

THE VILLAGE ELECTION

FULL CITIZENS TICKET ELECTED

Baker Elected Mayor by Small Plurality. All Three Tickets Receive Large Vote

At Tuesday's election for village officers, the Citizens Ticket was elected. W. H. Baker being elected mayor, Edward F. McCoy, clerk, C. I. Magruder, Geo. Bertrand and Adolph Bock trustees and E. Q. Dailey, police magistrate. The largest vote ever polled in Bradley was out and the three candidates for mayor made a hard fight and finished close. Baker winning out by a plurality of 59 over Suppant and 71 over Begnoche. McCoy for clerk received 81 more votes than Bell and 136 more than Dressler. Bock, for alderman received the highest vote cast for alderman receiving 15 more than Bertrand. The total vote cast for all candidates was as follows:

Total vote cast 993.	
FOR PRESIDENT MEN WMN. TOT.	
W. H. Baker.....192	178 370
Joe Surpant.....188	123 311
Frank Begnoche.163	144 307
Baker Plurality.....	59
FOR CLERK	
Edw. F. McCoy.....205	170 375
Geo. Bell.....183	111 297
Wm. Dressler.....126	113 239
McCoy's Plurality.....	81
FOR TRUSTEES	
C. I. Magruder.....168	157 325
Geo. Bertrand.....177	161 338
Adolph Bock.....199	154 353
Edw. Wright Jr.....185	118 303
Gene Peschang.....170	85 255
Joe LaGessee.....163	109 272
E. Gonderman.....143	126 269
F. L. Martin.....139	126 265
Peter Miller.....168	137 305
FOR POLICE MAGISTRATE	
E. A. Dailey.....	177
E. E. Hazen.....	176
Daily's Maj.....	2

Moving

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bartram will move to Stockland the first of next week, where Mr. Bartram will take charge of a grocery store.

Surprise

A party of friends pleasantly surprised Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonough at their home on North Wabash Ave., Saturday evening by dropping in on them to spend the evening with them. The affair was a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. McDonough. The evening was pleasantly passed at cards and an elaborate lunch was served.

Baby's Death

Loraine Catherine Mosse, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector J. Mosse of Hammond, Ind., died Sunday and was buried Tuesday afternoon from St. Joseph's church. Mrs. Mosse is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ilmo Fritzen of this city, and the funeral services were conducted from the Fritzen home.

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends, neighbors and relatives and the members of the Royal Neighbors of America, who so kindly assisted us during our sad bereavement.

MR. AND MRS. H. J. MOSSE.

Girls Attention

Each and every member of the Bradley Girls' Evening Club, is requested to attend the regular meeting of the club to be held on Friday evening, April 20th at the school house.

Mrs. J. W. Blackstone will render a fireless cooking demonstration, after which the club will be served with a chicken supper.

Grandma Grish is able to be out again after being laid up several weeks with a sprained ankle.

Baseball

The Bradley high school baseball team was defeated by the Clifton team last Saturday at Clifton. The final score was 6 to 1.

The local boys were one hour late and received no practice at Clifton.

Our boys were not accustomed to the pasture and thus made many errors.

Hackley pitched a very good game and was given very poor support, as all of Clifton's scores were made on errors and wild throws.

Tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon the Bradley boys will journey to Manteno and play the high school team of that place.

Come on you Bradley fans and accompany the boys to Manteno and help them win.

A Good Play

The play No Trussing given by the high school at the Orpheum theater last Thursday evening was well rendered and speaks well for the ability of the pupils and their teacher, Miss by Sage. The play was well attended and was thoroughly appreciated by the large audience.

Petit Jurors

The petit jurors for the May term of the Circuit Court for this term from this township are: Bernie Stevens, Halvy Loselle, John Fahey, Joseph Girard and John Smiley.

Woodmen at Kankakee

The Modern Woodmen journeyed to Kankakee last Thursday evening and took three candidates with them who traveled the rocky road that leads to Woodcraft. The evening was pleasantly spent by all, even the candidates enjoying it. The candidates initiated were, Elmer Taylor, John Loy and Noah Girod.

Moving Church

Work on excavating at the new location of the United Brethren church on South Center Ave., one half block south of Broadway was started this week and the foundation will be put in next week. The church will be in its new location by May 15th.

School Election

The annual school election for this district will be held at the school house tomorrow at which time a president and two members of the board will be elected. The ticket is made up of Mr. E. J. Stelter for president and Frank Erickson and Peter Bellemore for members to serve three years. All three of these gentlemen are at present on the board. Mr. Stelter being president and Mr. Erickson and Mr. Bellemore members and are good honest capable men, who have handled the affairs of their office in a very creditable manner and we certainly are pleased to note that they are being re-elected.

Town Board Meeting

The town board met in regular session at the town hall in Bourbonnais last Thursday evening and effected an organization for the coming year. John Haymond was elected president of the Road Commissioners and Ben Fraser secretary.

Administrator's Notice

Estate of Lorenzo D. Ullom, deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed administrator of the estate of Lorenzo D. Ullom late of the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of Kankakee County, at the Court House in Kankakee, Illinois, at the June A. D. 1917 term, on the first Monday in June next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Kankakee, Illinois, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1917.

E. A. VANDEGRIFT,
Administrator of the estate of Lorenzo D. Ullom deceased.
J. BERT MILLER, Attorney.

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.

Robert Erskin has moved his family into their new home on North Wabash Ave. that he recently purchased.

Arthur Houde of Bourbonnais was arrested on a charge of failure to support his wife and children, and was taken before Judge Merrill in county court and furnished bond of \$500.00.

Henry Evens of East Chicago, Ind., formerly of this city has been on the sick list for the past two weeks.

Roy Martin moved his family into the Wolf house on North Grand Ave.

Mrs. Arthur Gauthier of Aurora spent Friday with relatives here.

Mrs. Fred Johns was on the sick list during the week.

John Safran of East Chicago, Ind., visited here during the week.

Carl Mentz visited here during the week.

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

Henry Paris and family are spending this week in St. Anne.

Rev. Codd and family spent Tuesday in Chicago where they celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary with friends.

Mrs. Wm. Webster and son visited in Chicago during the week.

If your furniture was to catch fire and burn tonight, have you the money to replace it or would you have to go into debt. We write good safe fire insurance on furniture and household goods at very cheap rates. Let the Insurance Company carry the risk, you can't afford it.

Herman Workman, Agent
Broadway and Grand Ave.
Bradley Ill.

Mrs. Frank Brickle was a week end visitor in Chicago.

Ezidore Wasitus has moved his family to Calumet, Ind.

C. Curley was a business caller here Friday.

Edward Honn is moving his family to the Weiner flat on South Wabash Ave.

Gregory Lucas will move his family in the near future from his present home on Grand Ave., to the upstairs Wiener flat on South Wabash Ave.

Mrs. O'Leary and son, Edward, of Chicago are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonough.

Baby Girl

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Austin Friday of last week. Mother and baby are getting along nicely. We congratulate and hope that Friday the 13th will not be an ill omen in the life of young Miss Austin.

Found

A small sum of money. Owner can have same by calling at 275 N. Cleveland Ave., Bradley, Ill.

To Rent

Good residence on North Grand Ave. Call Louis Goussert, 147 E. Court St. Kankakee, Bell phone 1984.

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.

Glory of Christ

Jesus is making His last will and testament. He stands on the horizon line where time and Eternity melt together, and bequeaths to His followers—What? Gold? He had none to give. "The birds of the heavens have nests and the foxes have holes, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." Does He put into our hands the reins of government? No, His kingdom is not in this world. In His last will and testament these are His words: "And the glory which Thou hast given me I have given them."

This is a revolutionary program. The highbrows of this world are very careful about keeping the glory to themselves. They put the blessings on the top shelf so other folks cannot reach them. Aristocracy is always exclusive and arbitrary. Jesus is magnanimous and unselfish. He bids us enter into the kingdom of His love and share the blessings of His life and become partakers of His glory.

And the glory of Jesus is the glory of being a son of the living God. This glory He asks us to share with Him. He is not ashamed to call us His brethren. The life of the Infinite God which fills His soul He wants to give us.

One hundred years ago in Massachusetts society there were several marks of distinction. Social worth was based on the fact that your ancestors had come over in the Mayflower. Those were the days when blue blood counted.

In other circles today money is the hall mark of social distinction. The passport into certain social sets is gold.

But blessed is the man who has been made a partaker of the Divine nature. This is the only kind of ancestry worth bothering about. I may not sit with kings at their sumptuous banquets, but I may feed you the Manna of heaven; I may not dwell in palaces of sculpture and marble, but I may sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I may not be clad in brocade or wear an emperors crown but I may be clad in the garments of the righteousness of the saints, in clothes made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Michel Angelo once found Raphael painting in St. Peter's. The figures of Raphael were small, Angelo took his pencil and drew on the wall in large bold lines the outline of a human face, saying, I criticize by creation! This is what God did when he sent Jesus into the world. Our lives were dwarfed, petty, narrow. God set Jesus in the midst of humanity as an example of full-orbed, evenly balanced and harmoniously developed manhood. Jesus is God's ideal of man. In Him we see what we are meant to be. To get to be like Jesus is the glory of life. That is the purpose of creation. That is the good of history. Success here is glorious success; failure at this point is the worst kind of failure.

The glory which thou hast given me—the glory of being a son of God, of being with God and knowing Him, of sharing His life and revealing that life to men—this glory says Jesus I have given to them. And no greater honor can come to a man than this.

IVER JOHNSON.

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

ESKIMOS GORGE WET KEEP HEALTH

ONE OF THEM EATS 3 POUNDS OF MEAT IN DAY WITH NO ILL EFFECTS

Copenhagen Resident on Contrary, Lives on Potatoes.

Two studies recently made by European scientists illustrate the range in nutritive conditions to which the human being can adapt himself.

In one case an Eskimo on the island of Disco in northern Greenland consumed in one day nearly four pounds of boiled meat corresponding to eighty-five grams of nitrogen and 213 grams of fat. This is said to be far below the record figure among these people who eat very large meals at irregular and somewhat frequent intervals.

Indigestion and other nutritive disorders however, are rare among them and their physical endurance and resistance to cold is very high. The way the above extraordinary meal was utilized by this Eskimo was found to be very satisfactory.

The other study was of a man in Copenhagen "who was able to maintain himself in excellent nutritive equilibrium and muscular efficiency through long periods of months, not merely days, on a diet essentially composed of potatoes and margarin." Four pounds of potatoes were eaten daily yielding 3.63 grams of digestible nitrogen, which with the margarin, amounted to 3,900 calories.

When hard work had to be performed this man ate eight pounds of potatoes with liberal additions of fat so that the entire energy content was brought up to 6,900 calories with 18 grams of digestible nitrogen. No dilatation of the stomach was found to result from these monster meals.

Such curiosities of the literature of nutrition simply show the great adaptability of the human organism which has enabled man to live in every region of the earth; it is needless to say that neither the maximum nor the minimum of any nutritive element is desirable. The normal individual lives in the safe medium.

PUTS OUT GUIDE BOOK

Uncle Sam Prepares Volume on Western America.

Such volumes as the "Guidebook of the Western United States" which has recently been prepared in four parts by the United States Geological Survey at Washington, will tend to make the "See America First" movement more popular than ever before.

Together the four parts into which the book is divided make practically a complete handbook for travel between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast.

Three of the volumes are devoted, each to one of the main routes, the beaten paths of many decades, describing in detail the history and geography of the country traversed and its geographical character and significance in a manner which stamp them as painstaking works of accuracy.

These are part A, the Northern Pacific route with a side trip to Yellowstone Park; Part B, Overland route, with a side trip to Yellowstone Park, and part C, Santa Fe route with a side trip to the Grand Canyon of Colorado. The fourth, Part D, describes the famous Shasta route and coast line.

AUTO PROPELS BARGE.

New Style Motor Propels Craft Along Seashore.

For crossing a bay twenty miles wide connected at each end with a fine driving beach along the seashore, a motorist of Aberdeen, Wa., uses a barge built for less than \$100 and so equipped that it can be driven by the automobile that it transports across the water. A propeller wheel, that is housed for safety, is located at each side of the barge near the stern.

