from our schools. The policy of our public school education should be guarded with jealous care, and any attempt to curtail their present efficient methods should not be tolerated. Our schools are a great American institution and should be revered as such.

One Year Ago

The Berghouse store was seriously damaged by fire. Wm. Strickland was injured while fighting the fire.

Glen Roland moved to Meloni. Clarence Thorpe injured his arm while working at the Bradley factory.

The two months old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Uree Lucas died.

Mrs. M. Yauda died and was buried at Kankakee.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Raduns.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Moellaux celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary.

Two Years Ago

The Brais saloon was closed by the city council and license revoked.

M. Langlois, twelve years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Langlois died of diphtheria.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Mertz of Blue Island.

Oscar Delude and Sadie Benz were married by Rev. Granger at St. Joseph's Church.

Stanley Ignatovitz's home was destroyed by fire.

Mrs. G. Nelson was adjudged insane and removed to the hospital.

Three Years Ago

J. L. Cash, of the Bradley factory and Mrs. Bessie Stanhope Clapp were married in Chicago.

Mrs. Carrie Lindgren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rollins died in Urbana, Ill., of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Martha Rolph died and was buried at her former home in Kentland, Ind.

Arch Hutchins, the negro, murderer of Policeman Deckman, was sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary by Judge Campbell.

Operation

Forrest Erickson was taken to Emergency Hospital Tuesday and underwent an operation for appendicitis. The operation in nice shape and is getting along nicely.

THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS

SMALL PERSONAL NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

All the News That's Fit To Print. If You Don't Find It Here Come In and Tell Us What's Missing.

W. G. Hinton of Harvey, Ill., who formerly resided here is sick suffering with erysipelas.

Will McCoy has moved his family from Prairie Ave. to Wabash Ave.

Clean your carpets, prevent disease in the home by using dustbane. "The Economy Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill. Lois Tanner is on the sick list suffering with a gathering in her ear.

Art Beland has moved his family in the rear of his store. Don't take a chance on the slippery sidewalk get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers at the Economy and save doctor bills.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Stua have moved from Center Ave. to Grand Ave.

Mrs. Roy Clarke of South Bend, Ind., is spending the week with home folks in this city.

Read the home paper THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Mrs. Wayne Topfiff who has been seriously ill with rheumatism, is much better.

Have you paid your subscription? Roy Hayes of Effingham, Ill., was a visitor at the Bradley Odd Fellows Lodge Thursday evening.

C. L. Dillon of Indianapolis transacted business here Wednesday.

Mrs. John Codd has returned home from Chicago where she has been visiting relatives.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE it costs less than the 3 cents per week.

Mrs. A. E. Tooper of Bonfield, Ill., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Rantz.

Theo. Booh has gone to Chicago where he has accepted a position.

Mr. Earl Shubert and Miss Beatrice Shubert of Chicago spent Sunday with friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hatters have moved into the Clark house on Lawn St.

Have you paid your subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Miss. Maude Harshman has resigned her position at the Paramount Knitting Co. and has gone to her home in Milford, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Gillen of Chicago are visiting friends and relatives here.

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

William Labarge of Illinois was a business caller here Monday.

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

Ed Coasle of Morris transacted business here Monday.

Cly Stua moved from Center Ave. to Wabash Ave.

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

Henry Cragle has moved his family to a farm near Chebanse. Ed Monty moved his family to the Soulegry farm this week.

John Osbolt and family have moved from Grand Ave. to Michigan Ave.

FOR RENT—Good home on Wabash Ave. Inquire at this office.

Little Helen Boyd is on the sick list.

Carl Jackson of Chicago was a business caller here Monday.

Mrs. A. P. Gillen has returned home from Chicago where she has been visiting relatives.

Do it now! Subscribe for THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Past Grand Master, L. L. McKinley, visited the local lodge Odd Fellows last night, and while here extended an invitation to the degree staff of this lodge to put on the work for a class at Peotone, Ill.

Frank Metzger of Gilman was a visitor here Tuesday.

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.

Mr. Burns who has been living on a farm west of Kankakee has moved his family to Bradley and will occupy the Wright house on Grand Ave.

Attended Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wolf attended the wedding of Winette Wilson of Cleveland, Ohio, to Wm. Meller Jr. son of Judge Meller. Over 300 invitations were out and almost all attended the beautiful church wedding Saturday evening.

The bride is hardly nineteen and Mrs. Wolf's youngest sister was given away by Mr. J. Wilson of Chicago. Mrs. Wolf was maid of honor, besides six brides maids, two nieces served as flower girls and William Wilson ring bearer. Supper was served to close friends and relatives at the home of bride. The young couple will make their home in Cleveland after their trip east, while Mrs. Wolf with her sister continue their trip south to Florida.

Board Proceedings

The village board met in regular session Monday evening and transacted the regular routine business.

The following bills were allowed:

- E. J. Stelter, salary..... \$26 20
- J. W. Riley, killing dogs..... 2 00
- John Baltazor, labor..... 3 00
- Art Demaree, labor..... 2 00
- Eli Delude, labor..... 2 00
- Roy Magruder, labor..... 2 00
- J. W. Riley, salary..... 30 00
- Geo. Richardson, salary..... 30 00
- Frank Begnoche, salary..... 50 00
- D. M. Norris & Son, mdse..... 4 00
- Martin & Son, coal..... 5 00

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.

Degree Work

The Irene Rebekah lodge initiated a candidate last Tuesday evening and following the initiatory ceremony a social evening was spent by the members.

Joseph Zaze Dead

Joseph Zaze, aged 70 years, an old resident of this city died suddenly of heart disease in a cottage at Avon resort Sunday night. He went to bed in usual health on Sunday night and was found dead in bed Monday morning. He was seen here in Bradley on Sunday, and walked from here to the Avon resort, the exertion no doubt taxing the aged man's strength beyond his endurance. The remains were laid to rest in Mound Grove cemetery Wednesday.

Baby Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Born are the proud parents of a baby girl who arrived at their home last Tuesday.

BIJOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness coated tongue, foul taste and food breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanses the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Her Own Way.

A. F. Thom, the representative of 88 per cent of America's railroads before the Newlands committee, said at a dinner:

"The railroads are not Utopian. They know the kind of world it is, and they don't ask impossibilities."

"In fact, the railroads of late years have come to have the rather grim outlook of the chip whose girl said:

"Oh, no, George, I don't see how I could possibly marry you. You know I always want my own way in everything."

"You could keep on wanting it," said George, "after we were married."

CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF

The Cause of Dry, Thin and Falling Hair and Does It Quickly—Trial Free

Analyst spots of dandruff, itching and irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap, if a man, and next morning if a woman. When Dandruff goes the hair comes. Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Sketching a Dealer.
"Can I sell you some rattles, sir?"
"What have you in stock?"
"I've got a chair George Washington sat in, a cradle Jenny Lind was rocked in, a mirror used by Catherine the Great of Russia, and—"

"Say no more. Those things are comparatively modern."
"But consider, sir—"

"I want some real antiques. In fact, I am anxious to acquire the set of tools used by Noah in building the ark."—Brooklyn Citizen.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRETS.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually disengage faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not wash off. Adv.

Long Way Around.

With his three sons a Russian who lives ordinarily just ten hours by rail from Petrograd is now en route to New York. To get there he was captured by the Russian captors of Villars. He estimates that the journey is a shorter way through the Arctic.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

So Near and Yet So Far.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked four-year-old Margaret.
"Cattiflowers, dear," answered her mother.
A few minutes later Margaret saw her father approaching and running to him, said, "Papa, what do you think we are going to have for supper?"
"I don't know; what is it?"
"Why, er, caterpillar!"

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE

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

Dearly Bought Knowledge.

She—What does it mean when the name of a stock in the stock market quotations has the letters "w. l." after it?
He (who didn't know himself until he bought on a 5-point margin)—Was of income, as far as I can discover—'nuck.

Most men would rather borrow than be caught begging or snealing.
If a man finds marriage a failure he can put it all in his wife's name.

SPRING HATS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

Some Demi-Season Hats of Careful Design That Herald the Approach of Spring—Fine Cottons, Linens and Laces of the Most Refined Tastes Appear in the Children's Dresses for Spring.



Hats That Herald the Spring.

The stores and shops are full of gay springtime millinery for the southern tourist. These hats are so alluring that even those who stay at home are tempted to throw judgment to the winds and indulge themselves in a demi-season hat of satin, or satin and straw. It isn't a bad idea—even with the thermometer lingering near the zero mark—if the choice is a representative spring style. Easter comes early this year.

Any one of the three hats pictured is a safe investment. At the center a hat of black silk sets at rest a burning question. Button, button, "Who's got the button?" has been answered. As many as six dozens of them are set close together about brim-edges and crowns at the top and bottom. This is a sailor with an upstanding edge that makes the best possible place for covered buttons. It is very tailored, and finished looking, and has a flat applique trimming of embroidery at the front.

The modest turban at the left is very good style, with satin crown and braid trim. It happens to be in black, but would look well in French blue or any of the dark colors. A crisp bow at the side looks like a butterfly and lends animation to this model, which would be too severe without it. At the right, one of the new high-crowned models is made up along lines that are new this season. Satin and braid are combined in covering the shape, with the braid extending from the upper brim to the side crown. But three-quarters of the crown is of satin, and this hat is shown made up in braid and georgette crepe. It has a flat collar of narrow ribbon, held in place by long stitches of heavy silk thread. A fan-shaped ornament at the front is brightened with colored beads, and three ends of ribbon depend from it.

These are demi-season hats of careful design, but the approach of spring is heralded in them.



Of White Batiste and Val Lace.

The beginning of Lent is close at hand, bringing with it the annual assignment of time for spring sewing. The thought of provident mothers is centered on replenishing their supplies of bed linen and table linen, on the children's sewing, and on their own. All the new cotton goods are in house dresses and lingerie to be made ready and children's clothes got out of the way, in the weeks between now and Easter. No one minds giving March to this work. And some of the work is interesting enough to tempt one to stay indoors in April—for instance, dresses for the little girls. But there is every reason for making them during Lent, leaving more leisure for enjoying the springtime.

The same fine cottons, linens and lace that have always been the choice of the most refined taste appear in the new patterns in children's dresses. There is nothing startlingly new in their design but a special emphasis seems to be given to fine and dainty needlework on them. Their trimmings are simple but of fine quality, and workmanship on them is above reproach. Even for tiny girls some of the new models have double skirts.

There is a decided liking for plaits and for little coil effects.

A dress of white batiste for a girl of three is shown in the picture. It has a long waist and a full skirt, laid in boxplaits. Groups of narrow tucks, running lengthwise, alternated with two rows of narrow val insertion, are placed at each side of the opening at the back. The same decoration appears at the front of the waist. A val edging finishes the neck in a narrow ruffle. The sleeves are a little longer than elbow length, finished with a ruffle of val lace a group of narrow tucks, and an insertion of val. All the lace is put on by hand and the small tucks are hand run. There are two rows of insertion and one of edging about the bottom of the skirt.

The sash of wide, plaid brocaded ribbon is made with a flat bow at the back and is adjusted without any wrinkling. It lies flat about the little figure, which arrangement looks particularly well with a long-waisted model.

If time is precious there is no very good reason why this dress should not be machine sewed. It is merely "smarter" when the work is done by hand.

Julie B. Stearns

EGGS TESTED OR CANDLED FOR QUALITY

"That eggs intended for private trade should be tested or candled for quality is the assertion of W. A. Lippincott, professor of poultry husbandry in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"With this in mind some sort of inexpensive candling device should be had," said Professor Lippincott. "The simplest kind of a tester is made from a piece of wrapping paper 12 by 24 inches, rolled to form a tube 12 inches long. To inspect the egg the tube is placed to the eye and then the egg with the large end uppermost is so placed that the sunlight will strike it.

"Many times a dark room can be had but not the sunlight. An ordinary shoe box and a bedroom lamp will be just the thing. A hole is made in the top of the box and one at the bottom for the free circulation of air about the lamp. In front of the lamp flame a hole the size of a quarter is made. This candling device is efficient and will in most cases meet the needs on the average western farm.

