

## WEEKLY FARM LETTER

### SUCCESS FACTORS IN WHEAT CULTURE.

#### At The Present Price Of Wheat It Pays To Grow An Extra Bushel Per Acre.

The rains of August and September are used by the wheat plant to make the crop the following May and June. Therefore, kill all vegetation to conserve soil moisture. Nothing pumps moisture out of the soil faster than weeds, grass or growing crops. Open the surface of the ground so that every rain will readily soak in. Do both of these things at the earliest moment, commencing in July, if possible. If the ground plows mellow, use the plow. If the ground is hard and dry, and breaks up cloddy, use the disc harrow, and keep on using it until the ground is cut to the depth the plow would go. A good seed bed should be sowed below and mellow above, with moisture close to the surface. A good seed bed for wheat can not be made in a day, a week or a month. Take two months to make it. If the ground is plowed, plow it early, pulverized and pack as fast as plowed, and work to the full depth of the furrow. Get to the fine dirt to the bottom of the furrow, and bring the coarse parts to the surface. Rather shallow plowing is often preferable. A better seed bed can often be made with the disc harrow without plowing. Almost no moisture is lost with the disc, and it never makes clods, but requires many discings to make the seed bed deep enough. Deep stirring of the ground should be discontinued at least ten days before seeding, working the surface to compact the ground.

Use good quality, well ripened seed. It produces stronger plants. Rice or cheat are bad weeds in wheat, and injure the quality of the crop. Use the old standard varieties of the neighborhood. Turkey Red is the standard in central and northern parts of the State, and soft varieties, such as Fulcaster, do best in the south.

Avoid extremes in time of seeding. Extremely early sowed wheat is liable to joint, and will be killed by freezing. Very late wheat does not have time to become well established before cold weather. The plant does not have sufficient time to accumulate in its roots the needed sustenance for its long period of inactivity, and which is required to give it a strong start in spring. Early sowed wheat withstands the winter best. We are also advised that early wheat is more likely to be injured by the Hessian fly, while late seedlings may entirely escape. This seems to offer a choice of disasters, to sow early and have the crop killed by the fly, or sow late and have it killed by the winter. Experience is teaching that wheat, on well prepared ground, abundantly fed with all the elements of plant food, withstands the severity of adverse winters, and also successfully repairs insect injuries. It is therefore recommended that on such land a date of seeding be adopted corresponding with September 20 to 25 for central Illinois, and earlier towards the north and later towards the south. On lands not sufficiently supplied with all the elements of plant food, which is not thoroughly prepared for seeding, risks from winter killing and from the Hessian fly injury, are, of course, great, and the date of seeding, whether early or late, must be determined by the farmer in accordance as he feels the imminence of danger from either source.

It pays to have wheat land well drained. Nothing is more important than a perfect drainage. Wherever possible, underdrainage is best. In areas of tight clay the drainage furrows should be made so that the water will flow away quickly and completely.

A top dressing applied in the fall or early winter, consisting of manure or straw, is a help to the growth of the wheat plant and the yield of grain. It is an aid to the successful seeding of clover, and, in case of a severe winter, is almost sure protection against winter killing.

An abundance of soil moisture, a perfect seed bed, the best of seed and perfect drainage can not make a good yield of wheat unless the soil contains an abundance of those elements of fertility with which the wheat plant makes the crop. In southern Illinois, limestone is first needed to increase wheat yields. The next essential is phosphorus. On the most common soils of the south, limestone applications of one ton per acre will produce good results. However, two or more tons per acre will show decidedly better results, and can very profitably be used.

## The Speech Bacillus

The very young man coughed before he spoke. "You've come to make a speech," he announced, "on the traction question at the next monthly meeting of our club!"

"Why, Robert?" exclaimed his mother. "How nice!"

"That," said his father. "Have you looked up the time tables?"

"Time tables?" echoed the very young man, bewildered. "What for?"

"For your escape," explained his father. "Your getaway, so to speak. Before they have a chance to wish anything like a speech onto you!"

"Why, father!" cried his wife, indignantly. "I am sure Robert would make a very nice speech! What do you mean by talking so?"

"I am trying to do my duty as a father," said his husband. "And to save my child. When you have lived to my age and viewed the agonizing wrecking of many a promising career thru a pretty little speech it moves you to desperate measures to prevent your offspring sharing such a dreadful fate!"

"Why," he continued, "even I made a speech once. It was twenty years ago. And only last week I met a man who was present at the time and the police had to pull us apart when we got arguing about that speech! Parcuttle began most amiably. He lit his cigar and said: 'Say, Riggle, do you remember when we were cubs and you had the speech mania and spouted at our banquets concerning Britain's foreign policy— and by heck, you didn't even know who was running for alderman in your own ward! Har! Har!'"

"Now, I resent Parcuttle's saying that I had the speech mania, because I was distinctly modest and had to be urged, while he had to be restrained by force from bursting into long-winded speeches on every occasion when he was about 21. I told him so, and he said that the result was he'll never speak to me another as long as we live. I'd hate to see Robert alienate his dearest friends by making a speech."

"But I'm not going to make that kind of a speech," interposed his son. "It was a splendid speech!" cried his father instantly. "And you need not fear it! Just because Parcuttle didn't like it is no sign—and then there was Embarden. Embarden hung round and when they were making up the program for the last annual convention of manufacturers here until they had to put him on the list to get rid of him. He swelled up instantly and became most respectable. He went around haughtily gazing down on the rest of us from an infinite altitude and frowned mightily with his great thoughts."

"And when the time came he read for an hour and a half to a bunch of manufacturers a jumble of statistics and words about the great brown spoon or something equally entertaining and before he got thru with it all the members were fighting the program committee for letting him on and the program committee itself it was Embarden's fault and eventually not one of those 452 men would speak one word to any of the others."

"I tremble for you, Robert! Why, Duplicity, when trying to live down some rash statement you made in a speech five years ago! They shorthand your speeches, you know, and print 'em, and when they are in cold type, glaring up at you, it makes you ill clear to your boots to recognize the mistakes in your own print!"

"A speech is not a temporary thing, my son, to be tossed off lightly, bringing congratulations in its train, as you seem to think! It is a goggle-eyed monster, an Old Man of the Sea, that you can't pry loose! Besides, you know just as much about the traction question as I do about the brand of neckties they are wearing in Mars."

"All the easier to talk about it, then," interposed his son. "Nothing so hampers oratory as do facts and knowledge! It's infinitely easier to use your imagination! Then nobody can top on you! I don't care for any facts in mine!"

"His father groaned. "The speech," he predicted, "is going to stalk you to the day of your death! Can nothing dissuade you?"

"Not a darned thing," replied the very young man cheerfully. "I'm tickled to pieces at the chance!"

"Well," sighed his father. "I expect I had better help you prepare it, then. I'd kind of like to make a speech myself again! I—"

"No, you don't!" said the very young man. "This is all my own speech and I don't want any one else fussing with it! Besides, you made a speech once, you know!"

"Oh, take your blasted old speech," growled his parent. "If you're going to be so selfish about it!"

Museum to Get Oldest Pearl. A pearl estimated to have been formed 5,000,000 years ago, and said to be the oldest specimen of its kind in the world, found by Stanley G. Harold, a Stanford student, will be presented to the Stanford Museum, California.

## For the South's Gone Dry

(Author unknown)

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last, For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past; That which makes Milwaukee famous does not foam in Tennessee,

And the lid on old Missouri is as tight locked as can be; For the eggnog and the rye has gone awry, And the punch bowls hold carnations, and the South, 'By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

By the still side of the hills in Kentucky all is still, For the damp refreshments must be dipped up from the rill; N'th C'lina's stately ruler gives his "Cola" glass a shove And discusses local option with the South C'lina Gov.

