

THE EXEMPTION BOARD

EXAMINATION COMMENCES TO MORROW

Many From Bradley To Pass Examination In The Next Three Days—Exemptions Later

The examining board for the drafted men for the new U. S. Army will be in session commencing tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock and 145 men will be examined on each day, Saturday Monday and Tuesday. A total of 430 men have been called for examination, in order to get Kankakee county a quota of 215. The examinations will be held in the court house and Dr. Badger has charge of the work. The first 145 names drawn from this district will be examined Saturday, another 145 Monday and 140 on Tuesday. The following from this township should report at the court house for examination on the date mentioned. For examination Saturday.

- Stanley Barcota
- William Hodd
- Armond Detoux
- Gordon Bertrand
- Paul Luezh
- Henry G. Fritzen
- Elmer Smith
- John Rogers
- Harry L. Leaton
- Rev. M. B. Griffin
- The following will report Monday for examination.
- Ralph L. Smith
- Alphonse Rivard
- Joseph Messina
- Hector Coyer
- Ray Tennis Martin
- Herman C. Cart
- Herman Helg
- Louis Longtin
- Oscar Delonge
- Harry Hackley
- John O. Donnell
- Claude F. Skinner

Party

Miss Lucille Bell entertained a number of friends at her home on North Cleveland Ave. Friday night Refreshments were served and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Party

Miss Jeannette Worman entertained the Sunday school class of the M. E. Church at her home Friday evening at a farewell party before leaving for Pittsburg, Pa.

Picnic

The Sunday school class of the U. B. Church will hold their annual picnic at Rock Creek tomorrow and the affair is being looked forward to with pleasure by the youngsters and needless to say they will enjoy the day immensely.

A Pleasant Call

Obediah Laucaster who has been sick since last January, has so far improved as to be able to come up town, and we had the pleasure of his company for an hour last Saturday. While still weak from his long illness Mr. Laucaster is going in strength daily and will soon be quite himself again.

Farewell Supper

A Farewell Supper was given at the Office employes of the David Bradley Mfg. Works, Thursday morning in honor of Miss Bertha Hopkins, who leaves this week for her new position in the main office of the Sears Roebuck Co. in Chicago.

Baby Girl

A baby girl made its appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas St John last Friday. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Baby Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Liend are the proud parents of a baby boy that made its appearance at their home Sunday.

Miss Minnie Mogan and Mr. G. B. Seeley of Chicago spent several days the past week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Topfiff.

One Year Ago

The employees of the Jos. Turk factory held their annual picnic at Gravelle's Grove.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hatwood.

Herman Hoehn an old resident of this city passed away.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Mertz.

Two Years Ago

The village of Bourbonnais was visited by a cloud burst that did considerable damage.

Chester Colstock fell and broke his arm.

A meeting of the officials of the Egyptian Trail was held here and it was decided the trail would pass through here.

Three Years Ago

Two houses at 506 and 508 North Schuyler Ave. belonging to A. L. Belgard were destroyed by fire.

Miss Laura Margaret Ramsey, granddaughter of Judge Carey of this city was married to Ray Wellington McDonald at Gary, Ind.

A small fire occurred in the Wm. Large home on Michigan Ave.

Florence, two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Obie Magruder, had a narrow escape from a serious injury when she fell down a flight of stairs at their home.

Jos. Grimes of this city was slightly injured in an automobile accident on East Court St. road.

The boiler of the engine with a threshing outfit on the farm of Henry Ohendorf near Monee exploded killing two men and seriously scalding the third man.

Mrs. Ernestine Hewelt, a pioneer resident of this city, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. Bork.

Dewey Beique was painfully injured in a motorcycle accident.

Ice cream Social

The ice cream social given by The Ladies Aid of the United Brethren Church last Thursday was well attended and an enjoyable evening was spent by those who attended.

Hats Off

The traffic squads of the Chicago police force have nothing on Bradley police force, last week during the carnival, the large crowds and the large number of autos were handled by our police force without a single disturbance or accident, which only goes to show that they are on the job and able to handle their job in any emergency.

Lodge Picnic

The Bradley Encampment of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows enjoyed their annual picnic at the Yost Grove last Sunday and enjoyed a pleasant day.

Head Injured

Ed McCoy severely cut and injured his head Saturday evening, when he struck a rock while diving in the Kankakee river at Electric Park.

To New York

Judge Carey, who has been visiting his daughter at Gary, Ind., for the past few weeks left for New York, Monday, where he will visit his sister and other relatives and will also attend the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Boston.

Farm Lands

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD CO. GRANT LANDS. Legal fight over land at last ended. Title reverted in United States. Land, by act of Congress, ordered to be opened under homestead laws for settlement and sale. Two million three hundred thousand Acres. Containing some of the best timber and Agricultural Land left in United States. Large Copyrighted Map showing land by townships and sections, laws covering same and description of soil, climate, rainfall, elevations, temperature, etc., Post paid One Dollar. Grant Lands Locating Co., Portland, Oregon.

Getting Married

"Have ye heard the news?" said his wife to the contractor's foreman.

"No; pass me the potatoes."

"Young Owen is goin' to marry Julia."

"Is that so? Let me have some cabbage."

"Ain't ye goin' to do somethin' to save the reputation of yer family?"

"As how?"

"The Lord forgive me he says, 'As how?' 'Young Owen is goin' to demand himself be marryin' Julia'."

"Ould woman, do you remember when I took pity on ye an' made ye wedded wife? Yer mother thought I was a wolf thyrin' to stave wan av her lambs."

"This is different. Young Owen, wid his grand eddication, is throwin' himself away upon Julia. I'm not sayin' anything against the gurrul, but how could she, when young Owen becoms an alderman, or maybe Governor, attend to the social duties as wife av the great man young Owen is bound to be?"

"Now, see here, me darlint," said the contractor's foreman, "For male an' female is the rule av life. The lion, the cat or the mouse raise no ructions when their offspring wed, but when our children want to inter the state av matrimony we parents think about the matter."

"Nor our sons an' daughters, forgettin' the fact that at one time in our lives we were sons an' daughters ourselves. If they are av the same pitch, that means if their teet' will always engage as they turn around, everythin' may turn out all right, but if the pitch av the two is not the same somethin' will smash an' the couple will find themselves in the divorce court, if nothin' worse happens."

"There may be a little trouble at first wid the gears av matrimony, the rough surfaces av the teet' must be lubricated by the oil av experience, but by they av the same size, or does a little wheel be matched wid a big one, there's hope, if they're av the same pitch."

"Listen to him talk! Huh, you an' your pitchin'!"

"Yer father told me yer mother wanted to marry ye av a juke or an earl, but he said he would be proud to have me as his son-in-law."

The foreman winked at his daughter, who frankly gave her delighted attention to the controversy.

"What have ye agin Julia?" asked the foreman.

"She's a good enough gurrul, but not good enough for me son."

"That's what yer mother said about me, I wasn't good enough for her darlint Nora. But it wasn't long after we married that she sided wid me when you an' I had our little spats. She knew I had better settle nor herself 'til it came to me to pick a wife, an' young Owen knows better nor you an' I do when he's sayin' his life mate. If he makes a mistake 'tis he that will have to suffer. Give me some more cabbage."

"If ye want cabbage go have yer hair cut." This remark for a minute or so was too deep for the foreman. Finally he saw the point and grinned.

The Polite Professor.

A certain professor is unusually courteous both in and out of the classroom. One day he made a bonfire in his back garden. The flames, creeping rapidly thru the dry stubble, frightened him, and he believed his house was in imminent danger. So he ran wildly down the street, crying at the top of his voice:

"Help! Fire! Fire! Help!"

And then, as if thinking himself too abrupt and urgent, he politely added to his neighbors say:

"That is, all those who can conveniently do so."

Football Results.

A store in a certain district displays in one of its windows this notice:

"Football results recorded here."

Into this haven one Saturday evening a man entered, supporting a young man whose figure testified to the fact that he had been engaged in some deadly encounter.

"Ye positive football results here, I see," said the former.

"Yes, we do," replied the clerk.

"Well, here's one from the football match; ye might keep him till he comes to himself."

Curious.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, discussing the divorce evil, said in Philadelphia:

"Love is the best foundation of marriage, of course. But common sense keeps you cool in things, of course, keep the best. But selfishness kills all—and some married people are as selfish as the lady to whom the palmit said: 'These lines, alas, tell me that you are destined to wed me with your weeds.' 'Oh dear me!' said the lady. 'For how long?'"

Unreasonable Woman.

"Woman is very unreasonable," said a venerable New Hampshire justice of

the peace. "I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize."

"Yes my dear," I said to my wife, "we must both economize, both!"

"Very well, Henry," she said, with a tired air of submission, "you shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."

Wonderful Animal.

"Talking about the intelligence of animals," said young Brotnowe, "I have a dog up at the farm that's simply wonderful."

"I was out shooting one day, when I found a large, handsome dog lying on the ground, moaning with pain. Some ruffian had shot it in the leg. I carried it home, bandaged the wound, and finally cured the poor beast. Some months after that I was compelled to travel on a lonely road after dark, when suddenly Ponto, who accompanied me, growled angrily."

"The next moment ruffian stepped out of the bushes and put a pistol to my head."

"Ah!" cried the listener, "I see. Thereupon the grateful dog seized the robber by the throat, while you—"

"Not at all. The man robbed me easily enough—took watch, purse, everything."

"But Ponto?"

"Ran as fast as his legs could carry him. That's the point, don't you see? Animal instinct—didn't want to get shot again."

Rowing to Toronto.

After the racing season closed at New Orleans one season, a colored rouabout asked where the next meeting was to be held.

"Just to 'Toronto,'"

"Was a short distance," was the reply, so he jumped in a boat and started to row there. When about four miles from New Orleans an acquaintance on the bank hailed him with:

"How can ye be rowin' to Toronto for the shore, mustin' to himself."

"Ah wondah who knows me in Toronto?"

The Bent of the Twig.

A young mother and her pretty baby attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman in the same car.

"A fine youngster that, madam. I hope you will bring him up to be an upright, conscientious man."

"But," said the young mother, smilingly, "will be a bit difficult."

"Pshaw!" rejoined the elderly gentleman. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

"I know," agreed the other, "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it have its way."

Big Chances Both Ways.

The famous physician and the eminent clergyman were deep in a discussion which threatened to become acrimonious.

"You see," said the minister, sarcastically, "you medical men know so much about the uncertainties of this world that I should think you would not want to live."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the physician, calmly. "You clergymen tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world that we don't want to die."

It is So Easy!

Boston is famous for its beans, but those who "know beans" will tell you that none are so delicious as those beans baked in the ground as being the manner of the guides and lumbermen of the Maine woods. Not long ago a man from the Middle West took a hunting trip thru the Plac. Tree State. He hired a camp, and his cook was a Frenchman, long experienced in the art of cooking. The man was delighted with the beans, and ate them three times a day.

When he went out, he asked the Frenchman if he would give him his formula for cooking beans.

"Sure," said Joe. "She's jes' so easy as nottin'. If you lak for cook de bean in bean hole, so de whole bean is goin' be whole hole, w'en you take de whole out de bean hole, you make de bean hole, and w'en you get make de bean hole, you tak de wrole bean, and put de whole in de bean hole, and cov' up de whole de bean hole, and in de mornin' w'en you take de whole out de bean hole, you goin' find de whole de bean, w'at you cook in de bean hole, is goin' be whole."