"When electric lighting service is available and a great many eggs are to be candled, a round cylinder eight inches high and four inches in diameter, with two holes in front and one small one in the bottom, is attached to a large 'T' extending about 18 inches from the wall. The lamp cord is dropped down the perpendicular pipe to which the cylinder is attached. A 60-watt-power lamp is used to give the best results. With this device four eggs may be handled at a time by an experienced candler.

"A fresh egg has a pinkish tinge. An egg that has a dark spot the size of a dime on the yolk, shows that incubation has taken place and the egg is no longer fit for food under ordinary circumstances. In fact any eggs that do not show a normal color should be withheld from the market basket. The best way to get acquainted with the various kinds of egg contents is to break them out into a dish and study the abnormal conditions."



TOO ROUND. MOST POPULAR SHAPE. TOO LONG.

FOWLS FOR MARKET MUST BE FATTENED

Just as Important Matter With Chickens as It Is With Swine or Beef Cattle.

(By H. L. KEMPFER, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

It is just as important to fatten chickens sent to the market as it is to fatten hogs or beef cattle. In fact, when the chicken comes from the range it is in the proper condition to put on economical gains. Students in the poultry department of the University of Missouri found in recent tests that chickens will gain about 23 per cent in 12 to 14 days' feeding. That this gain is economical was shown by the fact that the grain required to put on a pound of gain was approximately 3 1/2 pounds.

The total cost of a pound of gain with cornmeal at \$2.25, bran at \$1.50, middlings at \$1.75, and sour milk at 20 cents per 100 pounds, was 8 cents. The ration consisted of 3 1/2 pounds of seven pounds; shorts, three pounds, and bran, one pound. To every pound of this mixture two pounds of sour milk was added. This wet mash was fed twice daily. The length of the feeding period, which was ten minutes the first day, was increased a minute a day as the period advanced. The chickens were confined in coops 2 by 2 1/2 feet square, each coop having a wire bottom. Suits were placed up and down, 1 1/2 inches apart, permitting them to reach the food which was placed in a trough outside. The close confinement not only discourages exercise, thus promoting gain, but the inactivity causes the tendons to soften. The fat is distributed through the muscles by the fattening process and the result is a luscious flesh which comes only in a finished product, put on cheaply.

RUST IN GRAINS IS RATHER PERPLEXING

Absolutely No Way to Control Trouble—Select Most Resistant Varieties is Urged.

(By PROF. M. A. BEESON, Department of Agronomy, Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater.)

There is no way to absolutely control rust in wheat, oats, barley and other small grain crops. There is no method of treatment and no insecticidal which can be used to prevent this disease. Rust spreads through the air and attacks the plant at any point.

The only satisfactory thing to do is to grow rust-resistant varieties. The Texas Red Rust-proof oat is the best variety for most parts of Oklahoma. Any of the hard wheats, such as the Klarkof and Turkey, are all right for the northern and western parts of Oklahoma.

Climatic conditions have much to do with the prevalence of rust. If the weather is warm and damp grain crops are apt to rust badly. If the weather is cool and dry there is not much danger of rust. Nothing can be done to change these conditions.

We recommend therefore the selection of rust-resistant varieties when this disease is common and destructive. This is about the only thing which a farmer can observe in controlling rust in the small grains.

CULTIVATION KILLS RASPBERRY ENEMIES

Important to Have All Neglected Wild Bushes Destroyed, Says an Expert.

(By S. MARCO, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Wormy raspberries, still fresh in the minds of the pickers, are fortunately not a necessary evil. Berries which are infested with raspberry fruit worms cannot be shipped any distance. They make the box unsightly, soon fall apart, and require unnecessary work of the housewife.

During the picking season and immediately after the season's close the worms drop to the ground, where after about six weeks they change to a helpless, delicate pupa. In the spring they transform to a small, soft, brownish beetle about one-seventh of an inch long. Being hungry, they immediately chew elongated holes in the young tender leaves, and later make holes in the buds. Often from 10 to 15 per cent of the buds may be destroyed in this manner.

Since the insects are helpless in the ground, cultivation in the late fall and early spring will kill many of them or expose them to their enemies. They can be killed also by spraying with four pounds of lead arsenate paste to 50 gallons of water about the first or second week in May, when the young plants are about six inches high. It is important to have all neglected wild bushes destroyed, for these serve as breeding grounds.

Meat Eaters' Backache

Meat lovers are apt to have backaches and rheumatic attacks. Unless you do heavy work and get lots of fresh air, don't eat too much meat. It's rich in nitrogen and helps to form uric acid—a solid poison that irritates the nerves, damages the kidneys and often causes dropsy, gravel and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to throw off uric acid. Thousands recommend them.

A Missouri Case

"I have been suffering from backache and rheumatic attacks for several years. I have tried many remedies but nothing has helped me. I have been told that Doan's Kidney Pills would help me and I have tried them and I feel better than I have for years. I have been told that Doan's Kidney Pills would help me and I have tried them and I feel better than I have for years. I have been told that Doan's Kidney Pills would help me and I have tried them and I feel better than I have for years."

Get Doan's Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY

Mothers who value the health of their children should never be without MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET PELLETS FOR CHILDREN, for use when needed. They tend to Break up Cold, relieve Feverishness, Worms, Constipation, Headache, Teething disorders, Bowel and Stomach Troubles, any Substitute. Used by Mothers for 30 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Get the Trial package FREE. Address THE MOTHER GRAY CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

Some of your neighbors are permitted to live because it takes all kinds of people to make a world. That's the answer.

COVERED BY ALL

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

His Status.
"So your admirer is in the umbrella business?"
"Yes. He is a sort of rain hater."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic—Adv.

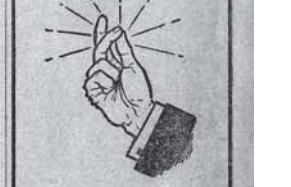
THINKS FATE RULES LIFE

New York Newspaper Man Decidedly Not of Opinion That Man Can Postpone Date of Death.

A well-known physician says if a man obeys certain rules, is temperate in all things, doesn't eat much, exercises, eschews liquor and cuts out tobacco, he will live long. Non vivants and egomaniacs who foolishly tarry in the vineyards of the Great White Way and eat their fill, who have cronies around for many years, declare that it makes no difference whether one lives the gay or the silent life; one won't kick off one's number as pegged. Some of the most careful livers, they point out, are cut off in their prime, while hard drinkers, live for years. There is "Diamond Jim" Brady, for instance, they say, still under fifty, ill and the subject of a council of physicians, who, it is hoped, will make him well again. Mr. Brady never drank a drop of liquor in his life. Believing that tea and coffee had a bad effect on the nerves, Mr. Brady did not use either, and he refrained from tobacco. He was a good eater, perhaps ate more than he should, and that was all. Now he is paying the penalty—for what? Is it possible that abstinence leads to illness? Who can tell? Not doctors, certainly.—New York Sun.

Where Farmer's Interest Lies.

The farmer is especially interested in seeing worms and insects regularly and at good living wages.



You Can Snap Your Fingers

at the ill effects of caffeine when you change from coffee to

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Man of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

DE SPAIN PERSISTS IN HIS EFFORTS TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH NAN MORGAN—HE FALLS INTO A TRAP LAID BY THE GANG AND FACES IMMEDIATE DEATH

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky Mountain country, is infested with stage robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat, and near Calabassas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thiel River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decided to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry De Spain general manager of the stage line, with John LeFevre and Bob Scott, an Indian, as his assistants. They make Calabassas their headquarters. Trouble starts at once. The principal bad men are Sassoon, Logan, Deaf Sandusky and Gale Morgan. De Spain foolishly becomes smitten with pretty Nan Morgan, Gale's cousin, but she ignores his overtures. When this installment opens De Spain and his aids are trying to pick a fight with Logan and Sandusky in a gambling house.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Logan pushed back his chair. As he turned his legs from under the table to rise, a hand rested on his shoulder. He looked up and saw the brown face and feeble smile of Scott. Logan with his nearest foe kicked Sandusky. The big fellow looked up and around. Either by chance or in following the sound of the last voice, his glance fell on De Spain. He scrutinized for a suspicious instant the burning eyes and the red mark low on the table. While he did so—comprehension dawning on him—his enormous hands, forsaking the pile of chips with which both had been for a moment busy, flattened out, palms down, on the faro table. Logan tried to rise. Scott's hand was pressing on him. "What's the row?" demanded Sandusky in the queer tone of a deaf man. Logan pointed at De Spain. "That Medicine Bend duck wants a fight."

"With a man, Logan; not with a cup," retorted De Spain, matching insult with insult.

"Maybe I can do something for you," interrupted Sandusky. His eyes ran like a flash around the table. He saw how LeFevre had pre-empted the best place in the room. He looked up and back at the man standing now at his shoulder, and almost between Logan and himself. It was the Indian, Scott. Sandusky felt, as his faculties cleared and arranged themselves ever instant, that there was no hurry whatever about lifting his hand; but he could not be faced down without a show of resistance. He concluded that for this occasion his tongue was the best weapon. "If I can," he added stily, "I'm at your service."

De Spain made no answer beyond keeping his eyes on Sandusky's eyes. Tenison, opening his mouth as if to awake to the situation and rose from his case. He made his way through the crowd around the deputants and brusquely directed the dealer to close the game. While Sandusky was casting in, Tenison took Logan aside. What Tenison said was not audible, but it sufficed to quiet the little fellow. The only thing further to be settled was as to who should leave the room last, since neither party was willing to go first. Tenison, after a formal conference with LeFevre and Logan, offered to take Sandusky and Logan by a private stairway to the billiard room, while LeFevre took De Spain and Scott out by way of the main door. This was arranged, and when the railroad men reached the street rain had ceased falling.

Scott warned De Spain to keep within doors, and De Spain promised to do so. But when they left him he watched out at once to see whether he could not, by some happy chance, encounter Nan.

CHAPTER VIII. A Cup of Coffee.

He was willing, after a long and bootless search, to content himself with that he would rather see Nan Morgan for one minute than all women else in the world for a lifetime. The other incidents of the evening would have given any ordinary man enough food for reflection—indeed they did—so De Spain to realize that his life would hang by a slender thread while he remained at Sleepy Cat and continued to brave the rulers of the sinks.

But this danger, which after all was a portion of his responsibility in freeing his stages from the depredations of the Calabassas gang, failed to make on him the moving impression of one moment of Nan Morgan's eyes. There was in the whole world nothing he wanted to do so much as in some way to please her—yet it seemed his ill luck to get continually deeper into her bad games. Every day that he rode across the open country, his eyes turned to the far range and to Music Mountain. The rounded, distant, immense peak—majestic as the sun, cold as the stars, shrouding in its unknown fastnesses the mysteries of the trees and the secrets of time—seemed to him now this mountain girl whom his solitude sheltered and to whom his thoughts continually came back.

Within two weeks he became desperate. He rode the gap trail from Sleepy Cat again and again for miles and miles in the effort to encounter her. He came to know every ridge and hollow on it, every patch and stone between the lava beds and the river. And in spite of the counsels of his associates, who warned him to beware of traps, he spent, under one pretext or another, much of the time either on the stages to and from Calabassas or in the saddle toward Morgan's washstand, for Nan.

Killing time in this way, after a fruitless ride, his persistence was one day most unexpectedly rewarded. He had ridden through a hot sun from Sleepy Cat to Calabassas, where he had an appointment to meet Scott and LeFevre at five o'clock. When De Spain reached the Calabassas barn, McAlpin, the barn boss, was standing in the doorway. "You'd never be coming to Sleepy Cat in the saddle!" McAlpin's gap looked for Nan. De Spain nodded affirmatively as he dismounted. "Hot ride, sir; a hot day," commented McAlpin as he called a man to take the horse, unstrapped De Spain's coat from the saddle, and followed the man into the house.