The axle of each wheel is at the right height to come in line with the rear car axle when the end of the car is raised a few inches above the level of the barge, and is capped with a hardwood wheel eighteen inches in diameter and two inches thick. On wheel are leather clamps for securing it to the spokes of the car wheel. With the rear of the car raised to that the wheels are clear of the deck and these wheels connected with the propellers by the straps, the barge is ready for operation by the engine of the automobile.

The work of placing the car aboard the barge and making it ready for use requires about eight minutes. The barge can easily make eight miles an hour when propelled by a light car and considerably more than this with a high power car.—Popular Mechanics.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING SERUM

Specialists Find Way to Produce a Clear Sterilized Product Free From Foot and Mouth Virus

A new method of preparing anti-cholera serum, which permits the economical production of a clear sterilized product, has just been described in the Journal of Agriculture Research of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The advantage claimed for the new method is that it makes possible the production of an anti cholera serum which can be quickly sterilized by heat to a point that will absolutely kill any germs of foot and mouth disease and so yield a serum that is absolutely safe even if taken from a hog which might harbor foot and mouth disease and yet give no indication of being infected.

The method as described by its discoverers, Dr. Marion Dorset and R. R. Henley, of the Biochemic Division, Bureau of Animal Industry, consists in adding a slight amount of an extract from ordinary white navy beans to the defibrinated hog cholera immune blood which has been the form of the serum used in the past. The addition of this bean extract causes the red cells to agglutinate and when the mixture is whirled on a centrifuge the red cells pack together and form a rather stiff jelly like mass. It is then possible to pour off a clear serum, leaving behind the red cells which play no part in preventing hog cholera, which in fact simply tend to dilute the serum and render its sterilization by heat impracticable. To increase the yield of clear serum the discoverers added a small amount of ordinary salt and found that they obtained from 75 to 74 per cent of clear serum. The clear serum thus obtained it was found could be heated for 30 minutes at a temperature of 60 degrees centigrade without changing its consistency or lessening in any way its effectiveness in preventing hog cholera. The heating to this point for this time is more than sufficient to kill any germs of foot and mouth disease which might accidentally be present.

Practical tests with hogs show that probably also the antibodies useful in combating hog cholera were retained in the serum and the red cells extracted contained so few, if any, of these valuable bodies as to make the residue of red cells useless in preventing the disease.

Before the clear serum was developed, many attempts were made to sterilize by heat in a practicable way the ordinary defibrinated blood. It was found, however, that heating the old product up to 60 degrees Centigrade resulted in more or less complete coagulation of the defibrinated blood and in the destruction of the serum so far as its commercial worth is concerned. It was found that the highest temperature that could be used was 50 degrees centigrade and it was necessary to keep the old serum at this temperature for twelve hours to make certain that the virus of foot and mouth disease was killed. Heating serum at a steady temperature over this long period of ordinary practice is difficult and too expensive.

Attempts also were made to make a clear serum by centrifuging. It was found, however, that while the centrifuge would separate to some extent the red cells, they were in such shape that it was difficult to separate the serum completely. An important quality of the antibodies were lost behind in the red clot, and the resultant product was a cloudy rather than a clear serum. With this process, moreover, it was possible ordinarily to secure only about 50 per cent of serum. Under the new method it is possible to secure as high as 74 per cent of clear serum, which in actual test has proved to be fully potent. This clear serum, moreover, can be completely sterilized in 30 minutes, whereas the old serum had to be heated steadily for 12 hours.

The new form of serum as yet has not been known to be so far being made or put on sale by the commercial serum laboratories. As this process was discovered by the Federal government, any one in the United States is free to use it.

A politician may be able to pack a convention all right, but when it comes to packing a trunk, he has to turn the job over to his wife.

But a man gets a lot of things he doesn't want in this world, and a woman wants a lot of things she doesn't get.

Kind words are never lost—unless a woman puts them in a letter and gives it to her husband to mail.

An optimist is a man who believes that all eggs will hatch.

Barring hand organs, some good comes out of everything.

People always remember the things they should've forgotten.

Most of the sin on exhibition is anything but original.

The coming man is seldom noticed until he arrives.

The Tracer of Egos

Chronicles of Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Soul Specialist
By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

NOUREDDIN BEY'S SACRIFICE

WHEN I reflect upon my friendship with Phileas Immanuel, the Greek physician, whose theory that reincarnation could at once account for and solve many of the more baffling phases of nervous disease would, but for his untimely death, have conquered the medical world—when I remember the man, his goodness, his unforgettable personality, his shrewd common sense which raised him even in the opinion of his enemies above the ranks of charlatans. I always think of the text: "He saved others; himself he could not save."

That the man who had solved so many mysteries of personality should fall a victim to his own ignorance, in the face of his own warning, was indeed an irony. Yet, with the larger hope that he instilled into my heart and the hearts of all his friends, I cannot believe that his death was an unmitigated evil, or that the cosmic dust will never again restore to some future civilization the little gnome-like doctor, with his small body and huge head and big heart, that shined out of darkness and joy out of suffering.

I have made mention in an earlier account of Nouredin Bey, the great Turkish ambassador to Great Britain. Scholar he was, trained at European universities, a freethinker and yet not so wholly touched by modern scepticism but that he was to be found among the Doctor's circle, patiently listening to Immanuel's expositions upon the soul. Nouredin Bey had been a colonel in the Ottoman army, he had distinguished himself in half a dozen campaigns before he was given his post at London; he was a fine type of Turkish gentleman, and his wife was very popular in London society.

It was Nouredin Bey who told us the story of what he called his spiritual awakening. He told it to us in the Doctor's house in London, and I will reproduce his own language in so far as I remember it.

"You say, Doctor, that some can remember their past births," he said to Immanuel. "Well, I can."

"You?" exclaimed the Doctor in surprise. "Why, Monsieur, only last year you were holding forth upon Herbert Spencer and the 'Unknownable,' as you were pleased to term the Almighty."

"That is true," answered Nouredin Bey imperturbably. "And yet I have always remembered. But I always looked upon it as a phantasy, a trick of the brain. I have even written down the history of my last incarnation as it was revealed to me in my dreams. Little by little, since my childhood, this earlier personality of mine has been placed before me, generally in sleep, but sometimes in my waking hours. But it was only after I heard you talk upon rebirth that I came to realize that this was no imaginative play of a superactive brain, but my very own history. It came to me in a flash; this figure was I, not the hero of a partly written romance. I had been dreaming; now I awoke."

"It is well," he went on bitterly, "that it is not given to the majority of men to remember, for my last life

went out in the agonies of remorse." "Who were you, Monsieur?" asked the Doctor curiously, and we all listened with rapt attention.

"My name I do not know," began Nouredin Bey. "But I was very much what I am now; a man of some birth and holding high rank in the Turkish nation in the early days of his history, when we were still a nomad people in Asia long before the conquest of Constantinople. Perhaps it was about the tenth century."

"That might be," the Doctor answered. "But unless your life was cut short or racked by a great sorrow you would not have been reborn for nearly two thousand years."

"My life was torn asunder by sorrow," answered Nouredin Bey. "There was no woman in the case, though. We Turks did not, and do not, interpret life in the exaggerated terms of sentimentality which we consider the chief weakness of you Western peoples. But our friendships are, I think, all the stronger by reason of this."

"My friend was an Occidental. He may have been Roman or Greek—a Frank, even, or perhaps some Crusader. I have no remembrance of names or faces, except that I know my own. I met him when on an embassy to the West from my sovereign, and, savage soldier that I was, I fell in love with the handsome boy whom I met at the king's court. He was, I think, a priest, or destined for the priesthood. Opposites attract, they say, and so intense was our friendship that when I was summoned back to Asia we vowed that we would meet again. We exchanged letters. After some years the tidings came that he was to lead a band of Christian missionaries into my country. They would preach the Gospel there and invite me to meet at the king's court. He was a martyrdom. In vain I wrote begging him not to come. He had started before the letter reached him, and, entering Asia Minor with his band, boldly preached Christ there."

"We Moslems, too, accept Christ, as you know; but he went further. He cursed Mahomet as the Anti-Christ. The people fell upon him, stoned him and his band, and finally soldiers were sent to take their prisoners and bring them before the Sultan."

"The Sultan was in a bad humor the day they arrived. One by one they were led up to his throne, and, as each being interrogated, steadfastly refused to accept Mahomet, his head was struck from his body. At last but one remained, the leader. And he, being naked, mildly said that Christ was his Lord and Mahomet anathema. The Sultan made the sign. The executioner raised his blade. Then I rushed in between, and, on my knees, begged the Sultan, by memory of my services, to spare the Christian's life."

"The Sultan looked at me sternly. 'You, too, are a Christian dog?' he asked. And I weeping, denied it, but pleaded for my friend's life as the greatest gift that my lord could bestow on me."

"The Sultan waved the executioner away and turned to me. 'Then,' he said, smiling bitterly, 'yours shall be the hand that shall strike this dog's

head from his body. Choose now, either strike him or die with him.' "Then my friend, raising his calm eyes to mine, said: 'Strike, friend, and fear nothing. For I shall die in virtue and my own salvation is sure; but if you die—'who knows?' and I smote his head from his shoulders as he had hidden me."

The recollection seemed to agitate the ambassador even now, for his voice shook with emotion in the telling of it. Then Immanuel said: "Perhaps somewhere on earth he is living, now, Monsieur."

The other made a gesture of hopelessness.

"How should I know him?" he asked. "Would fate bring us together?"

"Perhaps," answered Immanuel. "Perhaps you will yet meet. He may be born to you as a son, or come in some guise hard to pierce, yet possible, if you watch keenly."

Nouredin Bey smiled and shook himself, as though to shake away the weakness that had overcome him. "I smote his head from his shoulders," he said, "and I smote his head from his shoulders as he had hidden me."

"And yet," continued Immanuel, "there is this danger—this terrible danger. If you do not take care your story may repeat itself. It is a way things have. You know the wheel that has once made a rut is apt to traverse it again; after that it is still more likely to do so as the rut grows deeper. Then it requires intelligence and foresight to avoid the rut. So there are ruts in the soul, Monsieur. Beware that you do not kill your dear old friend in this life, too, for next time it will be doubly hard."

That ended the strange conversation. Half an hour later the ambassador took his leave. On the next Friday Immanuel called for Calais, en route for Greece, and soon after I was called back to America. I had

though they were—understood my position and took me to their command. I waited perhaps two minutes at his headquarters; then there struck out, fingering my card, no less a person than Nouredin Bey himself.

Our meeting was not really strange, for upon the outbreak of the war he had been recalled by his government to take active service in the field. But at the time it overwhelmed me with amazement, and I had a sudden sense of impending tragedy, as though fate had brought us three together again to officiate at some dreadful drama.

General Nouredin Bey knew me at once and was hardly less surprised. But the first glance at his face convinced me that my fears were well-founded.

"Doctor Immanuel!" I asked, and explained hastily the purpose of my mission.

"He is not here," answered the General gloomily. "He is a prisoner."

"But he is a doctor," I exclaimed.

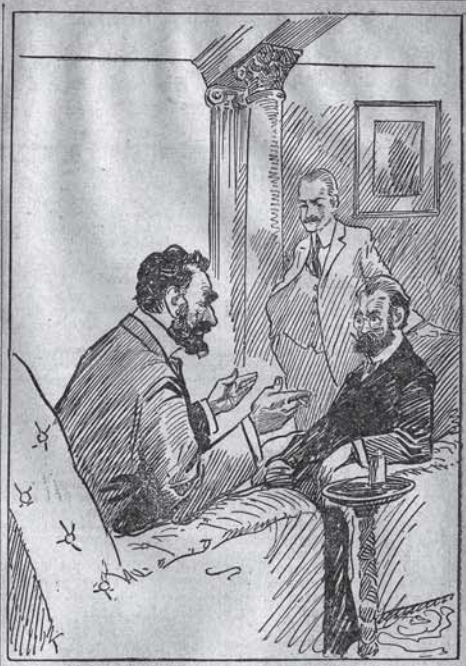
"He is accused of espionage," answered the General. "A complete plan of our fortifications was found upon him yesterday."

"It was some mistake. You know Immanuel; you know that he is incapable of using his honored profession to play the spy!" I cried hotly.

"That is what I have telegraphed to Constantinople," answered General Nouredin Bey gloomily.

"But why have you telegraphed there?" I asked. "Why did you not release him?"