In His Face.

It was in the heat of a run upon a bank in Washington. Many of the depositors were negroes, and for hours Uncle Ephraim had shuffled on in the nervous, melancholy line of those who still hoped to recover their savings.

It was with a very few feet of the entrance when down the line came shuddering the words: "The bank's done close!"

Unc' Ephraim, harking back to an ancestral African day, lifted his voice and vented the circumambient air with the exclamation: "Shut 'em!"

grewled a policeman, fearful of a riot in the panicky state of the crowd.

"Didn't you ever see a bank bust before?"

"Co've I seen 'em bust befo'," wailed Uncle Ephraim, "Co've I seen 'em bust befo'?"

But this is de just one dat ever de ne bust right in mah face!"

WILL AID GOVERNMENT

STATE FAIR DESIGNATED FOOD TRAINING CAMP

Problems of Food Efficiency Will be Placed Before the People at Fair

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20.—The Illinois State Fair which is to be held on the Illinois State Fair grounds, Springfield, September 7-15 inclusive, is now in the service of the United States Government.

In a statement today Herbert C. Hoover, Government Food Administrator, designated the Illinois State Fair a Food Training Camp, at which all the people in its territory can study the problems of food efficiency which he intends to place before them. Similar food training camps will be conducted at practically all of the other large fairs of the country.

"It is the intention of the Government to co-operate with the Illinois State Fair in every way possible in convincing everyone of the absolute necessity of producing more food and waisting less of it," said Mr. Hoover today. "The large fairs offer a wonderful opportunity to do this in an efficient manner, and I am certain great results will come from it."

The action taken in naming the Illinois State Fair as a Food Training Camp is the result of a conference of prominent fair officials from all parts of the United States, which was held in Washington on December 3d, at which time the services of the large fairs of the United States were tendered to the Government, the Illinois State Fair having been tendered at that time.

"Because of the importance of this great movement and the possibilities offered by the Food Training Camps in assisting the Government in its food conservation work, I believe that the fair should organize a special booth at Washington to co-operate with my department and other Government Departments in helping to bring the war to a successful conclusion," said Mr. Hoover at the close of the conference.

It is not known definitely what lines this work will follow. This remains to be worked out, but it is probably that a series of exhibits and demonstrations will be placed at the different fairs by the Government. A conference is to be held at Washington in a very short time to work out these matters. It is probable that the State Council of Defense of the State of Illinois will also be asked to co-operate in this movement.

This is the first time in history that the National Government has co-operated with the fairs of the country in a general way or has attempted to make use of them in an official way. With this interest being shown, it is predicted that the Illinois State Fair this year will be the most interesting and most educational of all State Fairs in the history of the State.

DAVID S. RITTER DIED

AN OLD RESIDENT PASSED AWAY TUESDAY

David S. Ritter, an old and respected citizen of this community died Tuesday morning after an illness of four years duration, and the remains were laid to rest Friday afternoon in Mound Grove cemetery. Funeral services were held at the M. E. Church by Rev. Iver Johnson.

Buried Friday Afternoon. Rev. Johnson Conducted Funeral Services

Mr. Ritter was born near Lowell, Ind., and came to Bradley six years ago. He was married at Mokenca, Ill., on Sept. 7, 1883 to Miss Hattie Loomis. To this union was born three children, all living. The deceased is survived by his widow and

three sons Chas. E. and Luther W. of Chicago and Kitchell of this city.

Mrs. Nicoll Dead

Mrs. Ella Nicoll died at her home on South Washington Ave. Tuesday of this week and was buried Friday.

Paul Radnus who has been traveling thru Wisconsin and Michigan, was here several days the past week visiting relatives.

Mrs. Dr. Morel of Bourbonnais will leave Monday for an extended visit with relatives in Canada.

Home from Hospital

Mrs. Dan Callahan, who was taken to the emergency hospital last week for a surgical operation has improved to such an extent that the operation was deemed unnecessary, and she returned home from the hospital Tuesday very much improved in health.

Initiation

The Royal neighbors initiated two new members Thursday evening of last week. An enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Business Meeting

The C. E. Society of the U. B. Church met at the home of Amil Miller on South Grand Ave. at business meeting and incidently were royally entertained by Mrs. Miller.

Co. G. Home

Co. G. who have been on duty at East St. Louis Ill. for the past four weeks returned home Wednesday evening. The company will only be here for a short time before starting for Houston Texas where they will go with camp.

Miss Nellie Wilmot of Chicago is visiting at the home of Rev. John Codd and family.

Miss Mable Codd has returned home from Chicago where she has been visiting friends.

Chas Spencer who is working in Chicago spent Sunday here.

Eugene Richard who has been on the sick list is able to be out again.

A Band of gypsies traveling in Automobiles, passed through here last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martir and family from Chicago were visitors at the McCue home on South Center Ave. Sunday.

George and Van Wilson and families of Watska Ill. spent Sunday with James McCue and family.

Mrs. Henry Paus and children are spending the week at St. Anne, Ill., with relatives.

Wm. Knox of Manteno spent Sunday with his parents in this city.

Sanol Eczeema Prescription is a famous old remedy for all forms of Eczeema and skin diseases. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. Get a 35c large trial bottle at the drug store. 618

Miss Jeannette Worman has gone to Pittsburg Pa. were she will make her future home.

Henry Paris was on the sick list Monday of this week.

R. E. Hesig of Chicago was a business caller here Monday.

Ed Wilson is spending the week in Watska Ill. with relatives.

Albert Chleipsa of South Center Ave. is the owner of a Metz car.

Rev. Udd delivered a sermon at the U. B. Church in Custer Park Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary McCue is visiting relatives and friends in Chicago.

Mr. Henderson of Cabery, Ill., was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Knicknbocker last week.

Womans friends is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczeema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin tonic. Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug store. 618

Mrs. Wm. Hirt is spending the week at Wilmington, Ill., visiting relatives. Wm. Hirt was called there Tuesday on account of the illness of their little child.

Aidin Gazeto was on the sick list several days the past week.

The Misses Evelyn and Martha Edwards of Chicago are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Topfiff.

TO ORGANIZE Y. M. C. A. WORK FOR SOLDIERS

Want to be a Red Cross Nurse?

This article tells what are the requirements and describes the work some American women in field service have done in Europe

By JANE A. DELANO
Chairman National Committee Red Cross Nursing Service.

THE work of the Red Cross divided roughly into two classes—first, peace activity in cases of pestilence, famine, fire and flood, and, second, in time of war, relief and care for the sick and wounded and relief to dependant families of soldiers—carries an appeal at this time to the American woman exercised perhaps by other organized war effort, either governmental or private. To those who may have felt the pulse of this appeal or who may be in contemplation of essaying the difficult role of the Red Cross nurse the question "What does a woman need to know to be eligible as a Red Cross nurse?" must often have occurred.

A glance at some of the most important prerequisites to service as a Red Cross nurse will prove at once that more than 90 per cent of those who aspire to go to the front as Red Cross nurses will be eliminated at the start through lack of experience necessary to fit them for the work.

The Red Cross nurse must have graduated from a nurses' school, giving at least two years' general hospital training in an institution caring for both sexes and maintaining a daily average of at least 50 patients.

Some of the Qualifications. She must be not only of voting age, but must have added four additional years of discretion and arrived at the mature age of twenty-five, yet she must not have passed her fortieth birthday.

If her state law so requires she must have been registered as a nurse under the law.

If your potential nurse has satisfied all of the requirements already named she must be in addition a member of an organization affiliated with the American Nurses' association and obtain the indorsement of its executive committee or two of its officers. She must have the indorsement of the superintendent of the nurses' school where her diploma was acquired, the further approval of the local committee on Red Cross nursing service, and, finally, must pass the exacting physical examination required by the Red Cross before assignment to active duty.

A woman needs to know many things and have wide experience to be eligible as a Red Cross nurse. The work which must be done in the case of the wounded in hospitals not only demands skill and training in the technique of nursing, but also a constitution accustomed to bear the strain of physical effort and a nervous system which will withstand shocks of whatever intensity. The stipulations made by the Red Cross, to be satisfied by its nursing candidates, can be said to



be most appropriate to insure nursing material capable of proving equal to wartime emergencies.

Nurses Aids May Be Needed.

A limited number of nurses' aids may be used at the front who lack the wide professional training required of the nurse. Though the greater volume of Red Cross work must be done at home, the experience of deepest human interest will always be met in the paths trod by the Red Cross nurse in the actual care of the wounded soldier. The professional Red Cross nurse who is so fortunate as to reach the front will meet with experiences to which the supporting armies of women behind the lines are strangers.

The last request of the dying soldier is often entrusted for fulfillment to the Red Cross nurse and his last message to her hands for delivery. American Red Cross nurses have served in caring for the wounded of all European armies since September, 1914, but with the sending of the Pershing expedition to the western battle front American boys will bleed, suffer and die and the American Red Cross nurse will share their sorrows.

Incidents are legion which show the patriotism, heroism and bravery of the American nurses in the Red Cross

service, and these attributes have made the service what it is today.

It is stated that as soon as information reached Chicago of the loss of the two nurses on board the Mongolia and the serious injury of a third a number of nurses in that city promptly volunteered to fill the places of those who had made the "major sacrifice" in the service of their country.

Red Cross nurses in Serbia, in order that they might have better facilities in caring for the wounded, elected to go to Belgrade, on the Austrian front, taking up a position in a hospital exposed to shell fire of the enemy. These nurses remained in this dangerous position through the capture of Belgrade by the Austrians, followed by its recapture by the Serbians and later by a subsequent recapture by the Prussian and Austrian armies, all the time directly in the line of fire.

That it is impossible to anticipate and provide against danger is demonstrated from the fact that not a nurse among the number of more than 200 sent by the Red Cross to foreign battlefields since September, 1914, has lost her life, while it remained for two to organize a Red Cross hospital at sea on a ship in midocean to meet with a fatal accident which occurred during practice training.

Nurses working in Belgium occupied a spot situated in the line of flight frequently traversed by Zeppelins in crossing the English channel. In some instances windows in hospitals occupied by these Red Cross nurses were broken by bombs cast by the aircraft, yet not a nurse suffered injury.

Experience of Two Nurses.

Red Cross nurses have been assigned to duty in all European countries and not a single nurse died from accident since the opening of the European war.

The experiences of Miss Helen Scott of Illinois and Miss Rachel Torrance of New York is a drama of thrills.

These two nurses were sent out on board the Red Cross ship in September, 1914, to Russia, where they helped to organize a Red Cross hospital at Kieff. After about one year's service in this city, at the urgent request of the queen of Bulgaria, they were transferred to her country to aid the Bulgarian government in establishing a Red Cross center for the Bulgarian army. In this work a nurses' school was established in Sofia, into which many native women graduated from the American college at Constantinople, America.

After the resumption of hostilities on April 6, of the existence of a state of war by the congress of the United States and have already reported to Red Cross headquarters in Washington.

In war expert services must be conserved, and while it seems necessary to hold our enrolled Red Cross nurses for the technical hospital service, there is still ample opportunity for the services of the patriotic women throughout America. To meet the needs of the present situation every woman must be willing to perform the duty for which she is best qualified, believing that every service rendered to one's country is equally important.—New York Herald.

