

PIONEER WAS CALLED

MOSES MARCOTTE OF BOURBONNAIS PASSED AWAY

Was One of the Oldest Pioneer of the Town. Funeral was Held Monday.

Moses Marcotte, a pioneer resident of Bourbonnais, was called to his reward Friday night after a lingering illness of paralysis. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Leandre Senesc of Tucker. Following an attack last fall, he had been taken to the home of his daughter in the country where proper attention could be given to him as he was living in the village with three of his sons who are all engaged with their work. Mr. Marcotte was the son of Eloi Marcotte, one of the early settlers of Bourbonnais Township. He was born there Sept. 23, 1847. With his father and brothers, he toiled on the farm in the surrounding of Bourbonnais. On January 11, 1877, he was united in marriage to Miss Pheobe Mercier, a native of Quebec, Canada. During the past week in Bloomington, Ill., attending the Christian Endeavor convention of the U. B. church. Miss Lucas attended as delegate from this congregation.

ing plant installed. The Illinois Central and the C. I. and S. now New York Central Line started work on concreting the subway under their tracks on South Street.

Miss May Martin and Floyd McLaughlin were united in marriage.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vickery.

Miss Mae McAndrews, Mrs. Med Richard and W. G. Hinton returned home from the Emergency hospital in Kankakee where they underwent operations.

E. L. Butts moved his family back here from Loranger, La.

Flag Day
Thursday June 14th was flag day and the day was fittingly observed with patriotic demonstrations and programs.

Circus Day
Despite the rain and mud, last Saturday the Sells-Floto circus showed to two capacity house at Kankakee.

Attending Convention
Mrs. John Codd and Miss Kate Lucas spent several days the past week in Bloomington, Ill., attending the Christian Endeavor convention of the U. B. church. Miss Lucas attended as delegate from this congregation.

Baby Dead
The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Keagle will be grieved to hear that their little child died at their home in Harvey, Ill., during the past week.

Automobile Accident
Miss Elizabeth Shraeder of Kankakee is at the home of her brother, John Shraeder here recuperating from injuries received in an automobile accident last Wednesday when her father's machine in which she was riding and which was being driven by him collided with a machine driven by Mrs. O. B. English.

Much Better

Elie Bradish who has been dangerously ill at his home on Perry Street suffering with inflammation of the bowels is getting along nicely now.

A Correction

On our commencement article in last weeks issue we stated that the enrollment in the school the past year was 495, and this was an error as the enrollment for the year was 585.

One Year Ago

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Hoover.

Colard Morse died from taking Bichloride of Mercury tablets which were mistaken for pills.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Case of the East Side.

Mrs. Dan M. Davidson of Detroit, Mich., mother of D. R. Davidson of this city died at St. Josephs, Mich.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pire.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Knittel.

Two Years Ago

Three saloon keepers were fined for keeping open on Sunday.

Miss Etta Brunner and Walter Douglas were united in marriage by Judge Peterson of Kankakee.

Geo. C. Schneider injured his foot by stepping on a nail, that penetrated the ball of his foot.

William Smith sold his lunch room to Mr. Jake Hess.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. Keagle of North Washington Ave.

Picnic

The Holy Family Society will give a family picnic at Gravelines Grove next Sunday.

Burglars

Burglars entered the Gerdesch saloon on Broadway sometime Friday night and robbed the place of \$10.00 in money, some cigars, tobacco and several bottles of liquor.

They gained entrance to the place by cutting out a screen in a rear window.

Home Robbed

Burglars entered the home of Steve Curtis on North Blaine Ave. Thursday night and took \$30.00 in money and considerable clothing. The robbers gained an entrance by unlocking the front door.

No arrests have been made but the police are working on the case.

Administration

Letters of administration were granted to Mrs. Nellie Yott, widow of Leo Yott, by Judge Merrill last Thursday.

Baby Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Gregg Lucas are the proud parents of a baby girl born to them Sunday afternoon. Mother and babe are doing fine. Papa Gregg is all smiles and passing the cigars around.

Odd Fellows Memorial

The local lodges of Odd Fellows and Rebekahs held their annual Memorial service at the M. E. church Sunday evening. Many out of town visitors from Kankakee and Peotone were present. Excellent sermons were delivered by Rev. Johnson pastor of the church and by Rev. G. G. McKinley of Peotone. The singing by the choir was good, and Mrs. Johnson and Miss Wilson rendered solos that were well received by the congregation.

TO SUBSCRIBE \$544,000

KANKAKEE COUNTY TO SUBSCRIBE THIS AMOUNT

Campaign Drawing to a Close. Many Subscriptions to Go In This Week.

Local committees assisting in the distribution of the U. S. Government 3 1/2% Liberty Loan are laying plans to bring the campaign in Kankakee county to a close, with a strong finish to raise the total subscriptions from this county to the expected amount. According to announcement made by Secretary McAdoo, subscription on the Loan will be closed June 15th, or earlier, and much is to be accomplished in the short time remaining.

Local banks have been advised as to amount expected from each community, the figure approximating 8% of the banking resources of each community throughout the country. Another view of the situation may be expressed by estimating the present population of the country at 100,000,000 over which the present loan of \$2,000,000,000 would be distributed at the rate of \$20 per capita.

The 1910 census gave Kankakee county a population of 40,752, but on the basis of present banking resources, it is estimated that subscriptions aggregating \$544,000 would make a satisfactory showing for the county. The following table of communities in which banks are located and amounts expected from each community should be of interest.

KANKAKEE COUNTY (Pop. 40,752) \$20—\$815,040						
Towns	Population	Banks	Resources	8% of Resources	Actual	
Kankakee	17,000	5	6,800,000	544,000		
Manteno	1,300	2	548,500	43,880		
Grand Park	1,000	3	1,456,000	116,480		
Bradley	1,945	1	55,000	4,400		
Momence	2,200	3	601,000	48,080		
Reddick	290	1	110,000	8,800		
Buckingham	200	1	51,000	4,080		
Hersher	600	2	431,000	34,480		
Irwin	300	1				
St. Anne	1,265	2	39,800	3,184		

In addition to subscriptions from various communities based on banking resources, it should be remembered that in districts throughout the county not represented by banks, subscriptions should be entered through the nearest bank in such amount as will bring the figures for the county up to the expected amount on the basis of \$20 per capita.

These figures may be somewhat surprising to those who have not given the study of the Liberty Loan careful consideration. They present a convincing argument of the necessity of each citizen to subscribe to a reasonable amount. Of course no one is in position to subscribe, but the government is urging subscriptions to small denomination bonds of \$50 and \$100 wherever possible, and must rely upon the many subscriptions of \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000 in communities such as ours to make up for those who cannot participate. The subscription terms have been made very easy permitting payments in installments if desired, and employers throughout the country are urging their employees to subscribe on partial payment plans, which are even more liberal than the terms offered by the government. Banks are also extending similar privileges to their customers.

No one will fail to recognize the responsibility which has been placed upon the banks of the country in distributing the largest loan of our history. The task would be almost impossible without the full co-operation of the press in letting the public know just how the situation stands. But it is not the American fashion to become a farmer at responsibility and the bankers of Kankakee county may be relied upon. Some misgivings may have been felt as to the probable effect of removing deposits from the local communities, but this has been largely dispelled. It has been pointed out that not all of the loan is now represented by deposits, that deposits will be withdrawn gradually, or indeed

will not leave the community at all as the government will re-deposit the funds locally and they will be finally replaced in a large measure by increased wealth and profits from good prices for crops and materials necessary for our defense in this war. This point has been demonstrated in the experience of England and Canada during the war.

Bankers, therefore, as a rule are not the least alarmed at the situation. All of the Kankakee county bankers have been furnished with full information concerning the loan, and urge upon everyone the necessity of making immediate arrangements for their subscriptions. It is to be hoped that their call will meet with a ready response. Our government asks in this but a small thing of its citizens in return for the protection they receive. Let us remember that while our own sons, brothers and fathers may be called upon to give their lives for the cause of liberty, we are now asked not to give anything but merely to buy the Liberty Loan—to lend our money at 3 1/2% free of taxation on security which is the best in the world, readily salable if necessary, but always an evidence of something done for the cause of liberty.

Don't wait for your banker to call upon you. He is busy. See him today. Mr. Vandagriff, the cashier at our local bank, will gladly go into detail on this matter. Better see him today.

Farewell Party

A number of Hugo Anderson's friends tendered him a party at the Woodman Hall Monday evening, as a farewell party prior to his leaving for Indianapolis.

A. W. Wagner of Harvey spent Thursday here with friends.

CALLED TO HER REWARD

MRS. CECILIA GRAMER DIED THURSDAY EVENING

At the Home of Her Daughter, Mrs. Flora Haire. Remains Were Taken to Sterling

Mrs. Cecelia Gramer, mother of Mrs. Flora Haire, died at the home of her daughter here Thursday evening after a short illness. Mrs. Gramer has made her home here with her daughter for some time. The body was taken to Kankakee where it lay in state at home of her son Frank Homberg until Sunday when it was taken to Sterling, her old home for interment.

Cecilia Icking was born in Germany in the year 1843. It was not until she was 5 years of age that her parents came to the United States and settled in New York. She spent the major part of her girlhood in New York. On May 12, 1863, at Quincy, Ill., she was married to Lute P. Homberg and to this union ten children were born. Mr. Homberg died in 1889 and afterward she was married to Ben Gramer in Mt. Sterling, Ill. Mr. Gramer died a short time ago.

The following children survive: Mrs. Francis Voshein of New Orleans, Mrs. Flora Haire of Bradley, Frank and William Homberg of Kankakee, Mrs. Henrietta Borello of Quincy, Ill., Mrs. William McClatch of Chicago and John Homberg of Joliet.

Twenty grandchildren and four great-grandchildren are living.

An Ordinance designating the Members of the Board of Local Improvements, other than the President of the Village of Bradley, and the Superintendent of Streets of the said Village.

BE IT ORDAINED by the President and Members of the Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, in the county of Kankakee and State of Illinois:

SECTION I. That in accordance with the Statutes of the State of Illinois, in such case made and provided, Adolph Bock and Fred Lambert who are members of the Board of Trustees of the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, be and they are hereby designated as the two members of the Board of Local Improvements of the said Village of Bradley, for the year beginning May 1, 1917, and ending April 30, A. D., 1918, other than the President of the Board of Trustees of said Village, and the Superintendent of Streets of the Village; no public engineer being provided for by the ordinances of the said Village of Bradley, Illinois.

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

The above ordinance was duly passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 4th day of June A. D. 1917.

E. McCoy, Village Clerk. Approved by me this 4th day of June A. D. 1917.

W. H. BAKER, President of the Board of Trustees.

Filed in the office of the Village Clerk, in the Village of Bradley State of Illinois, this 4th day of June A. D. 1917.

E. McCoy, Village Clerk.

State Inspection

Mr. George Steinwell, State Auditor of the Catholic Order of Foresters was here during the week auditing the books and accounts of Fincial Secretary Lawrence Hardebeck and Treasurer C. W. Reincke. He pronounced the set of books kept by the two local officers, the best he had audited anywhere in the state.

John Matson of Chicago spent Saturday at the home of Rev. John Codd and family. Rev. Codd entertained his guest by permitting him to paper the U. B. Church, and let it be said to the everlasting credit of Mr. Matson that he did the job nicely.

Methodist Church

Sunday services June 17, 10:30 a. m. sermon for children and parents. 7:30 p. m. Sunday school will give its annual children's day program. Orchestra from Kankakee will play. Come and enjoy the evening.
IVER JOHNSON Pastor

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly assisted us in the recent sad bereavement of the loss of our husband and father. May Heaven reward you.
MRS. CLARENCE SLICK AND FAMILY.

A Thought for the Week

In their zeal for religious formulas and rites, men sometimes forget that love is the fulfilling of the law.
How selfish and cruel piety may become, is seen in the case of the religionists of Christ's day. Legal technicalities were more important than mercy and brotherhood, the ministry of human helplessness was frustrated by legal hairsplitting, and man had to wait to be delivered from his misery until some rabbi consulted the Talmud.
Worship became a tribute paid to an exacting God, rather than a means of obtaining power and inspiration for service.