"The heat was oppressive, and De Spain unhooked his cartridge belt, slipped his revolver from the holster, mechanically stuck it inside his trousers waistband, hung the heavy belt up under his coat, and, sitting down, called for the stage report and asked whether the new blacksmith had sobered up. When McAlpin had given him all minor information called for, De Spain walked with his coat out into the barn to inspect the horses. Passing the very last of the box-stalls, the manager saw in it a pony. He stopped. This wary, sleek-looking roan, contentedly munching at the meager some company hay, was Nan Morgan's."

"What's that horse doing here?" demanded De Spain coldly.

Before answering, the barn boss eyed De Spain very carefully to see how the wind was setting, for the pony's presence confessed an infraction of a very particular rule. "You see," he began, cocking at his strict boss from below his visorless cap a questioning Scotch eye, "I like to keep on good terms with the Morgan gang. Some of them be very ugly. That little pony is Nan Morgan's."

"What's her horse doing here?" asked De Spain.

McAlpin made even the most inconsequential approaches to a statement

"She ain't really fit to ride a step," confessed De Spain with growing confidence. "Hot she's been going up two or three times now to get some medicine from Doc Torpy—that's the way of it. There's a nice girl, sir—in a bunch of raffians, I know—though old Duke, she lives with 'em, as a half-bad man except for two or three cards. I used to work for him—but I call her a nice girl. Do you happen to know her?"

De Spain had long been on guard. "I've spoken with her in a business way once or twice. I can't really say I know her. Anything else, Jim?" asked De Spain, walking on down the barn and looking at the horses. It was only the second time since he had given him the job that De Spain had called the barn boss "Jim," and McAlpin answered with the rising assurance of one who realizes he is "in a right 'n'ot so much in a sore mood in either ally, Mr. De Spain. I try to take care of them, sir."

"What are we paying you, Jim?"

"Twenty-seven a week, sir; pretty little work at that."

"We'll try to make it thirty-two after this week."

McAlpin touched his cap. "Thank you kindly, sir, I'm sure. It comes high to live out here, Mr. De Spain."

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"Hot Day, Sir; Hot Ride."

with a keen and questioning glance. "The girl went up to the Cat on the early stage to-day. She's coming back this afternoon."

"What is she riding away over here to Calabassas for to take the stage, instead of riding straight into Sleepy Cat?"

Once more McAlpin eyed him carefully. "The girl's been sick."

"Sick?"

shine than it had looked in shadow; and true to its traditions, not a living being was anywhere to be seen. The door of the office stood ajar. De Spain, pushing it all the way open, walked in. No one greeted him as he crossed the threshold, and the unsightly room was still bare of furnishings except for the bar, with its two broken mirrors.

De Spain pounded on the bar. His effort to attract attention met with no response. He walked to the left end of the bar, lifted the handrail that enclosed the space behind it, and pushed open the door between the mirrors leading to the back room. This, too, was empty. He called out—there was no response. Mrs. McAlpin had apparently gone home for a while.

Irritated at the desertion of the place, due, he afterward learned, to the heat of the afternoon, and disappointed at the frustration of his purpose, he walked back to the office. As he lifted the handrail and, passing through, lowered it behind him, he took out his watch to see how soon the stage was due. While he held the timepiece in his hand he heard a rapid clatter of hoofs approaching the place. Thinking it might be Scott and LeFevre arriving from the south an hour ahead of time, he started toward the front door—which was still open—to greet them. Outside, hurried footsteps reached the door just ahead of him.

His listener had already made all arrangements to meet the occasion now presenting itself. Circumstances seemed at last to favor him, and he looked at his watch. The down stage bringing Nan Morgan would be due in less than an hour.

"Jim," he said thoughtfully, "you are doing the right thing in showing some good-will toward the Morgans."

"Now, I'm glad you think that, sir."

"You know I'm unimpaired, and that their backs the wrong way in dragging Sassoon out."

"They're jealous of your power, I know—very jealous."

"This seems the chance to show that I have a real animosity myself toward the outfit."

Since De Spain was not looking at him, McAlpin cocked two keen and curious eyes on the sphinxlike birkmark of the very amiable speaker's face. However, the astute boss, it was wondered, made no comment. "When the stage comes in," continued De Spain quietly, "have the two grays—Lady and Ben—hitched to my own hitch post. I'll drive her over to the gap myself."

"The very thing," exclaimed McAlpin, staring and struggling with his breath.

"In some way I've happened, both times I've talked with her, to get a wrong—understand?" McAlpin, with clearing eyes, nodded more than once. "No fault of mine; it just happened so. And she may not at first take kindly to the idea of going with me."

"I see."

"But she ought to do it. She will be tired—it's a long, dusty ride for a well woman, let alone one that has been in it, so it is."

De Spain looked now shamelessly at his ready-witted aid. "See that her pony is lame when she gets here—can't be ridden. But you'll take good care of her, and let her home in a few days—get it?"

McAlpin half closed his eyes. "He'll be so lame it would stagger a cowboy to back him ten feet—and never be hurt a mite, neither. Trust me!"

"It'll be hangs on riding something, or even walking home," continued De Spain dubiously, for he felt instinctively that he should have the task of his life to induce Nan to accept any kind of a peace-offering. "I'll ride or walk with her anywhere. Can you sleep here tonight, on the hay?"

"Sleep you on a hair mattress, sir. You've got a room right here upstairs; didn't you know that?"

"With arrangements so begun, De Spain walked out of doors and looked reflectively up the Sleepy Cat road. One further refinement in his appeal for Nan's favor suggested itself. She would be hungry on riding something, hot and dusty when she arrived. He returned to McAlpin: "Where can I get a good cup of coffee when the stage comes in?"

"Go right down to the inn, sir. It's a new chap running it—a well-written man from Texas. My wife is cooking there off and on. She'll fix up you a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

It was four o'clock, and the sun beat fiercely on the desert. De Spain walked north to the inn, where he found the man from Texas. My wife is cooking there off and on. She'll fix up you a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

De Spain smiled at his visitors: "That's all right, my friend. I'll be glad to run." Morgan only continued to stare at him. "I need hardly say," added De Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

He looked to Sandusky for a reply; it was Logan who answered in skillful

falsotto: "No. We don't happen to have business that I know of. A friend of ours may have a little, may be?" Logan, lifting his shoulders with his laugh, looked toward his companions for an answer to his joke.

De Spain's smile appeared untruffed: "You'll help him transact it, I suppose?"

Logan, looking again toward Sandusky, grinned: "He won't need any help."

"Who is your friend?" demanded De Spain, with a look that Morgan's glance missed him; it did not refer to Sandusky. And even as he asked the question, De Spain heard through the half-open window at the end of the bar the sound of hooves. Hoping against hope for LeFevre's, the interrupter cheered him. It certainly did not seem that his situation could be made worse.

"Well," answered Logan, talking again to his gallery of cronies, "we've got two or three friends that want to see you. They're waiting outside, to see what you'll look like in about five minutes—ain't they, Gale?"

Someone was moving within the rear room. De Spain felt hope in every footfall he heard, and the mention of Morgan's name cleared his plan of battle. Before Gale, with an oath, could blurt out his answer, De Spain had resolved to fight where he stood, taking Logan and Morgan as he should jump in between the two. It was at the best a hopeless venture against Sandusky's first shot, which De Spain knew was almost sure to reach the right spot. But desperate men cannot be choosers.

"There's no time for seeing me like the present," declared De Spain, ignoring Morgan and addressing his horse.

Logan. "Bring your friends in. What are you complaining about, Morgan?" he asked, resenting the stream of abuse that Gale hurled at him whenever he could get a word in. "I had my turn at you with a rifle the other day. You've got your turn now. And I call it a pre-emptive strike on you, Sandusky!" he demanded suddenly of the big fellow.

Sandusky alone through the talk had kept an unbroken silence. He was sitting up De Spain's eyes, and De Spain not only ached to hang him, speak, but was resolved to make him. Sandusky had stood motionless from the instant he entered the room. His eyes rested intently on De Spain, and at his side the long, thin, white hand held a soft tattoo against the pistol holster. De Spain's question seemed to arouse him. "What's your name?" he demanded bluntly. His pose was heavy and his deafness was reflected in the strained tone.

"It's on the butt of my gun, Sandusky."

"What's that he says?" demanded the man known as the butcher, asking the question of Logan, but without taking his eyes off his ally's face.

Logan raised his voice to repeat the words and to add a ribald comment.

"You make a good deal of noise," muttered Sandusky, speaking again to De Spain.

"That ought not to bother you much, Sandusky," shouted De Spain, trying to win a smile from his taciturn antagonist.

"His name's not bother anybody much longer," put in Logan, whose retorts overflowed at every interval. But there was no smile even hinted at in a second man behind him in the doorway, and this man appeared to be joking with a third, behind him. As the second man crossed the threshold, De Spain saw Sandusky's high-voiced little lightning cronies, Logan, who now came in, as he stepped within the right of the open door, for the swinging shoulders and rolling stride of Gale Morgan.

Morgan, eying De Spain with insolence, as was his wont, closed the door behind him, and then he backed his powerful frame significantly against it.

A blind man could have seen the completeness of the snare. An unpleasant feeling flashed across De Spain's forehead as he saw the letters of an immeasurable part of a second—while uncertainty was resolving itself into rapid certainty. When Gale Morgan stepped into the room on the heels of the two Calabassas friends, De Spain would have sold for less than a cup of coffee all his chances for life. Nevertheless, before Morgan had set his back fairly against the door and the trap was sprung, De Spain had managed his fight.

He did not retreat from where he halted at the instant Sandusky entered. His slender chance was to hug to the men that meant to kill him. Morgan, the nearest, he estimated the least amount of time he had to think of escape both Sandusky and Logan at close quarters was, he knew, more than ought to be hoped for.

While Morgan was closing the door, De Spain smiled at his visitors: "That's all right, my friend. I'll be glad to run." Morgan only continued to stare at him. "I need hardly say," added De Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

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He Called Out—There Was No Response.

and a large man, stepping quickly into the room, confronted De Spain. One of the man's hands rested lightly on his right side. De Spain recognized him instantly; the small, drooping head, carried well forward, the keen eyes, the loud-patterned, shabby waistcoat proclaimed beyond doubt—Deaf Sandusky.

CHAPTER IX.

The Glass Button.

Even as the big fellow stepped lightly just inside and into the room, De Spain stood of the door and faced him, the encounter seemed to De Spain accidental. But before he could speak, a second man behind him in the doorway, and this man appeared to be joking with a third, behind him. As the second man crossed the threshold, De Spain saw Sandusky's high-voiced little lightning cronies, Logan, who now came in, as he stepped within the right of the open door, for the swinging shoulders and rolling stride of Gale Morgan.

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"I see."

"But she ought to do it. She will be tired—it's a long, dusty ride for a well woman, let alone one that has been in it, so it is."

De Spain looked now shamelessly at his ready-witted aid. "See that her pony is lame when she gets here—can't be ridden. But you'll take good care of her, and let her home in a few days—get it?"

McAlpin half closed his eyes. "He'll be so lame it would stagger a cowboy to back him ten feet—and never be hurt a mite, neither. Trust me!"

"It'll be hangs on riding something, or even walking home," continued De Spain dubiously, for he felt instinctively that he should have the task of his life to induce Nan to accept any kind of a peace-offering. "I'll ride or walk with her anywhere. Can you sleep here tonight, on the hay?"

"Sleep you on a hair mattress, sir. You've got a room right here upstairs; didn't you know that?"

"With arrangements so begun, De Spain walked out of doors and looked reflectively up the Sleepy Cat road. One further refinement in his appeal for Nan's favor suggested itself. She would be hungry on riding something, hot and dusty when she arrived. He returned to McAlpin: "Where can I get a good cup of coffee when the stage comes in?"

"Go right down to the inn, sir. It's a new chap running it—a well-written man from Texas. My wife is cooking there off and on. She'll fix up you a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

It was four o'clock, and the sun beat fiercely on the desert. De Spain walked north to the inn, where he found the man from Texas. My wife is cooking there off and on. She'll fix up you a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

De Spain smiled at his visitors: "That's all right, my friend. I'll be glad to run." Morgan only continued to stare at him. "I need hardly say," added De Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

He looked to Sandusky for a reply; it was Logan who answered in skillful

falsotto: "No. We don't happen to have business that I know of. A friend of ours may have a little, may be?" Logan, lifting his shoulders with his laugh, looked toward his companions for an answer to his joke.