"Because," replied the General slowly, "a court-martial has found him guilty and he has been sentenced to be shot at sundown, and only the Sultan can save him!" Then, seeing my expression of horror, he added: "My friend, I loved Immanuel better than any man I had known. But this is war and personal feelings may not count. Were I alone concerned I



"MY LIFE WAS TORN ASUNDER BY SORROW," ANSWERED NOUREDDIN BEY.



"MY GOD!" HE SAID IN A DAZED WAY, "ALL THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE."

aloo. I can order a fresh court-martial if I have new evidence, no matter what the telegram decrees. The law of war permits that. You are no spy, Doctor. Explain! You who were never during your trial would a spy remain mute in the face of death!"

Immanuel stretched out one hand over the General in an attitude of benediction.

"I can explain nothing," he answered quietly. Then Nouredin Bey arose doggedly.

"You are sealing your own doom," he said. "All depends now on the telegram. Once more, Doctor, by the memory of our friendship, explain. Do you remember those days in London? Can you not think about the many more that we may have together when this devastating war is over? You would go to your death for some sufficient purpose, perhaps, but innocent. You have no right to strike this irretrievable blow at me. Speak! Explain!"

"There is nothing to explain," answered the Doctor sadly. He rose and, signing his name to the papers which he had had before him, he placed them in my hands. Then he turned to the General.

"My friend," he said, "here is a young soldier named Pentapoulos, a wounded prisoner in your hospital. Will you grant me one last favor—that he be sent back to his own lines?"

"It shall be done at once," answered Nouredin Bey, and gave a curt order to one of the impassive soldiers. Drawing out a card he scribbled on it in Arabic letters and handed it to the man. The soldier took it, saluted, and went out. Hardly had he left the chapel before an orderly entered hurriedly with a paper, which he handed to the General. Nouredin Bey glanced at it and his face went white. Then, without a word, he gave it to Immanuel, who read it and returned it with a faint smile and shrug of the shoulders.

"Allahah!" muttered Nouredin Bey and turned aside. He had assigned the prisoner to the mercy of God. The paper was the Doctor's death warrant from Constantinople.

Immanuel placed one hand on my shoulder. "Stay with me till the end," he asked. I looked out. The sun was low in the sky. The end would come in a little less than an hour. We sat together in the chapel, talking. I am not free to repeat anything that the Doctor told me.

Presently a sergeant and a file of soldiers entered, and the Doctor, seeing their visit signified, rose with a smile and, placing himself at the sergeant's side, marched with them out of the building toward a high white wall at the opposite end of the court. Nouredin Bey was waiting; it was a task he would entrust to none other, but he had not been able to bring himself to enter the chapel again. The Doctor, who knew by instinct what was required of him, took his post with his back to the wall and the soldiers, six in number, ranged themselves in line, at the sergeant's command, a dozen paces away, with grounded rifles. Nouredin Bey read something hurriedly and Immanuel spoke in a few short words. The General nodded and raised his hand. Immediately a Greek priest came out of a small door nearby, in which he had evidently been waiting. He stood beside Nouredin Bey, who held up his elevated hands. The Doctor sank to his knees, crossed himself, and rose again. The priest departed. I did not clasp Immanuel's hand again; he was beyond my earthly friendship now. Nouredin Bey touched me on the arm and I withdrew with him. The sergeant, looking at the General, spoke, and the rifles were raised and aimed. He spoke again. At that instant I saw the Doctor standing, a brave, brave, almost ridiculous figure, with

his back to the white wall; then there came a roar, a jagged sheet of flame and he sank down sideways, pushing out his hands as though to save himself in the flames, and lay motionless upon the flagstones. The sergeant stepped up to him with his revolver, but there was a need to use it.

Then I became conscious that Nouredin Bey was staring into my eyes with the expression of a soul racked in hell.

"God!" he said in a dazed way, "all this has happened before!"

Pentapoulos was a wounded soldier whom the Turks had picked up after a battle. I read in the letter which the Doctor had left for me, Immanuel, visiting him in the hospital, had found him in deadly fear. His arms were broken and in his belt, which he could not reach, was the plan of the Turkish works. Immanuel had taken it from the spy with the intention of destroying it; but he had been detected in possession of it and had gone to his death to save the Greek boy. It was a fitting death and somehow just what I should have expected of the Doctor. For men of fine nature who should have been cast for heroic lives often find their need in the manner in which they die. I could not have wished otherwise for him.

But, as I have said, he left a larger hope behind him, and I, for one, believe that the cosmic dust will in some cycle of time to come restore to some new world the little, heroic figure that we knew, no longer gloomlike, though; cast for a larger destiny, and, I am sure, one equally ennobling. (Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

WHY OIL CALMS THE WATERS

Fact That There is Little Internal Friction Between Its Particles Supplies Explanation.

Waves in mid-ocean are caused entirely by the action of the wind. The collision between the rapidly moving particles of air which compose the wind and the surface particles of the water causes the water's surface to be dragged along with the air. Small ripples are immediately formed. These ripples in turn overtake others near them. They unite, and due to the friction between the water particles, each succeeding ripple piles up on the top of the previous one, says Popular Science.

Just as soon as oil is spread upon the water, however, the size of the waves is reduced like magic. The reason for this is interesting. Oil, unlike water, has very little internal friction between its particles. The ripples of oil formed by the wind, therefore, cannot pile up each other to any considerable height. Hence, water waves cannot grow in an area of oil placed about a steamer. They begin to fall down instead. By the time these waves reach the boat they will have lost their formative ripples and the result is a perfectly calm surface over the portion of the sea through which the boat is making its way.

The Great Compliment.

The late Mrs. Billington was not the first of her name to win fame upon the stage. There was a Mrs. Billington in the latter part of the eighteenth century, whose wonderful voice gained her one of the prettiest compliments ever paid a singer. When Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia his studio was visited one day by Haydn. "It is a very fine portrait," said the great musician, "but you have made one strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "You have painted her listening to the angels," replied Haydn. "You ought to have represented the angels listening to her."



HE HUNG HIS HEAD. "THERE WAS NOTHING TO EXPLAIN," HE ANSWERED. "THE DOCUMENTS WERE FOUND HIDDEN IN HIS SHOES."

ly hoped to meet the Doctor again for years to come. He, I believe, was likely to revisit America, and Greece was the last country in the world that I thought I was likely to visit.

How strange are the changes of circumstances! Less than eight months afterward, the Balkan war broke out and I was asked to lend my services to the Red Cross expedition organized in America to serve with the Greek army. We sailed from New York for the Piræus and followed the victorious Hellenic armies northward toward Salonica. There I learned that Dr. Immanuel was in charge of the Greek Red Cross service at a little town, not twenty miles westward of my own station. The Greeks were holding a large force of Turks at bay, and the constant fighting required the unremitting attention and care of the Red Cross medical arm.

I took the opportunity to pay a visit to Immanuel's headquarters. I found the Red Cross station, but the Doctor was not there. He had ridden out the day before, it was told, after a skirmish, to treat the wounded, both Greek and Turkish, who lay here and there upon the plain. A few orderlies and stretcher bearers with wagons and accompanied him. Upon the hill was a small, badly organized Turkish Red Crescent band of half-trained doctors from the school at Constantinople. His work done, Dr. Immanuel had ventured to enter the Turkish camp with this organization in order to render aid to some wounded men there. He had not returned.

This was likely to be my only chance of meeting my old friend and I resolved to enter the Turkish camp also. In war time a physician is immune against injury; even half civilized foes respect his profession. I anticipated no difficulty, for I wore the Red Cross bandage upon my arm, and actually I found none. The Turkish outposts—surly, ill-favored fellows

might release him, but the laws of war are strict, and I could not tempt to do so without a mutiny breaking out. I should myself be accused of treachery and suffer death. And," he ended sadly, "the Doctor has made no denial and no defense. How could he offer any when the papers were found inside his shoe?"

"You searched him?"

"Yes, after his suspicious actions had been made the subject of comment in our camp. But come and see him," he continued, "and we will await the reply from Constantinople in the prison."

He took me familiarly by the arm and led me through the monastery in which he had his headquarters, along a paved interior court and into a gloomy building at the rear, formerly the monks' chapel. There, closely guarded, I found Immanuel seated at a table, writing. As I approached he sprang to his feet and grasped my hand warmly.

"I felt quite certain that you would come," he cried, "I heard that you were on the way to Salonica. I am so glad to see you, my dear fellow, on the last day of my life."

"Don't say that, Doctor!" I cried wildly. "You—a spy? That is preposterous. Had you not explained?"

He hung his head. "There was nothing to explain," he answered. "The documents were found hidden in my shoe."

I looked keenly upon him, my heart swelling with pity and grief. He was just the same little gnome-like figure of the old days of our friendship; the beard was a little grayer, the eyes perhaps brightened by the anticipation of death, but whether we fought or welcome it, means so much even to the bravest. I turned away, choking.

Then Nouredin Bey lost all his dignity and calmness. "I can reward and reward with my life and grief. He was just the same little gnome-like figure of the old days of our friendship; the beard was a little grayer, the eyes perhaps brightened by the anticipation of death, but whether we fought or welcome it, means so much even to the bravest. I turned away, choking.

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BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, flat taste and acid 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 cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the contaminated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight 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.

Fatal Delay.

Boycotting the potato would be all right if the potato had not beaten us to it.—Birmingham (Ala.) News.

CLEAR AWAY PIMPLES

Does Cuticura Ointment—Assisted by Cuticura Soap—Trial Free.

On rising and retiring smear the affected surfaces gently with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. When the skin is clean keep it so by using Cuticura for every-day toilet and nursing purposes.

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

Better Still.

"Experience is the best teacher." "Perhaps so, but time gives you a great many more wrinkles."

WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC! LIPTON ANY CORN

Apply a few drops then lift corn or callus off with fingers—no pain.

Just think! You can lift off any corn or callus without pain or soreness. A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it *Lipton*. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of *Lipton*, like here shown, for very little cost. You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off.

Lipton is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Hard, soft corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't *Lipton*, tell him to order a small bottle for you. Price, 25 cents. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why take ordinary cough remedies when Boschée's German Syrup has been used for fifty-one years in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries, for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung trouble. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, giving nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts. Throw off the cause, and the patient to regain his health, assisted by pure air and sunshine when possible. Trial size 25c, and 75c family size. Sold in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries.—Adv.

No man ever lost his self-respect by acting on the square.

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

United States 1916 exports to China, value valued at \$31,515,000.

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

Cuban revolution property losses will exceed \$25,000,000.

TWO MARINES WIN MEDAL OF HONOR

Country's Most Coveted Decoration is Awarded for Bravery in Field.

FOUGHT IN SANTO DOMINGO

One Brave Wounded, His Comrade Drove Enemy Away With Machine Gun—Tells a Thrilling Story of the Fight.

Washington.—What the Victoria Cross is to Englishmen, the Iron Cross to the Germans, and the Cross of War to the Frenchmen, the American Medal of Honor is to the soldiers, sailors, and marines of the United States. The Medal of Honor is rarely awarded, and then only after long and painstaking investigation to make certain that no possible error is committed in the award. Navy orders just made public announce the award of the coveted honor to two enlisted men of the marine corps—Sergt. Maj. Roswell Winans and Corporal Joseph A. Glowin, both of the expedition now maintaining order in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

In announcing the award Rear Admiral Benson, the chief of operations, states that in a battle at Guaymas, Santo Domingo, Glowin, while operating a machine gun, was wounded, but refused to give up and continued firing until a second well-placed shot struck



Sergeant Major Roswell Winans.

him, after which Winans, who had just arrived on the scene, opened fire with another machine gun, and when that gun jammed, stood up, fully exposed to the fire of the Dominicans, coolly reloaded the weapon, and then resumed fighting. He remained at his post until he was killed, and seven other seriously wounded within twenty feet of Glowin and Winans in the fight. The medals are awarded, Rear Admiral Benson adds, "for extraordinary heroism and gallantry and conspicuous courage in the presence of an enemy."

Tells Story of Fight.

The other day Winans arrived in New York, and for the first time told the story of that fight in Santo Domingo last summer.

"My company was a Colt machine gun outfit," he said, "under Capt. William H. Pritchett. When we left Monte Cristi on June 29, 1916, we had eight Colt automatic guns, with cartridges and tripod. On the morning of the 27th we had an engagement with the rebels. The second platoon, under Captain Pritchett, took position on a small hill about 200 yards to the left of the artillery position, which was at Kilometer 27. The enemy were entrenched at Kilometer 27, near the crest of a high hill commanding the roads. The artillery sprinkled them generously with shrapnel, and we opened up with our pots. In about half an hour the second battalion had driven in the enemy's outpost and were between us and their firing line. We were ordered to cease firing and return to the artillery position.