Her "Bit" Not Appreciated.

Mrs. Flyn E. Biskett—I want to join the army. I think I'll enlist as a cook.

F. E. B.—Sh-h! Hush, my dear. They're arresting people for making threats against the army.—Judge.

Cumulative Discovery.

"They've discovered a mammoth in the Hindenburg trenches in France." "So, I read, but they learned long before that they had an elephant on their hands!"

GETTING UNCLE SAM'S TROOPS INTO THE ARMY CIGARIC TASK

Immense Supply of Materials Necessary to Equip Men for the Field.

BIG PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED

In Addition to the Regular Army and National Guard, Supplies Must Be on Hand for the Drafted Men.

Washington.—When a nation goes to war, naturally the people back home want action. The first thought is to get the other fellow as soon as possible, whip him good and plenty and get it over with. Congress votes and an army. The people, and rightly so, want that army in training camps as quickly as possible and made ready to fight.

America's national army of half a million men probably will not get into camp until September. Miracles, almost, will have to be accomplished to do that. Even most of the National Guard won't be in camp until August 1. And war was declared early in April.

There have been delays here in Washington getting things under way that are hard to understand. There have been minor blunders and mistakes that appear inexcusable. It has taken longer to do things than appears on the surface, at least, at all necessary. But practically every complaint of the character, serious or minor, is traceable back to the fundamental of the whole situation: When this country went into war it was emphatically on a peace basis. Most of this lost time and motion has been spent in building up the national organization necessary, not alone to supply the army when it takes the field in numbers with munitions, but with the plainest necessities before they are ready even to take the field for professional training and to keep them supplied.

Big Industries Simplify Task.

If the United States were not a big industrial nation, the biggest in the world, the task would be almost impossible. As it is, it presents a problem the average person back home has little conception of until he goes into actual figures of needs and requirements.

When war was declared, it naturally was supposed the National Guard, our second line of defense to the regular army, would be put in intensive training at once. It wasn't. The reason was that the army didn't have the equipment to take care of the National Guard. If it should recruit to war strength at the same time the regular army was filling up its ranks. There was no particular object in calling out the very men who had had the special training of the border. The National Guard had to be doubled and nearly trebled in size and it was the new recruits who needed the intensive training. And the government couldn't take care of it.

But the army says it can do the task now. Something like a half million recruits have been taken in by the regular army, National Guard and navy already. And the first contingent of the national army, 625,000 men, must be equipped in September. That was the army job on supplies, clothing, food, arms, etc. It will have to go to war without huge storehouses full of reserve supplies. We were operating on a small army scale because we didn't think we would have to go to war.

The Clothing Requirements.

Concrete figures give a real idea of what it takes to clothe and equip an army. Here are the clothing requirements for a million men and the upkeep in clothing for nine months, for the army has to know where the next few months' supply is to be had as well as the initial equipment:

Shells, waist	2,000,000
Breeches, cotton, foot soldier	2,573,000
Breeches, cotton, mounted soldier	1,292,000
Breeches, woolen, mounted soldier	882,000
Coats, cotton	2,469,000
Coats, woolen	279,000
Curtis, hat	2,500,000
Drawers, summer	2,573,000
Drawers, winter	2,573,000
Gloves, horsehide, yellow	41,000
Gloves, riding	41,000
Hats, service	2,573,000
Hats, service	1,292,000
Leggins, canvas, foot	1,292,000
Leggins, canvas, mounted	862,000
Shirts, identification	678,000
Shirts, flannel	4,000,000
Shirts, field	1,292,000
Socks	2,573,000
Stockings, wool, lightweight	4,533,000
Stockings, heavyweight	2,000,000
Ties, identification	2,469,000
Undershirts, cotton	4,700,000
Undershirts, woolen	4,000,000

This is the clothing requirement alone. Before the year is out the figures would be double. The United States is going to get these supplies. It is getting them now in daily increasing amounts. The war department in conjunction with a department of national consignment of the Sears-Robuck company is the head, has built up a tremendous organization. Mills are running at full



This is a specially posed photograph of Francis Bowers Sayre, son-in-law of President Wilson, taken just before he sailed to France, to organize Y. M. C. A. work for the United States troops abroad. Mr. Sayre married Jessie Wilson, daughter of the president.

'CHUCKED ME UP TO GENERAL'

General Baildout of French Army Reminds Corporal That There Are Others.

Salonika.—General Baildout, commanding part of the French expeditionary force in the Balkans, is so popular with his men that nearly every good story originating in his corps is either about him or attributed to him.

The latest going the rounds tells how a soldier of the rough-and-ready style was returning to quarters near Monastir with a water jug in each hand. Coming across another mud-stained "polli" sitting beside the road, he hailed him.

"Hello, old man. Say, can you carry one of these jugs for me?"

"Sure," said the other, and they went on together.

"Would you believe it," said the first soldier, "they chuck me up to the grade of corporal."

"What of that?" replied the other; "didn't they chuck me up to the grade of general?"

After nearly dropping his jug, the soldier drew closer and made out three faint stars on a mud-stained sleeve. He drew himself up at attention and saluted.

"Walk on, corporal," said General Baildout, who wouldn't consent to give up his jug.

TRAPPER LASSES BIG BEAR

Thousand-Pound Grizzly That Had Killed Many Cattle Captured in New Mexico.

Santa Fe, N. M.—A thousand-pound grizzly bear was lassoed in the Santa Fe national forest by J. F. McMillen, trapper, of the United States biological survey. The animal was trailed down as the racer through the woods with a 45-pound trap and a six-foot drag hanging to her feet.

McMillen tied the bear and sent a man to the Mountain View ranch to bring an audience of ranchers and tourists to see and photograph the brute before it was given the death shot. The bear has killed many cattle recently.

FIND UTE BURYING GROUND

Cowboys Discover Ancient Indian Burial Place Near City Limits of Craig, Colo.

Craig, Colo.—Cowboys living in this section of the state have discovered an ancient Indian burial ground within half a mile of the old city limits. They overheard an old trapper tell of a battle fought in the early stages between the Ute and Arapahoe tribes, and going to the spot where he said the dead had been buried, found several mounds. Digging into the first they found the bones of an Indian chief. Great quantities of brass rings, marbles, silk and snake rattles were found.

'SLACKER' HOLDS HE GAVE WIFE WRONG AGE

Kansas City, Mo.—To keep his wife from knowing his exact age, which he considered too advanced, Anthony Schwabson of Kansas City, Kan., told the clerk he was twenty-five years old when he applied for a marriage license last January. He regretted his efforts to fool cupid when he was brought to police headquarters for investigation on a "slacker" charge. He now declares his age is thirty-one and says he can prove it by birth records at Hammond, Kan.

WEARS IN RING GERMAN BULLET THAT SHOT HIM

Cleveland.—Sergeant Maurice Snook of the First Battalion, Canadian infantry, is recuperating from injuries received at the front. Sergeant Snook brought back a German bullet from the battlefield. It is the German bullet which sent him to the hospital for several weeks. Snook has had it mounted in a ring and wears it every day.

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The Man Who Saved Belgium

Herbert C. Hoover, being nineteen years of age, depending on his resources, quiet, self-contained, and a "ling of speech," presented himself in 1881 in the new Stanford university as the first student to be registered, as the first occupant of Etnia hall, and as the nucleus of the department of geology and mining. As nearly everybody else among the 465 students was a freshman likewise, lack of experience was no bar to anything. So, as a freshman, he organized the student body on a sound system which remains to this day when the student group spends many thousand dollars a year in its varied activities.

Duly graduated in 1886 as a mining engineer, Hoover accepted the first position offered, a place on the staff of a mining corporation in Nevada county, California. The pay was \$2 per day, the assignment to push ore-indean cars from the mouth of the mine to the reducing works. The cars all reached their destination, and a more specialized job followed. Next he appeared in the most desolate spot in the civilized world, Broken Hill, in the desert of New South Wales.

In this desolate, forsaken wallow of sand, zinc and gold, Hoover and his team-mate, D. P. Mitchell, of '96, spent a red-hot summer night discussing the chances of a return to the world's democratic frontiers, "working day and night" was a problem of infinite dimensions, but Hoover tackled it as part of the day's work. If "Belgium saved Europe," as my good friend Sarolea says I did, then America saved Belgium, and Hoover was her agent.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Carrots and peas mixed make a good dish.

Possil fish, from which the much-used ichthyol oil may be obtained, has been discovered in Texas. This material formerly came exclusively from Austria.

The ordered, which is a motor on which the operator stands as it glides along the street, has been tried by the Washington post office and has been found to go good service.

Pig that Disrupted the Town

By Alice E. Ives

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

When little Mrs. Wiley moved into the small town of Norton...

Vida Wiley being fair of face, trim of figure, always neatly dressed...

On moving to the cottage, Vida's first care was to provide Roger with a kennel...



Took Him Away Amidst Vociferous Squalls.

awaited the eviction of the undesirable tenant. As plainly as dog language could speak...

Vida with some dignity drew forth the pig, put him out in the road, and brushed out the kennel...

After it was all over the Judge came to Vida. "As this is the one who used to be Vida Gould?" he asked.

pig, but I didn't bother. He's only a runt, and never'll amount to anything.

"He seems to be such an unusually intelligent porker, you might train him to be an educated pig," observed Grice.

Vida looked blank, and asked what she meant by "speeney."

"Why, one of 'em papers that gets you before the Judge an' the court," she explained.

Vida's amazed expression prompted Mrs. Phelps to say: "Why, hain't you heard nothing?"

"Yes, yes," said Hiram Briggs, who gave it to him. "Wal, he took it home, an' it kept up such a squallin'...

"Wal, if he didn't take in ten dollars for that pig, nobody'd ever see it, an' no one'd know it was a runt."

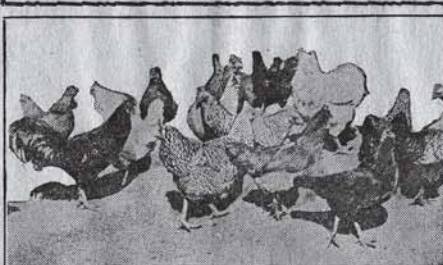
"Wal, if that mean old skunkin' didn't go an' get Hiram arrested, an' hauled up to court, but Hiram can't remember how them folks, that Mr. Grice an' his sister, not out on your porch...

"The Judge pounces on him, an' fines ten dollars, an' has contempt covin' Grice an' his sister, an' despoils Hiram at the trial, when Mr. Grice got mad, an' he ups and tells the Judge that Hiram was all right in takin' the pig...

"The Judge comes out, Mr. Grice is layin' for him, an' he steps up, an' says: 'Court's over now, I s'pose. An' the Judge lows that it is. Then Mr. Grice fetches him one in the eye, an' the Judge hits him with a cane, an' there's no knowin' what might have happened if some men hadn't got between 'em..."

"The Judge couldn't hold court the next day, it not lookin' 'right sides to be on the judge's back, an' the judge's body's talkin' an' takin' sides, an' gettin' into scraps. Yes, the town is just all rippin' up over that pig."

IMPORTANCE OF BY-PRODUCTS TO FARMER



AVERAGE FLOCK FOUND ON GENERAL FARM.

If a premium were offered for the most rapid gain from the most simple methods I should be inclined to give it to a near-by farmer...