De Spain's smile appeared untruffed: "You'll help him transact it, I suppose?"

Logan, looking again toward Sandusky, grinned: "He won't need any help."

"Who is your friend?" demanded De Spain, with a look that Morgan's glance missed him; it did not refer to Sandusky. And even as he asked the question, De Spain heard through the half-open window at the end of the bar the sound of hooves. Hoping against hope for LeFevre's, the interrupter cheered him. It certainly did not seem that his situation could be made worse.

"Well," answered Logan, talking again to his gallery of cronies, "we've got two or three friends that want to see you. They're waiting outside, to see what you'll look like in about five minutes—ain't they, Gale?"

Someone was moving within the rear room. De Spain felt hope in every footfall he heard, and the mention of Morgan's name cleared his plan of battle. Before Gale, with an oath, could blurt out his answer, De Spain had resolved to fight where he stood, taking Logan and Morgan as he should jump in between the two. It was at the best a hopeless venture against Sandusky's first shot, which De Spain knew was almost sure to reach the right spot. But desperate men cannot be choosers.

"There's no time for seeing me like the present," declared De Spain, ignoring Morgan and addressing his horse.

Logan. "Bring your friends in. What are you complaining about, Morgan?" he asked, resenting the stream of abuse that Gale hurled at him whenever he could get a word in. "I had my turn at you with a rifle the other day. You've got your turn now. And I call it a pre-emptive strike on you, Sandusky!" he demanded suddenly of the big fellow.

Sandusky alone through the talk had kept an unbroken silence. He was sitting up De Spain's eyes, and De Spain not only ached to hang him, speak, but was resolved to make him. Sandusky had stood motionless from the instant he entered the room. His eyes rested intently on De Spain, and at his side the long, thin, white hand held a soft tattoo against the pistol holster. De Spain's question seemed to arouse him. "What's your name?" he demanded bluntly. His pose was heavy and his deafness was reflected in the strained tone.

"It's on the butt of my gun, Sandusky."

"What's that he says?" demanded the man known as the butcher, asking the question of Logan, but without taking his eyes off his ally's face.

Logan raised his voice to repeat the words and to add a ribald comment.

"You make a good deal of noise," muttered Sandusky, speaking again to De Spain.

"That ought not to bother you much, Sandusky," shouted De Spain, trying to win a smile from his taciturn antagonist.

"His name's not bother anybody much longer," put in Logan, whose retorts overflowed at every interval. But there was no smile even hinted at in a second man behind him in the doorway, and this man appeared to be joking with a third, behind him. As the second man crossed the threshold, De Spain saw Sandusky's high-voiced little lightning cronies, Logan, who now came in, as he stepped within the right of the open door, for the swinging shoulders and rolling stride of Gale Morgan.

Morgan, eying De Spain with insolence, as was his wont, closed the door behind him, and then he backed his powerful frame significantly against it.

A blind man could have seen the completeness of the snare. An unpleasant feeling flashed across De Spain's forehead as he saw the letters of an immeasurable part of a second—while uncertainty was resolving itself into rapid certainty. When Gale Morgan stepped into the room on the heels of the two Calabassas friends, De Spain would have sold for less than a cup of coffee all his chances for life. Nevertheless, before Morgan had set his back fairly against the door and the trap was sprung, De Spain had managed his fight.

He did not retreat from where he halted at the instant Sandusky entered. His slender chance was to hug to the men that meant to kill him. Morgan, the nearest, he estimated the least amount of time he had to think of escape both Sandusky and Logan at close quarters was, he knew, more than ought to be hoped for.

While Morgan was closing the door, De Spain smiled at his visitors: "That's all right, my friend. I'll be glad to run." Morgan only continued to stare at him. "I need hardly say," added De Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

He looked to Sandusky for a reply; it was Logan who answered in skillful

falsotto: "No. We don't happen to have business that I know of. A friend of ours may have a little, may be?" Logan, lifting his shoulders with his laugh, looked toward his companions for an answer to his joke.

WHAT A JEWELRY FIRM DID

They Invested Some of Their Spare Money in Canadian Lands.

S. Joseph & Sons, of Des Moines, Iowa, are looked upon as being shrewd, careful business men. Having some spare money on hand, and looking for a suitable investment, they decided to purchase Canadian lands, and farm it. With the assistance of the Canadian Government Agent, at Des Moines, Iowa, they made selection near Champlon, Alberta. They put 240 acres of land in wheat, and in writing to Mr. Hewitt, the Canadian Government Agent at Des Moines, one of the members of the firm says:

"I have much pleasure in advising you that on our farm five miles east of Champlon, in the Province of Alberta, Canada, this year (1910) we harvested and threshed 10,000 bushels of wheat from 240 acres, this being an average of 44 bushels and 10 pounds to the acre. A considerable portion of the wheat was No. 1 Northern, worth at Champlon approximately \$1.85 per bushel, making a total return of \$19,610, or an average of \$81.70 per acre gross yields. Needless to say, we are extremely well pleased with our lands."

It might not be uninteresting to read the report of C. A. Wright of Milo, Iowa, who bought 160 acres at Champlon, Alberta, for \$3,800 in December, 1910. He stubbled in the whole lot of it, and threshed 4,857 bushels Grade No. 2 Northern.

Mr. Wright, being a thorough business man, gives the cost of work, and the amount realized. These figures show that after paying for his land and cost of operation he had \$2,472.97 left.

4,847 bushels, worth \$1.05 at Champlon	\$5,089.45
Threshing bill, 11c per bushel	\$530.57
Seed at 95c	144.00
Drilling	160.00
Cutting	100.00
Twine	50.00
Shocking	100.00
Hauling to town, 5c	14.00
Total cost	\$1,182.15
Cost of land	3,900.00
		\$4,482.15

Net profit after paying for farm and all cost of operation

.....	\$2,472.97
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—Advertisement.

Meant It All Right. Musical Instrument Dealer (to a boy)—Now, if while I am out a customer wants to look at a mandolin, flute or piccolo, you know what to do with him? Boy—Yes, sir. Dealer—And suppose he should want to see a lyre? Boy—I'll be glad to wait until you come in, sir.—Boston Evening Transcript.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderrine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied, causes the hair roots to shrivel, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderrine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderrine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; as comparable gloss and softness, and please you most will please your neighbors. Apply only see a lot of fine, dandruff-growing all over.

Vigorous Action. "If people in New England are going to stop caterwauling at night by law, how are they going to do it?" "Well, not by any pussy-foot methods."

Important to Mothers. EXAMINED CAREFULLY every bottle of Castoria, that famous old remedy for Infants and Children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Its Merit. "That piece is a regular horse play." "But you must admit it is well mounted."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you careen your ugly, grizzled, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing—Ad. Paradoxical. "The truth lies somewhere." "Strange conduct," that, for the truth.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

Entered as second-class matter January 20, 1914 at the post-office at Bradley, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

Frank Bognobio, mayor.
Joe Grill, clerk.
E. J. Steller, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
F. L. Martin, E. Gonderman, Harry Baker, Fred Lambert, E. A. Bado and James McCue, trustees.
Meets at Village Hall first and third Monday of each month.

Board of Education

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

Bradley Lodge 882 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

Meets at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

Meets the first Monday of the month at Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

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

FATHER CHARLESBON, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon.
Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.
Rev. 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.
John Flagoole, treasurer.
C. T. Morrel, E. J. Lamar, George Arsenau, 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 Supremant 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. Third 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.

KANKAKEE DOLLAR DAY

Wednesday, Feb. 28, '17

An Investigation

The Federal Trade Commission has asked for an appropriation to pay the expenses of investigating the high price of food stuffs and the Chicago Herald, in an editorial of February 14th, hits the nail square on the head when it says:

LET'S HAVE A REAL ONE!

The Federal Trade Commission is about to start an investigation of the rise in food prices. It will ask the President to approve an appropriation of \$400,000 for that purpose. It proposes to cover every side of the food situation.

"Good! Let us hope at last we are going to have a real investigation. The country has confidence in the Federal Trade Commission. Now let's have the facts. Let's go to the bottom—to the fundamentals—and really learn all that can be learned about the subject."

"The problem is legal and economic. The question of whether there are combinations in restraint of trade must be decided. That has heretofore attracted the main attention. Now it's time to go more into the economic part—and go into it thoroughly. Are the people being compelled to pay too much for what they buy? Nobody can answer that until he can say with reasonable approximation what it costs to produce those things."

"In some fields the trade commission will find plenty of data. The packers, for instance, can tell it exactly what it costs them to turn out their products. Government attention has encouraged accurate cost accounting in their case. But these fields are limited. In the biggest fields of all the work will have to be done from the ground up. There isn't a farmer in Illinois who knows what it costs him to put his product on the market today. There isn't one manufacturer in ten who has an accurate idea of what it costs him to run his business."

"Let the trade commission start literally 'from the ground up.' Let it start with the farmer and find what production of everything, from eggs to wheat and cattle, means in terms of money and labor expenditure. He doesn't know, and nobody else knows. Then let it follow the product to consumption. Many people assume high prices don't start until they reach some large organization. From the economic standpoint they are just as liable to start at the beginning as anywhere else. Prices cannot be permanently below the cost of production under any circumstances."

"The country is in the mood for an investigation that will be long and deep and thorough. It is tired of these continued flurries about high prices that get nothing except possibly a politician into Congress or some other job or into the newspapers. It has had its fill of half-baked remedies that spring from attention to only one half of the great problem. Let's have an investigation that will enable the country to see it steadily and see it whole. It would be cheap at \$400,000 or \$4,000,000."

New Barber Shop

Map Le Sage is erecting a new building on Scheuler Ave. next to Betrand Bros. Store where he will open a new Barber shop—as soon as the building is complete.

Party

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bade entertained a number of their friends at their home Saturday evening and an enjoyable time was had by all. Mr. Bade didn't have anything to do with the arrangements as his friends went in on him as a complete surprise.

Dance

The dance given by St. Peter and Paul Society at the Woodman Hall Tuesday night was well attended and a good time was had by all.

Lassers Dollar Day Bargains

242 EAST AVE.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

242 EAST AVE.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

Biggest, Greatest Dollar Day Bargains ever offered. Sale starts Wednesday, Feb. 28, and continues Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Men's Union Suits
Regular \$1.50 value for Dollar Day..... **\$1.00**

Ladies' Shirt Waists
A big lot to close out. Reg. value for Dollar Day 2 for **\$1.00**

Ladies' Shirt Waists
A real bargain for Dollar Day, 3 for **\$1.00**

Girls' Dresses
A limited lot for Dollar Day 2 for **\$1.00**

Boys' Waists
School waists, fancy collar and plain, 3 for **\$1.00**

Ladies' Coats
Broadcloth and Caracal. A limited lot and exceptional value special for Dollar Day **\$1.00**

Men's Socks
Special for Dollar Day 1 doz. for **\$1.00**

Ladies' Union Suits
Regular 98c value Dollar Day 2 for **\$1.00**

Men's Union Suits
Special for Dollar Day 2 for **\$1.00**

Ladies' Shoes
Black, tan, lace and button, 365 pair to close out for Dollar Day, each **\$1.00**

Corsets
One lot of regular \$1.75 and \$2.00 value Dollar Day **\$1.00**

Ladies' Shoes
Patent leather gun metal lace and button, 2.00 and 2.50 val. special for Dollar Day **\$1.00**

Ladies' Shoes
Ladies oxford slippers, pumps, sandals, house slippers, colonial fancy buckle slippers, satin pumps, 335 pairs in this lot. Values run from 2.00 to 3.00 for Dollar Day, special, the pair **\$1.00**

Ladies' Skirts
Serges and Brillanteen, all colors. A few Corduroys included. val. up to \$3.98, special **\$1.00**

Men's Dress Shirts
Men's fine Dress Shirts in all the newest patterns. Regular \$1.00 value, 2 for **\$1.00**

Men's Ribbed Underwear
Regular 50c value, 3 for **\$1.00**

Men's Underwear
Fleeced and Ribbed, two pieces for **\$1.00**

Men's Suits
Men's good work Suits, Coats, Vests, Pants, each **\$1.00**

Men's Hats
225 Hats in this lot, all sizes and shapes. Special Dollar Day **\$1.00**

Men's Work Pants
235 pairs of Men's Pants, regular \$1.75 and \$2.00 values Dollar Day **\$1.00**

Boy's Suits
Table full of Boys' Suits worth \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, Norfolk and pinched back, coat and pants each **\$1.00**

LASSERS & CO., 242 East Ave.