For the mint bed makes a pasture and the corkscrew hang-eth high And the cocktail glass is dusty and the South, 'By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

All the nightcaps now have tassels and are worn upon the head, Not the nightcaps that were taken when nobody went to bed;

When the Colonel and the Major, and the Gen'l and Jedge Met to have a little nip to give their appetites an edge, Now each can walk a chalkline when the stars are in the sky,

For the fizz glass now is fizzless and the South, 'By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

Though she still has pretty women and her horses still are fast, 'Old Kentucky' crowning glory is a memory of the past; Now the partisans of "Straight goods" and the "Rectified" speak well,

For what's the use of scrapping when the business' gone to h—; In those lovely tосseled cornfields all the crows are living high,

Each distillery's a graveyard, for the South, 'By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

### F. B. Miller Gets Judgement

The jury trying the case of Frank Miller vs. the Norwich Fire Insurance society brought in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff late Wednesday afternoon. The case went to the jury at 4 o'clock and a verdict was reached at 5:30. The jury found damages to the amount of \$415.15 in favor of the plaintiff.

At the close of the evidence the defendant moved to have the case taken from the jury on the grounds that the plaintiff had made no proof of loss as required by the policy, that there had been no appraisal of the property as required by the agreement in the policy and that the policy had not been set up verbatim in the declaration. Judge Merrill overruled the motion to direct a verdict.

Following the verdict of the jury the attorneys for the defendant moved to have the verdict set aside and a new trial granted. The later motion was taken under advisement by Judge Merrill.

### Entertainment

The Christian Endeavor Society of the United Brethren Church will hold an entertainment and social in the church building on Friday evening, Aug. 31st. An admission of ten cents will be charged and the proceeds will be used in defraying church expenses. The young people of this church have been doing wonderful work in assisting in the church work the last year and should be encouraged by a large attendance.

### Hard Luck

Fred Motsinger and C. Flora who with their families spent Sunday at Michigan City had hard luck on their trip as both of them had their pockets picked when they were boarding the train for the return trip. The pickpockets got \$4.00 from Motsinger and \$2.00 from Flora.

After they were aboard the train they found that about half the passenger had, had their pockets pickde.

### School To Start

The Bradley Public School will open Monday Sept. 10th. and all pupils should be entered on the opening day.

Parents or Guardians who have children who will be 6 years old before Febr. 1st. should enter them this semester.

### Baby Girl

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis LaBarge last week Saturday.

### Injured

Aleck Johnson had his hand severely injured at the Bradley factory one day last week when his hand was caught in a drop hammer.

### Woodman Picnic

The Bradley Camp of Woodmen enjoyed the annual picnic last Sunday at Richardson's Grove.

The day was an ideal one for a picnic and the large crowd that attended enjoyed themselves immensely.

### One Year Ago

Mrs. Harriet Ring and John Stua Jr. were married.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Steve Curtiss.

Bertr and Bros. Auto delivery truck was struck by a street car.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Wright.

### Red Cross

The Bradley Chapter of the Red Cross held their regular weekly meeting at the school house Wednesday evening. The subject for discussion was tuberculosis and its treatment.

### Co. G. Entertained

The village of Bourbonnais turned out in force yesterday to entertain Co. G. who marched to Manteno Wednesday and arrived at Bourbonnais at about 11:20 o'clock yesterday morning. After their arrival the men were allowed the use of the shower baths and the bowling alleys until noon when dinner was served in the college gymnasium. The dinner was one grand affair. The College faculty dined with the men and a program was arranged for after dinner.

The speech of welcome to the soldiers was delivered by Father O'Mahoney, president of St. Viator college. His address was followed by speeches by other well known citizens.

At 3:15 was a military drill exhibition given by the members of the company followed by a parade in which a band was the feature.

The whole village joined in the singing of the Star Spangled Banner.

## THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS

### SMALL PERSONAL NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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

Alonzo Whittaker and Robert Bell spent Sunday in South Bend. Edna and Loretta Dubuque went to Bevelville Wednesday to spend a couple of weeks.

Miss Amanda Beitz, who is working in Chicago, returned home to spend her vacation.

Miss Laura Webb of Bloomington who has been visiting her brother, Chas. Webb and wife, has returned home.

Mrs. Nick Gillen and little daughter, Vera, who have been visiting relatives in Roberts, have returned home. Mr. Gillen went to Roberts Sunday and returned home with them.

Womans friends is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin Tonic. Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug store. 6-18

Miss Courin of Pittsburgh Pa. is spending the week at the home of Mr. James McCue and family.

Frank Swinford had his eye severely injured by being struck with small pieces of steel while at work at the Bradley factory Monday. The injured member is progressing nicely and the sight is improving.

The B. and M. Billiard Hall has added an electric piano to their equipment.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Holter of Naperville, Ill. spent several days past week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bartha and family.

Mrs. Gene Peschong, who has been visiting relatives in Hartford City, Ind., returned home Saturday. Her father, A. J. Klugh, returned home with her and will spend several weeks here at the Perchong home.

Henry Lilly has resigned his position as foreman of the millwright department of the Bradley factory, and will go to Blue Island to work.

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

Beland and McCoy have a picture of the 19th Regiment Engineer Crops of which Harold Monty of this city is a member on exhibition at their Billiard.

Harry Koontz has added a new Refrigerator to his equipment and will handle smoked meat etc.

Napoleon LeCuyer is on the sick list.

Fred Motsinger and family and C. Flora and family spent Sunday in Michigan City.

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

Miss Theresa Worman is spending the week in Chicago visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Knickerbocker and niece, Mable, returned home Sunday evening from Rantoul where they motored to see the aviation field.

Mrs. Brenaman of Chicago was a week end visitor at the John Beland home here.

Lawrence Beland and family of Ashkum spent Friday of last week with relatives here.

Frank Wright of Harvey was a week end visitor here.

Julius Gerard and family spent Sunday here.

Paul Beland of Matteson spent Sunday here.

James Williams of Harvey spent Sunday here.

Laura McCoy and Lucille Hayes have returned from a visit at Chicago Heights.

Mrs. Ben Lemaster and son spent the week in the country.

Miss Grigaby of Chicago spent the week end with her parents here.

Miss Broweisa of Cahery spent several days the past week here at the Buxton home.

Mr. and Mrs. Christenson of Buffalo visited here during the week.

Mr. Dupuis and niece of Manteno visited here during the week.

Arvid Erickson spent the week in Chicago with relatives.

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

Mrs. Joe McCoy and daughter Ruth of Cedar Rapids Iowa are visiting relatives here. Mr. McCoy will join them about Sept. 1st for a two weeks visit.

W. G. Hinton and family of Chicago was Sunday visitor here.

Harvey Hackley has joined the regular army entering the Quarters Masters Corps in Chicago.

Mrs. Honn of Indiana is here on an extended visit with her son Edward Honn and family.

Miss Ella Sainor is visiting relatives in Martinton.

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

John Fahey was a week end visitor in Chicago.

Paul Palinski is visiting friends and relatives in Moline.

Geo. Morresette and family of St. Anna spent Sunday at the Marlaire home here.

Frank Klein wife and daughter of Elkhart Ind. spent several days the past week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barrone.

Miss Edith Carlson niece of Mrs. Frank Erickson spent the week at the home of Frank Erickson and family.

Forrest Erickson spent Saturday in Chicago visiting relatives.

Harvey Hackley of Chicago spent Sunday with relatives here.