Instead of using all his skim milk for the piggy he made pot cheese out of it, did it up in fancy boxes and got a good price for all he could sell.

FROST-PROOF CORN SAID TO BE POSSIBLE

Recent Experiments by Government Indicate Possibility of Breeding Such Variety.

(By C. P. HARTLEY, in Charge of Corn Investigations, U. S. State Department of Agriculture.) In this age of wonderful achievements, a frost-proof corn is among the possibilities of attainment.

At the first signs of spring, with patches of snow still on the ground, seed of these varieties has been planted in ten and has shown ability to withstand frozen ground and spring frosts and ultimately to yield well.

Of still more importance than the possibility of producing frost-proof varieties of corn that will continue to thrive and produce grain at lower temperatures than existing varieties.

AVOID DIRTY DAIRY UTENSILS IN SUMMER

Point of Chief Importance in Warm Weather Is Thorough Drying After Cleaning.

Most of the bacteria which get into milk come from the dirty cow and from the utensils, such as cans, pails, strainers, coolers, and separators, which have not been properly cleaned.

A bacterial count recently made from some of the staling water left in an eight-gallon can, which had been washed twelve hours before, showed the can to contain more than three billion bacteria.

VIT and HUMOR



DENTIST'S IDEA OF HUMOR.

It was noon when we dropped into the dentist's office. The doctor greeted us cordially as we fell into his chair and prepared to submit ourselves to torture.

"What are you going to do after I get through?" said the doctor mildly. Between his fist and his mirror we hurried out something about lunch.

"You're good," we exclaimed. "Invisibly a man to lunch, and then fix him so he can't eat."—Detroit Free Press.

"You never can tell what a man will do." "Maybe not." "Years ago Dubwate resisted the bicycle craze."

"Yes?" "He refused to neglect his business when the tango became all the rage."

"But I've heard lately that he's taking lessons on the ukulele."

WELL! WELL!



Henpeck—'Tm miserably unhappy with my wife.

Henshaw—Why don't you apply for a divorce? Henpeck—She won't let me.

Our Patriotic Forefathers. Although their aims is never hid As banners bright are spread, We don't remember what they did Or even what they said.

The Plainer the Better. Benjam—'I'll go to the intelligence office an' get a plain coat.

Mr. Benjam—And while you are about it, dear, get a plain stenographer, too.

Natural Deduction. Gills—I guess Boose must have signed the pledge.

Diggs—Why do you think so? Gills—He has quit inviting me to go fishing with him.

Swallowed Whole. "Old Doughbag is very appreciable." "So was the whale. But it took Jonah three days to get away from him."

Perfectly Fit. "Those hens look nice and fat, but do you think a five-year-old fowl is fit to kill?" "Yes'm, but not fit to eat."

Midnight Monologue. "Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?" "No; and I didn't get in without my hearing her, either."

Sure Is. "Is your new maid particular with her work?" "Yes, indeed. She breaks nothing but the best china."

Great Presence of Mind. Mrs. Newwed—My husband always knows what to do at just the right time. Yesterday the baby got a tack caught in his throat.

It Looked That Way. Mrs. Brown—I don't know why I snarled you. Brown—I think you did it with malice aforethought.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI. Includes an illustration of a woman and a child.

After Treatment. For years Trachoma tortured him. Includes an illustration of a man's face.

Trachoma Granulated Lids. Scare Eyes. Includes an illustration of a man's face.

Before—Don't take chances this year! Use GOOD LUCK RED RUBBERS. Includes an illustration of a shoe.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY. Includes an illustration of a woman's face.

Nothing Too Good for Josh. Includes an illustration of a man's face.

Germany Great Potato Country. Includes an illustration of a potato.

Cool Food on a Hot Day! Includes an illustration of a woman's face.

Post Toasties for lunch! THE NEW CORN FLAKES. Includes an illustration of a woman's face.

The Store of Good Taste



WE ARE NOT COUNTERFEITERS
Although we deal extensively in
GREEN GOODS

These are the Real Goods,
Fresh from the Soil

Our Weekly Recipe

Spring Salad.—Two large tomatoes, one small cucumber, six new onions, four radishes and one green pepper, all cut or sliced. Mix lightly with French dressing and serve on head lettuce.

Rhubarb Tutti-Frutti Shortcake.—Chop fine one cupful of mixed dates and raisins, stoned. Add to two cups of rich thick rhubarb sauce; cook five minutes. Split a shortcake made by any desired rule and spread each layer with fruit. Put together and cover with whipped cream.

Nice Fancy Tomatoes
Cauliflower,
Cukes Green Peas
New Potatoes
Prices so we can eat them again.
Fruits, Peaches, Plums.
Prices right at all times,
Watermelons and
Cantaloupes are fine.
Big Jo Flour still in the lead.

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\$92,000 IN PREMIUMS
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THE FAIR OF QUALITY



End Your Wash-day Misery

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

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

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



See this great time and labor saver demonstrated TODAY!
\$12.75
THE ECONOMY

The Eagle Bar

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO
GENE RICHARD, Prop.

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. R. McCoy, collector.
T. J. Fahey, marshal.
Joe Superman, night police.
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bado James McCue, Adolph Book, C. L. 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. Stielor, Pres., C. W. Keinke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmore, 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.

Panfy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of 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, English 8:15 a. m. 9:30 a. m.
Vespers, 7 p. m.

FATHER CHARLES COX, PASTOR.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

SUNDAY

Sunday school 10 a. m.
Epworth league, 9:45 a. m.
Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY

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

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Low mass, 7:30 a. m.
High mass, 9:30 a. m.
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.
Rev. Wm. A. Gassner, 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. Joun Cobb, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Leggie, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.
John Flaggole, treasurer.
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 Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

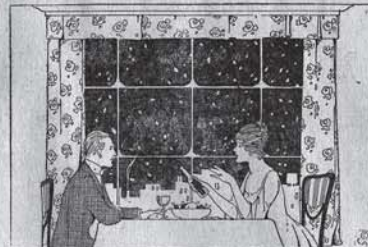
Holy Name Society.

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

Children of Mary Society.

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

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. 50c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store. 6-18



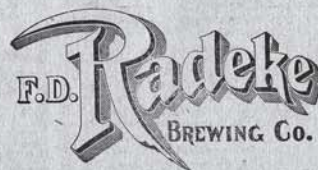
Drink "Radeke Beer" With Every Evening Meal

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

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



Moderate winds are necessary in Nature's scheme.

BUT when whipped into hurricanes (an extreme state) they become destructive. Extremes of every kind are bad. An imtemperate use of alcoholic beverages is injurious. On the other hand, it is well known that total abstinence practiced for generations, as in Turkey and India, dwarfs and narrows the mind, impoverishes the body, and causes the eventual decay and subjugation of nations.

BUDWEISER is a happy medium—it is a mild Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop brew—truly the drink of Moderation. Its use has always spelled temperance, and it brings to mankind a kindly sense of good cheer, banishes old dull care, and its life-giving juices are beneficial to all. BUDWEISER sales exceed all other beers by millions of bottles.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 192 acres.

Anheuser-Busch Branch
Distributors Chicago, Ill.

Budweiser Means Moderation



The monthly business meeting of the official board of the M. E. Church will be held at the church this evening. All members of the board are requested to be present.

Mr. Swanson and family motored up from Paxton, Ill., Sunday and spent several days at the home of Frank Euckson and family returning to Paxton Tuesday morning.

Mr. Williams of Chicago is spending the week here with relatives and friends.

John Wolfe and family of Harvey, Ill., are visiting relatives here. Mr. James McCue is enjoying a two weeks vacation from his work in the inspection department at the Bradley factory and with his family is enjoying motoring four throw Indiana.

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 50c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at the drug store. 6-18.

Everybody who reads magazines buys newspapers, but everybody who reads newspapers doesn't buy magazines. Catch the Drift? Here's the medium to reach the people of this community.

Just a Desire to be Friendly

Why, Mabel, I thought you were in the country," said the girl who happened upon her dearest friend at lunch in their favorite tea-room.

"I was, but I came back—suddenly," said Mabel.

"What was the matter? Didn't you like Cherry Hill farm?"

"Oh, I liked the farm well enough, and my relatives were awful good to me, but—well, I decided I'd rather pass the rest of my vacation in town."

"You must have had some reason for changing your mind."

"It's quite a story, but you are welcome to it, dear, on condition that you don't repeat it. You see, the second morning after I got to Cherry Hill I had a letter from Aubrey Johnson saying that he was coming to see me and telling me not to make an engagement with any country swain because he could stay only one evening and he wanted me to himself."

"Of course, you were excited!"

"I planned a moonlight row on the river. I thought it would be grand."

"Well, Aubrey had just arrived and had hardly more than been introduced to Uncle Dan, Aunt Hattie and my bachelor cousins when a terrific thunderstorm came up. It grew into a steady rain, and we all had to go into the stuffy little sitting room. I could have cried, but, of course, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it."

"Aubrey came at 7 o'clock, and the whole family sat there with us until 9:30. They entertained him with talk about the crops, the bad roads, and how scarce hired help was getting in the country. At last Uncle Dan yawned and said, 'Come, mother, it's our bedtime. If you young folks want to sit up a little while longer, all right.'"

"I couldn't help being glad when Cousin Zeb said to Cousin Dan that they'd better go, too, for they had had to cut early the next morning if the rain stopped."

"After they had shaken hands with Aubrey and left the room, Aubrey said they were decent chaps to think of the hay just then, and he changed his seat to the sofa where I was sitting. In about a minute Uncle Dan surprised us by coming into the room with a lighted lantern."

"I thought you'd have pretty hard work finding your way back to the cross roads in the dark, Mr. Johnson," he said. "You can leave this lantern at the hotel and Zeb'll get it when he goes to the creamery in the morning."

"Of course Aubrey thanked him and said good-night again. He was just turning the kerosene lamp down a little—the glare made the room so hot, you know—when Cousin Zeb returned."

"'Say,' went on Zeb, 'if you'll wait a minute I'll get my rubber coat for you. That's a pretty thin-looking suit you've got on.'"

"'I'll wait,' Aubrey replied."

"Then he and I discussed the weather from distant corners of the room while Zeb was gone. After Zeb had left us again and Aubrey had resumed his seat on the sofa and was beginning to tell me how he had wanted to see me so much, he was interrupted by the appearance of Cousin Dan."

"'Let me offer you an umbrella,' he said, as he produced a huge old cotton affair. 'I thought of it just now. Here's one you can take all the way to the city if you want to, and send it back any time.'"

"When we were once more alone Aubrey gave me the funniest look and said: 'I'm going now, quick, before your aunt comes down in her wrapper with a chest protector for me. I wanted to talk to you about something special, but I'll wait till you get to the luncheon city, where there ain't so many interruptous. Good-by little girl.'"

"Then he went away—with the rubber boots, the rain coat, the umbrella and the lantern."

"Well, the next day I made up my mind that it was kind of dull in the country, and I'd rather be back in town, so I came home. I'm having a lovely time. Aubrey takes me somewhere every night, and—"

"Are you and he engaged?" interrupted the girl friend, excitedly.

"I was just going to show you the ring," answered Mabel, blushing.

First Time in Years.

"What's up, Bill? You look scared."

"Should think so. Been a big explosion at our camp."

"Much damage?"

"Damage! Why my father and mother was blown right out of the window. The neighbors, they say that it's the first time they've been seen to leave the house together for fifteen years."