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.

A Word to the Borrower
If you are a borrower of this paper, don't you think it is an injustice to the man who is paying for it? He may be looking for it at this very moment. Make a regular visitor to your home. The subscription price is an investment that will repay you well.

THE PARIS STORE
A. DOLLE, Proprietor.

DOLLAR DAY
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28
This store will give you more for your Dollar than any place in the county.
WATCH FOR OUR BILLS
BROADWAY, BRADLEY

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

This Space Is for Sale
at very reasonable rates
Why not use it to advertise your wares?

MARTIN & SON
Coal and Transfer
Moving A Specialty
The Eagle Bar
Math. Gerdiesch, Prop.
Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

(OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.)
**REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
 BRADLEY STATE AND SAVINGS BANK**

located at Bradley, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 17th day of February, 1917, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES.	
1. Loans:	
Loans on real estate	\$16,300.00
Loans on collateral	8,750.00
currency	8,750.00
Other loans and dis.	
Cash:	
on hand	60,889.17
in transit	115,965.32
2. OVERDRAUGHTS	168.50
3. MISCELLANEOUS RESOURCES:	
Real estate other than	
banking loans	500.00
Furniture and fixtures	927.31
1,927.31	
4. DEBTS FROM BANKS:	
State	9,057.67
National	377.43
10,124.98	
5. CASH ON HAND:	
Currency	6,214.00
Gold coins	125.50
Silver coins	609.40
Minor coins	60.74
6,019.64	
7. OTHER CASH RESOURCES:	
Checks and other	
cash items	102.42
102.42	
TOTAL RESOURCES	\$130,736.07
LIABILITIES.	
1. CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP	\$25,000.00
2. UNDIVIDED PROFITS	\$ 5,996.85
Less current interest re-	
possession and taxes paid	2,910.23
3,086.62	
4. DEPOSITS:	
Time certificates	8,434.77
Savings, subject to	
notice	63,375.25
demand, subject to	
check	42,866.18
Demand certificates	124.00
133,700.07	
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$130,736.07

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

E. C. Vandagriff, Cashier.
 STATE OF ILLINOIS,)
 COUNTY OF KANKAKEE,)
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of Feb.
 1917.
 T. R. McCoy, Notary Public.

Home Quarantined

The home of Frank Mamon on the east side is quarantined with diphtheria two of the children being the sufferers.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for all the home news.

Baby Boy

The stork paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Art Anderson Monday and left a nice boy for them.

Baby Boy

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Lustig Sunday.

Read your home paper THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

To Rent

Two Flats on Wabash Ave. Inquire at this office.

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.

THE BRADLEY SEWER

**REMANDED BACK FOR TRIAL
 BY SUPREME COURT**

**More Delay Will Be Occasioned
 While Case Remains in the
 Lower Court**

The Bradley sewer case, which has been on trial in the Supreme Court was decided Wednesday, the court reversing the decision of the county court and remanding the case back for trial. This means that another trial will have to be had in the county court and that work on the construction of the sewer will be delayed for some time to come. Bradley needs a sewer badly, but indications now are that another year or more will elapse before the need will be supplied.

Mrs. Mercer Called

Mrs. S. L. Mercer an aged resident of North Schuyler Ave. passed away Monday afternoon at about 4 o'clock after a short illness of pneumonia.

Her maiden name was Cinderella Darah and she was born at Winchester, Ind., August 7, 1843. She has lived here and Kankakee for the past 22 years.

She leaves two children, C. H. Mercer and Mrs. H. M. Walker. The body was taken to Chatsworth for burial. The funeral services held Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock at the home, Rev. Ragsdale officiating.

Mrs. Staudohar has recovered from an attack of the gripe. Mrs. John McCleary who has been on the sick list is better.

L. D. Ulhorn is on the sick list. Frank Carter of Chicago was a business caller here Tuesday.

Mrs. B. Switzer entertained her sisters, Mrs. Haigh and Mrs. Helwig, of Chebanse the later part of the week.

The Ladies Aid of the U. B. Church met with Mrs. Codd last week.

Vernon Vickory of St. Anna was a week end visitor here with home folks.

Miss Marie Hardebeck was a week end visitor at Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lyons of Watseka are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. English of Manteno were week end visitors here.

Miss Eisele and Miss Jackson of Chebanse were week end visitors at the Bade home.

Miss Gertrude Laflamme is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bartram spent the past week in Stockland, Ill., visiting relatives.

George Washington Party

The Harmony Girls were royally entertained at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Iver Johnson last night. Mrs. Johnson was assisted by Mrs. Henri Vallat and the girls enjoyed a pleasant evening. The party was a George Washington party, and was truly American. The Misses Hilda Heinze and Mable Codd were the guests of the evening.

Luncheon

Mrs. F. W. Hoehn, Mrs. L. Knickerbocker and Mrs. Gordon entertained at a luncheon for the benefit of the M. E. Ladies Aid Society at the home of Mrs. Hoehn yesterday afternoon.

Party

Mr. and Mrs. John Damler entertained a party of friends at their home Saturday evening. A most enjoyable time was had by all present. A delightful luncheon was served.

Consideration

"If I didn't have such a large family, I could save a little money." "Don't be too sure of it. If you didn't have a large family you might have an auto."—Houston Post.

Miss S. Grimes of Grant Park was a week end visitor here.

Obe Lancaster is on the sick list.

Mrs. Link of Chicago, who has been spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Captain J. McDonough has returned home.

Mrs. Knapp of Stockland, Ill., is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harold Bartram.

Earl and Beatrice Schubert of Chicago were week end visitors here.

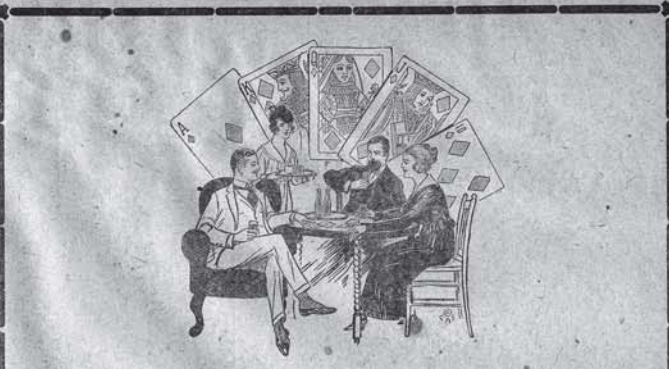
Theo. Book has accepted a position with the Western Electric Co. at Chicago.

Greg. Lucas has resigned his position as fireman on the C. I. and S. and accepted a position as a plow fitter at the Bradley Factory.

Bert Smiley visited relatives and friends here during the week.

Grover Messer was off duty this week account of a badly injured hand.

John Saffron has accepted a position in East Chicago, Ind.



**Radeke Beer---A Royal
 Drink for Card Parties**

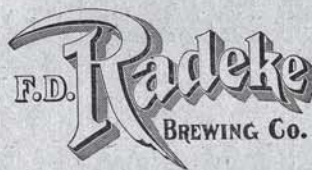
After the game serve a simple snack of cheese and crackers with a few cold bottles of this master brew. Such a luncheon is easily prepared, economical and will stand "ace high" in the appreciation of your guests.

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.



DOLLAR DAY
 at
HOEHN BROS.
 Market and Grocery

Wednesday, February 28th

Means dollars in your pockets if you take advantage of the big special bargains we are offering for this day. An example of what a dollar will buy here is quoted below:

<i>This is only one of the many Bargains to be found here</i>	4 pounds Flake Hominy..... 25	<i>You owe it to yourself to call and see what we have to offer.</i>
	5 pounds Uncoated Head Rice... 25	
	4 pounds Pearl Hominy..... 25	
	8 bars Lenox or Swifts Pride Soap. 25	
	\$1.00	

Make Your Dollar Do Its Duty

By bringing it here where it will buy more

Groceries, Meats, Vegetables and Fresh and Smoked Fish

HOEHN BROS.
 Bell Phone 298 We Deliver Ind. Phone 298

**MAJESTIC
 THEATRE**

NOW

**6 ACTS OF
 VAUDEVILLE 6**

PRICES - 10-20-30c

—THE FIRST CHANCE—
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THE IRON TRAIL

A NOVEL OF NEW YORK LIFE
OF
BY F. PARKER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. PARKER

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

He did struggle halfheartedly against his first drink, but after he had taken it and after other drinks had gone the way of the first, he met a number of people whom he liked and to whom he was inspired to show his liking, and, strange to say, the more he drank the more of such friends he discovered. By late afternoon he was in a fantastically jubilant mood, and, seizing Kurtz, he bore him across the way to Delmonico's.

Now, Kurtz was worldly and therefore tolerant. He had grown to like and to understand his young associate very well indeed, and something about Bob's riotous disposition to gladness evoked a response in the little tailor.

It was that expansive and expensive hour of the afternoon when business worries are dropped and before social cares are shouldered. It was that time along the avenue, the hour when faces are born and engagements broken, and as it lengthened Wharton celebrated it as in days gone by. His last regret had vanished; he was having a splendid time, when a page called him: to a telephone booth.

Adoree's voice greeted him; she was speaking from his own home, and her first words almost shocked him. Something was wrong; Bob was needed quickly; Lorelei was asking for him. For more than an hour they had been vainly trying to locate him. They had succeeded in reaching the doctor, and he was there—with Adoree. Adoree's voice broke—Lorelei was frightened and so was the speaker. Bob had better waste no time.

In ignorance of the truth, and now, therefore, the girl had no one to lean upon except an unpractical stage woman—and a drunken husband. In Bob's mind the ploy of it grew as the time crept on.

But Adoree Demorest was wonderful. Despite her inexperience, she was calm, sensible, sympathetic, and, best of all, her normality afforded a support upon which both the husband and the wife could rest. When she finally made herself ready for the street Bob cried piteously.

"You're not going to leave us?"

"I must. It's nearly theater-time," she told him. "It's one of the penalties of this business that nothing must hold the curtain; but I'll be back the minute the show is over."

"Lorelei needs you."

Adoree nodded; her eyes met Bob's squarely, and he saw that they were wet. Her face was tender, and she appeared very simple and womanly at this moment. Her absurd theatricalisms were gone; she was a natural, unaffected young woman.

"I wish I could do something to help," wearily continued Bob, but Adoree shook her head so violently that the barbaric beaded festoon beneath her chin clicked and rattled.

"She knows you're close by; that's enough. This is a poor time to reach, but—it seems to me if you've got a bit



"She Sent Me Away," He Whispered.

When Bob lurched out of the booth he was white; the boy who he had left rose in alarm. He was clutching at his stricken face. His legs led him to a crooked course out of the cafe, bringing him into collision with chairs and tables and causing him to remain for the first time too far from the door to allow himself to go. In a shaking voice he called for a taxicab, meanwhile allowing the raw air of the street to cool his head.

The terror of the unknown was upon him. Bob's progress was unavailing. "Something had gone wrong, and Lorelei needed him. She was calling for him and he was drunk. He would reel up to her bed of pain with bleared eyes, with poisoned lips. How could he kiss her? How could he explain?

The cab swung into the curb, and he scrambled out, then stumbled blindly up the steps and into the building where he lived.

Adoree met him at his own door. Wharton's impression was vague; he saw little more than the tragic widening of the girl's eyes as she recognized his condition.

"Am I as bad as that?" he stammered. "Do you think I'll notice it?"