Jesus made love fundamental and central. Righteousness means righteousness. True righteousness straightens out all a man's moral relations, it makes him right with the laws of the moral world. How can a man be right with God and wrong with his neighbor? He cannot. The true lover of God is a friend of man. What a sorry spectacle it is when the coldhearted and formal man becomes the official spokesman as it were of religion. Heaven's highest truth is love. A loveless man cannot handle the truth. He may utter the revelation with his lips, but it seems false because it is contracted to the narrow dimensions of the selfish and petty soul. The test of religion is love. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another." Christianity must have its hands on the wounds of the world. If we are to save ourselves from the virus of Pharisaism, we must make the cross something more than an embellishment on a psalm book. The cross must be a principal of life, a power by which we also give our life for the brethren. We can catch this spirit by keeping in close touch with Him who immortalized himself by forgetting himself, who would not allow the folds of this banner of love to drag in the mire but carried it up the heights of a lonely hill outside the city gate. It is there at the foot of the hill of sacrifice that the miracle of love is wrought in the human soul.
IVER JOHNSON

A. Lustig visited relatives here over the week end.

The oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hinton is seriously ill at their home in Harvey, Ill.

Mrs. John Wolfe of Harvey, Ill., was a visitor here Sunday.

Ed Kroehler is moving his family to Kankakee, where they will make their future home, residing on Harrison Ave.

Paul Burton of Bloomington was a week end visitor here.

J. Hesick of Chicago was a Monday business caller here.

Mrs. Bowman was a week end visitor here.

Mrs. Joseph Hicks spent several days the past week at Effingham, Ill., visiting relatives.

Paul Beland of Matteson was a Sunday visitor with home folks here.

R. Colard has recovered from his recent sick spell.

Ruby Monty who has been confined to her home on account of an injury to her side is getting along nicely.
James Williams of Harvey was a week end visitor here.
Mrs. Fred Molsinger and children are on an extended visit with relatives in Southern Illinois.
Carl Jones and F. Canon of Gilman were Sunday visitors here.
Mrs. L. D. Ulom has moved to South Wabash Ave.

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by ETHEL HUESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W.C. TANNER

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Will we?" And Carol added, "Will you kiss Prudence, good night for us, and tell her we kept praying all the time? Prudence is such a great hand for praying, you know."

Fairy promised, and the twins crept upstairs. It was dark in their room. "We'll undress in the dark so as not to awake poor little Connie," whispered Lark. "It's nice she can sleep like that, isn't it?"

And the twins went to bed, and fell asleep after a while, never dreaming that Connie, in her corner of the room, was already safe and happy in the oblivion of slumber.

But poor Connie! She had not wakened when Fairy closed the dungeon door. It was long afterward when she sat up and began rubbing her eyes. She did not know where she was. Then she remembered! She wondered if Prudence—She scrambled to her feet, and trotted to the door. The door was locked; she could not turn the knob. At first she thought of screaming and pounding on the door.

"But that will arouse Prudence, and frighten her, and maybe kill her," she thought wretchedly. "I'll just keep still until someone passes."

But no one passed for a long time, and Connie stretched her aching body, and sobbed, worrying about Prudence, fearful on her own account, and having no idea of the time. She supposed it was still early. And the parsonage was deathly quiet. Maybe Prudence had died! Connie writhed in agony on the hard floor, and sobbed bitterly. Still she would not risk pounding on the dungeon door.

Upstairs, in the front room, Prudence was wrestling with fever. Higher and higher it rose, until the doctors looked very anxious. They held a brief consultation in the corner of the room. Then they beckoned to Mr. Starr.

"Has Prudence been worrying about something this winter?"

"Yes, she has."

"It is that young man, isn't it?" inquired the family doctor, a Methodist member.

"Yes."

"Can you bring him here?"

"Yes—as soon as he can get here from Des Moines."

"You'd better do it. She has worn herself down nearly to the point of prostration. We think we can break this fever without serious consequences, but get the young man as soon as possible. She cannot relax and rest until she gets relief."

So he went downstairs and over the telephone dictated a short message to Jerry: "Please come—Prudence."

When he entered the front bedroom again, Prudence was muttering unintelligible words under her breath. He knelt down beside the bed and put his arms around her. She clung to him with sudden passion.

"Jerry! Jerry!" she cried. Her father caressed and petted her, but did not speak.

"Oh, I can't," she cried again. "I can't, Jerry, I can't!" Again her voice fell to low mumbling. "Yes, go. Go at once. I promised you, you know. I haven't saved any mother—I promised, Jerry! Jerry!" Then, panting, she fell back on the pillows.

But Mr. Starr smiled gently to himself. So that was the answer! Oh, foolish little Prudence! Oh, sweet-hearted little merry girl!

Hours later the fever broke and Prudence drifted into a deep sleep. Then the doctors went downstairs with Mr. Starr, talking in quiet, ordinary tones.

"Oh, she is all right now, no danger at all. She'll do fine. Let her sleep. Send Fairy to bed, too. Keep Prudence quiet a few days—that's all. She's all right!"

They did not hear the timid knock at the dungeon door. But after they had gone out, Mr. Starr locked the door behind them, and started back through the hall to see if the kitchen doors were locked. He instinctively heard a soft tapping, and he smiled. "Mice!" he thought. Then he heard something else—a faintly whispered, "Father!"

With a sharp exclamation, he unlocked and opened the dungeon door, and Connie fell into his arms, sobbing piteously. And he did the only wise thing to do under the circumstances. He sat down on the hall floor and cuddled the child against his breast. He talked to her soothingly until the sobs quieted, and her voice was under control.

"Now, tell father," he urged, "how did you get in the dungeon? The twins—"

"Oh, no, father, of course not; the twins wouldn't do such a thing as that. I went into the dungeon to pray that Prudence would get well. And I prayed myself to sleep. When I woke up the door was locked."

"But you precious child," he whispered, "why didn't you call out, or pound on the door?"

"I was afraid it would excite Prudence and make her worse," she answered sadly. And her father's kiss was un-

wondered tender as he carried her upstairs to bed.

Prudence slept late the next morning, and when she opened her eyes her father was sitting beside her.

"All right this morning, father," she said, smiling. "Are the girls at school?"

"No, this is Saturday."

"Oh, of course. Well, bring them up, I want to see them."

Just then the distant whistle of a locomotive sounded through the open window, but she did not notice her father's sudden start. She nodded up at him again and repeated, "I want to see my girls."

Her father sent them up to her at once, and they stood at the foot of the bed with sorry faces, and smiled at her.

"Say something," whispered Carol, licking Lark suggestively on the foot. But Lark was dumb. It was Carol who broke the silence.

"Oh, Prudence, do you suppose the doctors will let me come in and watch them bandage your head? I want to begin practicing up, so as to be ready for the next war."

Then they laughed, and the girls realized that Prudence was really alive and quite as always. They told her of Connie's sad experience, and Prudence comforted her sweetly.

"It just proves all over again," she declared, smiling, but with a sigh close following, "that you can't get along without me to look after you. Would I ever go to bed without making sure that Connie was safe and sound?"

Downstairs, meanwhile, Mr. Starr was plotting with Fairy, a willing assistant.

"He'll surely be in on this train, and you must keep him down here until I get through with Prudence. I want to tell her a few things before she sees him. Bring him in quietly, and don't

let him speak loudly. I do not want her to know we had her for so long minutes. Explain it to the girls, will you?"

After sending the younger girls downstairs again, he closed the door of Prudence's room, and sat down beside her.

"Prudence, I can't tell you how bitterly disappointed I am in you."

"Father!"

"Yes, I thought you loved us—the girls and me. It never occurred to me that you considered us a bunch of selfish, heartless, ungrateful animals!"

"Father!"

"Is that your idea of love? Is that—"

"Oh, father!"

"It really did hurt me, Prudence. My dear little girl, how could you send Jerry away, breaking your heart and his, and ours, too—just because you thought us such a selfish lot that you would begrudge you any happiness of your own? Don't you think our love for you is big enough to make us happy in seeing you happy? You used to say you would never marry. We did not expect you to marry, then. But we knew the time would come when marriage would seem beautiful and desirable to you. We were waiting for that time. We were hoping for it. We were happy when you loved Jerry, because we knew he was good and kind and loving, and that he could give you all the beautiful things of life—that I can never give my children. But you thought we were too selfish to let you go, and you sent him away."

"But father! Who would raise the girls? Who would look after you?"

"Aunt Grace, to be sure. We talked it over two years ago, when her husband died. Before that, she was not free to come to us. But she said then

that whenever we were ready for her she would come. We both felt that since you were getting along so magnificently with the girls, it was better that way for a while. But she said that when your fitting time came, she would come to us gladly. We had it all arranged. You won't want to marry for a year or so, yet. You'd want to have some happy sweetest days first. And you'll want to make a lot of those prettiest, useless, momentary things other girls make when they marry. That's why I advised you to save your burgh money, so you would have it for this. We'll have Aunt Grace come right away, so you can take a little freedom to be happy, and to make your plans. And you can inhale Aunt Grace into the mysteries of parsonage housekeeping."

A bright, strange light had flashed over Prudence's face. But her eyes clouded a little as she asked, "Do you think they would rather have Aunt Grace than me?"

"Of course not. But what has that to do with it? We love you so dearly we can only be happy when you are happy. We love you so dearly that we can be happy with you away from us, just knowing that you are happy. But you—you thought our love was such a hideous, selfish, little make-believe that—"

"Oh, father, I didn't! You know I didn't!—But—maybe Jerry won't forgive me now?"

"Why didn't you talk it over with me, Prudence?"

"I know you too well, father. I knew it would be useless. But—doesn't it seem wrong, father, that a girl—that I—should love Jerry more than—you and the girls? That he should come first? Doesn't it seem—wicked?"

"No, Prudence, it is not wicked. After all, perhaps it is not a stronger and deeper love. You were willing to sacrifice him and yourself, for our sakes! But it is a different love. It is the love of woman for man, that is very different from sister love and father love. And it is right. And it is beautiful."

"I am sure Jerry will forgive me. Maybe if you will send me a paper and pencil, I can write him a note now? There's no use waiting, is there? Fairy will bring it, I am sure."

But when a few minutes later, she heard a step in the hall outside, she hid her arm across her face. Someone was waiting for her. The joyful and love shining in her eyes should be kept hidden until Jerry was there to see. She heard the door open, and close again.

"Put them on the table, Fairy dearest, and leave me for a little while, will you? Thank you." And her face was still hidden.

Then the table by the bedside was swiftly drawn away, and Jerry knelt beside her, and drew the arm from her face.

"Jerry!" she whispered, half unbelievably. Then joyously, "Oh, Jerry!" She gazed anxiously into his face.

"Have you been sick? How thin you are, and so pale! Jerry Harner, you need me to take care of you, don't you?"

But Jerry did not speak. He looked earnest and steady into the joyful eyes for a moment, and then he pressed his face to hers.

THE END.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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THE END.

LIVED UNDER SIX SOVEREIGNS

Aged Resident of New Brunswick Assured Long Life to His Activity and Early Retiring.

After posing for his picture on his one hundredth and fifth birthday anniversary, Levi W. Richardson, said to be the oldest man in New Brunswick, died before he had fairly started his one hundredth and sixth year. He had been ill for only about ten days.

Mr. Richardson ascribed his long life and remarkable preservation of his faculties to going to bed early and being active.

He had followed the operations of the war with the most careful attention, and his only ambition for the last year, says the Mutual Star, had been to live long enough to see Great Britain and its allies successful, for he had lived under six sovereigns and had watched with interest the expansion of the empire.

More than 50 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren survive him.

Didn't Get the Umbrella.

One of Chaucery Mitchell Depew's best stories is the story of the spotted dog which, as a boy, he bought from a local dog dealer. "The next morning it was raining," he says, "and I took the dog out into the woods, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off. I trotted the dog back to the dealer.

"Look at this animal! I said. 'The spots have all washed off.'

"Great guns, boy," he replied, 'there was an umbrella that went with that dog. Didn't you get the umbrella?'

Proof Positive.

"You can't fish here," said the farmer to an angler who was gloomily making his preparations to quit the post. "Don't you see that sign, 'No Trespassing?'"