"The battle was well under way now and so were the rebels. The first platoon kept right up with the firing line in the advance through the brush, and just before the final charge on the trenches gave them a thorough cooling job. The rebels had kept up a fairly heavy fire, but aimed too high. One of our men was burned on the back of the neck by a big lead slug. By 10:30 a. m. the marines had occupied the enemy's trenches.

"On the 28th we marched with the main body on the main highway to Kilometer 42, where we went into camp at 4 p. m. That night, which was a dark night, I had just crawled under my mosquito net and got comfortably settled when the rebels commenced firing on our camp. Somebody ran right through my mosquito net, stepping on my stomach on route.

"Dog Gives the Alarm.

"The captain ordered the guns manned and put into action. We could hear the enemy talking excitedly on a hill just to our front, and a sweeping fire was opened up. The rebels fled. We had the best of luck, according to reports which were received later, six of them being hit. Meanwhile a bunch of the enemy tried to rush Corporal Frazee at the outpost. But the gun pointed at them simply made a sieve out of one and several more were hit, judging from their yells. Another

party of the rebels got a hearty reception from another company's outpost. One of the rebels was found dead in front of the marines' position, and the whole party would have been "bugged" if a dog, which was with the company, had not barked, giving away the position of our men. The dog was sent back to the base the next day.

"I guess the rebels were heartily disgusted with night attacks, for we never again troubled after dark. One of our guns on the right flank did not have enough elevation. Lieutenant Mandall, the regimental adjutant, was taking a bath a few yards in front of it when the firing started. We went into action very quickly, and a stream of steel jackets passed through the lieutenant's hat, which was hanging on a tree just over his head. Mr. Mandall said he dispensed with the rest of his toilet.

"Our only casualty was a mule. He was shot in the leg and had to be killed. As we were behind the crest of a steep hill, the enemy, who were not far lower ground and close, fired very high. During this engagement Colonel Pendleton came around and gave us a few words of encouragement.

Trouble With Ammunition.

"On June 30, we got under way once more. After marching two days the advance guard was fired on by small bands of the enemy. We could hear the Bent Mercurials roaring and the steady pounding of the Colts up the hill. It was a sound that we had become well used to. When the machine guns would stop our faces would break out when the guns started again, assuring us that there was no jam and all was well. A private in the Thirty-first company was killed in this skirmish.

"Our expert riflemen were sore because they could never get a rebel on the sight. For the rebels always fired from cover. It was the machine guns that made them sick; it was so easy to comb out a patch of woods. Difficultly had been experienced all along with our ammunition. Some of it dated back as far as 1907. It had evidently been reloaded many times, with the result that the shells were swelled in many instances; also the brass shells were roughened and corroded from its reloading. When the barrels got hot the shells would stick in the chamber. We did what we could during two days' halt—cleaning the guns and pulling all the shells out of the belts and cleaning and wiping them down. A private in the Thirty-first company was killed in this skirmish.

"We moved up to the trenches after the battle and reformed, getting our equipment together. Corporal Frazee died soon after being hit and was buried within a few feet of the place where he had fought so well. The enemy lost very heavily, and if Santo Domingo was not an island some of these birds would be running yet."

commenced raining. The captain ordered a gun in action at the butt of the tree. It had no sooner opened up than all the bullets in the world seemed coming our way. The enemy was shooting mighty close, too.

"The rebels were awfully hard to pick up, although we were only about 100 yards away. They were on a hill and had carried their dirt away. The battalions made slow progress on the flanks on account of the mud and brush. The enemy had an immensely strong natural position and had they had a few machine guns and some barbed wire they could not have been routed out without great loss of life. A call went up for a hospital approprate, as Corporal Frazee had been shot in the head. He had been working hard getting his gun pointed on the enemy and had just succeeded. "You are right on them; give them a little more the last words he said. His pointer was also shot in the head and two others were wounded in the arm. A corporal in the Thirtieth company was shot twice while operating a machine gun. He refused to leave his gun and had to be carried away.

Sweetest of Sounds.

"While this was going on our other guns began to come up one at a time and we obtained fire superiority over the enemy, who shot very wildly from now on. I don't know how the other men felt, but I expected to be shot any minute and just wanted to do as much damage as possible to the enemy before I was killed. Several members of our platoon did cool and creditable work in changing cartridge extractors and repairing jams under fire. We faced the enemy as much as possible while repairing the guns, as we had a horror of being hit in the back.

"One of the sweetest sounds I have ever heard was the cheering of the infantry battalion as it charged the right flank trenches of the enemy. Gunner Sergeant Kalsh was among the first of these. He had a pistol fight with the rebel general in command. Ralph and some other man with a rifle hit him at about the same time. Result—exit general.

"We moved up to the trenches after the battle and reformed, getting our equipment together. Corporal Frazee died soon after being hit and was buried within a few feet of the place where he had fought so well. The enemy lost very heavily, and if Santo Domingo was not an island some of these birds would be running yet."

TOSS OF COIN PICKS CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR

Cripple Creek, Colo.—Thomas Surber, Democratic alderman, is the candidate for mayor by the toss of a coin. The choice lay between Surber and Frank Vetter, another alderman. The leaders couldn't decide, so the men, who are good friends, settled it by the toss of a coin.

MARRIED MEN ARE VICTIMS

Ninety per Cent of Customers of Chicago Loan Sharks Are Men With Wives.

Chicago.—Ninety per cent of the victims of loan sharks are married men, according to the statistics made public here. The percentage of those borrowing in order to purchase necessities is 92. Eighty-five per cent of those in the grip of the sharks have children. Street car motormen compose the largest number of victims. One of the law firms which is fighting the evil in Illinois settled a case wherein a motorman was charged with \$800 for \$4; another owed \$900 and settled for \$3, and in a third case where the victim was charged with owing \$800 it was found he owed nothing, and the same was true of a case wherein \$400 was demanded.

Illinois will have a law which fixes 3 1/2 per cent as the legal rate of interest a month if a bill now before the legislature is passed.

BRINGS HOME A SERBIAN ORPHAN

Miss Elizabeth Shelley of Solina, Ala., as she appeared on her arrival in New York aboard the steamship Finland, on which vessel she returned from duty in Serbia, where she had been an nurse in the Greenwich hospital. She brought home with her young Bogor Chapkitchian, a Serbian orphan whom she has adopted.

FARM LABOR IN DEMAND WESTERN CANADA

Extraordinary Inducements Being Offered.

Previous articles have dealt with the necessity of producing extra quantities of foods to feed the world during this stress of high consumption and paucity of production. Instead of the condition improving it is growing worse, and unless drastic and immediate action is taken, prices will continue to climb higher. It is hoped by the Canadian government that by offering extra inducements to secure a homestead of 100 acres of excellent land in the homesteading areas of Western Canada, with the combined effort of the farmer in extraordinary preparation of this year's crops, more than ever, that Western Canada, with the assistance of a Divine Providence, may produce a greater number of million acres of wheat than ever in the past. The farmer, however, can not secure a homestead on easier conditions than ever before. All the time that he works for a Western Canadian farmer during 1917, after he makes his entry or filing will count as residence on his homestead for the year, leaving him but two additional years' residence, before getting title to a piece of land that should then be easily worth \$1,000. The response to this offer has been wonderful. The homesteads have already been taken advantage of.

The climate of Western Canada is one that breeds energy, instills life and buoyancy, and with the soil that the country possesses, no greater asset could be desired. The country is past the pioneering stage; its ability to grow all the smaller grain better than any other portion of the continent has been proven so often that it seems a waste of time to speak of it. The high name that has been given the country in the splendidly fertile prairie states, it raises, has placed it in the high column with the best states of the Union. And then social conditions, something that every housewife asks about, are being met. The country can be wished for. Thousands of miles of telephone line connect the remotest hamlet with the principal cities of the country and continent, miles of excellent graded roads, as well as the perfect natural route of the prairie, are making hauling easy. Gridironed as these provinces are with railway lines, bringing the farm near to Atlantic or Pacific, or United States markets, rural mail delivery brings the settler still closer to the homes abroad. Rural and consolidated schools everywhere are easy adjuncts to the colleges and universities, which are said to be among the best in that continent.

Taxation is light, and only applied on the farm land, cattle, implements, etc., on the farm being exempt. Many farmers, having realized sufficient from one crop of wheat to pay for their entire farm holdings, have installed their own electric light and heating plants, have their automobiles and many luxuries they would not have possessed on their old home abroad. Life is comfortable and extensive enjoyment is in Western Canada. In no country is there a greater percentage of contented farmers, and in no part of the continent is farming easier or more profitable.

Land there will produce 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, while there are many cases where the yield was higher, as high as 70 bushels. What this means to the farm laborer does not fully appear on the surface. He will get good wages, but can secure a homestead worth at the end of three years about \$1,900, while working for wages he can put in residence duties, and can also look around, and find a good location.

Best of the homesteading attraction of Western Canada, there remains the other fact that other lands can be purchased at from \$15 to \$30, while improved farms may be had at reasonable figures.

The desire to have a piece of land of one's own is a natural instinct in the heart of every properly developed man and woman. In earlier years, on account of the great areas of land available in the United States, no man, unless he was a settler, was ever by any ambitious settler of that country who wished to become his own landholder, but the rapid increase in population, combined with the corresponding increase in the price of land, has completely changed this condition. Land, which a generation ago might be had for the homesteading, now commands prices ranging to \$100 an acre and over. At such prices it is quite hopeless for the tenant farmer or the farmer's son in moderate circumstances, or the city man with limited capital, to attempt to buy a farm of his own. To pay for it becomes a heavy task, and the probability is that he will never do more than meet the interest charges. If he is serious in his desire to secure a farm home, he must look to countries where there is still abundant fertile land available at moderate cost, and where these lands are to be purchased on terms which make it possible for the settler with small capital to become a farm owner as the result of a few years' labor. He will also want land in a country where the practices of the people are similar to those to which he has been accustomed; a country with the same language, same religion, same customs, laws, and with laws, currency, weights and measures, etc., based on the same principles as those with which he is familiar. He wants a country where he can buy land from

\$100.00 to \$300.00 an acre, which will produce a big or bigger crop as those he has been accustomed to from lands at \$100.00 an acre. He wants this land where social conditions will be attractive to himself and his family, and where he can look forward with confidence to being independent in a few years independent, and well settled on the road to financial success.

All these conditions he will find in Western Canada, and nowhere else. The province of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, commonly called "Western Canada," provide the one and only answer to the land-hunger. The land is here; it is the kind of land he wants; the conditions are as nearly ideal as is possible, and the prices and terms are such that the man of moderate capital has an opportunity not available to him elsewhere.—Advertisement.

Woman lawyers are not numerous, yet almost every married man knows at least one woman who is capable of laying down the law to him.

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" morning fasted 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's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured.

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 their babies "firm, 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.

Described. "Pa, what is temperament?" "Just a fancy name for cussedness."

COINED 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.

St. Louis, Mo., has 163,000 registered voters.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One size smaller a new styling, Allen's Foot-Power, the active shoe for the feet. Shakes loose the shoes and spruces in the foot-bath. Allen's Foot-Power is a sure cure for corns, bunions, ingrown toenails, and all foot ailments. Price 25c. Sold everywhere. Free trial package address, Allen S. Olmsted, La Verne, N. Y.—Adv.

Philadelphia will this year spend \$8,000,000 to improve city streets.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but the counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it is the original. Darkens your hair in the most natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

His Ability. "That actor is an artist." "I notice he can dig very well."

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

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

This 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 not only causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—but the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine 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; an incomparable gloss and softness, and what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Good writers are luminous, but not voluminous.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids.

Eyes inflamed by exposure to sun, dust and wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, Irritating Eye Comfort. Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Dose of the Eye Remedy ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

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A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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Grimmick's Oysters

His Dramatic Gifts

Making Over Old Furniture

"Speaking of trials," said Mrs. Philbin in a conversational tone. "Albert has gone on the stage!"

"Not really?" the other woman queried after they had caught their breath.