"Oh, Bob!" Adoree cried, in a stricken voice. "How could you—at this time?"

"You said she wanted me. I couldn't find time."

"Feel she has been calling for you, but I'm sorry I found you."

A silent-floated figure in a nurse's uniform emerged from the dining room, and her first expression of relief at sight of Bob changed swiftly to a stare of startled wonder. "How could you get so drunk to read the half-spoken protest on her lips. Then he heard his wife calling him, and realized that somehow she knew of his coming. At the sound of her name, she came to the doorway and hoarse from pain, the strength ran out of his body. The doctor heard him stumbling at the bedroom door and admitted him; then a low, aching cry of distress, but as the liquor died his terrible features came to life. A frightened maid began preparations for his dinner, but he ordered her away. Then when she brought him a tray, anger at the thought that his own comfort should be considered of consequence made him refuse to touch it.

"More than we thought!" Hannibal shook his head. "Not more than I know. He had it in him; you were the one."

"No, no! We both doubted. Perhaps this girl read him."

"Sure she read him!" snorted the father. "She read his bank book. But I fooled her?"

"Do you remember when Bob was born? The doctors thought—"

"Of course I remember!" her husband broke in. "Those doctors said you never came through it."

"Yes; I wasn't strong."

"But you did. I was with you. I ought for you. I wouldn't let you die. Remember it?" The speaker moistened his lips. "Why, I never forgot."

"Bob is experiencing something like that tonight."

Hannibal started, then he fumbled uncertainly for a cigar. When he had it lighted he said, gruffly, "Well, it was a man of me; I hope I'll help Bob."

Still staring out across the glowing lights and the mysterious, inky biots that lay below her, Mrs. Wharton went on. "You're thinking of only Bob, but I'm thinking of her, too. She is offering her life for the life of a little child, just as I offered mine."

There was a silence, then Hannibal looked up to find his wife standing before him, her face strangely humane. Her eyes were appealing, her frail figure was shaking wretchedly.

"My dear!" he cried, rising. "I can't keep it up, Hannibal. I can't pretend any longer. It's Bob's baby and it's ours." Disregarding his denial, she ran on, swiftly. "You can't understand, but I'm lonely, Hannibal, terribly lonely and sad. Bob grew up and went away, and all we had left was money. The dollars piled up; year by year they grew heavier and heavier until they squeezed our lives dry and crowded out everything. They even crowded out our son and spoiled his life. They made you into a stone man; they made between me and the people and the things I loved; they walled me off from the world. My life is empty—empty. I want to mother something."

Hannibal inquired, hoarsely: "Not this baby, surely? Not that woman's child?"

"It's Bob's baby and ours."

He looked down at her queerly for a moment. "The bread is rotten. If he had married a decent girl—"

"John Merkle says she is splendid."

"How do you know?"

"I have talked with him. I have learned whatever I could about her, wherever I could get it. It's all true. After all, Bob loves her, and isn't that enough?"

"But she doesn't love him," stormed the father. "She said she didn't. She wants his money, and she thinks she'll get it this way."

"Do you think money can pay her for what she is enduring at this minute? She's frightened, just as I am. I'm frightened when Bob was born. She's sick and suffering. But you think all our dollars could buy that child from her? Money has made us hard, Hannibal; let's be different."

"I'm afraid we have put it off too long," he answered, slowly. "She won't forgive us, and I'm not sure I want her to."

"Bob's in trouble. Won't you go to him?"

Hannibal Wharton opened his lips, closed them, then, taking his hat and coat, he left the room.

But as the old man went uptown his nerve failed him. He was fixed in his ways, he had a blind faith in his own infallibility. Twice he rode up in the elevator to his son's door, twice he rode down again. Hannibal settled himself to wait.

During the chill, still hours after the city had gone to rest an automobile drew up to the apartment house; when its expected passenger emerged from the building a grim-faced stranger in a greatcoat accosted him. One glance challenged the physician's attention, and he was all over.

"Yes, it's answered. A boy."

"And it's Mrs. Wharton, the mother?"

"Youth is a wonderful thing, and she has everything to live for. She is doing as well as could be expected. You're a relative, I presume?"

The stranger nodded, then his voice came boldly. "Yes, I'm her father."

When the doctor had driven away Hannibal strode into the building and telephoned to the Waldorf, but now his words were short and oddly broken. Nevertheless, they brought a light of gladness to the eyes of the woman who had waited all these hours.

CHAPTER XXV.

Adoree Demorest, still in her glittering, hybrid costume, but heavily-limbed and dull with fatigue, pained outside her own door early that morning. The stairs led up to a house at the end of the street outside and the building itself was silent, yet from Adoree's parlor issued the sound of light fingers upon piano keys. Adoree entered, to find Campbell Pope, with collar loosened and hair on end, at the instrument. The air within the room

was blue and reeking with the odor of stale tobacco smoke, and the ash receiver at his elbow was piled high with burnt ends.

Pope rose at Adoree's entrance, eyeing her anxiously. "Is everything all right?" he cried.

"What's all right?"

"The—Lorelei."

"Oh, yes! What are you doing here?"

"I suppose I must apologize. You see, I came here to wait—and—help."

"You decided to help?" Adoree eyed the dithering musician queerly. "You've helped to break my lease—I'll be thrown out of this house sure."

Pope stammered, guiltily. "I was playing for Bob and Lorelei."

With one glove half off, Adoree allowed herself, showing in her face an amazement that increased the man's embarrassment. Pope took a deeper breath, then burst out:

"Oh, have a sixty-horse power motor, imagination, see me, you know, the music is just of prayer—anyhow, it's the only way I know of praying. Good music is divine language. In my own way I was sort of praying for those two. Foolish, isn't it? I'm sorry I told you. It sounds nutty to me when I stop to consider it!" Pope stirred uneasily under Adoree's gravely speculative eyes. "Lorelei's all right?"

Adoree gave half a bob; "there was a moment of silence. "Did you ever see a brand-new baby?"

"Murder, no!"

Mrs. Demorest's gaze remained bent upon Pope, but it seemed upon great distance; her voice when she spoke was hushed and awe-stricken. "Neither did I until this one. I held it! I held it in my arms. Oh—I was frightened, and yet I seemed to know just what to do and—and everything. It was strange. It hurt me terribly, for, you see, I didn't know what babies meant until tonight. Now I know."

Pope saw the shining eyes suddenly dim, and then he looked over Lorelei of the grotesquely overdressed and artificial stage favorite he beheld only a yearning woman whose face was softened and glorified as by a vision.

"I didn't know you cared for children."

Adoree shrugged; the beads at her throat clicked barbarously. "Neither did I, but I suppose every woman does it some time in her life. Tonight I began to understand. I don't know what it means. Her gaze came back and centered upon his face, but it was frightened and panic-stricken. "I've sacrificed my right to children."

"How can you say that?"

"Oh, you can say as well as I do!" A flush wavered in the speaker's cheeks, then fled, leaving her white and weary. "You, of all men, must understand. You're notorious. I'm a painted woman, a woman who's expected to be the best woman in the land—and that reputation will live in spite of anything I can do." She began to cry now in a way strange to Bob's experience.

Pope's habitual restraint all at once gave way, and he exploded. "The thing that counts is what you are, not what you seem to be. I know the truth."

Now there was nothing sufficiently stupid about it to bring a light of wonderment and gladness to the girl's face, but her tears ceased as abruptly as they had commenced, and noting the slowly growing radiance of her expression, Campbell was stricken dumb at the right of the possible consequences of temerity. The knowledge of his shortcomings robbed him of confidence and helped to confuse him.

Adoree rose. For a moment she stood looking at him with a peculiar, tender smile, as if she were reading the lips of his shapeless coat and drew his thin face down to hers.

"I'm not going to let you back me," she declared, firmly. "You asked me, didn't you?"

"Adoree! No, no! Think what you are doing!" he cried, sharply.

But she continued to smile up into his eyes with a gladness that intoxicated him.

"You're coming closer to him, murmuring, cooly: "I don't want to think—we'll have plenty of time to think when we're too old to talk. Now, I just want to love you as hard as you have been loving me for the last six months."

Now, strange to say, this novel arrangement was extremely agreeable to the deposed ruler. Bob took a shameless delight in doing menial service; to fetch and to carry for all hands filled him with joy. But one outside of the premises he reassured himself, and his importance grew as gas expands. Before long his intimate friends began to avoid him like a plague. It was his partner, however, who remained in a state of suppressed excitement all that day, and on the following afternoon he again kidnapped the child for a second exhibition. It seemed that the infant's fame spread rapidly, for soon the tenants of neighboring apartments began to clamor for a sight of it, and Bob was only too eager to gratify them. Every afternoon he took his son downstairs with him, until finally Lorelei checked him as he was going out.

"Bob, dear," she said, with the faintest shadow of a smile. "I don't think it's good for him to go out so often. Why don't you ask your father and mother to come up?"

Wharton flushed, then stammered. "I—what makes you—think—"

"Why, I guessed it the very first day," Lorelei's smile added. "They needn't see me, you know."

Bob laid the child back in its bed. "But that's just what they want. They want to see you, only I wouldn't let you be bothered. They're perfectly foolish over the kid's mother, and your father—but just wait." He rushed out of the room, and in a few moments returned with his parents.

Hannibal Wharton was deeply embarrassed, but his wife went straight to Lorelei and, bending over her chair, placed a kiss upon her lips. "There," she said. "When you are stronger I'll come to apologize for the way we've treated you. We're old people. We're selfish and stupid and unreasonable, but we're not entirely inhuman. You won't be too hard on us, will you?"

The old lady's eyes were shining, the palms which were clasped over Lorelei's hand were hot and tremulous. The look of hungry yearning that greeted the elder woman's words was ample answer, and with a little choking cry she gathered the weak figure into her arms and thrilled as she felt the amber bead upon her breast.

Hannibal trumpeted into his handkerchief, then cleared his throat prominently, but Bob forestalled him with a happy laugh. "Don't hold any post-mortems, dad. Lorelei knows everything you intend to say."

"I'm blamed if she does," rumbled the old man, "because I don't excuse myself. I'm not much of a politician; I can take 'em, but I can't make 'em." His voice rose sternly: "Young lady, the night that baby was born I stood outside this house for hours because I was afraid to come in. And my feet hurt like the devil, too. I wouldn't lose that much sleep for the whole steel trust; but I didn't dare go back to the hotel, for mother was waiting, and I was afraid of her. I don't intend to go through another night like that."

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"You Won't Be Too Hard on Us, Will You?"

Bob's mother turned to her son, saying: "She is beautiful, and she does good too. Anybody can see that. She could love her for what she has done for you, if for nothing else."

"Well, I should say so," proudly ventured the girl, who looked a changed woman. "She didn't care for me and she made me into a regular fellow. Why, she reformed me from the ground up. I've sworn off every blessed thing I used to do, including drinking!" gruffly queried the father.

"Yes."

Lorelei smiled her slow, reluctant smile at the visitor, and her voice was gentle as she said: "He thinks he has, but it's hard to stop entirely, and you mustn't blame him if he forgets him-

self occasionally. You see, drinking is mostly a matter of temperament, after all. But he is doing splendidly, and some day he'll get it."

"They nodded understandingly.

"You'll try to like me, won't you, for Bob's sake?" pleaded the old lady, timidly.

"I intend to love you both very dearly," shyly returned the girl, and, noting the light in Lorelei's face, Bob Wharton was satisfied.

Restrained vaguely swiftly under the old couple's evident determination to make amends, but after they had gone Lorelei became a hope that Bob said, anxiously: "I hope you weren't polite to them merely for my sake?"

Lorelei shook her head. "No, I was only thinking—Do you realize that none of my own people have been to see me? That I haven't had a single word from any of them?"

Bob stirred uncomfortably; he started to speak, then checked himself as he went on, not without some effort: "I'm going to say something unpleasant, but I don't want you to know it. When they learn that your parents have taken me in and ought to pay us they're going to ask me for money. It's a terrible thing to say, but it's true."

"Do you want to see them? Do you want them to see you?"