"Oh, yes. I see the sign," replied the fisherman, "but I wasn't convinced that I couldn't fish here until I had waited nearly seven hours without getting a nibble."

Where the Paint Was.

Regular Customer who has just entered restaurant—"Strong steel of paint here, William." Waiter (coughing apologetically and indicating young woman about to leave table)—"Yes, sir; soon pass off, sir; they're just going."—Lipton Punch.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

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Then the table by the bedside was swiftly drawn away, and Jerry knelt beside her, and drew the arm from her face.

"Jerry!" she whispered, half unbelievably. Then joyously, "Oh, Jerry!" She gazed anxiously into his face.

"Have you been sick? How thin you are, and so pale! Jerry Harner, you need me to take care of you, don't you?"

But Jerry did not speak. He looked earnest and steady into the joyful eyes for a moment, and then he pressed his face to hers.

THE END.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

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THE END.

Fads and Fancies of Fashion



New Ideas in Graduation Frocks

If it were not for net, crepe georgette might be said to hold first place in the esteem of fashion for mid-summer dress frocks, and if it were not for crepe georgette, we would certainly concede that distinction to net. As it is they flourish with equal success and appear side by side in the most enchanting dresses.

But when it comes to choosing materials for graduation frocks there is nothing quite so well liked as net. It is sprightly and youthful looking and dresses made of it are planned to visualize the young summer. Plain, finished nets are exactly suited to the youth of those who are just about to bid farewell to school days. In spite of the lovely, interminable procession of white-clad maids that have passed along this same path, some new touches have been found to distinguish the dresses of this year's graduates. Little, inconspicuous accessories and novel decorations make them interesting and the daintiness and refinement of net and organdie make them beautiful.

The net frock shown in the picture will set off a youthful figure. It is simple enough with a plain, moderately full skirt and wide hem. Fine organdie ruching is set on the skirt in medallions and about the collar and sleeves. The bodice is very simple with square neck and a collar that simulates a fichu at the front. It ends under a girle of taffeta edged with narrow ribbon. Narrow ribbons are placed over the shoulders and they pass under the girle, at the front and back, and fall below the waistline to about half the length of the skirt. They are finished with little pink rosebuds near the ends. Also, there are tiny pink roses at the neck.

The ribbons and the girle may be in white, but in the dress, as pictured, they are in blue.

These simple net dresses are worn over slips of white or colored organdie. Lace and crochet balls, small tucks and embroidery appear in their decoration and the fashion of the hour favors light pink and blue combined in girles and ribbons worn with them.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as the present-day cosmetic strength is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Freckles are made of white—melanin—strength—from your druggist, and apply a little. It will be gone in a few days. Freckles soon see that even the worst freckles have been to disappear. Freckles are made of white—melanin—strength—from your druggist, and apply a little. It will be gone in a few days. Freckles soon see that even the worst freckles have been to disappear. Freckles are made of white—melanin—strength—from your druggist, and apply a little. It will be gone in a few days. Freckles soon see that even the worst freckles have been to disappear.

Blue Blood.

Bushrod was establishing a pigeon coop of his own, emulating his neighbor, Bill Hite. In arranging the financial promotion of this venture, he went to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I want a dollar to buy a pigeon."

Mother thought a dollar a rather high price for a pigeon, with common birds averaging ten cents.

"But, mother," Bushrod said, earnestly, "you don't understand. This is a pedigreed pigeon. With his pedigree it's cheap at a dollar."

Bushrod finally wheedled his mother out of the dollar and left to buy his blooded bird. He returned with the pigeon and a scrap of crumpled paper in his pocket.

"Mother," he said, "this is the pedigree."

On the crumpled scrap of paper was written:

"Grandfather, unknown. Grandmother, unknown. Father, unknown. Mother, Bill Hite's pigeon."

COVETED 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 Croche" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00—Adv.

Received His Appearance.

"Kind sir," began the chap with the long, flowing hair, the heavy-rimmed spectacles and the far-away, dreamy look in his face, "I vain would obtain a license."

"And what sort of a license do you require?" asked the Sheriff Alce clerk.

"A license, sir, to marry, to wed, to be joined in connubial ties forever."

"Oh, I can't do that for you're human," by gosh, I thought it was a poetic license you were going to want."

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scall, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-curements tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

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

Taking Antifat.

She was precocious beyond what would be expected from one just past five summers. She lived in a family where one of the members had been taking "flesh reducer."

A boy, wearing a castoff hat several numbers too large, which had been puckered to make it fit, was passing along the street. She called out, shrilly:

"Oh, mamma, Johnny has been taking antifat. He had to tighten his hat band."—Indianapolis News.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter: wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezeone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrives up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezeone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezeone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Immaculate.

She—"Mr. Toppington is a most immaculate man." He—"Yes, there isn't anything on his mind even."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Croche" Hair Dressing, and detangle in the natural way, those ugly, grisly hairs. Price, \$1.00—Adv.

Love often makes a fool of a sensible man, and sometimes it makes a sensible man of a fool.

At best a wise man can only bring in a minority report.

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Stinging, No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy is Sold by The Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Julius Stettin



KAZAN SAVES THE LIFE OF HIS MISTRESS AND THEN DECIDES TO BID HER FAREWELL FOREVER

Kazan is a huge and vicious Alaskan sled dog, one-quarter gray wolf. He saves his master's life and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Later, after Thorpe and his wife had gone into their tent, it began to snow, and the effect of the snow upon McCready puzzled Kazan. The man was restless, and he drank frequently from the flask that he had used the night before.

In half a dozen bounds Kazan made the tent and rushed under the flap. With a snarl he was at McCready's throat. The first snap of his powerful jaws was death, but he did not know that. He knew only that his mistress was there, and that he was fighting for her.

The dog's mistress was calling to him now. She was pulling his shaggy neck. But he would not loose his hold—not for a long time. When he did, his mistress looked down once upon the man and covered her face with her hands. Then she sank down upon the snow, and she was very still. Her face and hands were cold, and Kazan muzzled them tenderly.

A long time passed, and then she moved. Her eyes opened. Her hand touched him. Then he heard a step outside. There was no answer. He called to Thorpe breathing. He drew the flap aside a little, and raised his voice.

Still there was no movement inside, and he snarled the flap straps, and thrust his lantern. The light flashed on Isobel's golden head, and McCready stared at it, his eyes burning like red coals, until he saw that Thorpe was awakening. Quickly he dropped the flap and nestled it to his lips.

"Hello, Thorpe—Thorpe!" he called. "Hello, McCready—is that you?" McCready drew the flap back a little, and spoke in a low voice.

"Yes. Can you come out a minute? Something's happening out in the woods. Don't wake up your wife!" He drew back and waited. A minute later Thorpe came quietly out in the tent. McCready pointed into the thick spruce.

"I'll swear there's someone nesting around the camp," he said. "I'm certain that I saw a man out there a few minutes ago, when I went for a log. Here—you take the lantern! If I wasn't a clean fool, I'd find a trail in the snow."

He gave Thorpe the lantern and picked up the heavy club. A grove rose in Kazan's throat, but he moved on. He wanted to snarl forth his warning, to leap at the end of his leash, but he knew that if he did that, they would return and beat him. So he lay still, trembling and shivering, and waiting until they were gone.

McCready's face was terrible now. It was like a beast's. He was hatless. Kazan snarled deeper in his shadow at the low horrible laugh that fell from his lips—for the man still held the club. In a moment he dropped that, and approached the tent. He drew back the flap and peered in. Thorpe's wife was sleeping, and as quietly as a cat he entered and hung the lantern on a nail in the tent-pole. His wife did not awake in a moment, and a few moments he stood there, staring—staring.

Kazan watched McCready as he entered, and suddenly the dog was on his feet, his back tense and bristling, his limbs rigid. He saw McCready's huge shadow on the canvas, and a moment later there came a strange piercing cry. In the wild terror of that cry he recognized her voice—and he leaped toward the tent. The leash stopped him, choking the snarl in his throat. He saw the shadows struggling now, and there came cry after cry. She was calling to his master, and with his master's name she was calling him!

"Kazan—Kazan— He leaped again, and was thrown up-

ward that ledge, hidden in the darkness of the tree, was the body of the man he had killed, covered with a blanket. Thorpe, his master, had dragged it there.

He lay down, with his nose to the warm coals and his eyes leveled between his forepaws, straight at the closed tent-flap. He meant to keep awake, to watch, to be ready to sink off into the forest at the first movement there. But a warmth was rising from out of the gray ash of the fire-bed, and his eyes closed. Twice—three times—he fought himself back into watchfulness; but the last time his eyes came only half open, and closed heavily again.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped the fastenings of steel—and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine as stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not escape—

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and paused, flat and hidden, with only his head showing from behind a tree. He knew that his master would not spare him. Three times Thorpe had beaten him for snapping at McCready. The last time he would have shot him if the girl had not saved him. And now he had torn McCready's throat. He had taken the life from him, and his master would not spare him. Even the woman could not save him.

Kazan was sorry that his master had returned, dazed and bleeding, after he had torn McCready's jugular. Then he would have had her always. She would have loved him. She did love him, and he would have followed her, and fought for her always, and died for her when the time came. But Thorpe had come in from the forest again, and Kazan had snarled away quickly—for Thorpe meant to him what all men meant to him now: the club, the whip and the strange things that spit fire and death. And now—

Thorpe had come out from the tent. It was approaching dawn, and in his hand he held a rifle. A moment later the girl came out, and her hand caught the man's arm. They looked toward



It Was Kazan's Farewell to the Woman.

the thing covered by the blanket. There she spoke to Thorpe and he suddenly straightened and threw back his head.

"H-o-o-o-o—Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!" he called.

A shiver ran through Kazan. The man was trying to frighten him back. He had in his hand the thing that killed.

"Kazan—Kazan—Ka-a-a-a-a-a!" he shouted again.

Kazan sneaked cautiously back from the tree. He knew that distance meant nothing to the cold thing that he had in his hand the thing that killed.

He turned his head east, and whined softly, and for an instant a great longing filled his reddened eyes as he saw the face of the girl.

He knew now that he was leaving her forever, and there was an ache in his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club or whip, of cold or hunger, but which filled him with a desire to throw back his head and cry out his loneliness to the gray emptiness of the sky.

Back in the camp the girl's voice quivered. "He is gone."

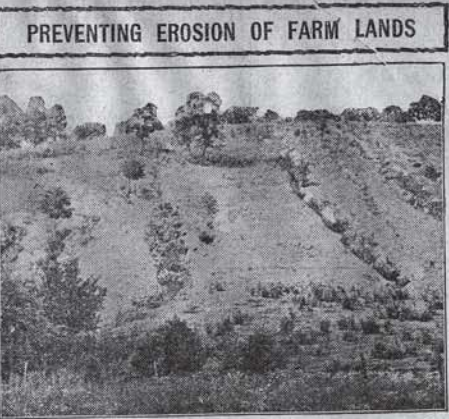
"The man's strong voice choked a little. "Yes, he is gone. He knew—and I didn't. I'd give—a year of my life—if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and last night. He won't come back."

Isobel's Thorpe's hand tightened on his arm. "He will!" she cried. "He won't leave me. He loved me, if he was savage and terrible. And he knows that I love him. He'll come back—"

From deep in the forest there came a long wailing howl, filled with a plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

Kazan's real life story begins with the next installment. Just as the good and bad in man are constantly in conflict, so the dog and wolf strains are constantly in conflict in Kazan.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



STEEP SLOPE CLEARED, NOW ERODING BADLY.

that will run off for the various types and conditions of soils. For instance, the difference in the rates of percolation for clay and sandy soils is very marked, the latter permitting a much higher rate than the former.

Figure 1 represents a cross section of two adjoining broad-base, level-ridge terraces, with the various dimensions designated by letter. The vertical height of the terrace above the point c is represented by h; w is the width of the base of the terrace, d the horizontal distance, and v the vertical distance between terraces. These elements were obtained from surveys of eight fields representing the best practice in the use of this form of terrace.

From observation of field conditions, and a study of the data secured, it is believed that a broad-base, level-ridge terrace should be not less than 1 1/2 feet high and at least 10 feet broad at the base. Methods of plowing and cultivation should be adopted which will tend to increase the base width from year to year and thus virtually transform the whole field into a series of terraces.