### Two Goats

#### And A Speed Cop

Last week a representative of the secretary of State visited the city of Kankakee. His coming caused great commotion in a certain usually quiet and sleepy quarter, for this God of the speed cops came in anger and demanded a sacrifice, at last so stated a Justice and others in authority in explanation of why respectable citizens were hailed into court and fined regardless of crime committed or defense offered. He came they said, and someone must be the goat, so they hitched up two of our best goats in the person of Dr. Goodwin, our respected physician, and Rev. John Cudd and lead them to the altar of justice Hunter and burned them to the amount of \$24.50 to appease the wrath of their God. The ancient God Moloch in whose arms children were offered up in sacrifice was an untutored boy beside this modern Moloch and Russia in its baldest days of oppression and injustice was a kindergarten when compared with the present system employed in this place. One of the daily papers must also bow. At a time when the world is quivering on the brink of a precipice, when great international questions are being asked, and destinies of nations are at stake, the public clamoring for news (and paying for it) they must set aside all these questions and use the main page that belongs to the public, to try to hold up to the ridicule of the world one of these poor goats, the world read that attempted pun and in disgust considered the sheet on the waste basket and went out and bought a newspaper that has some news to print, and not just space to fill.

The honest motorist who must pass this ancient village a mile south of the city of Bradley has two alternatives, either run over the speed cop or shun the streets of this village. The first the writer, (whose name may be obtained at the office) admonishes you not to do, as it is against the law and then it is hard on the cop, so give this burg a wide berth as foreigners are their prey. The writer would say many more things about this village but he has been taught from his youth up to respect the dead.

# War Booms Artificial Leg Industry



ALLIED governments have placed hundreds of thousands of orders with American makers of wooden limbs: These scientific substitutes for the flesh and blood article are vast improvement on old-fashioned "potato masher"

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

Artificial limb factories have been running at double capacity since the beginning of the great war in Europe. Although modern surgery has advanced to such a degree that the percentage of amputations now necessary is not nearly as great as during our own Civil war, the vast number of combatants engaged in the great battles of today has resulted in the loss of many tens of thousands of arms and legs. No official figures have been made public for any of the belligerent nations, but it is estimated that at least 175,000 soldiers have recovered from their wounds minus at least a leg or an arm. While the various trades of war are all doing a booming business some of the collateral industries designed to overcome or ameliorate the havoc wrought by war are equally busy. Not the least interesting of these is the manufacturing of artificial legs and arms.

Of the hundreds of more American artificial limb factories everyone has been supplied with orders, some large ones having been placed by the English and French governments while many private orders have been received from soldiers themselves. Large shipments are continually being made abroad, the British blockade of course restricting the sales to the soldiers of the allies. One pioneer American firm has completely equipped factories not only in six large American cities, but has found it necessary to establish branches in London and Paris, all working night and day in an endeavor to meet the abnormal demand.

go through life with a scarcely perceptible limp, only their closest friends knowing that they are legless. "Corporal" James Tanner, former commander of pensions and commander in chief of the G. A. R., would be an absolutely helpless cripple without artificial legs, having lost both of his legs nearly at the knees after three operations, many times in Washington society gracefully guided a fair partner through the mazes of the waltz in a room full of dancers. United States Senator M. C. Butler, Gen. Wade Hampton, and many other men in public life have worn artificial legs unbeknown to most people, but what is more remarkable, the best makes of artificial limbs will be found in use by the thousand by men engaged in hard manual labor, coal miners, firemen, horsemen, bicycle riders, house painters, and even railroad engineers and brakemen whose vocations require the display of no little agility, and dozens of cases are on record where men in all these walks of life have lost not one but both legs.

### SOME BIRDS AND THEIR PREY

Thrush Has Been Known to Use Stone as Slaughter Block on Which to Break Snail Shells.

In districts where shelled snails are abundant it is no rare thing to come across a stone utilized as a slaughter block by some particular thrush. Even if the bird is not caught in the act, numerous broken and empty shells scattered in the neighborhood betray the place where the mollusks have been done to death. The method adopted by the thrush is simply that of dropping a snail from a height time and again until the shell is broken and the succulent body within is exposed to the captor's beak. But the snail is sometimes made use of in a different way, and with a different end in view. In the depths of a Highland birch wood an observer came upon such a sacrificial stone, at which a thrush was busily occupied. Field glasses were held to the small but a common black slug was his captive. This he grasped by the middle with his beak, dashing it repeatedly with resounding smack upon the stone, whence it occasionally rebounded. It is evident that not a shell to be broken. It may be that the thrush simply wished to kill its prey, but the fact that thrushes swallow wriggling worms without hesitation renders this explanation improbable. It is more likely that the skin

two and a quarter to four and a half pounds, a vastly different thing from the solid "peg-leg." Moreover it is perfectly hinged at the knee and articulated at the foot. The cost of such a leg is about \$100, but it is guaranteed for five years. Such a leg, which must fit perfectly, cannot be turned out like shoes by the mill; each one must be particularly, personally fitted. Although machinery is used in limb-making, there is much exact hand work necessary, for it is said that no two amputations are exactly alike. However, by making a plaster cast of the stump and giving exact measurements orders can be satisfactorily handled by mail.

The United States government allows its legless and armless veterans, in addition to their pensions, new artificial limbs every three years, and since European governments will doubtless carry out a similar policy, it seems unfortunately true that artificial limb factories will be assured of busy times for many long years to come.

There is one man among the many manufacturers of artificial limbs in this country who can sympathize with the unfortunate soldiers of the European war who have lost an arm or a leg. He is Joseph E. Hanger of Washington, D. C., who owes his present success in life to the loss of a leg on the battlefield during the Civil war. Move men would have become discouraged to have to battle their way through life handicapped in this way, but, with a keen insight to conditions brought on by that terrible conflict, Mr. Hanger, after making his own artificial leg, started into the business in a small way.

Whenever there is a military parade in Washington, D. C., and the soldiers or others who have had military experience are in the vicinity of the magnificent statue of General Sherman, which stands just south of the treasury, there is sure to be comment on the Munder which the sculptor made in connection with the equipment of the figures at the base of the statue. The blanket roll, which is properly carried over the left shoulder by soldiers, is here shown over the right shoulder, where, as even the small boys know nowadays, it would interfere with the gun.—Popular Science Monthly.

Several North Stars. In the known course of history there have been several successive north stars. When the great pyramid of Cheops was built Alpha Draconis was north star, and the Egyptian astronomers made a northward, sloping passage several hundred feet long, from a place deep under the base of the pyramid straight through its vast mass of masonry, and with an opening as an immense telescope tube, without a glass, for observing their sentinel in the sky. The present North Star is a huge sun, between fifty and one hundred times brighter than ours.

A Realistic Film. "This is a very realistic picture," "Very," said the manager. "Would you believe it, the first time we showed this eight young women waited for half an hour after the show to see the leading man come out of the alley behind the theater?"

Spoke the Truth. "Look here, Fickelstein, when I bought this suit you guaranteed satisfaction," growled the irate customer. "Well, well, you'd be madder if you'd see the suit!"

# GERMANS SNEER AT U. S. SOLDIERS

But Sneer Is Sneer of Unreason and the German Officers Know It.

## CLARKE WIPES OUT GRIN

Lieutenant, by Remarkable Feat of Horsemanship, Teaches Kaiser and his Officers to Respect U. S. Regulars.

By EDWARD B. CLARK. Washington.—The press in Germany is printing its daily sneer at the American army. The sneer perhaps covers fear. The Germans know more about our soldiers, our regular soldiers at any rate, than they care to put into print.