"No!" Lorelei was pale as she made answer. "Not after all that has passed."

Bob heaved a grateful sigh. "I'm glad. They won't trouble you any more."

"Why? What—"

"I've been waiting until you were strong to tell you. I've noticed how their silence hurt you, but—it's my fault. They haven't been here. I sent them away."

"You sent them away?"

"Yes. I fixed them with money and—they're happy at last. There's considerable to tell. Jim got into trouble with the law, and I finally sent for him. He told me everything and—it wasn't pretty; I'd rather not repeat all he said, but it opened my eyes and showed me why they brought you here, how they put you into a block and why they cried for bids. He told me things you know nothing about and could never guess. When he had finished I thanked God that they had fang you into my arms instead of—some other man's. It's a miracle that you weren't sacrificed utterly."

"Where is Jim now?"

"Somewhere in the boundless West. He gave me the promise to reform."

"He never will."

"Of course not, and I don't expect it of him. You see, I know how hard it is to reform."

"But mother and father?"

"I'm going to them. My dad came around the day after your baby was born and shook hands. He wanted to stamp right in here and tell you what a fool he had made of himself, but I wouldn't stand for it. Finally, when he saw the money, he came in and right away proposed breaking ground for a jasper palace for the youngster. He wanted to build it in Pittsburgh where his sons-in-law are going to do a big business. Somehow you came as foolish, too. Well, when I had had my little understanding with Jim and learned the whole truth about your people I realized that no matter where we were they would be a constant menace to our happiness unless they were provided for. It struck me that you had made a game fight for happiness, and I couldn't stand for anything to spoil it at the last minute. I went to mother and told her the facts, and she seemed to understand as well as I how you must feel in spite of all they had done, so we shook down the governor for an endowment."

"Bob, what do you mean?" Lorelei faltered in bewilderment.

"We asked him for a hundred thousand dollars and got it."

Lorelei gasped.

"He believed like a bull, he spat words like a cobra, he writhed like a bucket of eels, but we put it over."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" whispered the wife.

"To a penny. And it's in the bank to your credit. But I didn't stop there." Bob's voice rose as he said: "I went to your mother and in your name I promised her the income from it so long, and only so long, as she and Peter stayed away from you. She accepted—rather greedily, I thought—and they have your good house and I have their promise never to see you except upon my invitation. Of course you can go to them whenever you wish, but—they're happy and the thing is all settled with them in Vale than in New York. I hope you don't object to my arrangement."

"There was a long silence, then Lorelei sighed. "You are a very good man, Bob. I wish you could do some thing of this sort, but I could never have done it so well."

Her husband bent and kissed her tenderly. "It wasn't all my doing; I had help. And you mustn't feel sad, for something tells me you're going to learn finally the meaning of a real mother's love."

"Yes—yes!" The answer came dreamily, then as a fretful complaint issued from the crib at her side Lorelei turned to her mother and swiftly gathered the baby into her arms.

"Is he sick?" Bob questioned, in alarm.

"No, silly. He's only hungry."

There in the gathering dusk Bob Wharton sat on at a slight distance, never failed to thrill him strangely. In his wife's face was a beautiful content, and it seemed to him fitting indeed that this country girl who had come to see his dream of life should end her search thus, with a baby at her breast.

CHAPTER XXV.

Adoree Demorest, still in her glittering, hybrid costume, but heavily-limbed and dull with fatigue, pained outside her own door early that morning. The stairs led up to a house at the end of the street outside and the building itself was silent, yet from Adoree's parlor issued the sound of light fingers upon piano keys. Adoree entered, to find Campbell Pope, with collar loosened and hair on end, at the instrument. The air within the room

MRS. KIESO SEEN SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unable to do my household work, I was giving up hope of ever feeling well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today am a healthy woman able to do my own household work. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. C. A. Kieso, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

ABSORBERINE will relieve inflamed, swollen joints, sore throats, colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, influenza, and all other ailments. It is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use, does not blister or cause any pain. Price, 25c per bottle. Sold everywhere.

Tut's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, either from excess of work or mind or body, or from malaria in the MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tut's Pills the most general restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

"Is your wife trying to make a social butterfly of you? Has she a 'No,' replied Mr. Currox. 'I don't stand any chance of being a winged creature of any grace. If you want to classify me you'll have to get 'em from the insect and try birds. I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs.'"

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children revolt in well-founded. Their tender little "innards" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

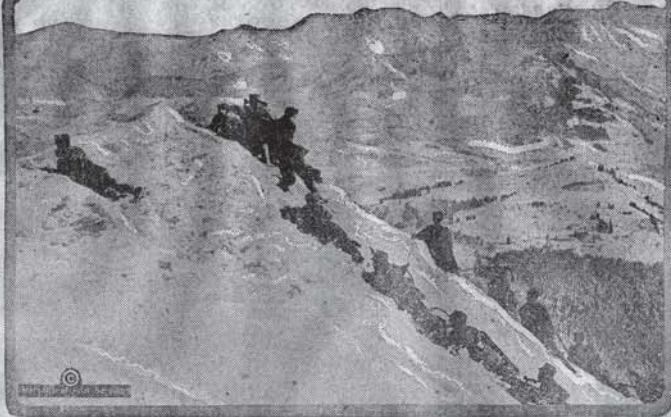
Not Always Simple. Eddie Bug—Bookkeeping is a cinch, Bill. Bill Bug—Sure! All you gotta do is get your balance!



Farms—Then you gotta know if there's a bush on the house. What'll I do? His Wife—Tid' on if you need a bush, you'd better take a bush for the house.

Take a bath of course, and every three hours while awake take a dose of Boschee's German Syrup. It will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat, and stop the irritation in the lungs. It is a remedy which for more than half a century has brought relief and comfort to countless thousands all over the civilized world. It is at druggists and dealers everywhere.

SKIRMISHERS ON THE TOPS OF THE CARPATHIANS



Austrian mountain troops skirmishing against the Russians on the tops of the snow-capped Carpathians.

NEW DRUG CURE PROVES SUCCESS

Treatment by Former Naval Surgeon General Is Effective in 25 Cases.

DRUNKARDS ARE ALSO SAVED

One Patient, a Mere Human Shell, Is Able to Walk in 48 Hours—To Be Made Public After 100 Cases Are Treated.

New York.—A new treatment for drug addicts and drunkards which appears to be of remarkable efficiency is being used at Warwick Farms, the 800-acre retreat maintained by the city in Orange county for inebriates and other derelicts.

The remedy, or system of treatment, has been in use about three weeks. It has been used to 25 drug users, fifteen of whom have rapidly gained weight, has lost his craving for narcotics and stimulants and has acquired a normal appetite.

Most of the work of the farms heretofore has been in building up the strength of drunkards and narcotic victims after medical treatment has been given in city hospitals.

Doctor Stokes declined to discuss the treatment on the ground that to do so would be unethical; that if the cure proves satisfactory it will be made public in the recognized ethical way.

Some of those under treatment gained ten pounds in a week. All these cases will be kept at the farm for two months for observation. The increased number of addicts is being offset by the elimination of the three city institutions that now handle drug addicts, and in their place a receiving station will be established, where the drug addicts can be gathered for shipment to the farms.

AMUNDSEN TO FLY TO POLE

Explorer Sails for Norway to Witness the Launching of His New Ship.

New York.—Capt. Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South pole, sailed recently for Christiania to make final preparations for his aerial trip to the North pole. He expects to return to this country once before making the flight to purchase the most highly developed aeroplane for the attempt.

Captain Amundsen will witness the launching of his new polar ship at Christiania. The equipment which he has been gathering together in this



Capt. Roald Amundsen.

country will be placed on the ship and the explorer will then return to the United States to procure the aeroplane in which he will make the final dash. The new polar ship will force its way through the ice to a position in the Arctic situated at 89 degrees north latitude. This base is 65 miles from the pole. From here the explorer will

FALLS ON ICE WALK; PICKS UP A ROLL

Miss Eva Sanbell of Highland Park slipped and fell while walking on an ice-covered sidewalk. Underneath the planks, which were loosened by the fall, she found two bills, one for \$10 and the other for \$20.

"Just what I needed," she said later. "My hotel bill was due today."

The money is believed to have been lost by some passer-by before the snow fell, and blown beneath the sidewalk by the wind.

KEEPING GOV EXPENSIVE NOW

To Feed Her in Oklahoma One Must Spend \$1 a Day—And She Doesn't Always "Deliver."

Oklahoma City, Okla.—A cow is an expensive member of the family in Oklahoma City at this time. She costs more in a month than most families spend for necessities in a week. It figures out about \$15 to \$20 a month for feed alone, and "Bossie" doesn't deliver the year around, as a rule.

Good prairie hay costs from \$10 to \$15 a ton. Alfalfa hay costs from \$20 to \$25 a ton. Bran costs \$1.50 per 100 pounds, corn chaff brings \$2 and cotseeded meal sells for \$2.25. Dealers figure that "Bossie," if fed properly, will consume about 50 to 60 cents' worth of feed a day, besides pasture. A good cow should give 10 to 12 pounds of three gallons of 40-cent milk every day. Few do, however, and practically none produce all the year.

SURGEON IS CURED OF SEPTICAEMIA

Recovers Completely After Undergoing Nine Operations for Blood Transfusion.

CASE WAS THOUGHT HOPELESS

Contracted Blood Poisoning While Performing an Operation—Most Remarkable Case Ever Treated in This Country.

New York.—Made a victim of septicaemia while performing a surgical operation two months ago, Dr. Albert Pitts of Plainfield, N. J., whose case was considered hopeless a few weeks later, has recovered completely as the result of undergoing nine operations for blood transfusion. Each operation was performed by Dr. Edward Lindeman of New York, who used a method of transfusion which he devised four years ago.

The recovery of the young surgeon is not only unusual, but physicians of the local fire department are remarkable of its kind ever treated in this country. After physicians had given up hope of recovery Doctor Lindeman was summoned to the Muhlenberg hospital, Plainfield, where Doctor Pitts was a patient.

Eight Quarts of Blood Furnished. After a consultation it was decided that Doctor Lindeman begin his operations. Eight quarts of blood were furnished for the operations by Miss Constance Pitts and Betram Pitts, sister and brother of the patient, and four members of the local fire department.

Doctor Lindeman's method embodies the use of arterial syringes and eliminates the necessity of making an incision over the vein in either the donor or the blood of the recipient. By means of especially devised telescoping tubes

A DELICIOUS DINNER

Break a quarter package of Skinner's Macaroni into boiling water, boil ten or twelve minutes, drain and blanch. Take equal parts of cold chicken, boiled Macaroni and tomato sauce; put in layers in a shallow dish and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until brown. Just try this once. Skinner's Macaroni can be secured at any good grocery store.—Adv.

ESTATE MOMENTS

Smale—Had a most enjoyable time at the dentist's this afternoon. Dale—Eh? Enjoyable? Smale—Yes. When I went in, another dentist was filling my dentist's teeth.—London Answers.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

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

An amateur may be a person who has entered the first stage of ignorance.

The wings of riches enable them to fly up and roost on the high branches.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE—Pleasant to take in LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS aids digestion; pleasant to take; does not grip or disturb stomach. Adapted to children and adults. Just try a bottle for constipation or indigestion. 50c.

Used Repaired & Guaranteed Cars

The best place to buy Used Cars is at the largest stock in the City. All Cars are as represented. Hold on your terms. If you don't like them, we'll take them back. Water Tank, & Auto Co., 1000 Lombard St., St. Louis.

PATENTS

Whitson E. Coleman, Wash. D. C., has secured a patent for a new method of reference. Best results.

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Has been threatened to have G. A. LOSTON'S name used for a rat poison. FREE to all writers. Write to G. A. LOSTON, 1000 N. W. 4th St., Bradenton, Fla.

APPENDICITIS

If you have been threatened to have G. A. LOSTON'S name used for a rat poison. FREE to all writers. Write to G. A. LOSTON, 1000 N. W. 4th St., Bradenton, Fla.