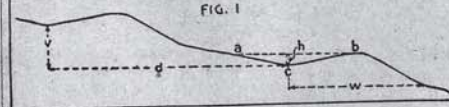
Since the stability of a broad-base level-ridge terrace with closed ends depends upon its ability to retain the surface run-off water due to rainfall over the area between it and the next terrace above, it is apparent that the reservoir capacity above the terrace must be sufficient to store this water. This principle is based on the design of a system of broad-base, level-ridge terraces.

From a general study of the rainfall records for the United States it is found that rainfalls exceeding 8 inches per 48 hours do not occur frequently in a given locality, and it is believed that provision for 8 inches of rainfall in the design of a system of terraces would give satisfactory results.

To determine the proper vertical spacing for a system of terraces for any particular field it is necessary to know the average slope of the land surface and the approximate percentage of the rainfall that will percolate into the soil. The former can be measured readily by some form of leveling instrument and the latter can be ascertained by a knowledge of the physical character, the bed content, and the permeability of the soil.

The susceptibility of the subsoil to the percolation of water also is an important factor to be considered in estimating the run-off.

It is by no means an easy matter to estimate the percentage of rainfall



CROSS SECTION OF LEVEL-RIDGE TERRACES.

THINGS TO DO NOW TO ASSIST WIN WAR

Every Man, Woman and Child, Should Help Meet Situation. By Working in Garden.

The world's food supply is short. The outlook for this year's crop is bad. To remedy these conditions in order to feed the armies and the peoples engaged in a war to win for the world's permanent peace and for all nations perfect freedom, everyone must do his part.

The limiting factor in the production of foodstuffs right now is labor. Every man, woman, and child should do his part in the situation by working in a garden or on a farm or by preserving the products of garden, orchard and farm.

Advertisement for ABSORBINE shoe polish, claiming to cure blisters and soothe feet.

Advertisement for DAISY FLY KILLER, a product for killing flies and other insects.

Advertisement for ECZEMA treatment, featuring a cartoon character and a testimonial.

That Explained It. "Here, you!" called the lord and master of the household to the maid of all work. "What's this your mistress tells me about all the cream missing again?"

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. It's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

IS MOST USEFUL LIGHTHOUSE Beacon, Known to Mariners as "the Eddystone," is Located on the Southern Tip of England.

Perhaps the most famous lighthouse in the world, certainly the most useful, it has beaconed off the southern tip of England familiarly and affectionately known to the mariners of the seven seas as "the Eddystone."

The Eddystone is the pattern after which most modern lighthouses are built. It was the first of the type that is now widely accepted for solid stone construction. The present light is the fourth to crown the dangerous rocks.

The Eddystone reef was always one of the most dangerous in the world. The name itself is derived from the way the water boils and eddies around the sunken rocks. Centuries ago the need of a light was widely recognized but the problem of construction was too much for the engineers of the day.

He who saves, finds. A Wise Move is to change from coffee to POSTUM before the harm is done. "There's a Reason"



POSTUM before the harm is done. "There's a Reason" This advertisement promotes POSTUM as a healthy alternative to coffee, highlighting its benefits for digestion and overall health.

MINERAL ELEMENTS FOR COW

Most Dependable Source is Leguminous Roughage, Such as Clover and Alfalfa Hay. Probably the most dependable source of the mineral elements for cows is leguminous roughage, such as clover and alfalfa. By a liberal use of these feeds, the shortage of minerals which accompanies high milk production can be overcome, and mineral equilibrium within the body of the cow can be properly maintained.

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

Curious System of Tubes That Run the Length of Their Bodies.

Landlubber animals have lungs and sea creatures have gills. But insects have neither one nor the other. They have a complex system of tubes running throughout the whole length of the body, by means of which air is conveyed to every part of the system. As they are destined to contain nothing but air, they are strongly supported to guard against collapse from pressure.

This support is furnished by means of a fine thread running spirally within the walls of the tube, much in the same way that a garden hose is protected with wire. There are generally two of these tubes which run the whole length of the insects body.

Many flies, as larvae, live in the water. Arranged along each side of their bodies is a series of exceedingly thin plates, into each of which run a series of blood vessels. These plates act and absorb the oxygen contained in the water. The fall ends in the featherlike projections. By means of these the larva causes currents of water to flow over the gills and thus their efficiency is increased.

The gnat also lives in the water as a larva. But it has no gills. Therefore it cannot breathe the oxygen in the water but must breathe air. This is done by means of a spicade situated at the tip of its tail. Indeed, the tail is prolonged into a little tube. The larva floats along head downward in the water with this tube just above the surface to enable it to breathe. After some time it is provided with two little tubes which act in the same manner.

Milling Flour.

The process that the kernels of wheat go through in being turned into flour is often so complex and intricate that a writer in the Mothers Magazine, has counted 70 different streams into which a single kernel of wheat is separated on its way to the flour bag. Delicate air currents sift out elements of the flour, which is separated from the kernel by a long and slow process because that is the best for the flour than if the grain were hulled by a single action. From the cleaning of the wheat kernels to the final packing in bags the flour travels a mile in some modern mills.

The kernels are washed first, 20 gallons of water being used to every bushel of wheat. Then drying cylinders give the kernels a bath of hot and cold air to restore them to their normal condition and pass them to the scourers that send out polished clean grains to the stock bins. Here the wheat is tempered for several hours before being sent to the grinding bins.

The grinding room described is all pure white from the tiled floors, walls, and ceilings to the belts on the machines, which are themselves, however, painted a dull red. The grains, gradually crushed, and sent again and again to a separator that sifts out the broken mixture, according to the size of the particles which are then run over long reaches of silk bolting cloth. The bran is blown off and the flour particles are bolted through. This is where the 70 processes come in, for the flour goes back again and again through the grinders, separators and the bolting process. Even before the wheat is ground there are 12 processes in cleaning it. The machines are at work in room after room where not a workman is seen. The long belting is covered over and to the last the wheat or flour is not touched by human hand, but emerges through a chute that fills bags of flour. One milling company pays \$25,000 a year to get special sacks to protect its flour.

Photography in Small Offices.

A camera and a few sheets of black carbon paper can be made to do wonders in the small newspaper office. Often when the cost of a half tone would be prohibitive and the results from it not of the best, a simple outline drawing traced from a photograph and reproduced in a smaller size etching will give excellent results and fill the bill exactly.

Try this experiment; lay out half a dozen goods ads. for merchants who do not use space at all or who could profitably use more space; illustrate each of these layouts with a strong, pertinent line drawing, traced from a photograph, giving it if possible local interest; then show the whole layout up in attractive shape and place it before the prospective customer. Often the drawing of a well selected subject will do the business when nothing else will and a zinc etching from that drawing is inexpensive and easily obtained.

There are many other ways you will find, in which a camera will make itself useful in the small newspaper office, and since a good instrument can now be had at a very small cost, every newspaper office should have one. In one way and another it will be found quite a valuable addition to the office equipment as well as a source of satisfaction to its owner.

Signs of Summery Rains.

The following natural weather signs are given in an old book: The croaking of frogs in the evening indicates fine weather. If frogs croak more than usual, it foreshadows that their holes in the evening are great numbers, if the earthworms come out of the earth, if the moths crawl up more early than usual, if the cows look toward the heavens and turn up their nostrils as if catching some smell, if the oxen lick their fore feet, if the dogs lie on their right sides—all these are signs which announce rain.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

H. H. Baker, mayor.
Edward F. McCoy, clerk.
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
T. B. McCoy, collector
T. J. Fahy, marshal
Jos. Supremant, night police
F. J. Lambert, E. A. Bade James McCue, Adolph Bock, C. I. Magruder, and Geo. Bertrand, trustees.

Board of Education

Meets every first Friday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. E. J. Stetler, Pres., C. W. Reincke, 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, every Friday night.

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

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill. Modern Woodman Camp 1721 meets 1st and 3rd Monday of each month at Woodman Hall.

St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of Forerrestors. 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 CHARLES BOIS, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

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

WEDNESDAY Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon. Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

REV. IVER JAMES, 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, 8 p. m.

REV. WM. A. GRANER, Pastor.

U. B. Church, Bradley.

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

REV. JOHN COOD, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

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

C. T. Morrel, E. J. Lannar, George Arsenault, Oscar Byron, E. A. Marcotte and A. F. Marcotte, trustees.

Meets every second Monday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I. O. O. F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodman Hall First Sun day of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall Second Sun day of each month.

Children of Mary Society.

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

Sanol Eczema Prescription is a famous old remedy for all forms of Eczema and skin diseases. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. Get a 35c large trial bottle at the drug store. 6 18

Try a Bottle of our

Bulgarian BUTTER-MILK

Kankakee Pure Milk Co.

Both Phones 45

DO IT NOW

BUY A LIBERTY BOND

Easy Payments

Ask Your Banker or Postmaster

Do Your Shoes Need Repairing?

SEE

G. ZULLO

517 E. Court St.

Corner Harrison Ave.

HONEST WORK

HONEST PRICES

MARTIN & SON

Coal and Transfer

Moving A Specialty

Act Now:

Buy a Liberty Bond TODAY

DR. E. G. WILSON

Physician and Surgeon

Kankakee, Illinois

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladders. A trial 35c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at the drug store. 6-18.

Executor's Notice

Estate of Louis Miller deceased The undersigned, having been appointed Executor of the last Will and Testament of Louis Miller 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, at the August term, on the first Monday in August 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 this 25th day of May A. D. 1917.

L. H. BECHERER Executor.

19-3t ALEX J. POWELL Atty.

Tornado Insurance

When a tornado destroys your property, who will pay for the loss of the property, you or the insurance company. Don't you believe that the insurance company is better able to stand the loss.

Better see us for tornado insurance today.

HERMAN WORMAN Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

DICK & HERTZ

UNDERTAKERS

380 East Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

FOR REAL ESTATE

see

STULL and MAGRUDER

The Land Men

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.

DO IT NOW

Buy Paints, Wall Papers

L. A. BERTRAND & SONS
Modern Decorators

251 S. Schuyler Avenue

KANKAKEE, ILL.

ESTABLISHED 1876

280 Court Street

C. J. LINDEN,
Jeweler and Optician

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Optical Goods.

Repairing a Speciality KANKAKEE, ILL.

KODAK AGENCY

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

We do Developing

E. BETOURNE

Next to 5 & 10c Store.

122 Court St.

Shock Absorbers

Men's Black Elk Outing Bals, Goodrich Flexible Soles, Rubber Heels, A light work Shoe for tender feet. PRICE - - \$3.00

We sell Shoe Soles and Sole Leather Strips for Shoe Repairing.

At the Shoe and Harness Store

John Umbach & Son

139 East Court Street

Chas. Tolson & Son

Cleaners and Dyers

RUGS CLEANED

IND. TEL. NO. 692

BELL TEL. NO. 332

ESTABLISHED 1886

379 South Schuyler Ave.

Kankakee,

Illinois

Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID

DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

High Class Dentistry

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

Located over

Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

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

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184

IN RURAL COURTS.

A Mild-Mannered Missouri Judge Who Issued an Edict Against Shooting.

Decorum in the record courts of rural Missouri is as varied as the weather in spring time. What may be a matter of perfect propriety under one judge may be a flagrant act of contempt under another. For instance, Judge N. M. Shelton of the 2d district held a special term recently for a judge in a neighboring district. Just before opening court he noticed a lot of men with their hats on sitting around the bar, close to the desk. The judge whispered to the sheriff, who communicated to the hat wearers. Every hat came off with astonishing rapidity. One of the offenders told the judge he knew it was wrong to wear his hat in church, but that he had never heard the question raised in a courtroom before, and he was a frequent court attendant in his district.

A judge who was a great smoker and who tolerated pipes, cigars and cigarettes by anybody while court was in session on one occasion presided over another district where the home judge held smoking in the court-room as a cardinal sin. The smoking judge, however, found congenial spirits in the jury and lawyers, and as to himself he held the fort that court-room looked like a foggy day in winter time. A local paper, whose editor did not smoke, severely arraigned the visiting judge for "outraging the proprieties" and allowing men to smoke in the presence of women witnesses and spectators. But the 24 jurymen stood by the judge, and before he departed for his home circuit they presented to him a box of Havana cigars. A representative made a grateful speech on behalf of himself and his "liberty-loving patriots."