The other day there came to Washington to join the Aviation corps of his country, a boy whose name is Powhatan H. Clarke. The elders among the army officers who met him saw in him a virtual reproduction of his father, also Powhatan H. Clarke, who graduated from the United States military academy in 1884. It was the senior Powhatan H. Clarke, who died some years ago in the line of duty, who taught the German emperor, his staff and the German people to have respect for the regular officers of the United States army.

Within a year of the time that he had graduated from the military academy, Lieut. Powhatan H. Clarke was transferred to the United States military academy in 1884. It was the senior Powhatan H. Clarke, who died some years ago in the line of duty, who taught the German emperor, his staff and the German people to have respect for the regular officers of the United States army.

When Clarke graduated at the age of twenty-one he looked no older than a boy of seventeen so far as his face went. However, he was big and athletic and was a pattern of the American soldier. His German staff, at the Arizona battlefield had won him recognition and soon he was sent to Berlin as American military attaché.

Why They Sneered. Lieutenant Clarke reached the German capital and was introduced to the officers attached to military headquarters and to the person of Emperor William. He found out instantly that there was some joke on the American army which was dwelling in the memories and showing itself in the laughing faces and on the sneering lips of the Kaiser's officers.

It did not take the American long to discover where the trouble lay. A former military attaché accredited to Berlin, the American army had been thrown from his horse in the presence of Emperor William and his staff. It may have been that any rider, no matter how expert, might have been thrown in like circumstances, but the Germans held that the American cavalry was composed of men likely to be dethroned at the first jump.

The German maneuvers came on. The emperor's army was assembled and the American lieutenant was with the personal staff of William. When the Germans saw the Yankee cavalryman on his horse they were compelled to admiration at his appearance, but appearances did not necessarily imply horsemanship.

In the field of the maneuvers there was a huge ditch, partly nature's work and partly man's. It was considered to be impossible of crossing by cavalry. It was fully half a mile in length, and no German horse had ever been put to the test of covering its breadth, for a fall into it doubtless meant death, for at any rate, the severe injury.

The emperor and his officers were about half a mile from the ditch and opposite a point between its two extremities. A general of the forces had his headquarters about two miles from the position of the emperor and on the other side of the obstruction.

William called one of his aides, a man who had the reputation of being one of the finest horsemen in the German army. The emperor handed him an order to be delivered to the subordinate commander two miles away over the field. The German aide took the order, rode, put, and started in the direction of the flank of the ditch. The American cavalryman rode to the emperor's side, saluted and asked permission to carry a duplicate of the order. The emperor smiled a little and acquiesced, handing a bit of paper to Clarke.

Opens Kaiser's Eyes. The American touched his horse and made straight for the ditch which cut the field transversely. His intention became known in an instant, and the eyes of every officer in the field were turned on the young fellow riding away clad in the uniform of the United States. There was something of concern perhaps in the hearts of those German officers, when it became known that the boy lieutenant was going to jump the ditch or die.

In the meantime the German aide, carrying the first message, was striking for the far west. There was to be no ditch jumping for him, but the drum unbroken ground of the plain was to be his chosen pathway. Clarke set his horse straight for the gully, with its treacherous banks and its yawning depths. He had put his horse over arroyos in the far West that were as forbidding as this trench on the maneuvering fields of

# SAYS NORWAY NEEDS FOOL



Specially posed photograph of Fridtjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, who recently arrived in the United States as head of the Igloo commission, here to plan the United States to relax her export regulations so that supplies needed in Norway could be shipped.

With one-third of its shipping tonnage sunk by U-boats, Norway starve and cease to exist as a nation unless America permits foodstuffs to be sent to Norway, says Nansen.

"Norway is in desperate straits for foodstuffs and iron," said Dr. Nansen. "We must have food from the United States or we shall starve. We have iron or we will have to abandon our ships. Our trade is almost exclusively with the United States. If only food we are sending to Germany is fish, and we do that with the consent of the British government. We are getting no iron from Germany or England. These countries were our principal source of supply before the war."

Bird Starts a Fire. Middle River, Minn.—Fire destroyed the barn of William Huff, who says the blaze was caused by a bird which carried a twig, one end of which was glowing. Not far from the barn a brush fire was burning. The nesting bird carried a twig, which had been burning in the brush fire, but which was thought to have blown away from the immediate vicinity of the barn by the wind. Two valuable horses burned to death.

Forty Trout a Day. Glen Omoak, Pa.—George Rimsky, an assistant section foreman for the Jersey Canal railroad, is the most successful trout fisherman in the Lehigh valley this season. Almost daily he catches the limit allowed per day, which is forty.

## WITH ALL TOWNS LIKE THIS, WE'D WIN QUICK

Niles, Mich.—Niles has set an example for the rest of the country, has sacrificed its own comfort and convenience for the sake of sick and wounded soldiers.

The city council of Niles has voted \$5,000 to the Red Cross, and did it with a cheer, and without a thought of its cost to the city.

The money is to have been taken out of the city improvement fund. It may leave the streets covered with slush in the winter, with mud and debris in the summer—but the boys on the front will be cared for with that \$5,000. And the citizens of Niles won't mind the hardships. It's much easier to go with wet and freezing feet than to leave the trenches and the battlefields.

The money is only the city's corporate donation. The individual gifts have been many and generous. Nor did the city's patriotism stop at money. The town has a population of 6,000 or less—but 513 men registered and 227 applied for enlistment.

## FAMILY IN SCHOOLHOUSE

Could Not Rent Any Other Place in Kansas Town and So Moved In.

Smith Center, Kan.—In nearly every town in northwest Kansas an overcrowded condition prevails, and many families are unable to find homes to rent. So acute became the lack of houses to rent in this city that a newly arrived family, after importuning the school board, was allowed to begin housekeeping in one of the six rooms of the schoolhouse. Now other families seek the same privilege and the school board may have to yield.

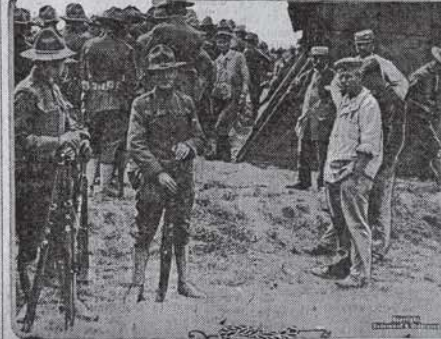
## AIRSHIP NAMED FOR HER



Miss Aileen Fielder of Atlanta, Ga., for whom Lieutenant Clissold of England named his airship that is now actively engaged in chasing Germans on the western front.

Infant's Secret Railroad Ride. Warsaw, Ind.—Unknown to her parents Helen, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Kepplinger of Silver Lake, boarded a Big Four train at Silver Lake and rode to North Manchester. Five hours later the little girl arrived in Warsaw on another Big Four train, having been sent here by railroad men at North Manchester.

## GERMAN PRISONERS IN AMERICAN CAMP



German prisoners are working in the American training camp "somewhere in France." The photograph shows several of the prisoners standing around.





# JERRY

By George Haskell

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

Jerry had only a confused recollection of the first five years of his life. It was all very much like a strange dream, in which startling, unexpected, and commonplace experiences followed a rapid succession or mixed themselves up in kaleidoscopic confusion. He felt sure he could remember a kind woman's face that seemed to be always with him. But it was only for a very little while. Then something terrible happened. He lost the arm that held him in a great sea of dark, cold water, in which a great many others were being lost. The kind face must have been that of his mother, he reasoned, because everyone must have a mother, and no one had ever been so kind to him since, so of course it was his mother, and as he grew older he knew it must have been a shipwreck in which he lost everything and everybody that had belonged to him. Even Jerry was not his right name. He had lost his real one.