"No," said Mrs. Philbin. "Not really - just on the amateur stage. But it's lots worse than real acting. I don't know anything better calculated to make a staid, grown-up man kick up his heels, buy new neckties and generally conduct himself in a lighthearted way than a request that he lend his presence to an amateur production. It fosters him a perfect misce of un-discovered genius."

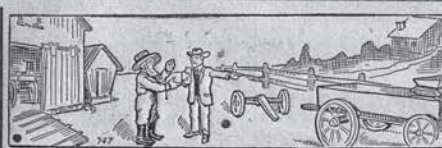
"Oh no?" he said at first. "You don't want me! I never acted in anything in my life and I can't do it! I'd ruin the piece!"

"Get some one else!"

"After that Albert was out of a hole he took the part."

"After that Albert was out of a hole he took the part."

"After that Albert was out of a hole he took the part."



NO ASSESSOR

Ever placed a higher value on your property than do we
ON YOUR PATRONAGE

Which We Strive to Merit.

BRANDS OF HEARST

OUR WEEKLY RECIPE

Hart Brand Peas, None Such Corn, Van Camp Hominy, Fresh Vegetables, Carrots, Cauliflower, Cucumbers, Parsnips, Turnips, etc. Choice Apples, Strawberries and you need a sack of Big Jo.

What will I get for dinner is the question.

Cream of Pea Soup. - To one can of peas add a pint of water, a bay leaf, a blade of mace, salt and white pepper to taste. Simmer for twenty minutes, mashing occasionally with a wire potato masher. Rub through a sieve; return to the fire; thicken slightly with flour wet with cold water and boil for three minutes. Stir in a cupful of hot cream and serve.

A. G. BEARDSLEY & SONS

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO

GENE RICHARD, Prop.

THE Fashion

For MEN QUALITY CLOTHES For BOYS

252 East Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

Just plant the Tape a row at a Time.

Greatest Improvement in Seed Planting

PAKRO SEEDTAPE FOR BETTER GARDENS

The tissue paper tape keeps the seed constantly moist - it is simple to understand that they germinate quicker and better. The seeds are spaced the proper distance apart - so no thinning out is necessary. Only the finest selected seeds of thoroughly tested prize winning strains are used. And the labor is reduced to a minimum.

Surely this is what you should use in your garden this year.

Pakro Seedtape is made by the American Seedtape Co., 71 West 23rd St., New York, N.Y. Get it at your dealer. Price 10c per package.

THE ECONOMY

Broadway and Grand Ave.,
BRADLEY, ILLINOIS

DICK & HERTZ
 UNDERTAKERS
 380 East Court Street
 KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

W. C. MEYERS
 Piano Tuning and Repairing
 References:
 Kankakee Conservatory of Music,
 Guiss Piano Store and Y. W. C. A.
 Res. Ind. 308 Office, Ind. 565 Bell 1024
 265 S. SCHUYLER AVE.
 Kankakee, Illinois

HEALTH NOTES

To use the dental floss or waxed silk thread and quill toothpicks is recommended for the removal of food from between teeth that are slightly separated. This practice should follow each meal.

A sty on the eye is not only sufficient to spoil anyone's good looks, but it is decidedly painful besides. To cure this disfigurement make a poultice of fresh tea leaves moistened with water and apply to the sty.

Probably more character is shown by the eyes and mouth than the other features of the face, and yet the most beautiful of mouths will be destroyed by uncared for teeth and an offensive breath, for the latter is sure to follow if the teeth are not in the best of condition.

Don't be afraid of letting children get dirty. Dress them for it. Girls should be put into trousers like a boy instead of skirts. Trousers would be much more modest than the ordinary dress of girls three years of age. Their skirts generally hardly reach down to their knees and their legs are bare; or if not bare they are clad in such a way that they are certainly not anything like as modestly clothed as they would be if they had on pantaloons like the boys - little roundabout clothes - and just turned loose to play in the dirt to make mud pies, to get down and wallow in the earth. There is no danger in this. The soil is clean dirt, so to speak; there is nothing pernicious in it.

To Shirk a Shirt

To properly shirk a very wide shirt by hand, quarter with a bright thread then shirk each section separately. If you use three or four rows of shirring, use as many needles for the purpose. Start the first row, then the second and remaining ones. Run a few inches on the first row, follow it up with a second, etc. Draw up the threads, distribute the gathers by stroking them evenly into place with a needle. Measure the bodice into four sections, and have each shirred piece to correspond with the bodice edge. Remember in distributing these small gathers not to have each row the same length; an increase of one half inch in each lower row is necessary to give the natural curve over the hips. If a heavy shirring is desired, make a short skirt and one long one. Continue so on each row. Fine stitching makes a more compact shirring, using mostly in yoke of facts.

One on Billy.

Billy Sunday stopped a newboy in Philadelphia the other day and inquired the way to the postoffice.

"Up one block and turn to the right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright little fellow," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope!"

"I'm Bill Sunday, and if you come to my meeting tonight I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on!" answered the youngster; "you don't even know the way to the postoffice."

Had Thought About It.

Kind Lady - Do you ever think of the solemn fact that we all must die?"

"Tramp - Yes, mum, often."

"So do I, and I hope to die the death of a Christian. Have you ever thought of the death you would like to die?"

"Yes, mum. I'd like to be drowned in a beer vat."

About three minutes after starting an argument with a woman a man realizes that he is up against it.

If it's easier to preach than to practice, it must be easier to be a clergyman than a physician.

A fool shows his folly and knows it not, but a wise guy knows his folly and shows it not.

The contents of the pockets have a good deal to do with the fit of the trousers.

A neglected grave furnishes as much talk for the neighbors as a dirty kitchen.

Imagination is the sugar that sweetens life and wisdom the salt that preserves it.

Man proposes, woman accepts - and the neighbors all say: "I told you so!"

The patience of those who sit down and wait for dead men's shoes isn't a virtue.

If a man is too fat either to fight or to run he just has to be good-natured.

Men who are truly great forget to remind other people of their greatness.

Some people make a specialty of condensing the milk of human kindness.

Grimmick began away back in September to boast to his friends about the oysters. It was so hot that he could scarcely raise a flicker of an interest by relating how Albert McShane, who had moved to Chicago, was going to ship him some Gulf oysters during the winter.

"They're oysters that are oysters!" Grimmick always added. "None of your measly little eastern things, but big fat ones, the size of a saucer. And flavor! Say, if you haven't ever eaten a Gulf oyster you don't know what you're talking about! They..."

"Let's go and get something cold to drink," the person to whom Grimmick was talking would interject about here taking off his Panama hat to mop his steaming forehead.

Later in the fall people began to betray an interest in Grimmick's oysters. They had heard so much about them about those glorified bivalves that most of them would have recognized the barrel on sight. No matter how disguised it would have been impossible for that barrel to deceive the eyes of Grimmick's friends. Pyramos of pearl designs brought Grimmick new requests for cooking oysters and artfully showed him their wholehearted disinterestedness. Not that they expected to get any of the oysters, but naturally they took a neighborly interest. It might be a big barrel.

Even Grimmick when he first gazed upon it was a trifle appalled at the side of the barrel. McShane must have misunderstood and sent him a young hoghead. Or else the crop of Gulf oysters was unusually large.

"Beauties!" cried Grimmick when he got the barrel open. "I can hardly wait to get to them!"

Grimmick's friends, raw oysters and oysters grilled that night for dinner and all next day Grimmick made a nuisance of himself telling everyone how good they were. He issued no general invitation however, for people to run in and take home a pair of the Gulf treasures. Consequently comment was bitter on his trail.

"Selfish brute!" was the universal opinion. "It's as bad as to be owned an automobile and never took anyone for a ride!"

It really is amazing how far oysters will go. After the Grimmicks had enjoyed oysters steamed, scalloped, pan-fried and fried to the heart's content, they were so appalled at the shrinking of the barrel's contents. There were just about as many oysters as before.

Grimmick said he thought he'd take some down to the office for his partner. Mrs. Grimmick said that she was going over to sister Nell's that day she might as well take some along. The next day she carried some across to the neighbors on either side of them. That evening Grimmick surveyed the scalloped oysters set before him and frowned slightly. He saw the new boy fine, but he believed if Mary would fry him some of the breakfast bacon he'd rather have it. The following morning he said he thought it was a mistake not to share their good fortune with their friends, and that he would speak to Beekman and Dundle and Buckle on the train and tell them to stop that night on their way home and get some.

The weather turned warm just then, and Grimmick saw the new boy in the outside thermometer standing at 48 degrees. "I should think you would remember some of your friends to whom Gulf oysters would be a real treat."

"Why, I have been giving them around," confessed Mrs. Grimmick. "Somehow that barrel's terribly hard to empty!"

In another week Grimmick was peddling oysters frantically. The new boy had taken on them, and he had all the cats for blocks about congregated daily on Grimmick's back steps because the cook fed them freely on oysters. Presently, whenever Grimmick hove in sight the men would raise protesting hands as they were much obliged, but they did not stop any oysters.

Mrs. Grimmick, five minutes after taking a quart or so over to the next door neighbor, saw the maid march down the stairs and trembled and had jumping six ways at once hunting up his costume and buying grease paint and eyebrow pencils and false hair and letting him repeat his part to me and assuring him that he was entrancing in it.

"When I was worn to shreds the play was given, and I had my revenge. I went around into the wings to see if Albert needed any help, and fell over a shivering, crouching, chattering individual trying to hide between a cypress tree and a rustic gate. To my amazement it was Albert.

"He grabbed me with two ice cold hands, and clung to me for dear life. He said he'd die if he had to get out there before all those people. Oh, he moaned, wouldn't I save him?"

"I looked him in the eye and said, 'Albert this is just another phase of the artistic temperament, and I won't flicker an eyelid to help you! And you fall in your part - I'll leave home!'"

"Albert was ill for two days after the play from the nervous strain, and when he got up and around he was quite sane again. He said he had had a great deal more humble than he used to be!"

When a girl is told she's as pretty as a picture, comic valentines don't count.

Health Notes

As it is necessary in almost all cases to ventilate the sick room thoroughly at least once a day, an open umbrella placed in front of the patient will protect him while the windows are open.

If the hair is continued to be dry it should have a little oil rubbed on the scalp once or twice a week. Massage will loosen the scalp and increase the circulation, and the nourishment on the hair is dependent upon the blood supply.

Be sure that every bit of powder and rouge is removed before you retire at night. Take it off with cold cream first and then wash your face well with soap and water. But it is much better to trust to nature instead of to art for your complexion.

At night, before retiring, when the hands have been well washed and dried, rub in a fair quantity of good cold cream or camphorated ice. Then powder them lightly with a fine talcum and slip on loose old gloves reserved for this purpose. This will whiten the hands and keep them soft and smooth.

Clothes Tree

Much work and confusion may be avoided when the children undress at night if each one is made the proud possessor of a small hat tree or clothes tree, or a costume rack, as they are called. These come in white enamel, mahogany, or any other finish of wood stand four and one half feet high and have eight branches, a branch for each article of wearing apparel. Clothes will be kept aired, the room kept in neatness and order and everything ready in place in the morning. The children love them, and it is a good way to teach them orderliness and hygiene. They are inexpensive. Surprise them some morning with one.

As soon as a sick snowmaker is able to work, he on the mend.

A busy person isn't necessarily industrious. Gossips are always busy.

A woman's idea of a man husband is one who refuses to talk back.

The wise man bottles his wrath and then loses the corker.

Some men die of heart failure and some live with brain failure.

And many a woman who is short of breath is long of tongue.

Restful Evenings

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

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

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

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

"Well, I believe Ned is happy."

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

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

"What do you mean? Who is she?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Was he angry?" asked Margaret.

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

Passing It On.

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

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

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

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

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

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

What He Said.

Uncle Henry Barnes was a mild man, but when John Ragland deliberately cheated him out of \$300 even his patient spirit was ruffled.

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

One day he came home highly satisfied with himself.

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

"What did you say?" asked his wife.

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

Patched Up.

Friend—Whose make is your machine?

Autolot—The repairer's mostly.

ODD THINGS IN JAPAN.

I just can't get used to how turned around, upside down, inside out, topsy-turvy things are in Japan. A Japanese carpenter draws the plans toward himself and a blacksmith sits down to work. A Japanese blacksmith never knows the joys of getting tickets to the circus for he hasn't any place for the advance man to paste up his three-sheds. The whole front of a Japanese book begins on our last page and finishes on our first paragraph. And their sentences begin at the top of the page and read down, like long columns of figures. They wear white to funerals and judge poetry by the beauty of the handwriting.