Judge B., of one of the free-and-easy balliwicks of northern Missouri, was called to hold court for a broker and jurist down in one of the counties close to St. Louis. From somewhere Judge B. had gathered the idea that the man whose shoes he was to temporarily fill was a regular martinet on etiquette. That things had to proceed with the solemnity of a funeral, or somebody would get into trouble. It was dreadfully hot but Judge B. wouldn't remove his coat for fear of offending traditions. The lawyers sweated in theirs so as not to exhibit lack of respect to Judge B. After two days of misery, with a steadily climbing thermometer, Judge B. came down, with a fierce glitter in his eye. He called the bar around him and said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to take off my coat, and I don't give a darn what you think about it. If any man cares to follow the court's example I'll do credit to his good sense; but if he wants to keep his coat on there's no law against him being a martyr."

The court had hardly finished when every coat was hanging on a book, and a wave of relief swept over the room. Judge Tom Howland was said to be one of the mildest men freighted with judicial responsibilities in Missouri. He tried to make it easy for everybody and let things run as best suited the public. But once he was compelled to issue a stern edict, albeit with marked reluctance. The court-room was crowded with people from a country district. A tall, dark girl was the prosecuting witness, and she was not hiding her grievance.

Her former sweetheart, a young farmer, was on the stand stating his side of the case. The black eyes of the tall maiden swayed visibly as he made certain statements, and suddenly she whipped out a revolver from the folds of her dress and fired twice at the farmer boy in the witness chair. He dropped, he was apprehensive of something coming, for he dropped to the floor when the gun appeared and escaped. Lawyers, witnesses, everybody, ducked and tried to crawl under tables and benches. For a while things in Judge Rowland's court looked like a wild day on the stock exchange. Then the shooter was disarmed by her attorneys, the people crawled out from their hiding places and order reigned. Judge Rowland looked quietly over the crowd.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he said, "after this it will be against the rules to shoot at people in this court-room. Go on with the examination."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

LIGHT PENETRATES SKIN

Rays Often Pierce Tissues and Aids to Health.

When rays of light fall upon the skin of our bodies, which is translucent, the greater part of them are arrested, some by one layer of the skin, some by another, and still others are not stopped until they have penetrated the subcutaneous tissues.

This arrest of the light rays produces radiant heat, which has a higher penetrating power than convection heat as generated by a hot-water bag or poultice, for instance.

Prof. E. C. Titus, in an address, has stated that such heat penetrates two inches or more, while convection heat is excited principally on the surface. This is why electric light baths and sun baths are so stimulating to the organs of elimination, especially the skin and kidneys, and so beneficial in so many diseases.

The good Samaritan didn't wait to be introduced to the man who had fallen among thieves.

Prince Edward island has shipped about \$4,000 worth of blueberry pie stock to American caterers this season. The material is shipped in kegs.

NOSES IN JAPAN

The nose plays a very important part in Japan, owing, probably that a difference in noses constitutes a bout the only distinction between one Japanese and another. The nose is the only feature which attracts attention. As there are very few large noses to be found in Japan, a lady with a large nose is regarded as one specially gifted by nature. She is invariably a reigning beauty and the envy of her less favored sisters. In all Japanese pictures in which ladies are portrayed the artists are particularly careful to make the nose of liberal dimensions.

The Art of Handling Men

Sometimes we talk as if getting on the good side of people was rather a selfish operation. Unpopular young folks are very likely to turn up their noses and speak contemptuously of those who have the faculty of making a pleasant impression on strangers. But the art is not necessarily a selfish one, even though self interest urges us to master it. One must be rarely content indeed to make a success if he has not learned the primary art of understanding men and the ability to persuade them to look at things from his standpoint. But that is not all of it, by any means. A good example is more much of its force unless it is linked to an engaging personality. Good counsel is not likely to be taken, if offered by those we dislike. In order to help those about you, it is necessary that you should know some things of human nature and the causes which produce the effect you are after. To be a good physician, a good teacher, a good business man, or a successful philanthropist, you must be something of an adept in the art of handling men.

That Guinea Cry.

City folks visiting country neighbors where guinea fowls are kept have often wondered at the cry of those pretentious creatures. Probably no other member of the feathered tribes emits a cry as exasperating to human listeners as that of the guinea fowl. The average man rarely hears it without secretly longing to throttle the throat from which it came.

Yet it has its use. Guinea fowls are the policemen of the poultry yard. They serve as guards to give other fowl warning of the approach of danger, whether it be in the form of thieves, dogs, hawks or crows. The cry of the guinea is said to be terrifying to hawks and other predatory birds, and it has prevented many a raid upon tempting flocks of poultry. But the fact remains that it is an affront to the human ear.

The Rocking Chair Tourist

I am a rocking chair tourist. I'd rather read a good book on travel than to go myself. It doesn't take so much time, nor so much money, and if the truth be known, I haven't much of either. It is surprising what a lot of traveling one can do through books and not miss a single day at the office. So let us understand one another in the beginning. There are some who go and some who stay behind, but all are tourists whether the trip is made in a steamer chair or in the old side arm rocker. I can't begin to tell you how many times I've crossed the ocean in the old chair and never once have I been seasick. I have enjoyed home cooking en route, and altogether have had a mighty fine time of it.—National Magazine.

Diamond Saw

To provide a means for cutting very hard stone, a saw with diamond teeth has been constructed by a French firm. The stones are common crystals worth about \$2.50 a karat, and they are fixed in a steel disk over six feet in diameter, which is mounted on a spindle and revolved by electric power. There are 200 diamonds on the cutting edge, and the speed is 300 revolutions a minute. The saw does the work of cutting and dressing stone for ornamental building purposes at one tenth the cost of hand labor.

Be Honorable

"Honor is a respect and reverence for a high standard in character and conduct. It refuses to be swayed by low motives, and will not stoop to base deeds. In private dealings it is the embodiment of integrity, and in public duties it is patriotic. Honor is more than honesty by as much as generosity is more than justice. Be honorable. Let the young man have a high and fine sense of the rights and proprieties and possess something which is not for sale."

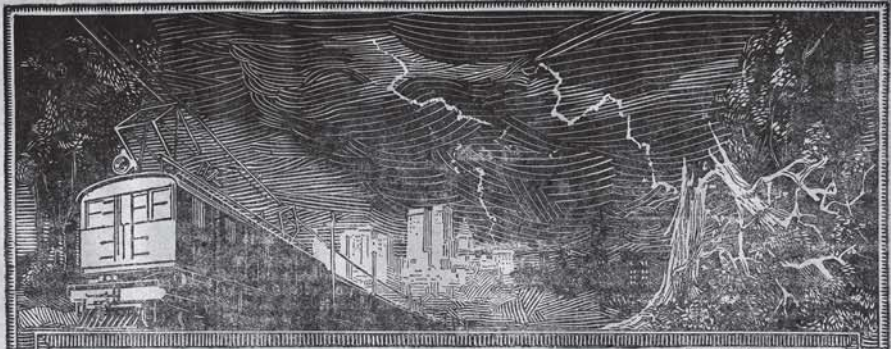
A Blessing

What blessing is of greater value than health? The one who has it is rich indeed and the one who does not possess it would be willing to give for it all the wealth at his command.

The duty of every one who has health is to do all that can be done to preserve it by careful attention to the laws which regulate the intricate machinery of the body. Health is an element necessary for the highest success in the spiritual life, as well as in temporal pursuits.

A Hard Test

The hardest test to which character can be put is to be misunderstood and misjudged. Hard work and sacrifice are nothing in comparison with having our motives questioned, our honesty verified, our actions misinterpreted and our words twisted into meanings we never thought of. One who altho misunderstood, keeps brave, hopeful and steadfast has established his claim to true heroism.



Electricity—the Friend of Man, and Also the Foe of Man

WHEN harnessed up by science it is one of Nature's most valuable gifts. When it is not under control, it often spells ruin. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good. We all know dyspepsia arises from immoderate eating, but it is also unhealthful to eat too little. Over-indulgence in anything is bad. Because of this we were given the heaven-born power of reasoning, in the not-too-much of anything.

Our sovereign brew BUDWEISER has for sixty years been a beverage of sane moderation. It has untold numbers of friends in every civilized land because of its Purity, Quality, Mildness and exclusive Saazer Hop Flavor. BUDWEISER sales exceed other beers by millions of bottles.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 141 acres

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Anheuser-Busch Branch Distributors Chicago, Ill.

Budweiser
Means Moderation



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DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Room 6 and 7
City National Bank Building
BELL PHONE 377

ERICH & CO.
Dealers in
Groceries, Provisions, Flour
Town Talk Flour is the Best. Try a Sack.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL 191 COURT ST. 19-20

IF A FIRE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOME TONIGHT

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

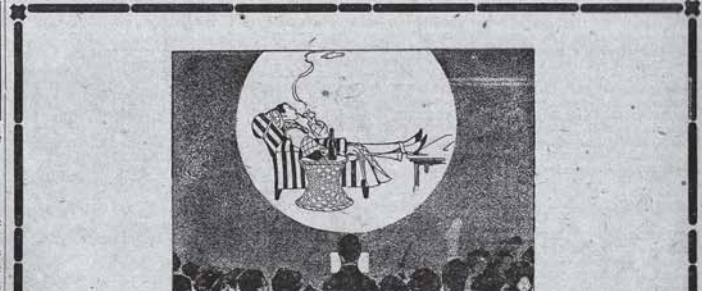
Herman Worman, Agent
Bell Phone 1805 and 1477.
Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley.

ALEX. J. POWELL
Attorney-at-Law
GENERAL LAW PRACTICE

Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.
At Justice Worman's Court, Bradley, Ill., Saturday mornings.

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

Help yourself by helping Uncle Sam. Buy a Liberty Bond.
G. A. Roland of Alberta, Canada, is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Fred Pombert.



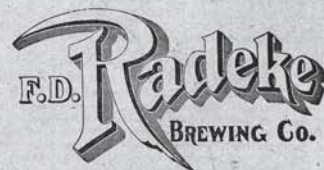
A Picture of Solid Comfort

A good sweet pipe and an easy chair; a breezy book and a bubbling bottle of "Radeke Beer". Then you are booked for a restful, refreshing hour before bedtime—an hour that relieves fatigue and assures a good night's sleep. Put yourself into such a picture tonight with a bottle of pure, wholesome satisfying

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



Chas. Spencer of North Schuyler Ave. who is working in Chicago has been laid up sick the past several weeks.

Van Wilson of Watseka, Ill., spent several days the past week at the home of James McCue and family.

Henry Paris has moved his family to their new home recently purchased on Cleveland Ave. Buy a Liberty Bond.

His Brother's Keeper

By JACK LONDON

(Copyright by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

A strange life has come to an end in the death of Mr. Sedley Crayden of Crayden Hill, Miss. harmless, he was the victim of a strange delusion that kept him night and day in his chair for the last two years of his life. The mysterious death, or rather disappearance, of his elder brother, James Crayden, seems to have preyed upon his mind, for it was shortly after that event that his delusion began to manifest itself.

Mr. Crayden never vouchsafed any explanation of his strange conduct. There was nothing the matter with him physically or mentally; the alienists found him normal in every way save for his one remarkable idiosyncrasy. His remaining in his chair was purely voluntary, an act of his own will. And now he is dead and the mystery remains unsolved.—Extract from the Newton Courier-Times.

"Briefly, it was Mr. Sedley Crayden's accidental servant, Jim, who for the last eight months of his life. During that time he worked a good deal on a manuscript that he kept always beside him, except when he drowsed or slept, at which times he invariably locked it in a desk drawer close to his hand.

It was curious to read what the old gentleman wrote, but he was too suspicious and cunning. I never got a peep at the manuscript, but I was intrigued upon it when I attended on him, he covered the top sheet with a large blotter. It was I who found him dead in his chair, and it was then that I took the liberty of abstracting the manuscript. I never returned to read it, and I have no excuses to offer.