The orphan asylum he remembered very distinctly, but not exactly how he got there. There a queer old woman, with brown, leathery skin, wearing a small, weather-beaten black bonnet, that was always one-sided on her head, came and took him away. He disliked going with her, but, after all, he had never been very happy in the asylum, and even the old woman might be better, besides she might let him go to



"Don't You Care Enough for Me to Tell Me the Truth?"

school. But she did not. She kept him doing housework, and taking to the big factory the sewing she was always at. Still Jerry, with a little help from the big girl across the hall, taught himself to read, and began slowly acquiring an education, rather misdirected, to be sure, but after all a bit of training for the use of better tools. Later on he knew that whatever kind of seed the Infinite Father had planted in a soul must some time, somehow, find its blossom time.

Jerry was told one Saturday when he carried back the work that he need not get any more garments from the man. The old woman's eyes were giving out. She told him she was going to live with a sister. Jerry was glad if he was going, and if he would like the sister. She did not tell him anything, and one day she informed him he was to go and live with Mr. Rickett, a blind man. He was to do what Mr. Rickett told him to do. If he did not, she would come around very often, and would know. Mr. Rickett would pay him for his services, and she was to receive every penny, but would see that he had clothes and other needed things.

Then a strange life began for Jerry, a life fuller of incident, and pleasant happenings than he had ever known. Rickett went every pleasant day selling pencils, shoostings and other notions on the street. Sometimes he took up a station at a busy corner, or against a big building, and sometimes he walked up and down the block. But always Jerry had to go with him to bring him to the place and take him home, and to watch out that no small thieves stole from his employer.

The old woman came regularly for her money, but she did not seem to remember her agreement to provide the boy with clothes, and he was getting more ragged every day. He kept clean because the old woman had taught him that, but he was now twelve years old, and growing fast, so that everything seemed too small. One rainy day, when they could not go out, Rickett asked him if he could read. On his reply that he could, the old man told him to get down a book called "Little Dorrit." Jerry stumbled somewhat, having to spell out the long words, but was patiently helped by Rickett, and he became so engrossed in the fortunes of the strange young girl, and the father in the old prison, that he had to be twice told to get up and start the dinner. After this he begged to be allowed to read to the old man, who seemed always glad to have him, for it inspired that Rickett

had been educated, and had known men and women of culture, even fine attainments. Before he had lost his sight, and had to take to peddling on the streets for a living.

It was Rickett that suggested to Jerry to go to a night school. The boy jumped at it, and was soon getting along finely, though he suffered much mortification in starting in so far behind the others, and in appearing in ragged clothes. He never knew till long afterward the pang it cost the old man to let him go from him those evenings while he sat alone, for Rickett had begun to love the boy.

One day, as they stood at a street corner a gentleman who paused to drop some money in the blind man's hand stopped with a kind of fascination at the boy.

"Will you come and pose for me?" he asked. "I am an artist. I will pay you fifty cents an hour."

"How?" queried the boy. "What should I do?"

"Only stand still while I paint your picture."

"Ask him if I may?" He pointed to the blind man.

"After the artist had repeated his request to Rickett, the old man asked: "Is he a handsome boy, then?"

"He would be perfect for my young St. John. Do you know from that how I look?"

"Yes—I understand. The face is sensitive."

The artist stared at this expression from an ordinary mendicant, then he said that the man was not "ordinary."

So Jerry became an artist's model. With contributions of money and clothes he was always now well dressed. He went less and less on the street with Rickett, for the posing was more profitable for the old man, and the woman came no more for her money.

When the "St. John" was exhibited in the academy, it at once created a great demand for the model, and Jerry had all he could do. At seventeen the handsome youth had lost no demand for his services, but he still clung to old Rickett, and when the old man departed from the little shop of this world, cared for him to the last and mourned him as a father.

One day Jerry was sent for by a new patron, Leigh Tarbell, already famous through all the city.

For weeks for Tarbell, who monopolized his services to such an extent that the older patrons who felt they had a prior right began to blame Tarbell, and express their mind rather freely to the model. It was Jerry who had some excuse. He could not leave Tarbell with a picture just begun, or something of the sort.

Then one day came the first unpleasant experience in Tarbell's studio. The artist had concluded to do a picture of the young Eudymion, and told Jerry to go in the robing room, and put on the costume he had laid out for him. In a few minutes Jerry returned in his street clothes, white of face but determined.

"I cannot wear those skins," he said.

"Why not?" demanded Tarbell.

"They are the right thing. You will be stunning."

For the past four years the boy had never been called upon to wear any costume that did not cover him from neck to knees. He refused firmly to wear the skin.

"Well," said Tarbell, "then I must give up the 'Eudymion' or get another model."

"You will have to get another model," said the boy in low, tense tones. And he took up his hat to go.

"Look here, Jerry! Don't desert me this way! I've some more work on that 'Recruit.' You'll stay and help me out on that khaki suit?"

"Of course," said Jerry. And he went in to don his khaki uniform.

However Tarbell may have wondered at Jerry's behavior he said nothing. It was weeks before the other picture was finished. One day he asked Jerry to go with him to his camp in the Adirondacks for a four weeks' vacation. His fondness for the boy seemed something deeper than an artist's for his model. Jerry refused, pleading his pressure of engagements.

"No," said Tarbell. "It isn't that, and you know it. Don't you care enough for me to tell me the truth?"

"Then you know?"

"Jerry, white and swaying, collapsed weakly into a chair."

"I've known for a long time," said Tarbell gently.

"And knowing, you asked me to go with you to that camp?" he said.

"Yes, that is why I asked you," he said.

"The old woman, when she sent me to live with Rickett, made me wear boy's clothes, because she said he wanted a boy, and would never know I was a girl. It was safer for me too, living as I would, so I kept my secret, and when I began to pose I found it profitable to go on being a boy. But now I cannot keep it up any longer. I must go away, and try to do something else," and she rose, starting to do the door.

"No, no!" he cried, stopping her. "Don't go! I want you, dear!"

She pushed herself quickly from his arms.

"Don't!" she cried out. "You despise me! You think I am—"

"But I cannot let it go! I think you are all that is lovely, beautiful, womanly!"

"Yet you asked me to go to that camp?"

"I would only have taken you on one condition," he said.

"What condition?"

"As my wife."

She looked at him for an instant, then she said very softly: "Had you begged to be allowed to read to the old man, who seemed always glad to have him, for it inspired that Rickett



# Who Can We Do?

Four dozen pairs of pajamas, and an equal number of sheets and pillowcases, the work of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones for the American Red Cross, during the past month, have been divided equally and distributed to the Red Cross societies of England, France, Italy and Canada.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Bones have been devoting much time to sewing for the Red Cross and their example has been followed by women high in official and diplomatic circles. Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of the vice president, organized the wives of the senators, and they have been meeting weekly to sew for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the interior department for the same purpose, while Mrs. David F. Houston, wife of the secretary of agriculture, is working along other lines of Red Cross work.

In a letter to the British Red Cross society regarding Mrs. Wilson's handiwork, Elliot Wadsworth, acting chairman central committee, wrote as follows:

"We are sending you under separate cover a bundle containing one dozen pillowcases, three pairs of pajamas, and a half-dozen sheets. These supplies have been made by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Bones work with their own hands on Red Cross supplies and have sent to the American Red Cross for distribution the product of their first month's work, which is very material in quantity."