Japanese houses haven't any chimneys, so that you may see a whole plateau of houses with not a single curl of smoke as far as the eye can reach. The Japanese cooking is done outside the house in a little charcoal stove. They have no stoves to keep themselves warm—only little hibachis—gallon jars with charcoal in them covered with ashes. There isn't enough heat in one to bring a sifter, and whenever they get too cold they take a warm bath. Bathing is a sacred rite. Whenever they have a spare moment they run and take a bath. When business is dull they hurry to a public bathhouse and jump in; if they miss one train they take a bath while waiting for the next. They take them hot—steaming, sizzling hot. And the strange thing is they don't do the bathing in the tub; they have little foot baths about the size of crocks that they use for washing themselves and when they are thoroughly clean they climb into the tub. If you should get into the tub first the proprietor would break into tears and tell you that you were bankrupting him, for the same water is used all evening—no difference how many guests the hotel has. After soaking a while they crawl out, steaming all over, gently blot themselves, get into kimonos and sit around bare-necked. One would think that before the evening was over a feet-footed runner would have to be dispatched for medical assistance, but instead of that they never catch cold!

When I got here and was invited into a Japanese home, I found that they haven't any chairs; in fact, there isn't a stick of furniture a foot high in a Japanese house. You have to sit on the floor. A person of my build was never meant for sitting on the floor. When I got down on the floor and tried to draw up to a Japanese table, my feet are so in the way that I can't get up to where there is anything doing. The waitress has to walk around my feet to bring me the victuals. By the time the meal is over she is pretty well fagged out—Homer Croy in Leslie's.

DEFINITIONS FOR THE MENTALLY DEAF.

Corker—A person that bottles up a little rashness every day.

Ambition—A nest egg that hatches out Disappointment.

Trouble—The balance wheel that keeps us from getting too easy.

Bore—A person who never flatters us.

Ennui—Being tired of doing nothing, but too tired to do anything else.

Promoter—A man who earns his bread by the sweat of some other fellow's brow.

Poverty—The soap that guards us against the ills of filthy lucre.

Optimist—A person who polishes up the dark side of life.

New Leaf—The same old one, with just another turn.

Skeptic—A man who doesn't even believe his own conscience.

Jury—A body of twelve men selected to decide which one of the litigants has the best lawyer.

Goosy—A person who can read between lines when there is nothing there.

Peasantry—One who divides his time between wanting what he doesn't get, and getting what he doesn't want.

A Good Husband—A man who hasn't the nerve to be anything else—From Judge.

"When a man has to invent an excuse for going downtown every night, it is doughnuts to judge that he is wedded to the wrong woman."

When a cheap man drops a penny in the contribution plate he figures on getting a through ticket to glory in exchange.

The man who is too positive about things spends a lot of valuable time looking for small holes to crawl into.

If a mother chases her children out of the room when another woman calls, there is gossip in the air.

Call them white lies if you want to, but sooner or later they will come home to roost.

Occasionally the early bird makes a mistake in selecting a worm—and gets stung.

True charity consists of opening the purse and keeping the face closed.

The self-made man forgets to hat himself when the assessor calls.

And the tightwad who has more money than friends is glad of it.

A man seldom exhibits his temper till he loses it.

There is no idle curiosity. It works over time.

Perfidious Emily

"If you could have seen his profile!" mourned the girl with the sunburned neck. "Anyhow, I still think Emily ought to have told me! She was my hostess, and what is a hostess for if not to make things pleasant for her guests? And I'm sure it was far from pleasant!"

"I always thought Emily had a lovely nature," objected the girl in the new baize waist.

"She may have a lovely nature," sneered the young woman with the sunburn, "but she has an awfully disposition. I know she begged me to stay over with her when the rest of the house party left, just to keep me from going back in the same crowd with Wayne Hipple! How could I help it if Wayne was nicer to me than he was to her?"

"If it wasn't Wayne, then who was it?" demanded the girl in the wrinkled blouse.

"Emily said I simply must stay because I loved my car so, and now that most of the cottagers had gone home there were oceans of nature lying around loose and unappropriated, and anyhow, her mother was going in to Chicago, and she'd be so lonesome all alone. She was so mournful about it that I had to stay or make myself out a perfect brute, and I wasn't going to let her work that before Wayne Hipple! I said I'd like nothing better, and then I ran upstairs and gnashed my teeth steadily for an hour! If she thinks for one minute she can win out with Wayne Hipple by any such underhanded—"

"I know she's perfectly dreadful," said the other girl, "but what happened?"

"I went out to fish," said the girl with the sunburned neck. "Not at all because I like to fish, but because there was nothing else to do, and the meat hadn't come. Emily said that unless I caught some we'd have no dinner. So I took the rowboat and rowed around the bend into the bayou. He was there."

"The fish?"

"The man. Right in the spot where I wanted to anchor swing his boat. I thought he was a native because of the old straw hat till he turned, and it was then I was smitten dumb by the profile. And the eyes! And the general look of being somebody! I knew immediately he must be a man of importance, who had buried himself in the wilds to rear, and I was so thankful that I had on the newest style of middy and a becoming shade hat. I resolved to be perfectly oblivious and self-possessed, so I proceeded to stop and fish as I had first intended. A man always admires an unfettered girl. I couldn't help it, could I, if my bamboo pole dropped overhead?"

"Oh, horribly crude!"

"It was better than falling overboard myself," protested the other. "Not nearly so messy! I wish you could have seen the manner in which he retrieved that pole and gave it to me! When he raised his hat I decided he was some movie star, such was his grace. 'Oh, thank you,' said I in a rich, deep voice. 'Don't mention it, I beg of you,' he replied, just as a man who looked as he did ought to have replied! Then I looked the other way in a diffident manner."

"Finally he called over to me to say that he thought I'd catch more fish if I baited my hook! Fancy! I was so confused that he rowed over and baited it for me! But I didn't seem to catch any, so he generously divided his own after he had discovered that my dinner depended on them."

"I went fishing again the next morning, too. There was no reason I should be driven off the lake by a stranger. We didn't talk so much, but you should have seen his eyes! In a week I felt we had known each other a lifetime! You can tell by a man's expression whether he has a superior soul, I think! That is, usually."

"Emily said she couldn't imagine why I had grown so crazy over fishing, and said she believed she'd come along, but I persuaded her not to. The sun always gives her a headache. I was bound that for once she should not interfere with my friendships. It certainly would take her down a peg when she found how far I had progressed with the handsome unknown."

"Every morning he, too, fished. He maintained the utmost reserve about himself, as do all great people, but I could tell from his expression when he looked at me that he was living in the same dream I was."

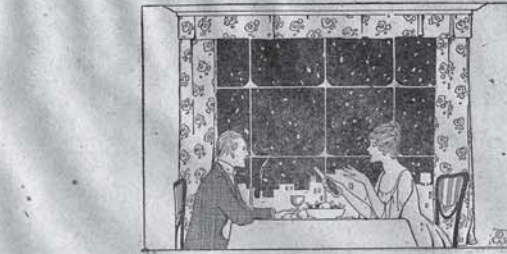
"And then one morning Emily came charging thru the bushes on the bank and surveyed the scene. Her curiosity had overpowered her, as it does all ordinary persons. She simply glared and I resolved to freeze her if she tried to be unpleasant."

"Well," she called, addressing her words to my handsome friend. "No wonder the meat has been late for over a week, if this is how you spend your time when you should be delivering it. Hoskins! And you should have seen Hoskins leap for shore and the butcher's cart concealed in the shrubbery!"

"I am sure that Emily knew all about it from the first and never told me, just to be hateful! If she tells Wayne Hipple—"

"Oh, she will!" comforted the girl in the new baize.

Some people are so keen on peddles that they even inquire into the origin of one's complexion.



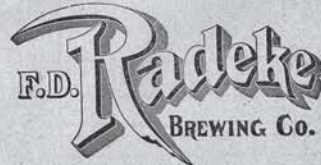
Drink "Radeke Beer" With Every Evening Meal

This pure, wholesome, satisfying brew is the ideal dinner beverage. It fits kindly with the roast, the steak and the chops; it goes exceedingly well with the boiled dinner and it is the dinner beyond compare when served with sea food. No other beverage gives the same restful relaxation after the day's work as appetizing, zestful

Radeke Beer

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DIRECTORY

Village Council.

Frank Bogocno, mayor.
Jos. Grill, clerk.
E. J. Stetter, treasurer.
E. A. Marcoite, attorney.
F. L. Martin, E. Gonslerman, Harry Baker, Fred Lamberti, E. A. Bada 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. Stetter, Pres. C. W. Zimko, Sec'y. M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmont, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

Meet at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, every Tuesday 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.

Modern Woodman Camp 1721 meets every Friday night.

A Model Servant.

Miss Ann Ansell of Weybridge, Surrey, who recently died at the age of 87 years, was an example of long and faithful domestic service. Throughout her whole lifetime she had only one "place." At the age of 16 she entered the service of the family of the late Sir Prescott Hewitt, and she remained in the same family, as nurse and faithful friend, for 71 years.

What's the Use.

Why should a man commit bigamy when trouble is available at so much lower prices?—Atchison Globe.

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. IVAR JARRES, 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. GRAYBORN, 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 COND, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcoite, clerk.
John Flagoole, treasurer.
C. T. Morrel, E. J. Lamarre, George Arsenault, Oscar Byron, E. A. Marcoite

and A. F. Marcoite, 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.

Bradley Encampment L.O.O.F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Stanchou Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

Meets at St. Joseph's Hall Second Sunday of each month.

Children of Mary Society.

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

REMEMBER



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

Author of Popular Nursery Rhymes. The familiar nursery rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," was written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

Sale Bills PRINTED

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

We are fixed for turning out work of this kind in double-quick time.

STOOLBLOT

Appalling as this record seems, it is only a fraction of the real number. The symptoms of chronic infection and intestinal poisoning are almost identical. Diagnosis is extremely difficult. Many actual fly poison cases are unrecognized and unsuspected.

The Government recognizes this danger to children and sends the warning, Department No. 29 to the Public Health Report.

Get other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made merely for the purpose of comparison. This is the only one that is safe, effective and of such composition as to be safe for the child and the mother. It is not a poison, but a remedy to remove diarrhea and restore intestinal health. It is so effective that it is a remedy for any ailment, including the following: Colic, indigestion, flatulence, constipation, worms, etc. It is safe for all ages and is the only one that is safe for the child.

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by **ETHEL HUESTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY W. C. TANNER

(Copyright, by the Hobbs-Merrill Company.)

THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION FORGET THAT THE PARSONAGE FOLKS NEED MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS, SO LITTLE CONNIE TELLS BANKER SOME PLAIN TRUTHS

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, comes to Mount Mark, Ia., to take charge of the congregation there. He has five charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Prudence, age nineteen, keeps house for her father. Her younger sisters are Fairy, the twins and Connie. Little Connie needs clothing, and the family's coming stirs the curiosity of the townspeople. After a few weeks the Starrs are well settled. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous youngsters, but she loves them devotedly despite their outrageous pranks. It is a joyous household, but the parsonage girls are embarrassed at Christmas time because the congregation has forgotten the parsonage folk. Little Connie needs clothing, and sadly disappointed, takes matters into her own hands.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Oh, I had her dressed warmly underneath, very warmly indeed," declared Prudence. "But no matter how warm you are underneath, you look cold if you aren't visibly prepared for winter weather. I kept hoping enough money would come in to buy her a coat for once in her life."

"She has been leaning forward to one long enough," put in Fairy. "This will be a bitter blow to her, and yet I want to see a hard-looking coat, after all." And she quickly ran up a seam on the machine.

"Here comes Connie!" Prudence hastily swept a pile of scraps out of sight, and turned to greet her little sister with a cheery smile.

"Come on in, Connie," she cried, with a brightness she did not feel. "Fairy and I are making you a new coat. Isn't it pretty? And so warm! See the nice velvet collar and cuffs. We want to fit it on you right away, dear."

Connie picked up a piece of the goods and examined it intently.

"Don't you want some fudge, Connie?" exclaimed Fairy, showing the dish toward her hurriedly.