Condensed.

Editor—"How's the new society reporter?" I told him to condense as much as possible.

Assistant—"He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: 'Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller hored, Mrs. Rapping gored and Mrs. Embanpoint snored.'"

Percy's Encouragement.

Percy—"Sometimes I think that if I should die no one would miss me!"

Ethel—"Pa might! You're all the exercise he gets but golf."

Her Ideal Pet

Pets are emotional necessities. Observe the number of fox terriers sequestered in small apartments. There is, no common, easily comprehended joy in the close companionship of an unsexed fox terrier. It has been said of the breed that a devoted master or mistress can sit up all night training a specimen, and in the morning it will find something outrageous and totally new with which to demoralize its environment. Yet folk in small flats and folk in studios, they of the "rubs of the folding bedolins," do harbor fox terriers. It must be that they answer some occult need of the soul, they and the loud-voiced felines, the monkeys and the parrots that one finds domiciled in unlikely and inconvenient spots about town. Mankind is gregarious, even to the point of flocking with fur, fins and feathers when matter more attractive cannot be acquired in sufficient numbers to fill up all the space.

Jane Connors is alone in the family apartment for six weeks this summer. Jane Connors felt that need of the soul which calls for the companionship of something and decided to adopt a pet. Now as a cursory view the best of all pets for a busy woman appeared to be a turtle. A turtle, so every one told Jane, has a distinct personality of its own, yet never forces it upon one. A turtle eats at the most obliging intervals or not, as suits one's convenience, and very little of anything that happens to be at hand. A turtle is as quiet as a domesticated sphynx and of so retiring a disposition that a chance motion in his direction will send him into his shell for hours on end. Jane Connors decided to have a turtle.

No sooner had she reached the decision than, as luck would have it, Jim Sykes stopped by to take her morning, and in a wooded spot up on Jerome avenue they spied a turtle diligently crossing the road, and ran right over him. Jane hopped out of the car in no time and, finding the creature unharmed and hissing in a lively fashion, at once secured him, brought him home to the apartment and christened him the District Attorney.

It was very late when she reached home and very hot. Jane could not find a proper pan for the District Attorney, so she wrung out a towel in cold water and put it on the floor in the sitting room by the open window. The District Attorney was a mud turtle, and the towel seemed as good as a bank of mud for him to wallow in. Now Jane was alone in the apartment and she left a light, the tall standing lamp turned very low to scare burglars, and she went to bed with her door open to let a breeze through.

In the middle of the night she awoke. In the sitting room sounded the most blood curdling bumping back and forth. She leaned out of bed and swung the door wide open, and her heart trembled and jumped up into her mouth. Along the door, wriggling to and fro and bumping like mad, flopped and squirmed a long snake-like white something. To and fro, up and down it turned and twisted and presently made for the open door into the bedroom. As it came toward her Jane remembered with a sick despair that the matches were on the sideboard in the dining room. That long squirming white thing was now bumping and wriggling directly beside the head of the bed. Jane thought of screaming for help but the people in the next apartment are awful gossips and Jane is unemotional and the screams wouldn't come.

Pretty soon Jane remembered that her ancestors were Puritans, and she descended part of her toes to her in hand and said to her, "Jane Connors get up this second and get those matches." Jane got up. The thing wriggled after her, now silent on the rug, now bumping hard on the hardwood floors, now bumping along beneath her skirt as fast as she. When they got directly opposite the tall standing lamp, the thing was between her and it. She got up all her courage and she jumped over it and put up a hand to turn up the light. But just at that moment her eyes fell on the thing, and it was making a violent squirm right for her. She sidestepped suddenly and the standing lamp went over with a crash, and there she was with the squirming creature very close to her in the pitch dark.

She was pretty glad to hear the people from the next apartment knocking on the door and she was pretty glad to let them in, if they are awful gossip. When they managed to strike a light, of course there was the turtle, but she almost sat fast in the fringe of the towel, frightened to the point of panic, poor thing, and dragging it wildly about the floor. "And to think," said Jane Connors. "To think I only adopted him because they said he would never force his personality upon me. And to think how much it will cost to fix up the standing lamp again. But mankind is gregarious and the family should never have left me alone for six weeks this summer."

Uncertain.

"What is this picture of yours supposed to represent?" asked the critic.

"If I knew that I wouldn't call it 'A Study,'" replied the artist.

Never argue with a wasp; it is sure to crawl in your ear.



My Pantry

Life's more cheerful and housework easier in a home where the floors of the pantry and kitchen are agreeably covered with

NEPONSET Floor Covering

Neglected floors make dull homes. A dingy room can be wonderfully freshened up with Neponset. Its artistic color designs are restful to eyes and nerves.

Neponset means sanitary, easily washed, waterproof and enduring floors. Falling grease won't spread or soak in. So resilient to the step that kitchen work ceases to be hard. Lies flat without tacking, and won't curl. Made, too, in special designs suitable for bed-rooms, nursery, bath-room, sewing-room, hallways, living-room and dining-room. Made of tough, thick, fibrous felt that is wonderfully enduring. Come pick your designs today.

Made by BIRD & SON (Est. 1763) East Walpole, Mass.

THE ECONOMY BRADLEY, ILLINOIS

No Relief in Sight

When Ledeson's sister's two gossipy friends were finally stowed away in the Pullman and Ledeson had escaped from their staccato thanks and their parting reminders and messages and general feminine exclamations he heaved his first relieved breath for two weeks, which was the length of his visit.

One would not brutally say that Ledeson hated women—merely that no particular woman had impressed him with the marvelous charms of the sex as a whole. The effervescing kind were a particular trial to him, and these two had been especially effervescent. The two weeks had indeed been a nightmare.

Just as a reward of merit and a brazer Ledeson decided to take a day off and go out to his golf club. A whole day tramping the sod, entirely free from the blight of a woman's presence, appealed to him as the ultimate joy.

Then just as he tried to walk thru the first car to the smoker Mrs. Wicketts called him.

"Oh! Are you going out to the club, too?" she chorled. "How perfectly lovely! So are we! Stella, dear, let me present Mr. Ledeson. My cousin, Miss Geddit. Mr. Ledeson, Stella has never played golf, and I was bound she should have a chance to learn even if the club is deserted at this season. That's why I'm so-o-o glad I met you—you know all about golf! I can sit on the veranda and croquet

while you and Stella roam the links!" Mrs. Wicketts beamed upon her victim. Cousin Stella, too, beamed upon him. She was a young thing and Ledeson saw in his first horrified glance that she was even more effervescent than the two who had just been removed from the scene by a Pullman car.

"How perfectly lovely!" echoed Cousin Stella. "I'm simply crazy to play golf! Can I learn in one afternoon? I learned a perfectly dreadful embroidery stitch in only two hours the other day—and I'm a splendid croquet player down home!"

Ledeson violently twisted his countenance into the polite smile that had been so badly overworked of late. What he really wanted to do was to seize Cousin Stella by the yellow curls on the back of her head and give her neck one swift comprehensive twist. Centuries of conventional ancestors, however, enabled him to say harshly that he would be delighted to teach Miss Geddit.

It was worse, much worse, than he could have dreamed. He had never known that a girl could be quite so idiotically awful. The polite smile was so firmly glued to his face that it would have stayed even had an old college chum tried to borrow money from him. In a daze of misery Ledeson walked from the station to the club with Cousin Stella trotting along beside him chattering every inch of the way, and Mrs. Wicketts beaming placidly.

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"Oh, are these what you play with?" she bubbled. "How much does it count when you hit the ball? Why don't they make them bigger? My good-

ness! Isn't there a net to play over or anything?"

Like a man going to execution, Ledeson stalked to the first tee. With a sigh he turned to give his first instructions. Then he stopped.

Cousin Stella was making a neat little mound of sand and placing her ball upon it. Then in a calm, cool, businesslike way she stepped back, screwed up her eyes and swung her club twice. There was a crack which sent the white sphere hurtling a marvelous 200 yards. She turned her innocent blue eyes upon Ledeson and there was a deep silence. Then in a strangled way he seemed to be trying to say something.

Cousin Stella crumpled over her stick in a spasm of hysterical laughter. "I couldn't help it," she gasped. "No human girl could if she'd seen that look of rage and horror on your face when Mrs. Wicketts thrust me upon you! She didn't know that we've a golf club down home and that I've won six cups! Now I'll go and croquet with Mrs. Wicketts and leave you in peace!"

"Indeed you won't!" Ledeson exploded. It had dawned upon him that Cousin Stella was really a wonder! In exception to all other girls. "You're going to play golf with me all afternoon for your sins!"

A Job for Cupid.

Furious Papa—"Where is May-belle?"

Designing Mamma—"She took some photos a little while ago and she and young Murchash are in the dark room."

Furious Papa—"Developing negatives?"

Designing Mamma—"No, an affirmative, I hope."

Don't Take It For Granted

Just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be the finest in the market but they will remain on your shelves unless the people are told about them.

ADVERTISE

If you want to move your merchandise, reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER and on every dollar expended you'll reap a handsome dividend.

A Word to the Borrower

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

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

KAZAN BECOMES THE FATHER OF THREE WOLF DOG PUPPIES, AND IN TRYING TO DEFEND THEM AND GRAY WOLF HAS A DEADLY FIGHT

"Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, saves the life of Thorpe, his master, and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Isabel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his instant affection by her kindness. Back in the wilderness, McCready, a guide, beats Thorpe senseless and attacks the bride. Kazan kills the assailant, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a young mate, Gray Wolf, and a few nights later drives off the pack which had attacked Thorpe, a sick man, his daughter Joan, and her baby. Then, held by Joan's kindness, Kazan stays with her. Pierce dies. Joan and Kazan start with the dog as settler and Joan as hunter. The dog saves her and the baby, and with Gray Wolf, establishes a fair near Joan's home.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Good old Kazan," she cried softly, putting her face down close to him. "We're glad you came, Kazan, for we're going to be alone tonight—baby and I. Daddy's gone to the post, and you must care for us while he's away." She tickled his nose with the end of her long shining braid. This always delighted the baby, for in spite of his stoicism Kazan had to sniff and sometimes to sneeze, and catch his ears. And it pleased him, too. He loved the sweet scent of Joan's hair.

"And you'd fight for us, if you had to, wouldn't you?" she went on. Then she rose quietly. "I must close the door," she said, "I don't want you to go away again today, Kazan. You must stay with us."

Kazan went off to his corner, and lay down. Just as there had been some strange thing at the top of the Sun Rock to disturb him that day, so now there was a mystery that disturbed him in the cabin. He sniffed the air, trying to fathom its secret. Whatever it was, it seemed to make his mistress different, too. And he sniffed it out all sorts of odds and ends of things about the cabin, and doing them up in packages. Late that night, before she went to bed, Joan came and snuggled her hand close down beside him for a few moments.

"We're going away," she whispered, and there was a curious tremble that was almost a sob in her voice. "We're going home, Kazan. We're going away down where his people live—where they have churches and cities, and music, and all the beautiful things in the world. And we're going to take you, Kazan!"