"The American Red Cross sends this special shipment to the British Red Cross at the request of Mrs. Wilson to evidence her active and most practical interest in the work of mercy

and relief carried on by Red Cross societies.

"We trust that the shipment will reach you safely, as it carries with it such cordial good wishes from the immediate family of the president of the United States."

Red Cross officials say that the enormous quantities of surgical dressings and hospital supplies made by the women of the country, working in Red Cross chapters, have all been sent abroad and that an appeal for renewed activity in this phase of Red Cross work had been sent out to all chapters to provide these supplies which will be needed in large quantities.

**Bonnets for Babies.** When sunshine gets uncomfortably hot, mother lays away baby's tight little muslin cap, substituting the wash bonnet to shade her toddler's eyes from the sun's rays. Material for this bonnet may vary from the finest batiste and handkerchief linen to the heaviest plique.

Pique forms the outside of an attractive bonnet, the hem of which is lined with a soft rose-colored linen. Button-holding with white cotton holds the materials together at the edge. This should be done first along a basting thread to show the shape of the brim and the goods cut away afterward. A very fine picot edge of pink cotton is worked into this white buttonholing.

**Wash Fabrics in Hats.** Plain gingham is much in vogue for hats this summer, and delightful models of gray-colored ginghams are often faced with black or bright colored straw. Dimity is another fabric that has come in with gingham, and is receiving its share of attention.



## Hats for the Schoolgirl's Needs.

Hats that fill in the time between the end of summer and the beginning of winter are obliged to meet the demands of the weather in both seasons. They must look cool on warm days and hat at warmth on cool days.

Light felts and velours, known as "summer felts and velours," make their entry with July, and this year have been more enthusiastically received than ever before. The summer shades of these colors which have come to be described as "sweater shades," and these soft tones of gray colors are at their best in soft surfaces like felts and velours. For August and early September wear fashion approves hats of this description above all others. Light blue, pale rose and delicate apple green, head the list as favorites so far as color is concerned.

For school girls, who must be hatted by September for fall, darker felts and velours, and velvet hats are in the hands of milliners in August, in anticipation of the needs of girls going away to school. They are very simply trimmed and the shapes are graceful and very soft. Nearly all velvet hats have flexible crowns, but the brims are of both kinds—flexible and "hobby"—or straight.

The group of three hats shown in the picture, begins with a velvet hat trimmed with a band and sash of soft and heavy plaid ribbon having long ends, at the left of the group. At the center a velvet-covered hat in back, is made on a soft form, bound with narrow grosgrain ribbon and trimmed with a band of wide grosgrain ribbon.

The third hat is a velvet sailor shape that depends for ornamentation or chenille cord sewed in a "battlement" pattern to the body of the hat, about the brim edge and on the crown.

There are only three selected from a variety of hats of similar character. They are representative of the season's styles and may be depended upon for their good style. The velvet hats are in black and the velours in dark brown; the latter is made in dark shades of all the standard colors.

Julie Bottomley

## Patriotic Handbags.

Red, white and blue reticules are made of knitted artificial silk, and the colors are arranged in horizontal stripes in graduated widths. The handles are of red, white and blue cord, and a red, white and blue tassel swings from the bottom of the bag.

One ingenious maid thought she would fashion herself a patriotic handbag out of a small silk flag, but she speedily discovered that Old Glory is not to be put to any such uses. One may wear the flag as a decoration on one's costume, but it may not form any part of the costume or be incorporated in parasol or handbag.

**Brown Patent Leather for Shoes.** Brown patent leather is being used to fashion feminine shoes. It has a wonderful softness and pliability and has not quite the same size-increase as the lighter shades of patent leather shoes.

# SCRAPS OF HUMOR



ALL OFF.

"Were you ever shaved by a lady barber?"  
"Once."  
"How did you enjoy the experience?"  
"Not very much."  
"She damaged your face, then?"  
"Not at all. She was a rather pretty woman, but just about the time I had settled back in her chair and was beginning to feel romantic she started to tell me how hard she worked to support her six fatherless children."

## WRONG DIAGNOSIS.



"My dear friend, can you loan me two hundred dollars?" I have just recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

"Appendicitis! Your doctor doesn't know his business. He should have operated for gall stones."

## Probably Not.

"The clock is striking twelve," said the Impressionist. "Oh, that I might turn back the hands of time for just one hour!"

"You might be able to do that, Algeron," said the beautiful maid, "but father will be coming downstairs soon and I'm afraid you couldn't turn his back."

## And There Are Others.

He leaped beneath the shadowy moon. He leaped beneath the glowing sun; He lived a life of going to do— And he died with nothing done.

## No Time to Waste.

"Look at that old man of eighty years trying to learn the new dance steps."

## "What of it?"

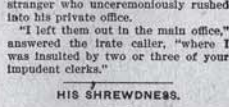
"Consider his age."  
"That's probably what he considers himself. He knows if he doesn't learn them now, it will soon be too late."

## Had a Grievance.

"Where are your manners, sir?" asked the crusty business man of a stranger who unceremoniously rushed into his private office.

"I left them out in the main office," answered the irate caller, "where I was insulted by two or three of your impudent clerks."

## HIS SHREWDNESS.



"Every time I buy a new automobile I deposit five thousand dollars in the bank."

"Why do you do that?"  
"So as to have a fund I can draw on to pay for repairs."

## First Steps in Finance.

"Why do you give your little son only one penny at a time?"  
"I'm trying to encourage thrift and economy. He knows he'll have to save five before he will have enough money to buy a movie ticket."

## At the Dudes' Club.

Reggy—I say, Percy, did you hear about Starover hitting a man in the face with brass knuckles?

Percy—How dweedly plebeian! He should have used gold ones, you know

# SOLD SHOTGUN FOR TEN DOLLARS

And Filed on Western Canada Land. Now Worth \$50,000.

Lawrence Brook, of Vera, Saskatchewan, are looked upon as being amongst the most progressive farmers in Western Canada. They have had their "ups-and-downs" and know what it is to be in tight places. They persevered, and are now in an excellent financial position. Their story is an interesting one. Coming in from the states they traveled overland from Calgary across the Battle river, the Red Deer river, through the Eagle Hills and on to Battleford. On the way their horses were stolen, but this did not dishearten them. They had some money, with which they bought more horses, and some provisions. When they reached Battleford they had only money enough to pay their ferrage over the Saskatchewan river, and this they had to borrow. It was in 1908 that they fled on homesteads, having to sell a shotgun for ten dollars in order to get sufficient money to do so. Frank Lawrence says:

"Since that time we have acquired altogether a section and a half of land, in addition to renting another three quarters of a section. It we had to sell out now we could probably realize about \$50,000, and have made all this since we came here. We get crops in this district of from 30 to 85 bushels of wheat to the acre and oats from 40 to 50 bushels to the acre. Stock here pays well. We have 1,700 sheep, 70 cattle and 60 horses, of which a number are registered Clydes."

Similar successes might be given of the experiences of hundreds of farmers throughout Western Canada, who have done comparatively as well. Why should they not dress well, live well, have comfortable homes, with all modern equipments, electric light, steam heat, pure ventilation, and automobiles. Speaking of automobiles it will be a revelation to the reader to learn that during the first half of 1917, 15,000 automobile licenses were issued in Alberta, twice as many as in the whole of 1916. In Saskatchewan, 21,000 licenses were issued up to the first of May, 1917. In its monthly bulletin for June the Canadian Bank of Commerce makes special reference to this phase and to the general prosperity of the West in the following:

"Generally speaking the western farmer is, in many respects, in a much better position than hitherto to increase his production. Two years of high prices for his products have enabled him, even with a normal crop, to liquidate a substantial proportion of his liabilities and at the same time to buy improved farm machinery. His property is yielding in demand for building materials, motor cars and other equipment. It is no doubt true that some extravagance is evidenced by the astonishing demand for motor cars, but it must be remembered that many of these cars will make for efficiency on the farm and economize both time and labor.—Advertisement.