After retaining it in my secret possession for several years, and later ascertaining that Mr. Crayden left no surviving relatives, I have decided to make the nature of the manuscript known. It is very long, and I have omitted nearly all of it, giving only the more lucid fragments. It bears all the earmarks of a disordered mind, and various experiences are repeated over and over, while the author is so vague and incoherent as to defy comprehension. Nevertheless, from reading it myself, I venture to predict that if an excavation is made in the main basement, somewhere in the city, there will be the foundation of the great chimney, a collection of bones will be found which should very closely resemble those which James Crayden once clothed in mortal flesh.—Statement of Rudolph Hecker.

Here follow the excerpts from the manuscript, made and arranged by Rudolph Hecker:

"I never killed my brother. Let this be my first word, and my last. Why should I kill him? We lived together in unbroken harmony for twenty years. We were old men, and the fires and tempers of youth had long since burned out. We never disagreed over the most trivial things. Never was there such amity as ours. We were scholars. We cared nothing for the outside world. Our companionship and our books were our all-satisfying. Never were there such talks as we held. Many a night we have sat up till two or three in the morning conversing, weighing opinions and judgments, referring to authorities—in short, we lived at high and friendly intellectual altitudes.

He disappeared. I suffered a great shock. Why should he have disappeared? Where could he have gone? It was very strange. I was stunned. They say I was very sick for weeks. It was brain fever. This was caused by his inexplicable disappearance. It was at the beginning of the experience I hope here to relate that he disappeared.

How I have endeavored to find him! I am not an excessively rich man, yet I have offered continually increasing rewards. I have advertised in all the papers, and sought the aid of all the detective bureaus. At the present moment the rewards I have out aggregated over fifty thousand dollars.

They say he was murdered. They also say murdered, and yet then I wonder why does not his murderer come out? Who did it? Where is he? Where is Jim? My Jim.

We were so happy together. He had a remarkable mind, and a very noble mind, so firmly founded, so widely informed, so rigidly logical, that it was not at all strange that we agreed in all things. Dissension was unknown between us. Jim was the most truthful man I have ever met. In this, too, we were similar, as was our interest in our intellectual honesty. We never sacrificed truth to make a point. We had no points to make, we so thoroughly agreed. It is about this that we could disagree on anything under the sun.

I wish he would come back. Why did he go? Who can ever explain to me an lonely word, and yet then I have forebodings—frightened by terrors that are of the mind and that put I caught all that that my mind has ever

conceived. Form is mutable. This is the last word of positive science. The dead do not come back. This is incontrovertible. The dead are dead, and that is the end of it, and of them. And yet I have had experiences here—here, in this very room, at this very desk, that—but wait. Let me put it down in black and white, in words simple and unmistakable. Let me ask you some questions. Who mislays my pen? That is what I desire to know. Who uses up my ink so rapidly? Not I. And yet the ink goes.

The answer to these questions would settle all the enigmas of the universe. I know the answer. I am not a fool. And some day, if I am plagued too desperately, I shall give the answer myself. I shall give the name of him who mislays my pen and uses up my ink. It is so silly to think that I could use such a quantity of ink. The servant lies, I know.

I have got me a fountain pen. I have always disliked the device, but my old stub had to go. I burned it in the fireplace. The ink I keep under lock and key. I shall see if I cannot put a spell to the fountain pen, so that it will not be used. And I have other plans. It is not true that I have recanted. I still believe that I live in a mechanical universe. It has not been proved otherwise to me, for all that I have peered about this thing. What is not real is not conscious statement to the contrary. He gives me credit for no less than average stupidity. He thinks I think he is real. How silly. I know he is a brain-drum, nothing more.

There are such things as hallucinations. Even as I looked over his shoulder and read, I knew that this was such a thing. If I were only well it would be interesting. All my life I have been a realist, and I have never believed in such things. Add now it has come to me. I shall make the most of it. What is imagination? It can make something where there is nothing. How can anything be so real as where there is nothing? How can anything be something and nothing at the same time? I leave it to the metaphysicians to ponder. I know better. No scholastics for me. This is a real world, and everything in it is real. What is not real is not. Therefore he is not. Yet he tries to fool me into believing that he is—when all the time I know he has no existence outside of my own brain cells.

I saw him today, seated at the desk, writing. It gave me quite a shock, because I had thought he was quite dead. Nevertheless, on looking steadily at him I found that he was not. He had old familiar trick of the brain. I have dwelt too long on what has happened. I am becoming morbid, and my old indigestion is blinding and muttering. I shall take exercise. Each day I shall walk for two hours.

It is impossible. I cannot exercise. Each time I return from my walk, he is sitting in my chair at my desk. It grows more difficult to disengage myself from the chair. Upon this I insist. It was his, but he is dead, and it is no longer his. How can one be fooled by the phantoms of his own imagination! There is nothing real in his apparition. I know it. I am firmly grounded with my fifty years of study. The dead are dead.

And yet, explain one thing. Today, before going for my walk, I carefully put the manuscript in my pocket before leaving the room. I remember it distinctly. I looked at the clock at the time. It was 10:20. Yet on my return there was the pen lying on the desk. It is my chair. Upon this I insist. It was his, but he is dead, and it is no longer his. How can one be fooled by the phantoms of his own imagination! There is nothing real in his apparition. I know it. I am firmly grounded with my fifty years of study. The dead are dead.

There is one thing upon which Jim and I were quite agreed. He believed in the eternity of the forms of things. Therefore, there entered in immediately the consequent belief in immortality and all the other notions of metaphysical philosophers. I had a little patience with him in this. Painstakingly I have traced to him the evolution of his belief in the eternity forms, showing him how it has arisen out of his early infatuation with logic and mathematics. Of course, from that warped, spouting, abstract viewpoint, it is very easy to believe in the eternity of forms.

I laughed at the unseen world. Only the real was real, I contended, and that one could not perceive, was mere words. I believed in a mechanical universe. Chemistry and physics explained everything. "Can no being be?" he demanded in reply. I said that his question was but the major premise of a fallacious Christian Science syllogism. Oh, believe me, I knew my logic, too. But he was very stubborn. I never had any patience with philosophic idealities.

It is impossible to separate thought from matter that thinks. I assert, with Bacon, that all human understanding arises from the world of sensations. I assert, with Locke, that all human ideas are due to the functions of the senses. I assert, with Kant, the mechanical origin of the universe, and that creation is a natural and historical process. I assert, with Laplace, that there is no need of the hypothesis of a creator. And, finally, I assert, because of all the foregoing, that form is ephemeral. Form passes. Therefore we pass."

I repeat, it was unanswerable. Yet did he answer with Paley's notorious fallacy of the watch. Also, he talked about radium, and all but asserted that the very existence of matter had been exploded by these later-day laboratory researches. It was childish. I had not dreamed he could be so immature.

How could one argue with such a man? I then asserted the reasonableness of all that is. To this he agreed, reserving, however, one exception. He looked at me, as he said it, in a way I could not mistake. The inference was obvious. That he should be guilty of so cheap a quip in the midst of a serious discussion, astounded me.

The eternity of forms. It was ridiculous. Yet is there a strange magic in the words. If it be true, then has he not ceased to exist? Then does he exist? This is impossible.

I have ceased exercising. As long as I remain in the room the hallucination does not bother me. But when I return to the room after an absence he is always there, sitting at the desk, writing. Yet I dare not confide in a physician. I must fight this out by myself.

He grows more importunate. Today, consulting a book on the shelf, I turned and found him again in the chair. This is the first time he has dared to do this in my presence. Nevertheless, by looking at him steadily and sternly for several minutes, I compelled him to vanish. This proves my contention. He does not exist, if he were an eternal form I could not make him vanish by a mere effort of my will.

This is getting damnable. Today I gazed at him for an entire hour before I could make him leave. Yet it is so simple. What I see is a memory picture. For twenty years I was accustomed to seeing him there at the desk. The present phenomenon is merely a recrudescence of that memory picture—a picture which was impressed countless times on my consciousness.

I gave up today. He exhausted me, and still he would not go. I sat and watched him hour after hour. I know it. I am firmly grounded with my fifty years of study. The dead are dead.

He did continue the argument. I stole up today and looked over his shoulder. He was writing the history of our discussion. It was the same old nonsense about the eternity of forms. But as I continued to read, he wrote down the practical part. I had done with the practical part. This is unfair and untrue. I made no test. In falling he struck his head on the poker.

Some day somebody will find and read what he writes. This will be terrible. I am suspicious of the servant, who is always peeping and peering, trying to see what I write. I must do something. Every servant I have had is curious about what I write.

Fabric of fancy. That is all it is. There is no Jim who sits in his chair. I know that. Last night, when the house was asleep, I went down into the cellar and looked carefully at the spot where the chimney was, and tampered with it. The dead do not rise up.

Yesterday morning, when I entered the study, there he was in the chair. When I had dislodged him, I sat in the chair myself all day. I had my meals brought to me. And thus I escaped the sight of him for many hours, for he appears only in the chair. I was weary, but I sat late, until 11 o'clock. Yet, when I stood up to go to bed, I looked around, and there he was. He had slipped into the chair on the instant. Being only a fabric of fancy, all day he had resided in my brain.

"As a conscious entity?" I demanded. "Yes, as a conscious entity," was his reply. "I should go on, from plane to plane of higher existence, remembering my earth life, you, this very argument—say, and continuing the argument with you."

He had the only argument. (Forcible!) Ha, ha!—comment of Rudolph Hecker on margin. I swear it was only argument. I never lifted a hand. How could I? He was my brother, my older brother, Jim.

I could not remember. I was very exasperated. He had always been so obstinate in this metaphysical belief of his. The next I knew he was lying on the hearth. Blood was running. It was terrible. He did not speak. He did not move. He must have fallen in a fit and struck his head. I noticed there was blood on the poker. In falling he must have struck upon it with his head. And yet I fall to see how this can be, for I held it in my hand all the time. I was still holding it in my hand as I looked at it.

It is a hallucination. That is a conclusion of common sense. I have watched the growth of it. At first it was only in the dimmest light that I could see him sitting in the chair. But as the time passed and the hallucination, by repetition, strengthened, he was able to appear in the chair under the strongest light. That is the explanation. It is quite satisfactory.

I shall never forget the first time I saw it. I had dined alone downstairs. I never drink wine, so what had happened was eminently normal. It was in the summer twilight that I returned to the study. I glanced at the desk. There he was, sitting. So natural was it that before I knew I cried out, "Jim!" Then I remembered all that had happened. Of course, it was a hallucination. I knew that. I took the poker and went over to it. He did not move or vanish. The poker cleaved

It is getting unbearable. He is a jack-in-the-box, the way he pops into the chair. He does not assume form slowly. He pops. That is the only way to describe it. I cannot stand looking at him much more. That very lack of madness, for it compels me almost to believe in the reality of what I know is not. Besides, hallucinations do not pop.

Thank God, he only manifests himself in the chair. As long as I occupy the chair I am quit of him.

My device for dislodging him from the chair by striking my head is failing. I have to hit much more violently, and I do not succeed perhaps one time in a dozen trials. My head is quite sore where I have so repeatedly struck it. I must use the other hand.

My brother was right. There is an unseen world. Do not see it? Am I not cursed with the seeing of it all the time? Call it a thought, an idea, anything you will, still it is there. It is unescapable. Thoughts are entities. We create with every act of thinking. I have created this phantom that sits in my chair and uses my ink. Because I have created him is no reason that he is any the less real. He is an idea; he is an entity; ergo, ideas are entities, and an entity is a reality.

Query: If a man, with the whole historical process behind him, can create an entity, a real thing, then is not the hypothesis of a Creator made substantiated? If the stuff of life can create, then it is fair to assume that matter can be a he who created the stuff of life. It is merely a difference of degree. I have not yet made a mountain out of a solar system.

All his days, down to today, man has lived in a maze. He has never seen the light. I am convinced that I am beginning to see the light—not as my brother saw it, by stumbling upon it accidentally, but deliberately and rationally. My brother is dead. He has ceased. There is no doubt about it, for I have made another journey down into the cellar to see. The ground was untouched. I broke it myself to make sure, and I saw what I had feared. My brother has ceased, yet have I recreated him. This is not my old brother, yet it is something as nearly resembling him as I could fashion it. I am unlike other men. I am a god, I have created.