Kazan didn't understand. But he was happy at having the woman so near to him, and talking to him. At these times he forgot Gray Wolf. The dog that was in him surged over his quarter-strain of wildness, and the woman and the baby alone filled his world. But after Joan had gone to her bed, and all was quiet in the cabin, his old uneasiness returned. He rose to his feet and moved stealthily about the cabin, sniffing at the walls, the door and the things his mistress had done into packages. A low whine rose in his throat. Joan, half asleep, heard it, and murmured:

"Be quiet, Kazan. Go to sleep—go to sleep—"

Long after that, Kazan stood rigid in the center of the room listening trembling. And faintly he heard, far away, the wailing cry of Gray Wolf. But tonight it was not the cry of loneliness. It sent a thrill through him. He ran to the door, and whined, but Joan was deep in slumber and did not hear him. Once more he heard the cry, and only once. Then the night grew still. He crunched down near the door.

Joan found him there, still watchful, still listening, when she awoke in the early morning. She came to open the door for him, and in a moment he was gone. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as he sped in the direction of the Sun Rock. Across the plain he could see the cap of it already gilded with a golden glow.

He came to the narrow winding trail, and wormed his way up it swiftly.

Gray Wolf was not at the top to greet him. But he could smell the scent of that other thing was strong in the air. His muscles tightened; his legs grew tense. Deep down in his chest there began the low rumble of a growl. He knew now what that strange thing was that had haunted him, and made him uneasy. It was life. Something that lived and breathed had invaded the home which he and Gray Wolf had chosen. He bared his long fangs, and a snarl of defiance drew back his lips. Stiff of neck, prepared to spring, his neck and head reaching out, he approached the two rocks between which Gray Wolf had crept the night before. She was still there. And with her was something else. After a moment the tensest cat of Kazan's body. His bristling crest dropped until it lay flat. His ears snarled forward, and he put his head and shoulders between the two rocks, and whined softly. And Gray Wolf whined softly, and backed out, and faced the rising sun. Then he lay down, so that his body

shaded the entrance to the chamber between the rocks.

Gray Wolf was a mother.

CHAPTER XI.

The Tragedy on Sun Rock.

All that day Kazan guarded the top of the Sun Rock. Fate, and the fear and brutality of masters, had heretofore kept him from fatherhood, and he was puzzled. Something told him now that he belonged to the Sun Rock, and not to the cabin. The call that came to him from over the plain was not so strong. At dusk Gray Wolf came out from her retreat, and slunk to his side, whimpering, and nipped gently at his shaggy neck. It was the old instinct of his fathers that made him respond by caressing Gray Wolf's face with his tongue. Then Gray Wolf's jaws opened, and she laughed in short panting gasps, as if she had been hurt. She was happy, and as they heard a little snuffing sound from between the rocks, Kazan wagged his tail, and Gray Wolf darted back to her young.

The baby's cry and its effect upon Gray Wolf taught Kazan his first lesson in fatherhood. Instinct again told him that Gray Wolf could not go down to the hunt with him now—that she must stay at the top of the Sun Rock. So when the moon rose he went down alone, and toward dawn returned with a big white rabbit between his jaws. It was the wild in him that made him do this, and Gray Wolf sat ravenously. Then he knew that each night hereafter he must hunt for Gray Wolf—and the little whimpering creature hidden between the two rocks.

The next day, and still the next, he did not go to the cabin, though he heard the voices of both the man and the woman, calling him. On the fifth he went down, and Joan and the baby were so glad that the woman hugged him, and the baby kicked and laughed and screamed at him, while the man stood by cautiously, watching their demonstrations with a gleam of disapproval in his eyes.

"I'm afraid of him," he told Joan for the hundredth time. "That's the wolf-gleam in his eyes. He's of a treacherous breed. Sometimes I wish we'd never brought him home."

"If we hadn't—where would the baby have gone?" Joan reminded him, a little catch in her voice.

"I had almost forgotten that," said her husband. "Kazan, you old devil, I guess I love you, too." He laid his hand caressingly on Kazan's head. "Wonder how he'll take to life down there?" he asked. "He has always been used to the forests. It'll seem mighty strange."

"And so—have I—always been used to the forests," she replied Joan. "I guess that's why I love Kazan—next to you and the baby. Kazan—dear old Kazan!"

This time Kazan felt and scented more of that mysterious change in the cabin. Joan and her husband talked incessantly of the man when they were together; and when the man was away Joan talked to the baby, and to him. And each time that he came down to the cabin during the week that followed, he grew more and more restless, until at last the man noticed the change in him.

"I believe he knows," he said to Joan one evening. "I believe he knows we're preparing to leave." Then he added: "The river was rising again today. It will be another week before we can start, perhaps longer."

That same night the moon flooded the top of the Sun Rock with a golden light, and out into the glow of it came Gray Wolf, with her three little whelps toddling behind her. There was much about these soft little balls that bubbled about him and snuggled in his tawny coat that reminded Kazan of the baby. At times they made the same queer, soft little sounds, and they staggered about in their fond little legs just as helplessly as baby Joan made her way about on two. He did not fondle them, as Gray Wolf did, but the touch of them, and their babyish whimperings, filled him with a kind of pang that he had never experienced before.

The moon was straight above them, and the night was almost as bright as

day, when he went down again to hunt for Gray Wolf. At the foot of the rock a big white rabbit popped up ahead of him, and he gave chase. For half a mile he pursued, until the wolf instinct in him rose over the dog, and he gave up the futile race. A deer he might have overtaken, but small game the wolf must hunt as the fox hunts it, and he began to slip through the thickets slowly and as quietly as a shadow. He was a mile from the Sun Rock when two quick leaps put Gray Wolf's supper between his jaws. He trotted back slowly, dropping the big seven-pound snow-shoe hare now and then to rest.

When he came to the narrow trail that led to the top of the Sun Rock he stopped. In that trail was the warm scent of strange feet. The rabbit fell from his jaws. Every hair in his body was suddenly electrified into life. What he scented was not the scent of a rabbit, a marten or a porcupine. Fang and claw had climbed the path ahead of him. And then, coming faintly to him from the top of the rock, he heard sounds which sent him up with a terrible whining cry. When he reached the summit he saw in the white moonlight a scene that stopped him for a single moment. Close to the edge of the sheer fall to the rocks, fifty feet below, Gray Wolf was engaged in a death-struggle with a huge gray lynx. She was down—and under, and from her there came a sudden sharp terrible cry of pain.

Kazan flew across the rock. His attack was the swift silent assault of the wolf, combined with the greater courage, the fury and the strategy of the husky. Another husky would have died in that first attack. But the lynx was not a dog or a wolf. It was "Mow-lee, the swift," as the Sarcees had named it—the quickest creature in the wilderness. Kazan's inch-long fangs should have sunk deep in its jugular. But in a fractional part of a second the lynx had thrown itself back like a huge soft ball, and Kazan's teeth buried themselves in the flesh of its neck instead of the jugular. And Kazan was not now fighting the fangs of a wolf in the pack, or of another husky. He was fighting claws—claws that ripped like twenty razor-edged knives, and which even a jagular hold could not stop.

Once he had fought a lynx in a trap, and he had not forgotten the lesson the battle had taught him. He fought to pull the lynx down, instead of forcing it on its back, as he would have done



Kazan's Teeth Sank Deeper.

with another dog or a wolf. He knew that when on its back the ferce cat was most dangerous. One rip of its powerful hind feet could disembowel him.

Behind him he heard Gray Wolf sobbing and crying, and he knew that she was terribly hurt. He was filled with the rage and strength of two dogs, and his teeth met through the flesh and hide of the cat's throat. But the big lynx escaped death by half an inch. It would take a fresh grip to reach the jugular, and suddenly Kazan made the deadly lunge. There was an instant's freedom for the lynx, and in that moment it flung itself back, and Kazan gripped at its throat—on top.

The cat's claws ripped through his flesh, cutting open his side—a little too high to kill. Another stroke and they would have come to his vitals. But they had struggled close to the edge of the rock wall, and suddenly, without a snarl or a cry, they rolled over. It was fifty or sixty feet to the rocks of the ledge below, and even as they pitched over and over so exactly suited to its wearer as the daring tam to provide the means for carrying it and finished at the bottom with silk cord and ball. Many a fair head will delight to honor a great soldier of France by wearing the Fabry tam.

The gallant and dashing Colonel Fabry—the "Blue Devil of France"—made his bow to America in a hat as dashing as himself. Nothing in a hand covering over so exactly suited to its wearer as the Fabry tam to provide the means for carrying it and finished at the bottom with silk cord and ball. Many a fair head will delight to honor a great soldier of France by wearing the Fabry tam.

Now, if one knows how to wear it, there is nothing in headwear more capricious than a tam. Miss America knows that it has a little air of rakishness which is offset by the handsomeness of velvet in which it is developed. The shops are showing it with decorations of several different kinds, and with velvet scarfs and bags to match. In the picture the Fabry tam is shown made of blue velvet with conventional flowers in colored yarn, done in cross-stitch, for decoration. The scarf is merely a strip of velvet with pointed ends and lined with silk. The ends are embroidered with the cross-stitch in yarns and finished with silk balls suspended on silk cord. The balls are merely a strip of velvet with pointed ends and lined with silk. The ends are embroidered with the cross-stitch in yarns and finished with silk balls suspended on silk cord. The balls are merely a strip of velvet with pointed ends and lined with silk. The ends are embroidered with the cross-stitch in yarns and finished with silk balls suspended on silk cord.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Silver in Early Times.

In very early times silver was used for ornaments. Spain appears to have been the chief source from which silver was obtained by the ancients. It is thought the hills of Palestine may have furnished some supply of this metal.

What Can We Do?

HELP US

"A special and urgent call for hospital garments by hundreds of thousands has just been issued by Acting Chairman Eliot Wadsworth of the National Red Cross. He says that the call is based upon recent cable advices from our allies, and that the supplies are urgently needed. Here is what he wants:

- Bath robes or convalescent gowns.....\$50,000
- Bed socks, pairs.....\$100,000
- Handkerchiefs.....\$50,000
- Hospital bed shirts.....\$50,000
- Fajama suits.....\$50,000
- Shoulder straps.....\$50,000
- Socks, pairs.....\$50,000
- Ward slippers, pairs.....\$50,000

"A constant supply of bandages and surgical dressings is also asked for by both Paris and Rome, but the call for hospital garments is a special demand. Just now they are for the wounded of our allies; a very little later they will be needed by American boys."

Nearly all of the things enumerated above can be made by a good needlewoman without any special instructions. The Red Cross will furnish patterns and diagrams, or even samples, to those who volunteer to make them. Where an auxiliary is organized and ready to go to work, hospital garments may be given out to members and volunteer workers to be made at home, or turned over to clubs and church organizations to be made in the required way and returned to the auxiliary rooms in ten days. All materials are furnished by the Red Cross and paid for out of the membership fund and donations.

The newly organized auxiliary will find enough work to keep it busy as

long as the war emergency lasts if it confines its work to making surgical dressings and hospital garments.

The military hospitals will use enormous quantities of dressings and need great numbers of hospital garments. Directions for making supplies can be secured by applying to the Red Cross chapters in the following distributing centers:

Boston chapter will supply requests from all New England states except Connecticut. Address: Miss Elton T. Emerson, 83 Newbury street, Boston, Mass.

New York chapter: New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. Address: Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, 411 Fifth avenue, New York city.

Philadelphia chapter: Pennsylvania and Delaware. Address: Mrs. John H. Gibbon, 221 South Eighteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Baltimore chapter: Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. Address: Miss Elizabeth Clark, 1025 Belvidere terrace, Baltimore, Md.