## Cynical Mathematics.

"Two are a company."  
"Yes, until they are made one."

## THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you date your age, grizzly, gray dressing by using "The Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

## When Sister Found the Mate.

Some time ago a young woman was bequeathed a beautiful old andiron, and during the next few weeks she roamed many miles to seek it a suitable mate. Failing in this and knowing that one andiron is just about as useful as skates in Brazil, she quietly disposed of it to a pawnbroker.

"Oh, Bessie," enthusiastically exclaimed the young woman's sister, rushing into the house with a package a few days later. "I have found a mate for your andiron! It is too perfectly lovely for anything!"

"You have?" eagerly responded Bessie. "Let me see it! Where did you get it? How much—?"

"Here it is," said sister, undoing the package. "I was passing a pawnshop the other day and saw it in the window. I knew it was just like—why, what's the matter? Are you going to faint?"

"No, dear," answered Bessie, with a soulful sigh. "I will try to be brave. I will try to be strong. But it is something of a shock to see you toting back the same poor old andiron that I hooked a week ago."—Philadelphia Record.

## Those Dear Girls.

Edith—Josephine sings a lot when Mr. Spooner is calling on her.  
Marie—Trying to test his love, I suppose.

## Incompatibility of Temper means

that both parties have the same kind and plenty of it.

## "OUR GROCER TOLD ME"

—Bobby

After folks taste Post Toasties they don't like common corn flakes

**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. Fahay, marshal.  
Jos. Supernant, night police.  
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade James McCue, Adolph Bock, C. I. Magruder, and Geo. Bertrand, trustees.

**Board of Education**

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

**Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.**

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

**Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.**

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

**Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.**

Meets at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, every Friday night.

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

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

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

**St. Joseph's Court No. 190**  
St. John the Baptist Society meets every fourth Sunday at St. Joseph's hall at 11:30 a. m.

**Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais**  
First mass, 7:00 a. m.  
Highmass, English 8:15 a. m. 9:30 a. m. Vespers, 7 p. m.

FATHER CHARLES ROIS, Pastor.

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

**WEDNESDAY**

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

Rev. IVEN JOHNSON, Pastor.

**St. Joseph's Catholic Church.**  
Low mass, 7:00 a. m.  
High mass, 9:30 a. m.  
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.  
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.

Rev. WM. A. GRANER, Pastor.

**U. B. Church, Bradley.**  
Sunday School at 10 a. m., Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Y. P. O. E. meeting 6:30 p. m., Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Rev. JOHN COBB, Pastor.

**Village of Bourbonnais.**  
F. E. Legris, president.  
Eli Marcotte, clerk.

**John Flageole, 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.

**Tornado Insurance**

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

Better see us for tornado insurance today.

HERMAN WORMAN  
Broadway and Grand Ave.  
Bradley, Ill.

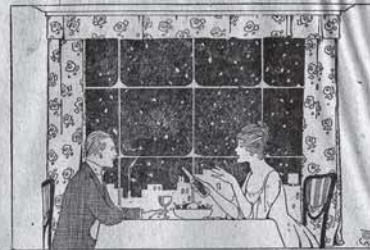
**Guardian's Notice of Sale of Real Estate.**

By virtue of an Order and Decree of the County Court of the County of Kankakee, Illinois, made on the petition of the undersigned, Jerry Rivard, Guardian of Jeannette Faford and Cecile Faford, Minors, for leave to sell Real Estate of said Minors, at the August Term, A. D. 1917 of said Court, to-wit: On the 6th day of August, A. D. 1917 Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 10th day of September, A. D. 1917 at the hour of one (1) o'clock P. M., of said day, at the north door of the Court House in the City and County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, the following Real Estate of Jeannette Faford and Cecile Faford, to-wit:

An undivided one-third (1/3) interest in Lot Forty-Two (42) of Original Lot Twenty-Seven (27) of the Mesheketeno Reservation, as surveyed by John K. Crosswell, August 7, 1897 and recorded September 11, 1897, situated in the Village of Bourbonnais, in the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, will be sold to the highest and best bidder for cash, free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever.

Dated this 7th day of August, A. D. 1917.

JERRY RIVARD,  
SMITH & MARCOTTE, Guardian,  
Attorneys.



**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.



**MARTIN & SON**  
Coal and Transfer

Moving A Specialty

**The Eagle Bar**

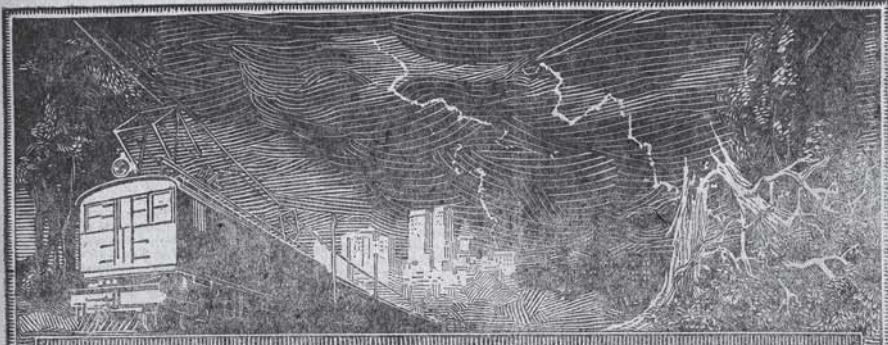
Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO

GENE RICHARD, Prop.



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

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

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

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Anheuser-Busch Branch  
Distributors Chicago, Ill

**Budweiser**  
Means Moderation



**Wonderfully Haired.**  
There recently entered the office of a Denver physician a young man making this announcement:  
"I want to thank you for your valuable medicine, doctor."  
"It helped you, did it?" asked the physician, much pleased.  
"It helped me wonderfully."  
"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"  
"To tell the truth, doctor, I didn't take any. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

**His Difficulty.**  
A man on a holiday trip arrived at an Eastern seaside resort and went to the hotel.

Shortly afterward a friend called and was shown up to his room. He found the traveler sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall. "What's the matter?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.  
"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No. I have the key all right," said the other, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it the things will boil all over the room and I could never get half of them back. Now, what I am wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks."

**His Chance.**  
Breakfast was being partaken of at a Southern boarding-house recently, and it was thought that the "funny man" of the company had expended all his anecdotal locuacity.

But it was not so. The irrepressible one raised the cup of tea to his lips, and after taking a little sip laid the cup on a chair beside him.

"Wondering what was the matter, one of the visitors asked his reason for doing so."  
"This was his opportunity. "Well," he replied, confidentially, "the tea is so weak that I'm giving it a rest."

**A Noncombatant.**  
"What side of the war do you take?" asked the hypenated citizen.  
"As I flatter myself that I still have a thimbleful of brains left," said the irascible old gentleman, "I take the outside."

About the only time a henpecked man is allowed to head the procession is when his wife thinks she hears burglars downstairs.

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THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"He is sound asleep," she said smilingly. "He thinks I am someone named 'Elinor,' and he calls me that. As my own name is Sarah, it's rather pleasant."