Connie took a piece from the plate, and thrust it between her teeth. Her eyes were still fastened upon the brown furry cloth.

"Where did you get this stuff?" she inquired, as soon as she was able to speak.

"Out of the trunk in the garret, Connie. Don't you want some more fudge? I put a lot of nuts in, especially on your account."

"It's good," said Connie, taking another piece. She examined the cloth very closely. "Say, Prudence, isn't this that old brown coat of father's?"

Fairy showed her chair back from the machine, and ran to the window.

"Look, Prue," she cried, "isn't that Mr. Starr coming this way? I wonder—"

"No, it isn't," answered Connie gravely. "It's just Miss Avery getting home from school—Isn't it, Prudence?"

"Yes, Connie, it is," said Prudence, very gently. "But no one here has seen it, and it is such nice cloth—just exactly what girls are wearing now."

"But I wanted a new coat!" Connie did not cry. She stood looking at Prudence with her wide hurt eyes.

"Oh, Connie, I'm just as sorry as you are," cried Prudence, with starting tears. "I know just how you feel about it. But the people didn't pay my father up last month. Maybe after Christmas we can get you a coat. They pay up better then."

"I think I'd rather wear my summer coat until then," said Connie soberly.

"Oh, but you can't, dear. It is too cold. Won't you be a good girl now, and not make sister feel badly about it? It really is becoming to you, and it is nice and warm. Take some more fudge, dear, and run out-of-doors while you feel better about it presently, I'm sure."

Connie stood solemnly beside the table, her eyes still fastened on the coat, cut down from her father's. "Can I go and take a walk?" she asked faintly.

"May I, you mean," suggested Fairy. "Yes, may I? Maybe I can reconcile myself to it."

"Yes, go and take a walk," urged Prudence promptly, eager to get the small sober face beyond her range of vision.

"If I am not back when the twins get home, go right on and eat without me. I'll come back when I get things straightened out in my mind."

When Connie was quite beyond hearing, Prudence dropped her head on the table and wept. "Oh, Fairy, if the members just knew how rich their father is, maybe they'd pay up a little better. How do they expect parsonage people to keep up appearances when they haven't any money?"

"Oh, now, Prue, you're worse than Connie! There's no use to cry about it. Parsonage people have to find happiness in spite of financial misery. Money isn't the first thing with folks like us."

"Poor little Connie! If she had

her the bitterness of living under debt! Besides, Prudence, I think in my heart that she is right this time. This is a case where borrowing is justified. Get her the coat, and I'll square the account with your father." Then he added, "And I'll look after this salary business after this. I'll arrange with the trustees that I am to pay your father his full salary the first of every month, and that the church receipts are to be turned in to me. And if they do not pay up, my lawyer can do a little investigating! Little Connie earned that five dollars, for she taught one trustee a sorry lesson. And he will have to pass it on to the others in self-defense! Now, run along and get the coat, and if five dollars isn't enough you can have as much more as you need. Your father will get his salary after this, my dear, if we have to mortgage the parsonage!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Burglar's Visit.

"Prue!"

A small hand gripped Prudence's shoulder, and again came a hoarsely whispered:

"Prue!"

Prudence sat up in bed with a bounce.

"What in the world?" she began, gazing out into the room, half-lighted by the moonlight, and seeing Carol and Lark slivering beside her bed.

"Sh! Sh! Hush!" whispered Lark. "There's a burglar in our room!"

By this time, even sound-sleeping Fairy was awake. "Oh, there is!" she scoffed.

"Yes, there is," declared Carol with some heat. "We heard him, plain as day. He stepped into the closet, didn't he, Lark?"

"He certainly did," agreed Lark.

"Did you see him?"

"No, we heard him. Carol heard him first, and she spoke, and nudged me. Then I heard him, too. He was at our dresser, but he shot across the room and into the closet. He closed the door after him. He's there now."

"You're being dreaming," said Fairy, lying down again.

"We don't generally dream the same thing at the same minute," said Carol sternly. "I tell you he's in there."

"And you two great big girls came off and left poor little Connie in there

Old Looks?

(BY DR. L. H. SMITH)

Persons suffering from too much uric acid in the system often look older than they should. They age faster and the appearance of gray hair or bald-head in early years is, indeed, often a sign of uric acid. The face appears lean and haggard, lines and wrinkles appearing in young men or women.

The best way to combat this premature age and the obstruction to the arteries and faulty circulation is the simple treatment: Drink copiously of pure water between meals. This will not make you fat, as it is only the water taken with the meals that fattens. Obtain at any drug store a package of Anuric (double strength), which is to be taken before meals, in order to expel the uric acid from the system. The painful effects of backache, lumbago, rheumatism, gout, due to uric acid in the blood should quickly disappear after taking Anuric.

GOSSIP OF HANNIBAL.

Hannibal, Mo.—"I feel very grateful to Dr. Pierce for putting so wonderful a medicine on the market as 'Anuric.' I have taken it for some four years with a complication that the doctors have been unable to fathom. Even specialists have failed to relieve me. My body has been racked with pain continuously and eventually the urine became very thick and dark. None of the doctors ever mentioned kidney trouble. But for some time I have suspected that the kidneys were at the root of all my misery, so when I learned of Anuric I have at last found the right medicine."—N. D. BIBB, 1019 Lyon St., Buffalo, N. Y., ten cents for trial package of Anuric.

106 Fly Poison Cases Reported in 3 Years A Large Percentage Fatal

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TANGLEFOOT

catches flies and eliminates them from disease-bearing bodies with a disinfecting wash. It is safe, effective, non-poisonous, and your protector from both fly and fly poison.

THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Gall Stones, Kidney and Bladder Stones and all ailments due to Uric Acid.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET that contains valuable information for the treatment of these ailments.

The Espurgue Mfg. Co., Chicago

FROST PROOF COBBLE PLANTS

and other plants that will grow in the coldest weather. They are the best for the home and the garden. They are the best for the home and the garden. They are the best for the home and the garden.

THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rats and Fires.

At a time when everyone is complaining of the high cost of living it might be well to see if we cannot eliminate two great sources of waste—rats and fires.

Most fires are needless. All rats are so. Some years ago a study of the rat problem in Philadelphia arrived at the conclusion that the rodents of that city ate more than a million dollars worth of food each year. At that rate, the disgusting creatures can hardly cost less than \$100,000,000 per year to the whole country. This is a pretty high price to pay for the companionship of impish pests which, besides their other bad habits, undermine floors and carry the most dreaded of all diseases, bubonic plague.

Yet fires are more expensive than rats. In 1915—the last year for which figures are at hand—the American people paid out in premiums for fire insurance \$419,381,346. Of this vast sum at least three-fourths could be saved by reducing our fire record to the rate prevailing in England, France or Germany; and even in our time and nation \$300,000,000 per year is a saving worth noting, and one which would have a perceptible effect on the cost of living.

Probably an Idle Rumor.

"What effect will this shortage of dyes have?"

"I don't know."

"But what do you hear?"

"Some say it's going to throw a lot of brunettes back on the matrimonial market."

Grape-Nuts

contains the rich supplies of phosphate of potash grown in wheat and barley.

Its mission is therefore clear and plain—it supplies what ordinary food lacks.

And it does its work in a sturdy, straightforward, dependable way, as tens of thousands of its users can testify.

"There's a Reason"

cried about it. I wouldn't have cared so much. But she looked so—heartless, didn't she, Fairy?"

Connie certainly was heartless. More than that, she was a little disgusted. She felt herself aroused to take action. Things had gone too far! To go to church in her father's coat she could not! She walked sturdily down the street toward the "city"—ironically so called. Her face was stony, her hands were clenched. But finally she brightened. Her indignation quickened. She skipped along quite cheerfully. She turned westward as she reached the corner of the square, and walked along that business street with shining eyes. In front of the Fifth National Bank she paused, and after a few seconds she passed by. On the opposite corner was another bank. When she reached it, she walked in without pausing, and the massive door swung behind her.

The four older girls were at the table when Connie came home. She exhaled quiet satisfaction from every pore. Prudence glanced at her once, and then looked away again. "She has reconciled herself," she thought, "but her war has not yet begun. Constance burst her bomb."

"Are you going to be busy this afternoon, Prudence?" she asked quietly.

"We are going to sew a little," said Prudence, "why?"

"I wanted you to go downtown with me after school."

"Well, perhaps I can do that. Fairy will be able to finish the coat alone."

"You needn't finish the coat—I can't wear father's coat to church, Prudence. It's a—It's a—physical impossibility."

The twins laughed, Fairy smiled, but Prudence glanced at the "baby" with tender pity.

"I'm so sorry, dear, but we haven't the money to buy one now."

"Will five dollars be enough?" inquired Connie, and she placed a crisp new bill beside her plate. The twins gasped! They gazed at Connie with new respect. It was just what they could handle five-dollar bills so readily.

"Will you loan me twenty dollars until after Christmas, Connie?" queried Fairy.

But Prudence asked, "Where did you get this money, Connie?"

"I borrowed it from the bank," Connie replied with proper gravity. "I have two years to pay it back. Mr. Harold says they are proud to have my trade."

Prudence was silent for several long seconds. Then she inquired in a low voice, "Did you tell him why you wanted it?"

"Yes, I explained the whole situation."

"What did he say?"

"He said he knew just how I felt, because he knew he couldn't go to church in his wife's coat—No, I said that myself, but he agreed with me. He did not say very much, but he looked sympathetic. He said he anticipated great pleasure in seeing me in my new coat at church next Sunday."

"Go on with your luncheon, twins," said Prudence sternly. "You'll be late to school. We'll see about going to town when you get home tonight, Connie. Now, eat your luncheon, and don't talk about costs any more."

When Connie had gone back to school, Prudence went straight to Mr. Harold's bank. Finished and undressed, she explained the situation frankly. "My sympathies are all with Connie," she said candidly. "But I am afraid father would not like it. We are dead set against borrowing. After—after mother was taken, we were crowded pretty close for money. So we had to go in debt. It took us two years to get it paid. Father and Fairy and I talked it over then, and decided we would starve rather than borrow again. Even then we understood it, but Connie was so little. She doesn't know how heartbreaking it is to keep handing over every cent for debt, when one is just yearning for other things. I do wish, now, I might have the coat, but I'm afraid father would not like it. She gave me the five dollars for safekeeping, and I have brought it back."

Mr. Harold shook his head. "No, Connie must have her coat. This will be a good lesson for her. It will teach



Prudence Dropped Her Head on the Table and Wept.

alone with a burglar, did you? Well, you are nice ones, I must say."

And Prudence leaped out of bed and started for the door, followed by Fairy, with the twins creeping fearfully along in the rear.

"She was asleep," muttered Carol.

"We didn't want to scare her," added Lark.

Prudence was careful to turn the switch by the door, so that the room was in full light before she entered. The closet door was wide open. Connie was soundly sleeping. There was no one else in the room.

"You see?" said Prudence sternly.

"I bet he took our baby things," declared Lark, and the twins and Fairy ran to the dresser to look!

But a sickening realization had come home to Prudence. In the lower hall, under the staircase, was a small dark closet which they called the dungeon. The dungeon door was big and solid, and was equipped with a heavy catchlock. In this dungeon, Prudence kept the family silverware, and all the money she had on hand, as it could there be safely locked away. But more often than not, Prudence forgot to lock it.

Have you ever awakened to find a burglar in your room? What did you do—pretend sleep? Or shout? Or keep still at his command?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Urgent.

Just as the Christmas dinner was on the table, and the family had gathered about it, big sister stepped into the hall to look at her hair in the mirror there.

Her hair was hungry, and everything she did look and smell so good, and yet she knew well that father would not say grace until big sister was also in her seat.

"Hurry up, Ruth," she called. "God's waiting."

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE!"

\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 FOR MEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 900 shoe dealers.

Keep Your Feet Warm in the Winter

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wear is protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail price is the same everywhere, all wearing with an honest value that they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The same styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, intelligent shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other means for getting them. He will explain how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality at the lowest price by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

W. L. Douglas
President of W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 182 Spring St., Brockton, Mass.

Best Shoes Built in the World
\$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00

The Soy Bean.

In 1915 the United States imported more than 325,000 bushels of soy beans, valued at approximately \$87,000; nearly 6,000,000 pounds of cake, valued at \$94,000; and over 19,000,000 pounds of oil valued at nearly \$900,000.