Fulton Mothers Now Treat Children's Colds Externally

They Find Vap-O-Rub Better Than Internal Medicines for Croup and Cold Troubles.

Mrs. J. S. Pugh, 610 Market St. and Mrs. Mary Bolton, 106 Ravine St., both of Fulton, Mo., have found, in common with many other Missouri mothers, that it is no longer necessary to dose children with internal medicines for cold troubles.

But let these Missouri mothers speak for themselves. Mrs. Bolton writes—"I have used Vap-O-Rub on baby for bad colds. Results were excellent. I find it better than any internal medicine I ever used."

Mrs. Pugh's experience is—"I tried your Vap-O-Rub on three of my children for bronchitis. They would cough so hard at night they could not sleep, so I got up and rubbed their throats and chests with Vap-O-Rub and they seldom coughed any more that night, and after I had kept it up for several nights they stopped coughing. I believe it is better than taking so much medicine for a cold."

These vapors are inhaled with each breath, through the air passages, to the lungs, carrying the medication directly to the affected parts, and, in addition, Vicks' is absorbed through the skin, taking out the tightness and soreness. This double action makes Vap-O-Rub really a remarkable remedy for many forms of inflammation.

VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

Young Men—will appreciate the friendliness and democracy which characterize the

Y. M. C. A. HOTEL CHICAGO

Webster Ave. near Eighth St. For transient men of moderate means. 1821 OUTSIDE SINGLE ROOMS — 30c. To 50c a DAY. MEMBERSHIP NOT REQUIRED. Cafeteria and Lunch Room — Excellent meals at reasonable prices. SHOWER BATHS ON EACH FLOOR.

Finest Management. "Smith's wife worked him so cleverly about getting her a motorcar for a birthday present that he thought it was his own idea." "I see. A case of auto suggestion."

Yes! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN! Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus as it lifts off with fingers.

Contrary Attacks. "He was squarely attacked." "Yes, and rounly denounced."—Baltimore American.

Safety First. At the first sign of a cold take—

BILLS CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy in tablet form and a sure cure to take. No counterfeits to imitate after effects. Contains no opium. Money back if it fails. Get it at your drug store. See above. Dr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store.

Backache

In spite of the best care one takes of oneself, any piece of human machinery is liable to become out of order. The most important organs are the stomach, heart and kidneys.

The kidneys are the scavengers and they work day and night in separating the poisons from the blood. Their signals of distress are recognized and include such symptoms as backache, depression, drowsiness, irritability, headache, dizziness, rheumatic twinges, dropsy, etc.

"The very best way to restore the kidneys to their normal state of health," says Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., "is to drink plenty of pure water and obtain from your favorite pharmacy a small amount of Anuric, which is dispensed by the name of Anuric. Anuric is made of pure water and is taken before meals. You will find Anuric more potent than water. It dissolves uric acid as water does sugar."

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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 241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:
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Five Reasons Why We Sell Sidway

Collapsible Baby Carriages

- 1—The Sidway springs can instantly be adjusted as Baby gains weight. No other baby carriages have adjustable springs.
- 2—Easy for Mother to handle at curbs. She wheels it without getting tired.
- 3—The Sidway is longer and wider than ordinary baby carriages. It can be used as a crib indoors, or out on the porch.
- 4—It folds easily and quickly into very small space. Can be carried on train, boat, or auto.
- 5—Built like an automobile, of best materials, by trained workmen. Its top of genuine Fabrikoid. It is sturdy, lasting, beautiful. Come in and see our large selection. Prices for all purposes.



THE ECONOMY
 Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

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

Bradley, Ill.



Four Important Hours in The Daily Program of
 Every Well-Regulated Family

1095 Eats 365 Sleeps Every Year

OUR WEEKLY RECIPE

Macedoine of Vegetables
 Cook separately beets, celery and carrots until tender, salting the water well. The beets are to be chopped and piled in the center of a round platter, surrounded with carrots cut in cubes; next the celery in short strips; over all pour melted butter, slightly browned and seasoned with salt and pepper. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

Suggestions for the Eats

Cabbage, Celery, Beets, Carrots, Lettuce, Cauliflower, Green Onions, Cucumbers, etc. Canned goods; Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Hominy, Beans, Fish of all kinds. Prices right. Big Jo Flour is always the best.

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

Her Slight Mistake

"Have you ever seen such an oppressively hot weather in your life?" the lavender girl asked the young woman in white, selecting a wicker chair and pulling it to a position where she would feel whatever breeze came through the window.

"Certainly, I have, right here in this city, and so have you," replied the girl in white.

"I suppose you are right," admitted her friend, "but you are most disappointing."

"You interest me strangely."

"You should have adapted yourself to my mood," explained the young woman in lavender, "and assured me that you never had seen such hot weather and that you do not believe there is such hot weather anywhere else on the globe. Instead, you try to convey the impression that it is not hot at all."

"I am trying to help you, my dear. If I were to join you in your view of the weather, its heat would become more and more intense until your back hair frizzled. Instead of doing that I suggest that it is no warmer than usual. Presently, I shall mention some ice cream that is coming, and the first thing you know you will be comfortable. You are not so warm right now as you were, are you?"

"I couldn't be any warmer," certainly, without melting my watch and my finger rings. I was seething when I arrived. I had done the most dreadful thing!"

"It was on the 'L,'" said the young person in lavender, launching boldly into her adventure. "I entered the train at Sheridan road, and there were any number of seats vacant, but I saw Marc Willard sitting by a window and looking out. I determined to surprise him, so I selected the other half of his seat, the car jerked and I shot down like a ball player sliding to first, with a shoulder hunched up. I collided with the unfortunate man in a violent fashion that almost sent him out of the car and sailing over the back yards like an aeroplane."

"Then I turned my head and pretended to be looking from the window on the opposite side of the car. I felt him turn in the seat, and I felt his eyes boring into my back, and I hadn't felt so tickled over anything in a long time. I had on this new dress and I was quite sure he did not recognize me, so I waited for a dreadful time before I slowly and innocently turned my face to him."

"You were taking an awful chance, Arabelle. Suppose it had not been he? You know mistakes sometimes happen."

"One had—then."

"Oh, you surely do not mean—"

"Yes, I do! It was some young man I had never seen before! Imagine!

"There he sat looking down upon me with the queerest expression, and I shriveled and shrank until I wasn't bigger than a peanut. I could feel myself being immersed slowly in a gulf of boiling oil, which began at my toes and rose slowly, slowly until it covered the top of my head! And there I sat frozen to my seat with his eyes fixed upon mine."

"That was dreadful!"

"Indeed it was. If he had looked away for a moment I could have apologized or have slid into another seat, but his eyes seemed to hold me! And then I saw he was going to speak to me, and I was glad, because I thought I saw a glint of humor in his eyes. I imagined his first word would tell me that he understood. But what do you suppose he said?"

"What?"

"He held his paper up before his face and whispered: 'Be careful, kid, that lady on the front seat is my wife! I got over into another seat then, you'd better believe!'

"Arabella, your adventure was a classic. I read it in a funny column the other day."

"I never had read it; but I believe he lied. Anyway the woman got out at the next station, and he was still in his seat when I left the car. I have now only one object in life, and that is—"

"To help me eat the cream, which the boy is bringing."

"No, but to meet Mr. Smart and make it as peppery for him as he made it for me."

The Rule.

A taxi driver was standing off a cab rank in London when a special constable went up to him and said: "Look here, my man, you must get into position on the rank."

"And who are you?" was the question.

"I'm a special constable," answered the traffic director, displaying his badge.

"Oh, you're the very bloke I'm looking for. Why, about an hour ago a passenger went off and left blooming kid on the seat of my cab; now what am I to do about it?"

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," replied the special, turning up his nose.

"This is a property found in cab must be taken to the nearest police station, and if not claimed in six months it becomes the property of the finder."

Hopeless.

"You say you have no references as a cook. How is that?"

"Well, you see, mum, I've always stayed in was place until the people died."

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

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of all kinds of securities in these days of uncertain business conditions due to the great war, serve to emphasize this important fact:—

The SAFE course for the man of moderate means is to place his savings in this strong Bank where your funds are amply protected and where they are readily available when you need them.

These are no times to venture.

Let us be responsible for the safety of your savings. We invest them conservatively and pay you a safe and sure 4% interest, compounded semi-annually.

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

Praise from the Pulpit for Our New Serial

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Rev. Cameron J. Davis, Buffalo: PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE is a good story, well told, and clean.

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Rev. J. C. B. Moyer, Johnstown, Pa.: A charming story. The "twins" are certainly delightful and PRUDENCE a model in all the varied circumstances in which she is placed.

Rev. R. S. MacGregor, Ludington, Mich.: PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE is a sweet story of domestic life, portraying a Christian home with its joys and sorrows.

Rev. G. Dowry, Philadelphia: I gladly recommend PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE as a good, clean humorous story for the home.

Rev. Matthew J. Hyndman, Philadelphia: PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE is well written, and has an interest quite its own.

Rev. D. E. Weigle, Philadelphia: PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE is a beautiful story, intensely interesting and exceptionally clean.

Rev. Carl H. Gramm, Reading, Pa.: PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE is very interesting and helpful. The story is well told and makes wholesome reading.

Don't Fail to Read It!

If you are building, or need a new roof, it is absolutely weather-tight. The long life of CERTAIN-TEED is due to its quality and the saturation of a special blend of soft asphalt, kept soft, and prevented from drying out, by a coating of hardier asphalt.

Woodmen Meetings

The Modern Woodman will change their meeting night in the near future, and will meet every Friday night instead of meeting on the second and fourth Wednesdays as at present. The local camp is enjoying good attendance at their meetings and a weekly meeting is expected to help increase attendance.

Sunday Trading Discouraged.

For selling an egg and an orange to a child on a recent Sunday a dealer was fined \$1, and \$5, costs, or seven days in prison, at Borwick, Scotland. The chief constable said Sunday trading was being put down in the town, and there had been complaints about the accused.

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



Above everything else CERTAIN-TEED stands for quality, efficiency and economy. Any product bearing the name CERTAIN-TEED will deliver all three in heaping measure.

Certain-teed Roofing Paints and Varnishes

is the most efficient type of roofing for all kinds of buildings. For the sky-scraper a built up roof of CERTAIN-TEED is now recognized as the ideal roof.

For factories, especially where the roof area is considerable, the light weight, economy and long life of CERTAIN-TEED makes it by far the most desirable type of roof. For garages, out-houses, farm buildings, the economy, ease of laying and long life make CERTAIN-TEED superior to any other. For residences CERTAIN-TEED Slate Surfaced Shingles are artistic, light weight, economical.

CERTAIN-TEED costs less to buy, less to lay, and less per year of life. It is light weight, clean, sanitary and fire retardant. It will not dry out or rust, and it is absolutely weather-tight.

CERTAIN-TEED is made in rolls, plain and slate surfaced, also in slate surfaced shingles. Three thicknesses, but only one quality—the best. Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply), but will outlive the period of guarantee.

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are made by experts and mixed by modern machinery, so that every can exactly conforms to the expert chemists' formula, both as to ingredients and color.

With modern facilities for manufacturing a full line of paints and varnishes, on a large scale with unlimited resources, and the extensive sales organization of the Certain-teed Products Corporation, costs are materially reduced, and a CERTAIN-TEED Paint can be sold for less than good paints usually cost.

The professional painter can not mix his own paints and compete with CERTAIN-TEED Paints any more than the small shoemaker can compete in price and style with the big shoe factories. It is better, both for the painter and the man who pays for the job, if the painter uses CERTAIN-TEED Paint. All uncertainties is eliminated, waste and left-overs are avoided, and the quality is assured.

Besides, CERTAIN-TEED Paint is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Instead of the painter's guarantee you have the guarantee of a business which has become the largest of its kind in the world, because it makes and sells good goods at the lowest possible price, and backs them with all of its enormous resources.

If you paint it will pay you to use CERTAIN-TEED. If you employ a painter, insist, for his own sake as well as yours, that he use CERTAIN-TEED Paint.

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Roofing at \$1.10, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 per roll
 Red or green slate surfaced roofing.....\$2.50 per roll
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