Cleveland chapter: Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Address: Mrs. Adalade McKee, 2525 Edgemoor avenue, Cleveland, O.

Chicago chapter: Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa and Arkansas. Address: Mrs. Phillip S. Doane, 87 East Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco chapter: Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California and Arizona. Address: Mrs. Thurlow McCall, 2200 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctors said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and baby girl. I know



have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads."—Mrs. NELLIE FERRBACK, 1821 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Everyone naturally desires the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

No, Eleanor, the little dears are not seen at stag parties.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, gray, gray hairs by using "La Croix" Hair Dressing—Adv.

Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fry.

FOR PIMPLY FACES

Cuticura is Best—Samples Free by Mail to Anywhere.

An easy, speedy way to remove pimples and blackheads. Smear the affected surfaces with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, bathing some minutes. Repeat night and morning. No better toilet preparations exist. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston. Send everywhere—Adv.

Never Too Late to Give.

"Were you late for church today?"

"Not too late."

"What do you mean by not too late?"

"I missed the sermon, but I was in on the collection."

A Useless Strike.

"I struck a man today in self-defense."

"You did?"

"Certainly. I knew he was going to ask me for the loan of five dollars, and I struck him first."

Very Likely.

"I see a woman rural mail carrier of Knoxville, Md., has traveled 32,500 miles in 12 years, and missed only 30 days."

"I suppose those days she missed she was trying to decipher the postal cards."

Golf Links Made Clear.

Henry's father was a golf enthusiast; therefore Henry knew all about the game. One time he asked:

"Henry, why is it that men who play golf always yell 'fore' instead of 'look out' or some such thing?"

Henry thought for a second time before an inspiration came from looking at his young sister, who was diligently getting her arithmetic.

"You see," he replied, "it takes too long to yell 'look out' and that sounds so much like 'two-two' that they just add them together and yell 'four.'"

Everybody's Magazine.



Miss America and the Fabry Tam.

The gallant and dashing Colonel Fabry—the "Blue Devil of France"—made his bow to America in a hat as dashing as himself. Nothing in a hand covering over so exactly suited to its wearer as the Fabry tam to provide the means for carrying it and finished at the bottom with silk cord and ball. Many a fair head will delight to honor a great soldier of France by wearing the Fabry tam.

Now, if one knows how to wear it, there is nothing in headwear more capricious than a tam. Miss America knows that it has a little air of rakishness which is offset by the handsomeness of velvet in which it is developed. The shops are showing it with decorations of several different kinds, and with velvet scarfs and bags to match. In the picture the Fabry tam is shown made of blue velvet with conventional flowers in colored yarn, done in cross-stitch, for decoration. The scarf is merely a strip of velvet with pointed ends and lined with silk. The ends are embroidered with the cross-stitch in yarns and finished with silk balls suspended on silk cord. The balls are merely a strip of velvet with pointed ends and lined with silk. The ends are embroidered with the cross-stitch in yarns and finished with silk balls suspended on silk cord.

simple as the scarf, and the whole set is not too difficult for the average needlewoman to undertake to make. The bag is gathered near the top over a silk cord that is long enough to provide the means for carrying it and finished at the bottom with silk cord and ball. Many a fair head will delight to honor a great soldier of France by wearing the Fabry tam.

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Practical Sewing Kit.

One of the small wicker suitcases, the size that children carry, can be turned into a practical sewing kit. It would be convenient for veranda sewing and vacation days, as it can easily be carried about and so fitted up that all the materials for mending sewing or embroidery would be at hand.

Sewing Machine Aid.

Take a board that will fit easily in the machine drawer and drive finishing mells in it at regular intervals about two inches apart. Put your spoils of thread on these nails, with numbers up, arranging white thread on one side, colors on the other and silks at the back.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley

skillfully blended and processed make

Grape-Nuts

a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

"There's a Reason"

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"I wonder," Ward reflected, "whether a matter of tradition and custom will prevent women from singing in the heavenly choir!"

Mrs. Bryant stabbed at her fish. But she had not finished. There were many things about Saint Jude's that did not please her. The burial of old Hilary Kingston had been one. She seized on that.

"A non-communicant," she snapped. "An infidel, an atheist! The daughter is living alone up there at this minute. It isn't respectable. It's a bad example to the girls in the village. The house is full of men all the time."

"That must be a mistake."

"It is quite true. Servants talk, you know. What can you expect? Raised out of the church, with no belief, and of course, no moral instruction."

Ward bent forward over the table. "That is a very serious statement, Mrs. Bryant. His eyes were like steel. Of course you are not basing it merely on what you hear from servants?"

Mrs. Bryant flushed, a purplish spot in the center of each sagging cheek. "I do not gossip with the servants," she said, shortly. "It is common talk of the church, with no belief, and of course, no moral instruction."

Ward remained in the shadows. To save his life he could not have spoken to Elinor then. Under his constrained exterior he was in the throes of the fiercest jealousy. This little fair-haired girl, to whom his life was no God, had taken a powerful hold on him.

Elinor, who slept little that night, saw the light in his window until it faded into the dawn.

Elinor went to the early communion the following day. The church was dark. There were hardly two dozen people scattered over the building. She sat far back and was heavily veiled. When the congregation knelt, she knelt. An old woman in the next pew gave her the prayer book open at the service. On her knees then went Elinor and listened to Ward's fine voice echoing through the empty building.

The morning was warm and the windows open. The odor of burned wood from the parish house crept in.

"Thou shalt not steal," Ward read from the Decalogue, and the people said:

"Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law."

"Thou shalt not steal."

In the palm of her left glove Elinor had the Bryant pear-shaped pearl.

Ward had not seen her. He went through the service serenely with an impressiveness of voice and bearing that showed how real it was to him. And in his voice, reading, exhorting, commanding, there were tender notes that caught Elinor's breath in her throat.

When the service was over, she rose from her knees and dropped the Bryant pearl into the alms-box by the door. The congregation, small and scattered, was still kneeling. The doorway and the alms-box were in twilight.

Drawing down her veil, she went quickly out into the sunshine.

At the eleven o'clock service Ward announced the burning of the parish building.

"It is not my intention to make an appeal," he said simply. "The parish house was built to fill a great need; that need still exists. If our church is to be in the daily lives of the people of this town, we must have a meeting place for them. For the worship of our God, the church building is sufficient, but if religion is to you the thing it is to me, the broader religion of universal brotherhood, the church building is not enough."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Seventy-eight thousand dollars was taken up in the collection at Saint Jude's that morning. Over fifty thousand was in checks, the rest was in cash.

Walter Huff, sitting alone in the back of the church, had watched Ward intently through the service.

"Thank Elinor, Huff had been raised in a Presbyterian household. He had

come to Jeer, to watch with his thief's eyes the offertory piling into the silver plates. But the service told on him. Somewhere down in his violent young heart there crept a sense of shame. It was only when he looked at Ward that his eyes hardened.

This man who had come between him and his girl—this white-haired, surprised, prayer-reading priest, who in a dozen words could compel the people before him to lay a fortune at his feet—Huff ground his teeth together. But something of unwilling admiration was mixed with his scorn. This was no mean adversary, this Ward; a man, every inch of him. He would beat him out if he had to kill him to do it.

Huff stayed in church after the service. He accepted Mr. Bryant, one of the vestrymen, as the congregation filed out.

"I don't like to ask you to talk business on Sunday," he said, "but I think it's going to be mighty inconvenient until you get the new building."

"Horrible," said the vestryman. "No fire is ever convenient, but this—"

Huff drew a business card from his pocket. "I thought perhaps you might be willing to talk about a temporary building," he said. "We specialize in things like that. Wood, you know, and weather-proof, but inexpensive."

The last word caught Mr. Bryant's ear. "Seems to me," Huff went on, "the boys need a place to dress in. You couldn't ask them to put on their surplices at home and walk over here."

"We had thought of a tent," Mr. Bryant said uncertainly. "But if you care to look around—"

"Never mind about me," said Huff. "I'll just glance over the place myself. You'd better attend to that fortune you took up in the collection this morning."

"The assistant rector has taken charge of that," Mr. Bryant observed, and after that for half an hour he and Huff talked board floors, tar-paper roofs and electric installation in the temporary headquarters.

Huff made careful notes in his pocket notebook. They included the length and breadth of a temporary

building, the residence of the assistant rector, stove in the temporary structure for cold days, the amount of collection, and the time at which evening service was over on Sunday night.

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Elinor's eyes were pitiful. "Wouldn't any other pearl do?"

He glanced down at her quizzically. "Where's your mind, Elinor? If you lose a dog and want it back, will any other dog do? Why? Do you want the thing yourself?"

"I have given it away," said Elinor. Under his golf fan Talbot turned rather gray.

"To whom?"

"The jewels were always mine," protested Elinor, defending herself. "You have always told me that. I thought I had a right."

"To whom?"

"I put it in the almsbox at Saint Jude's this morning."

"That it may still be there?"

"I don't know."

"In the name of God!" Talbot broke out. "What possessed you to give the thing away? Whim or no whim, you have right in the pocket of us. If that thing is traced back to you, you know what it means."

"Nobody saw me!"

But Talbot was pacing up and down. "That's your only chance," he said. "If I see you, I'll speak to the vestry, or the chief, telling him the thing is in the almsbox. If it's still there, he'll get it and return it. If it's already been discovered, at least he can claim to have known its hiding-place."

Talbot disgustedly relinquished his golf, and in the library of the hall wrote the anonymous letter to the chief. Then, in his gray car, he set off for the city to mail the letter.

When he was in the car, the engine throbbing east, Elinor ventured to put her hand on his arm.

"Last night," she said rapidly, "Walter threatened all sorts of things; that he would get the evening collection at Saint Jude's, that he would kill Mr. Ward. I am frightened, Talie."

Talbot patted her hand. "We will get this fixed up so it won't be necessary; and as for the other, you know Walter. He was mad with jealousy last night. That's all talk."

On that wild ride Talbot had little time to think, but such as they were, his thoughts were of Elinor and her caprice.

"It's the preacher, after all," he said to himself. "It's enough to make old Hilary turn over."

From that his mind wandered to Walter. He knew Huff, the violence of his temper, the grossness of his passion for the girl. Talbot was uneasy.

Elinor had an unexpected visitor that afternoon. It was the Bryant woman.

White, but very dignified, Elinor came to the drawing room. But Mrs. Bryant had not come about the pearl.

"You must forgive a Sunday visit," she said. "But I have taken Mr. Bryant to the country club, and I wanted to much to come to see you."

Elinor's color returned. "It is very kind of you to come."

Mrs. Bryant's small, birdlike eyes darted over the room. The house was distinctly good. Perhaps the girl might be an acquisition to the social life of the village. After all, religion was becoming very broad. Even the best people—

"The country club," said Mrs. Bryant aloud, "is a fall of disagreeable memories to me just now. It is less than a week ago that I was robbed."

"Ah!" said Elinor. "Robbed! How interesting!"

"All my jewels, everything I possessed that was really worth while."

"But surely the police—"

"Mrs. Bryant flushed with anger. "The police!" she said. "It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that the police are in with the thieves. Look at the condition of this country! It has been terror-stricken for last two or three years. You yourself are a victim. Your poor father!"