Humanity is unequally divided between those who can't stand prosperity and those who can't get it to stand.

"I had to meet you," is what one man usually says when introduced to another—but is he?

St. Louis Mothers Agree With Those Of Kansas City And St. Jo.

Children's Colds, They Say, Should Be Treated Externally—Internal Medicines Are Harmful.

In our previous advertisements we have published letters from mothers in Kansas City, St. Jo., Joplin, Springfield and other Missouri cities. These ladies agree that internal medicines injure the delicate stomachs of the little folks, and they recommend the use of the external treatment—Vap-O-Rub. From a large number of letters from St. Louis women we will give just a few extracts.

Mrs. K. Petranick, 2509 Park Ave., writes: "My little boy had a bad cold I applied Vap-O-Rub over his chest and throat covering with a warm flannel cloth. I had almost instant relief, and believe it better than internal medicines for cold troubles."

Mrs. S. J. Wolf, 2341 Dodder St., says: "I used Vick's Vap-O-Rub on my baby who had bronchitis. I applied it over his chest, following directions, and the next morning he breathed easier."

Mrs. M. Hickman, 4020a LaClede Ave., says: "I have given Vick's Vap-O-Rub to my children for colds, sore throat, tonsillitis, and burns, and it certainly gave me great results."

Mrs. J. T. Shepard, 4214 N. 9th Street, writes: "My little boy had a very sore throat, and always hitherto he has had to have it lanced; but this time I used Vick's Vap-O-Rub and was cured without any trouble."

Vick's comes in salve form and when applied over the throat and chest the body heat releases the ingredients in the form of vapors. All night long these vapors are inhaled with every breath through the air passages to the lungs, loosening the phlegm and taking out the tightness and soreness. You will find it quicker than internal medicines, and it can be used freely with perfect safety on the smallest child. Three sizes, 25c, 50c or \$1.00. At all drugists.

"VAPORUB"
The Trade Mark.

The rail journey from Constantino to Bagdad requires 54 hours.

Anuric cures Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sprains, Dr. W. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package, Adv.

Wichita, Kan., has adopted city manager form of government.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger when you tarken your curly, grizzly gray hairs by using "La Clede's Hair Dressing"—Adv.

Australians tan ostrich skins.

No Eggs, Milk or Butter

The following recipe shows how an appetizing, wholesome cake can be made without expensive ingredients.

In many other recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more by using an additional quantity of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/2 cups water	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup oil	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 ounces citron	2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening	1 teaspoon Dr. Price's Baking Powder

The old method (fruit cake) called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Put the first eight ingredients into saucepan and boil three minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together in a bowl. Bake in moderate oven in loaf pan (lined with wax) half an hour (or 35 or 40 minutes). Ice with white icing.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients can be had free. Address 1003 Independence Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Sixty Years the Standard

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

No Alum No Phosphate No Bitter Taste



End Your Wash-day Misery

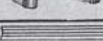
No need of back-breaking, hand-bruising, head-aching efforts. Everything is easy, the washing is out early, the clothes look better and last longer, when you use the

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

It runs easier loaded than others do empty. Its spiral cut gears give ease and speed. Nothing to catch or tear the clothes or injure the hands; ball-bearings, no dripping oil. A metal faucet, automatic cover lift, 4-wing wooden dolly, and highly finished tub. Your money refunded in 30 days if you're not satisfied. A 5-year guarantee with each washer. Sold in over 150,000 homes.

See this great time and labor saver demonstrated TODAY!

\$12.75 THE ECONOMY



RESERVOIRS OF DYE AWAIT DEVELOPMENT

Many Native Coloring Substances to Be Found in Timber Lands of America

All the stories of color which mark the autumnal forest are accessible to man for use as dyestuffs, according to The Hardwood Record, which says the woods are great color laboratories waiting to be worked. A 5-year guarantee with each washer. Sold in over 150,000 homes.

The pioneers knew tree dyes by the dozen. They understood nothing about chemistry, but they learned by experience that certain barks would dye cloth, yarn, wood and leather. Following are a few natives trees whose wood, bark, roots and fruit have been employed for dyeing.

First of all is yellow oak. It ranges from Maine to Minnesota and southward to Florida and Texas. It covers a million square miles. The coloring matter lies in a thin layer under the bark, being a part of the inner bark. Butternut was formerly a valuable dye material. It usually is colored brown, but the shades could be varied. This "Confederate jeans," the cloth much used for uniforms in Tennessee and Kentucky during the civil war. The tree is found in all northern states east of the Mississippi River, and even westward, and it grows also in most of the southern states. Black walnut furnishes dye from the outer hulls of the nuts. The color was slightly darker than that produced by butternut bark, and was not so popular.

Osage orange was limited in its original range to about 10,000 square miles of Northern Texas and southern Oklahoma, consequently it was not widely known to early settlers; but the roots, bark and wood produce a fine yellow dye that has been compared with fustic.

Mesquit furnished dyes with which the Spanish horsemen of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California imparted the yellow colors to saddle leather.

Staghorn sumac supplied a dye for coloring fine leather, as well as tannin for dressing it. The dye was yellow and was occasionally employed in coloring cloth.

Alder appears not to have been used in America by any people except the Indians. It dyes a reddish color, and down to a few years ago was employed by natives of the Northwest Pacific Coast in coloring their fish nets. Alder dye, used for the same purpose, is said to be the oldest recorded dye in the world. It is mentioned in the Kalevala of Finland, supposed to date nearly 3,000 years ago.

Red gum was used by the early Swedish settlers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey in drying purple, but the secret seems to have been lost.

Locust is said to possess possibilities in the way of dyes. A very similar tree of China supplies the brilliant yellow dye so admired in Chins Silks. Dogwood was the source of the famous "Indian red" with which the vain warriors dyed their eagle feathers and buckskin clothes. They procured the dye from the roots of dogwood. They used in the same way the roots of western dogwood. This is probably the most brilliant dye to be procured from American trees.

The man who drinks like a fish does not take kindly to water.

If it wasn't for men, fewer women would dislike each other.

You don't need bank references in order to borrow trouble.

BRIEF BUT SUFFICIENT

The Rev. R. B. Dodge is a missionary of Maui, one of the Hawaiian group of islands. He is a most resourceful man in his dealings with his charges, as his part in the following incident serves to show.

Recently a Japanese couple came to Mr. Dodge with a request in sign language that he make them man and wife. They could not talk English understandingly, and Mr. Dodge could not talk Japanese, so he conducted the ceremony as follows:

"You like this wahine?"

"Yes."

"Bimeby no kikout?"

"No."

"You like this kane?" (To the woman.)

"Yes."

"Bimeby no kikout?"

"No."

"Pule."

"Pau." And the ceremony ended.

"Wahine" is Hawaiian for woman, "kane" for man, "pule" for pray, and "pau" for enough.

MERE SCRAPS OF PAPER

"I suppose you had a good deal of trouble when you spent your holiday in Germany this summer?" said Mrs. De Jinks.

"Yes," said Mrs. Von Slammerton; "chiefly in the matter of getting money, however. Why would you believe it Mrs. De Jinks, a letter of credit over there wasn't of any more value than a treaty of neutrality!"

WHY HE LIKED IT

A Scotchman and an Irishman met in the country one day, and during their conversation a motor car passed by; the Scotchman said he hated the smell of a motor car; but Paddy said he liked it.

"Why?" said the Scotchman, and Paddy said when he smelt it he knew danger was past.

HE HADN'T HEARD

Teacher—"Where is the dead sea?" Tommie—"Don't know, ma'am."

"Don't know where the dead sea is?"

"No ma'am. I didn't even know any of the seas were sick, ma'am."

HIS UNPREJUDICED OPINION

"Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles most?" proudly asked young Popjoy.

"Well—hm!" answered Smith. "I can't see that he looks very much like the side of a house."

Health Notes

For a table in bed use a soapbox; remove acids, cover with flannel.

Cramps in the stomach are frequently relieved by applying hot cloths over the pit of the stomach or a mustard plaster.

Too Severe.

At one time Joe Jefferson was persuaded to accompany a friend to a new comedy production. The piece in itself proved to be inferior, and the comedian was even more so. On their way out the friend remarked that the comedians seemed nervous.

"What they need is life," he concluded.

"You're too severe," said the gentle-hearted Jefferson. His grave face concealed internal laughter. "Ten years would be enough."

New Way to Pay Debts.

Teacher (to new scholar)—Now, Mary, I'll give you a sum. Suppose your father owed the butcher \$12.17, \$11.13 to the baker, \$27.58 to the coal merchant, \$15.10 to the landlord—

Mary (decidedly) — "We should move."

Evil of Parties

"I think a party should be avoided at any cost," observed Wadding. "I would give Gertrude her choice between a bicycle and a party, and I'm sure that, like a good sensible girl, she will take the bicycle and forego the party. Most girls would make such a choice and it is better so for every body."

"Parties are rough on the furniture and they are rough on the kids. Now look at that last party. Jennie Giggins broke a plate—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Wadding, "Jennie Giggins wasn't invited to the party. She ought not to count. Her sister was invited and she just came along with her sister."

"Well, you want to figure on younger sisters being brought along and breaking plates. There's little Willie Neepance, he nearly put his eye out at the last party Gertrude had."

"Well, Willie is so headless. He struck his eye stooping to get the hat that you know perfectly well they were throwing at them valentines."

"Yes, well, you must always expect boys to be heedless and put their eyes out. Another girl tore her stockings and she was a sight when she went home. I know it made her parents our enemies to have her coming home from a party at our house looking as if she had been thru the seige of Marling."

"Parents object to getting their children bawled up that way and they hold us responsible for all the injuries received at our house. Then there was the little girl who went home crying. That looks awful, to see little girls leaving our house precipitately and running home with a grievance."

"But Johnny Swattle tore her hair ribbons off."

"Well, you should look forward to nothing better than Johnny Swattle's tearing the girls' hair ribbons off and sending them bawling to their mothers. The mas expected us to protect their dears from such attacks. And didn't little Amy have her clothes nearly torn off playing 'I spy'?"

"I tell you parties are bad for the people who go to them, and it is especially hard on the furniture, and the guests know that fact as well as the hosts. It is hard enough for grown people to keep from breaking and scuffing the furniture, much less children. For my part, I never go to your brother's house to dine, but what I fear I will get yaeif into serious trouble over putting my feet on his mahogany table."

"Your feet on the table!" gasped Mrs. Wadding.

"Yes. There is the most comfortable foot rest you ever saw projecting from the pedestal of your brother's dining table. But I can't get my feet on it without making a grating noise which arouses suspicion and gets me in bad. But no man can resist it. It is fate. That's the real reason why I avoid dinner parties at your brother's house if I possibly can."

Not Missed

"There is no one," remarked a politician who has been a candidate for Governor of Missouri, "who can take the wind out of a fellows sails so effectively as an old time, leisurely Missourian. For example: "After a twelve years absence during which I had grated at the university, got my name in the paper a few times and bought a new suit of clothes, I went back to the little old country town where I had been a poor but ambitious youth; it had expected a reception committee to meet me; but it did not. However seeing the grandeur of my new clothes and stiff hat, my old acquaintances came round and shook hands quite cordially—all except old Bill McClannahan who kept the general store. Old Bill sat at the back of the stove, handy to the sawdust box. He never noticed me; didn't even glance my way. "I was piqued, angry in fact. I walked back to the stove and got right in front of my old friend, so that he had to look upon me in all my glory. "Slowly, casually, he looked up from under the flap of his old white hat, and remarked: "Arthur, you been away somewhere haven't you?"

His Suggestion

Possessed of very fine instincts, Mr. Right was much offended by an experience in a restaurant the other day. Sitting opposite him was a man who ate his food in a vulgar way that offended the higher sensibilities of Right.

"Pray pardon me," he interposed. "May I be so bold as to offer a suggestion?"

"If you like," rudely answered the other, as he continued to maul a chicken bone.

"I should imagine," was the caustic rejoinder of Right, "that you would have considerably less trouble with that bone if you took it out on the mat!"

First Steps

"Thump-rattley-bang!" went the piano.

"That are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,' she answered.

"Well, I knew you were playing with your feet!" said grimly; "but don't step so heavily on the keys—it disturbs my thoughts."

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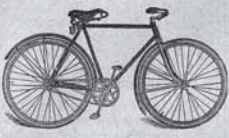
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