Whenever I leave the room to go to bed I lock back, and there is my brother sitting in the chair. And then I cannot sleep because of thinking of him sitting through all the long night hours. And in the morning, when I open the study door, there he is, and I know he has sat there the night long.

I am becoming desperate from lack of sleep. I wish I could confide in a physician.

Blessed sleep! I have won it at last. Let me tell you. Last night I was so tired that I lay myself down in my chair. I rang for the servant and ordered him to bring blankets. I slept. All night he was banished from my thoughts as he was banished from my chair. I still remain in it all day. It is a wonderful relief.

It is uncomfortable to sleep in a chair. But it is more uncomfortable to lie in bed, hour after hour, and not sleep, and to know that he is sitting there in the cold darkness.

The moment it was unoccupied, he took up his residence in the chair. Are these his higher planes of existence—his brother's brain and chair? After all, was he not right? Has his eternal form become so attenuated as to be a hallucination? Are hallucinations real entities? Why not? There is food for thought here. Some day I shall come to a conclusion upon it.

He was very much disturbed today. He could not write, for I had made the servant carry the pen out of the room in his pocket. But neither could I write.

The servant never sees him. This is strange. Have I developed a keener sight for the unseen? Or rather, does it not prove the phantom to be what it is—a product of my own morbid consciousness?

He stole my pen again. Hallucinations cannot steal pens. This is unanswerable. And yet I cannot keep the pen always out of the room. I want to write myself.

I have had three different servants since my trouble came upon me, and each has seen him. This is the verdict of their senses? And is that of mine wrong? Nevertheless, the ink goes too rapidly. I fill my pen more often than is necessary. And furthermore, only today I found my pen out of order. I did not break it.

I have spoken to him many times, but he never answers. I eat and watched him all morning. Frequently he looked at me, and it was patent that he knew me.

By striking the side of my head violently with the heel of my hand, I can shake the vision of him out of my eyes. Then I can get into the chair; but I have learned that I must move very quickly in order to accomplish this. Often he fools me and is back again before I can sit down.

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sleep, and to know that he is sitting there in the cold darkness.

It is no use. I shall never be able to sleep in a bed again. I have tried it now, numerous times, and every such night is a horror. If I could but persuade him to go to bed! But no, he sits there and sits there—I know he does—while I stare and stare up into the blackness and think and think, continually think, of him to know that he is sitting here!

The servants think I am crazy. They is but to be expected and it is why I have never called a physician.

I am resolved. Henceforth this hallucination ceases. From now on I shall remain in the chair. I shall never leave it. I shall remain in it night and day and always.

I have succeeded. For two weeks I have not seen him. Nor shall I ever see him again. I have at last attained the equanimity of mind necessary for philosophic thought. I wrote a complete chapter today.

It is very wearisome sitting in a chair. The weeks pass, the months come and go, and the seasons change, the servants replace each other, while I remain. I only remain. It is a strange life I lead, but at least I am at peace.

He comes no more. There is no eternity of forms. I have proved it. For nearly two years now I have remained in this chair and have not seen him once. But it is clear that what I thought I saw was merely hallucination. He never saw. Yet I do not leave the chair. I am afraid to leave the chair.

SUPERSTITIONS ARE MANY

Seafaring Men, Especially, Have Many Signs Which Are Believed to Indicate Good or Bad Luck.

Old actors believe the witches' song in "Macbeth" to possess the power of casting evil spells, and the majority of them strongly dislike to play in the piece.

Some of the creatures met with at sea are considered unlucky. If a shark is seen following a ship for days it is thought that someone on board is doomed to die shortly. The birds known as Mother Cary's chickens, when they perch upon the rigging of a vessel, are believed to be the messengers of a storm. Dolphins or porpoises seen in a calm are unfavorable omens. The naming of a warship after stinging or venomous things is considered unlucky.

In Newfoundland the superstitions say that if a ship has a starboard list it is a sign of a quick passage; a port list, it is a sign of a long passage.

The throbbing overhead during a calm of old dories too had a wear, which have been saved for the purpose, is supposed to bring a wind. If the nails of the hand be cut with a knife or scissors it will bring a head wind.

A vessel which sticks upon the way while being launched is certain to be unlucky, in the lore of the sea.

A vessel painted blue is supposed to be a bad omen, and to bring bad weather.

Misfortune to a vessel is sure to be followed by ill luck to all vessels bearing the same name.

Business Men Best Farmers.

"It may be disputed and appear improbable, but it is nevertheless true that the best farmers are not those who are brought up on the farm and educated as farmers, but rather those who go on the farm from other occupations," remarked James Hayden, a stockman of Montana, according to the Washington Post. "Montana, you may know, has become an agricultural state in the last decade. Before that time it was a stockman's range, with very little real farming done. We have had immigrants from all parts of the country who have gone on to farms. Many have become rich, because Montana land is rich agricultural land. Investigation has been made in all parts of the country to learn who make the most successful farmers and why. These inquiries have invariably shown that the best farmers are progressive men. They are men from other occupations," remarked James Hayden, a stockman of Montana, according to the Washington Post. "Montana, you may know, has become an agricultural state in the last decade. 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GERMAN SHIP WAS MADE GRANIT BOMB

Cylinders of Koenig Wilhelm Packed With Inflammable Cotton for Explosion.

SHIPS NOW BEING REPAIRED

Mischief Wrought on Liners Under German Peace-Time Plotting—Koenig Wilhelm Will Soon Be Ready for Sea.

New York.—That havoc was wrought to many of the vital parts of the German ships in this country upon the breaking off of diplomatic relations was shown shortly after the damage was inflicted on the vessels, but the extent to which the orders from Germany were carried out to make the vessels unfit for sea against her was never made known.

Upon the declaration of a state of war existing between the United States and the German empire, the vessels were seized and steps were immediately taken to fit them out for service under the Stars and Stripes. It was also known that prompt action by the United States officials frustrated plans for what might have resulted in permanent crippling of the ships. Still the interesting details of their condition were concealed.

The New York World has obtained and presents to the public the first concrete facts of what was done to one of the large liners under the German peace-time plotting.

Made Cylinders Destructive Bombs. Photographs of the actual damage to the North German Lloyd liner Koenig Wilhelm II have been made, and they show how the cylinders of her engines were broken and even stuffed with a chemically treated cotton, so that two of her high pressure cylinders were virtually turned into huge high explosive bombs.

All this was done while she lay in the North river at West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, New York. If they had been set off they might not have blown up surrounding property, but they would have smattered the ship.

This is why Collector of the Port Malone and his entire staff sat up all night waiting for congress to declare a state of war existing and upon receipt of a flash that congress had acted, pounced upon the sleeping Germans. He had known to some extent what was going on, but could not prevent it while peace remained, as the ships were private property and the government was determined not to violate the rights of their owners.

After the United States government took over the ships, and an examination was made of them, it was found that four of the eight cylinders of the Koenig Wilhelm's quadruple expansion engines were damaged beyond repair, and as the rest of her machinery and her hull had not been injured, it was decided to replace the broken cylinders and use her. She was taken to the yard of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair company, South Brooklyn.

In her engines are four low pressure cylinders, two on each engine, two intermediate cylinders and two high pressure cylinders. Two of the low ones and the two high pressure ones

were damaged. Sections of the steam chests at the bottom had been broken away by driving steel taper pins to three-quarter inch holes in the castings and then driving bored iron hammers against the castings.

Then all this damage has been covered with clay, which was used with asbestos as a covering for the cylinders. This was done apparently in the hope of the captain being started in case the Germans did not have time to blow up the cylinders. Had steam been forced into the cylinders they would have collapsed with the first thrust of the pistons.

Mysterious Explosive in Cylinders. But the turning of the cylinders into virtual bombs was the most ingenious designing of all.

Two high pressure cylinders were found to have been stuffed with what was at first supposed to have been gun cotton, and was enough to fill a barrel in each cylinder. The substance has not yet been put under chemical analysis, but it is thought to have been cotton treated with silica, a liquid which, when mixed with gun cotton, is inflammable. It is made by subjecting silicon to heat in the presence of hydrochloric acid gas. It is believed this was to have been used to set off gun cotton, which was to have been placed in the cylinders just before the vessel was seized.

There was evidence that tackle was to be used to hoist the piston of each cylinder and drop them by cutting the tackle. Copper pins that had been driven into the cylinder to be projected on the inside would have caused friction when the cylinder heads rubbed against them, setting off the cotton. This would have burst the cylinders and caused damage that only could be conjectured.

As a result of finding the cotton, the electric engines, dynamo, pipe lines and other parts of the liner are being cleaned up for traces of explosives. If none are found, the remaining of the Germans will have gone almost for naught and the Koenig Wilhelm II soon will be ready for sea.

GERMANS TO REWRITE BIBLE

One of the First Tasks They Propose to Undertake on Conclusion of War.

The Hague.—According to a copy of the German newspaper Kreuzzeitung, of Berlin, just received here, the Germans are going to rewrite the Bible. The article says:

"If any further proof were needed of the immense superiority of the Germans, intellectually and morally over the rest of mankind, it is to be found in the mental attitude of our people toward the Bible as compared with that of other nations.

The English regard the book as their most valuable commercial asset, and use it mainly as a form of barter with savage tribes for their goods, their assistance, and the supply of their natural products, and in England itself it is exploited solely in the propagation of that spirit of hypocrisy which has steeled the British in such good stead for ages to hoodwink and despoil other races.

"It must be one of our first tasks on the conclusion of this war, when Germany shall rise out of it renewed in power and vitality like another phoenix, to set a board of qualified experts to work to produce, not only for our own use, but for the moral uplifting of mankind, a new, a more glorious, a purer Bible, instinct with the German spirit of Kultur and morality."

MORMONS IN ODD PETITION

Ask That Navy Regulations Be Waived to Permit Them to Wear Their Own Underwear.

Salt Lake, Utah.—In order to permit members of the Mormon church who wear temple undergarments to enlist in the navy, Lieut. Edwin Guthrie of the local navy recruiting office, has asked authority from the bureau of navigation to modify the regulations. Lieutenant Guthrie reported that he had had much discussion with the young men who have applied for enlistment in the navy but who are bound by religious scruples to wear a prescribed type of undergarment. The church garment does not conform to the regulation navy garment, and hence the lieutenant has taken steps to have the regulations waived so, as to enlist Mormons who have heretofore been advised by navy officials that they must comply with United States regulations or stay out of the service.

The Mormon garment is similar to a union suit, covering the entire body, and of uniform material.

PLANTS TINY GARDEN BETWEEN SKYSCRAPERS

Portland, Ore.—In a little spot of ground scarcely ten square feet, squeezed between two skyscrapers in the business section of Portland, is a tiny garden board sign, stuck on a peg in the ground, reading: "Do your bit by keeping off these spuds."

The tiny spot formerly was covered with grass, but some potatoe and garden vegetables in the present crisis potatoes would look better than grass, and transformed the plot into a potential producer of foodstuffs.

AIRMEN OF ALLIES LOOK FOR AMERICA

British and French Flyers Would Welcome Aviators From This Side.

WOULD PROVIDE MACHINES

Believe Service Would Appeal to Sporting and Adventurous Spirit of Young Men Here—How America Could Help.

British Headquarters in France.—Wholly informal but decidedly interesting conversations between English and French flying corps officers as regards the possibility of early American participation in this fascinating phase of the war have been going on behind the lines here. It is generally agreed that, apart from the flying service offers the quickest opportunity for effective military help from America against the common foe, and the expectation is that just as the aviation branch of the service proved so attractive to the young men of both England and France, the youth of America will be drawn toward it.

Already plans are being made to increase the number of Americans now flying for France. The English and French members of the British Royal Flying Corps are ready to welcome and aid in the training of Americans in all the arts of war flying. It is realized that the United States army is not on a war basis regarding military activity, and the British Royal Flying Corps are ready to welcome and aid in the training of Americans in all the arts of war flying. It is realized that the United States army is not on a war basis regarding military activity, and the British Royal Flying Corps are ready to welcome and aid in the training of Americans in all the arts of war flying.

Latest Type in Service. America, of course, is expected to throw her organizing and manufacturing ability into supplying their own machines to her flyers, but the modern airplane, with its tremendous power housed in a very compact, very light engine, with delicate instruments, unerring balance and sensitive controls, is an extremely complicated affair and its construction is a matter of months.