Actually she had detested old Hilary. She sat forward on the edge of her chair and spoke with greatunction.

"There is a band of organized, intelligent bandits working in this neighborhood, Miss Kingston, a band of murderers. In these days of feminism, it wouldn't astonish me at all to discover that such a woman is at the head of it. The things that have happened here have been so sensibly clever!"

Mrs. Bryant rose. "A helpful remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and Loss of Sleep resulting therefrom in Infancy."

Humor from British Trav. An incident illustrative of the quiet honor of the British star is thus described:

In Modros harbor, in the eastern Mediterranean, a coxswain of the navy was watching for errors when, knowing his error, listened with disciplinary patience while the traitor expressed his views on royal naval pilot boats in a wealth of inventive. The silent coxswain put on a hat, resting under the stroke of the traveler, looked up at one of the crew and shouted:

"What do you see your old man on? 'Acad drops?—London Thy-Bits."

The demand for good advice is not equal to the supply.

The man who has but one shirt is short on change.

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It's Poor Economy to Endure a Bad Back

In these days of rising prices, we need every ounce of strength and the ability to do a full day's work every day. The man or woman with weak kidneys is half crippled. Sore, aching kidneys; lame, stiff back, headache, dizzy spells, a dull, tired feeling and urinary disorders are daily sources of distress. You can't afford to neglect kidney weakness and make it easy for gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease to take you. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped thousands. They should help you.

Personal Reports of Real Cases

A MISSOURI CASE. Mrs. J. A. East, 22 S. C. St., Poplar Bluff, Mo., says: "I was troubled severely by my kidneys. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage and I was in such bad shape I knew something must be done. My feet and ankles swelled and there were purple spots under my eyes. My back got sore and weak too, and the trouble kept getting worse until I was told about Doan's Kidney Pills. I got them a trial and after I had used three boxes I was entirely cured. I am grateful for the benefit I got."

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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STRONG MEN.

Talbot could lift 180 pounds with one hand, and when nearly sixty years of age he walked 130 miles in four days without fatigue.

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

DISADVANTAGE OF SOCIAL POSITION.

A voice of protest is raised in Texas against alleged endeavors to make the watermelon a food of caste. Any such effort is bound to carry its own rebuking. Nobody ever ate watermelon with a fork and had the full need of its lusciousness.—New York World.

SUSPICIOUS.

"Jones is much sought after this month."

Puzzle—Why is a fiddle like an inferior hotel? It's a vile tune!

OLD FABLE TEETH WANTED

We pay \$1.00 per set for old false teeth. Doan's ready-to-use, and guaranteed to give you a clean, healthy, and pleasant smile. Write for particulars. Doan's Ready-to-Use Teeth. W. N. U., St. Louis, Mo.

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A delicate preparation of purest ingredients for restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. Write for particulars. Parke's Hair Balsam. W. N. U., St. Louis, Mo.

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"Don't Like to Ask You to Talk Business on Sunday."

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CHAPTER IX.

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Muzzel Your Dog

The law provides that all dogs running at large after Aug. 1st must be muzzled, and I will therefore request that all owners of dogs provide a good, strong muzzle and keep the dog muzzled. Any dog found running at large after July 1st without a muzzle will be shot, and the owner be compelled to pay a fine.

Your cooperation is solicited, to avoid any chance of hydrophobia.

T. J. FAHEY, Marshal

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PULL UP FENCES TO MAKE DYES

Kansas Farmers Sell Roots of Osage Orange Hedge Trees.

With the discovery that osage orange hedge tree roots can be utilized in the manufacture of a substitute for dyes of German make, farmers near Hutcheson, Kan., are grubbing out their hedge fences and disposing of the roots to buyers of Eastern manufacturing concerns.

MAN'S "SAFETY" DEVICE GIVES DOCTOR JOB

Lets Auto Hit Him, but Fender Falls to "Make Good."

Just to prove to an interested public that he had a new automobile fender which would eliminate all accidents, James Locorriero of Hoboken, N. J., gave a partial demonstration in a public street of that city.

He had assembled a party of guests, photographers and moving picture men, and uninvited persons lined the sidewalks.

Locorriero stood in the middle of the street. At a signal an automobile, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, bore down on him. The next moment he was under the car, and the crowd, thinking he had been killed, became panic-stricken.

Patrolman Maren lifted Locorriero into an automobile and took him to Roosevelt Hospital. There Dr. Sanford dressed his wounds and permitted him to go home.

He said the accident was caused because the fender did not hit him squarely and that he will give another demonstration next week.

Helping the Bashful

Many a man, and many a woman, for that matter, is pining in the shades of single blessedness who might have emerged into the sunshine of matrimony long ago if they had been quickwitted to see their chance, or bold enough to take the advantage when they saw it. The matrimony is a serious step in life, it has often been crumpled about by a joke, although if any of the parties had not been sufficiently witty to perpetrate it, or the other had not been sufficiently smart to see and take advantage of it, the happy union would never have taken place.

For instance, a doctor who had been attending a lady was, on her recovery, asked what his charge would be. He replied that he seldom or never made a definite charge to his patients—friends, being well content to leave the matter, not only to their own time but to their own sense of what was due.

"But are you not often very disappointed with the result?" asked the lady.

"I may say that I never am," said the doctor.

"As you are so easily pleased, here, then," said the lady, giving the doctor her empty right hand, while she kept concealed a check for a handsome amount in her other hand. "How easily I could have taken you in," she said a moment later, laughing in the doctor's face and showing him the check.

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "you only succeeded in drawing me out. Don't insult me with a check. I am most generously rewarded, and could wish nothing better," and he looked down at the empty hand which he had refused to relinquish. Such a plain hint could scarcely be misunderstood, especially if the lady was not particularly anxious to misunderstand it, and this case, at least, it resulted in a happy marriage.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a ring, which she saw ticketed in a fancy shop window, went inside to examine it. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish it were mine," she said on satisfying herself. "What smaller figure will tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said, laying down the money amid blushes.

A member of the House of Representatives had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers and said to her:

"May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

She replied promptly: "I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand."

He blushing scolded the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

Family Trees.

"John, said Mrs. Atwood, thoughtfully, "everybody in society appears to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, as he looked up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Atwood. "What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Atwood, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and every one who is any one has to have one, I suppose."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of that affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too large for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next garden in order to make room. There can't any of them be any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed at last, "I don't just know where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep the family trees and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed, "I'm running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with anything. If the doriest can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."

A Youthful Diplomat.

"Willie," said the doting aunt, holding her nephew close to her, "tell me now, how do you like best—your mother, your father or me?"

Willie squirmed to get away. "I don't want to tell," he said. "It's too near Christmas."

Worse.

"Does your next door neighbor wake you in the morning with his lawn mower as he did last year?"

"No," answered Mr. Crosslots. "I wish he would. He has bought a new automobile and now comes honking up the street at midnight."

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If you wish to save money and get on in the world, you can't be on peaceful terms with extravagance, even in the spending of nickles and dimes.

Indeed, the small sums saved every week do most to build up your bank account.

Declare yourself an enemy of waste right NOW, and start savings in this SAFE Bank at 4 per cent.

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

The Bible

How Sallie Helped

Betty, the secretary of our club, had had a pretty love story. It began in a rainstorm. When the rain was pelting down its liveliest, Betty came into the street from an elevated road station. At the bottom of the steps stood a boy selling flowers. He had only two roses left, glorious, half-blown pink ones.

"I'll have those roses, if you please," said Betty. And, I'll have those roses, if you please," said another voice at the same time. He had only two roses left, glorious, half-blown pink ones. "I have those roses, if you please," said Betty. And, I'll have those roses, if you please," said another voice at the same time. He had only two roses left, glorious, half-blown pink ones.

"Well," he said, "which of you is going to have 'em?"

"You," said Betty. "You spoke first."

"No, you. I think you did," said the young man.

"I suppose not," said Betty. "I also want my roses for a friend who is ill, and she can't smell but one rose at a time, now, can she?"

"I suppose not," said Betty. "I also want my roses for a friend who is ill, and she can't smell but one rose at a time, now, can she?"

So they "divided up." They left the station together, and since their ways lay in the same direction, they walked together for three blocks. Presently both turned into the same side street and both stopped at the same house in the middle of the block, and both rang the bell of the same flat.

"Don't tell me it is Sallie Miller that you are bringing that rose to," said Betty, incredulously.

"Sure it is," said he. "And don't tell me it is Sallie that you are bringing your rose to."

"Sure it is," said Betty. So they climbed the stairs together. "Won't Sallie be surprised to see us coming together!" said Betty. Sallie was surprised.

"I didn't know that you two knew each other," she said.

"We don't—we didn't," said Betty. Then they told the story of the roses.

Sallie liked the roses, but, being a sympathetic soul, she liked the story better. "I am so glad," she said. "You must both come again on Wednesday at this same time."

They went away together. Their talk was mostly of Sallie. Each said how wonderful it was that the other knew Sallie. At the corner they separated.

"I go this way," said Betty. "And I that," said he. "I hope we will meet again—at Sallie's," said Betty.

Of course they met—at Sallie's. Their engagement is now six months old. They will be married soon.

WAS MATCH-SCRATCHING HABIT

His Finds Way to Save Wear on His Trousers.

Keat, N. Y.—Wednesday morning Adam Chuff of this place attracted much attention by appearing in the streets with a long white strip on the left leg of his black trousers.

The Bible is the most joyful book in the world. Music runs like a thread of gold through its pages. Its major note is not a dirge but a psalm of victory. There are to be sure, songs set to a minor key, but they are not the predominant fundamental harmonies. The Bible is optimistic in its outlook. It strikes the tone of redemptive joy; it sings of the victory of the faith adds the triumph of salvation. Job says the pillars of the earth were laid as the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. David runs the whole gamut of human emotion and makes all nature, chorus the praises of the Almighty. The temple at Jerusalem resounded with the melodies of a nation turned to thanksgiving. The angels on that holy night of Bethlehem elayed the way out into the gaze of an astonished world.

True religion puts goodness into the heart. Christ sings on his way to Gethsemane; the early Christians hounded by persecution, blend their muffled voices in the catacombs in honor of their Lord; and Martin Luther in hours of danger and hardship exults: A mighty fortress is our God, a weapon never failing.

Christianity has always been, and is a singing religion. The Christian looks out upon a world of sin and temptation, but rejoices that he has been made a partaker of the Divine Nature and escaped the corruption that is in the world thru lust. When Ulysses passed the Isle of Sirens, he had himself tied to the mast and had his ears stopped with wax, that he might not hear the sirens singing. But when Orpheus passed the dangerous Isle, he sat on the deck, indifferent, for he too was a musician and could make melody so much more beautiful than the sirens, that their alluring songs were to him discords. Such is the Christian's life of positive goodness, so glad, so triumphant, that it conquers sin surpassing it.

IVER JOHNSON.

Coining Money.

"That's the most realistic wild man I ever saw. His contortions are horrible."

"Just confidentially," said the sidewalk manager, "I'll tell you what's the matter with poor Sam. He's suffering with a jumping toothache. It seems a shame to make him stay in his case all day, but look at the business we're doing!"

The Experienced Husband.

"She threatens to sue for divorce. 'What's his say to that?'"

"Nothing. When their quarrels get to that point he always keeps still. He's learned from experience that the next move will be a flood of tears."

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