Officers of the British Flying Corps say that America must be prepared to pay such a price; that she must remember this when the losses begin to mount up. She must understand, they point out, that out of these losses will come men who will reflect glory upon her colors and lend brilliance to the brighter pages of her history.

Work in War, the Test. It is, of course, possible to train men far from the battlefield. They may become experts in every trick of flying. Their real service, however, only begins after they have proved themselves "over the line." The British have developed brilliant fliers at the training grounds in England, men who have mastered every technique of aviation and who stand clearly as potential leaders. But each one of them upon reaching France must be attached to a squadron as an ordinary flier, and his own wings upward through the soul-searching shock of actual battle. Some of these men succumb, but the survivors must repay the cost.

America, it is said, can render a great service to the allies by sending over pilots at the earliest possible moment. They can join the British corps at once, and as they prove themselves can be reclaimed by America for organizing and training her squadrons as these become available.

The care and maintenance of air-planes requires the constant attention of skilled men. If America would render an immediate service, according to the view here, she might send over 5,000 flyers, riggers and mechanics to take up this branch of the service now and learn every phase of the work of grooming and handling the delicate machines.

This service does not stand still. Almost each day brings changes. It is the feeling here that America should lose no time in getting machines under way and men in training. The allies hold the high ground, mastery of the air; but they must be in a position always absolutely to overwhelm the enemy and keep him on the ground. The youth of America and Britain, it is thought, behind the lines here, should, with their common ideals, common language, common love of sport and common courage, skill and daring, find ideal companionship in this hazardous but romantic war in the air.

Frank Tinney Enlists in Navy. New York.—Among the 37 applicants accepted at the navy recruiting station, 34 East Twenty-second street, was Frank Tinney, the comedian. Mr. Tinney, in enlisting as an ordinary seaman, sacrificed a salary said to be more than \$1,000 a week.



A TALENTED PERSON.

"As we grow older our ideas of amusement undergo a radical change," remarked the philosophic man.

"Unquestionably."

"For instance, when I was a small boy, I was chiefly interested in the exhibits that composed a 'Congress of Wonders'; but now the amazing volubility of the speaker fascinates me far more than any feature of the show."

Playing Safe. "Are you going to send Grattleigh back to congress this fall?" asked the reporter.

"That's what," replied the rural politician. "We realize that it will be safer for us to have him there than at home."

Round About Way. "I see where an aviator contrived to have the last word with his wife."

"How on earth did he do it?"

"He didn't exactly do it on earth."

He rose 1,000 feet in the air and dropped her a message.

Seems Fair Enough. "Would you die for your country?"

"Yes, I would," answered the patriotic citizen, "and if I'm ever called on to make such a sacrifice I hope the fact that I don't know a single stanza of the national anthem will not be held against me."

HE KNEW 'EM.



Henderson—Some men claim to understand women.

Hoppeck—They are mostly single fellows.

Tail Buildings. Oh, see the elevator slide.

So far that when you take a ride you think that you're commuting.

Undoubtedly. "Yes," observed the party who occasionally thinks aloud, "any man who has mastered every technique of aviation and who stand clearly as potential leaders. But each one of them upon reaching France must be attached to a squadron as an ordinary flier, and his own wings upward through the soul-searching shock of actual battle. Some of these men succumb, but the survivors must repay the cost."

Might Have Been Worse. Footsteps and cawing, the stranded thespians were homeward bound via the well-known route.

"By my halldom!" exclaimed the heavy tragedian, as he caught sight of a signboard. "It still twenty miles to the gay ritz in New York."

"Cheer up, old man," rejoined the 'ow' comedian, "that is only ten miles piece."

True. "I don't take much stock in the talk of some so-called self-made men who boast of their early struggles."

"Not jealous, are you?"

"Not at all, but in many cases like that there are sad-faced, homely wretches in the background who could relate a strange story of self-sacrifice and devotion, if they would only open their mouths and tell it."

A Peace Emergency. "Say, where's the missus?"

"She's upstairs washing her face."

"She's upstairs washing her face?"

"Yes, she's upstairs washing her face."

"Not at all, but in many cases like that there are sad-faced, homely wretches in the background who could relate a strange story of self-sacrifice and devotion, if they would only open their mouths and tell it."

Will Bear Watching. "Oh, well, her complexion is the real thing, at my rate."

"I don't care. Her smile's a real thing."

"That's not so bad."

"Furthermore, she kisses all her women friends and everybody. That's a sure sign of a deceitful woman."

Paw Knew the Answer. Little Lemuel—Say, paw, this paper has an article headed "The Fish of Victory." What does that mean?

Paw—It means a royal flush, son.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.—You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Taxicab Driver Was Human. No one has ever accused a taxicab driver of doing anything but his fare, but a hard-faced clock nurse showed the other day that he has a tender spot under his money pocket. He stopped at Bellevue hospital and helped a raggedly dressed old woman and a raggedly dressed little girl out of his cab, after which he called to an orderly to ask: "Where d'ye take sick people here?" The orderly indicated where the reception ward was, and the chauffeur led the aged woman and the little girl into it. "The lady," said the chauffeur to the doctor, "feeling none too good. I see her leaning against a post on the Bovyery, and the little one tells me they're flat broke and live way uptown. She don't feel good enough to even go along up there, but you can fix her, doc. Bless, miss, this half buck'll get her home." After which the stone-faced person whisked his way out to the taxicab.—New York Herald.

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

Cheerfulness of the Fields. "Father, what do they mean by gentleman farmers?"

"Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."

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

When you hear a man boast of his ancestors it's a safe bet that his descendants will have no occasion to boast of him.

When a man knows his own imperfections he is just about as perfect as it is possible for a man to be.

FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

No Relief—Mrs. Brown Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for I stepped on a little stone I almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was a sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains.

A friend who is a nurse asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home."—Mrs. W. C. Brown, 2844 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A great aid for all cases of biliousness. Unexcelled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Elegantly sugar coated. Small size. Price, 25c.

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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Hutchins In Use For Over Thirty Years

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Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Old Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for a bushel and raise 20 to 40 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money. What you can expect in Western Canada, Wisconsin to explain the many reasons why the Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable as any grain raising.

LOSS The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. The best of the best, the most nutritious, the most abundant. There is an unusual demand for farm land to replace the many farms that have been abandoned for the war. Write for literature and information. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada.

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"That's what all our customers say madam."

"What have you that tastes particularly good today?"

Listen To These:

New Potatoes
Peas, Cauliflower,
Cucumbers,
Nice New Carrots,
Strawberries,
Pineapples and Big Jo
is always good.

"Those do sound good. Take my order, and get them up quickly, please....."

"All right, mam. Thank you. Good-by."

OUR WEEKLY RECIPE

Stuffed Onions.—Peel the onions, scoop out a portion of the center, parboil for five minutes, turn upside down to drain, fill with stuffing made of equal parts of minced nuts or meat and soft bread crumbs and the onion taken from the center, chopped fine. Add salt, pepper and melted butter. Fill onions heaping full and cover with buttered crumbs. Put in pan with one inch of water; bake till tender.

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Don't Waste--- Don't Hoard

The man or woman who wastes contributes to national uncertainties, multiplies bit by bit the problems facing the nation's head.

The man or woman who hoards helps create those "psychological depressions" which so often precede national disturbance.

The dollar is a natural-born "mixer"
—it is no good unless it circulates.

Circulate it at Home

Buy as usual—save as usual—but wisely—save that which was once wasted—and the nation will be victorious.

Buy Where Dollar Your will
GO THE FARTHEST

The Economy Bradley's Handy Shopping Store

To Avoid Bombs

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

Act Now

Ask Your Banker

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

WASTEFULNESS OF THE BEES SWARMING

You Can Curb Swarming and Secure the Greatest Possible Yields of Honey

The old time beekeeper boasted of the number of swarms which issued from his hives, but the modern beekeeper knows that swarming is one of his worst obstacles to producing a large crop. The modern beekeeper knows from experience that after he has given all his energy to getting every colony as strong as possible at the beginning of the honey-flow, he must not permit the bees then to spoil it all by dividing their forces.

Of course, it is impossible to do anything toward controlling swarming when the bees are in a box or "gum," and this is the chief reason why bees in a movable-frame hive are more profitable. It is also unfortunately true that in spite of the beekeeper's most strenuous efforts, colonies will sometimes swarm. In that event the beekeeper makes the most of a bad situation by keeping the forces together in another way.

The bee specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture advise that if swarming occurs when honey is coming in, the hive should be at once removed to a new place and a new hive placed in the old location. The swarm is now hived in this new hive and, because it is in the old location, all returning field bees from the colony join the swarm and the population is kept up. Later on there are various ways of reducing the parent colony still more, for by this means the issuing of worthless afterswarms is prevented.

The keeper who desires to get the greatest possible crop does not permit even one swarm to issue if he can help it. When swarming time arrives, he examines every colony once a week. If he finds queen-cells with eggs or small larvae in them, he cuts every one out and thus makes it necessary for the bees to build other cells, if they still persist in their efforts to swarm. If however, he finds larger cells with old larvae, he knows that the impulse to swarm has developed too far, so he must satisfy it in some way. He may make an artificial swarm—at his convenience and up to that of the bees—or if he is a producer of comb-honey he may cut out all the queen-cells and cage the queen for 10 days until they get over their "swarming fever."

The skill of the beekeeper can usually be measured by the results of his work in curbing swarming. The poetry which others see in issuing swarms is entirely lost on a good beekeeper. The methods of swarm control are given in Farmers' Bulletin 503, "Comb Honey," which may be obtained on request from the United States Department of Agriculture.

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

Government Crop Report

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8, 1917.
—A summary of the June crop report for the State of Illinois and for the United States, as compiled by Bureau of Crop-Estimates (and transmitted through the Weather Bureau), U. S. Department of Agriculture, is as follows:

ALL WHEAT
STATE: June 1 forecast, 20,500,000 bushels; production last year (final estimate), 18,225,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: June 1 forecast, 856,000,000 bushels; production last year (final estimate), 638,886,000 bushels.

OATS
STATE: June 1 forecast, 177,000,000 bushels; production last year (final estimate), 162,095,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: June 1 forecast, 1,380,000,000 bushels; production last year (final estimate), 1,251,992,000 bushels.

BARLEY
STATE: June 1 forecast, 1,040,000 bushels; production last year (final estimate), 1,020,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: June 1 forecast, 214,000,000 bushels; production last year (final estimate), 180,927,000 bushels.

ALL HAY
STATE: June 1 forecast 3,050,000 tons, production last year (final estimate) 4,451,000 tons.

UNITED STATES: June 1 forecast 105,000,000 tons; production last year (final estimate), 108,786,000 tons.

PASTURE
STATE: June 1 condition, 89, compared with ten-year average 87.

UNITED STATES: June 1 condition, 83.8, compared with ten-year average, 89.5.

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

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

OFFICERS OF THE SAVINGS BANK

H. M. STONE, President,
H. A. MAGRUDER, Vice-Pres.,
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City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

Patriotism and Production

It is of vital importance that every acre be planted and made fully productive this year.

Experts say that our nation's food supplies are short—that everyone must help grow banner crops or else citizens in many communities will suffer actual want.

The patriot can serve his country behind the plow as well as behind the canon. We lend money to help our farmers secure the largest results from their farms.

May we HELP YOU?

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

FRIEND:

Before you complain about the high price of gasoline stop throwing it away. Stop and investigate the

Franklin Chandler Automobile

F. A. BABEL

KANKAKEE,

ILLINOIS

The Eagle Bar

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

Get Acquainted with Tony

Easy to Find

Hard to Beat

Broadway Buffet

Anton Krizan Prop.

Broadway

Bradley, Ill.

FIRST-CLASS CAFE
IN CONN'CT'ON
A LA CARTE SERVICE

FIFTY MODERN ROOMS
STEAM HEATED
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NEW EUROPEAN PLAN

OPP. ILLINOIS CENTRAL STATION

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Womans friends is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin Tonic. Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug store.

Do it now! Buy a Liberty Bond. See your banker.

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Be patriotic buy a Liberty Bond.