"No, I think, perhaps, before he wakes—" "Bah!" said the Russian, and rose. "What sort of love is this, which changes? I have seen the man, if he cared at all, he still cares."

paper at the closing news stand and glanced over it, standing under an arc light. For all his encroachment he saw quite distinctly the figure of the chief as he crossed the track and took up his station behind a pillar of the trainshed. Boroday was thinking hard. It had been that unlucky swerving of a blanching the law all this morning, lay old Hilary. Under these same stars Huff died the high, Ward stood on his bed, Elinor sat despairing and ashamed. What did it all mean? What was the answer?

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



"Yes, general, we have reconnoitered, as ordered; Nchekyik is a short march away and so poorly defended that we should be able to take it without losing a life. Bing, on the other hand, in two days' march away, strongly defended, and will cost many lives to take."

"No Great Danger. "Oh, kissing does upset me." Declared coquettish Sue. "You're not better let me, we're not in a canoe."

"A Pliant Far Worse. "Governor," said the winning tramp, "give a dime for a poor unfortunate which leads a hand-ter-mouth existence."

"Cold Comfort. "I was arguing with a fellow about politics the other day and I'm bled if he didn't advise me to consult an alienist!" exclaimed the contentious man.

"WHAT HE REQUIRED. "Hence the Hostilities. "Everybody wants peace." "Yes, but everybody wants to dictate the terms."

"CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF. The Cause of Dry, Thin and Falling Hair and Does It Quickly—Trial Free. Anoint spots of dandruff, itching and irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap, if a man, and next morning if a woman. When Dandruff goes the hair comes. Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet.

"SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Please use the scalp by shampooing with 'La Creole' Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00—Adv.

"Squealed Again. He—Here's a doctor who insists that wearing too many clothes is detrimental to health. She—Then what you allowed me to dress on must be a first-class health resort.—Judge, resort.—Judge.

"Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's Tasteless Tonic. The Old Story is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

"Gloomy Outlook. The Brigadier—Now, Captain Wilson, suppose you found your company cut off from the rest of the battalion, hopelessly outnumbered, and surrounded on every side, what would you do? Captain Wilson—By Jove, sir, you are a pessimist.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"COVERED BY ALL. "Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Githery. "Do you mean to say they still allow lions to run at large in Africa? What a dreadful place that must be?" Expert Demoralized. Howse—Jones is falling off in his golf. Wise—Yes. When he is at home he has to play croquet with his aunt.

The Trouble. "Vicar's Daughter—I'm sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons William. What is the matter with them? Are they too long?" William—Yes, miss. You curate 'e says, "In conclusion," and 'e do conclude. But 'e vicar says, "Lastly," and 'e do last.

Certainly Noah had fruit in the ark—preserved pairs. Following Precedent. "Drowning men catch at straw." "So do thirsty ones."—Baltimore American.

Honest Advertising

THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we claimed unreasonable remedial properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we know what the answer will be. That it has all the virtues to-day that was claimed for it in its early days is to be found in its increased use, the recommendation by prominent physicians, and our assurance that its standard will be maintained.

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DAISY FLY KILLER. Will relieve inflamed, strained Swollen Tendons, Ligaments or Muscles. Strepitosis lumbosacrae pain from a Splint, Side Splint, or Bone Spavin. No horses, no dogs, no cats, no birds can be used. 12 bottle at druggists or delivered. D. Schmitt's Fly Killer is a special preparation and is the only one of its kind. ABSORBINE. Will relieve Inflamed, Strained Swollen Tendons, Ligaments or Muscles. Strepitosis lumbosacrae pain from a Splint, Side Splint, or Bone Spavin. No horses, no dogs, no cats, no birds can be used. 12 bottle at druggists or delivered. D. Schmitt's Fly Killer is a special preparation and is the only one of its kind. ABSORBINE. Will relieve Inflamed, Strained Swollen Tendons, Ligaments or Muscles. Strepitosis lumbosacrae pain from a Splint, Side Splint, or Bone Spavin. No horses, no dogs, no cats, no birds can be used. 12 bottle at druggists or delivered. D. Schmitt's Fly Killer is a special preparation and is the only one of its kind.

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## Managing Willie

"I was over at Mrs. Kershaw's the other day," said the woman with the little boy who was calling on her next door neighbor, "and I must say that she has changed of late years! Why, when I knew her as a girl she had such ability and was such a manager—and you ought to see the way that house is run and the perfectly dreadful way she has with her children!"

"I don't believe in the old-fashioned way of frightening children to pieces and making them obey you because they are afraid. I never have the least trouble with my Willie, because I treat him like a human being. Darling, don't handle the fern, for Mrs. James may not like it. Everybody isn't like mother, who understands how interested little boys are in nature. Stop bending the leaf, dearest—oh, now, see! You've broken the whole stalk off! There, Willie, you see what happens when you don't obey mother!"

"It's perfectly wonderful, Mrs. James, your reasoning power displayed by that child! You wouldn't think it, but he understands cause and effect perfectly. He bent the leaf—and it broke—an ace and a result, you see. Willie, why did you break all those other leaves, too? Oh, so the plant would be even all around! Now, did you ever hear anything cleverer than that, Mrs. James? Willie has such an eye for form. I am sure he is going to be something wonderful, aren't you? I always believe in encouraging a child when he shows any signs of developing a particular faculty."

"There! Willie is investigating your cuckoo clock now. He has a perfect passion for finding out the reason for things. Willie, dearest, you mustn't swing on the weights of the clock, you really mustn't."

"There! What did mother tell you? You swung on the weights and now you've pulled the whole clock down off the wall! You are likely to give people headaches when you make a big noise like that. Every one hasn't the perfect control of her nerves that mother has."

"There's everything in control, don't you think so, Mrs. James? I never allow any external fact to upset me. Oh, is the clock broken? Well, I don't believe it is a very bad break and a clever clock man can easily—oh, you say you brought it from Switzerland and it has complicated foreign mechanism? Well, it does seem to me that Americans ought to be able to find enough goods manufactured in this country without encouraging anarchists and paupers abroad. I've often heard my husband talk about political affairs, so I suppose I am better informed than most women."

"The way Mrs. Kershaw lets her children run over her is perfectly dreadful. She didn't seem to have the least control of them at all. I—"

"Willie, you mustn't scratch the piano with that pin. Mother means what she says, darling, and I expect you to obey. Not another scratch after that one you are making! I've no doubt if your furniture polish is the right kind, Mrs. James, it will rub the scratches out perfectly and, anyhow, they are such delicate ones. Willie has such a dainty touch with everything that sometimes I think he is going to be an artist."

"Why, Willie—He-e-e! Didn't you hear me say not another scratch! And you've made at least six more! Now, I simply will not be disobeyed that way and you may go sit in the green velvet chair. Climb back and sit there! You see, Mrs. James, I always punish promptly when Willie doesn't mind me. I simply will not tolerate disobedience the way Mrs. Kershaw does."

"If you had children yourself you'd understand how it warms a mother's heart to feel the little things depending on one and taking one's word as gospel law. Why, Willie would no sooner think of going contrary to my wishes than he would think of flying, would you, dearest?"

"Mr goodness, where is Willie? He isn't in the green velvet chair. You haven't a cellar door or anything open, have you, Mrs. James, that he might fall down? I can't understand—oh, you say he is on the other side of the piano scratching it with another pin?"

"Willie, come here—at once! Don't you know you grieve mother terribly when she finds that she can't trust you? Oh, you say you wanted to see if a black pin would make the same kind of a scratch as a white one! Did you ever—that investigating mind again! It makes me feel terribly responsible, Mrs. James, to think that it rests with me whether that shall all be mistakenly crushed out or encouraged. I am determined to bring out the best there is in Willie, at any cost. That is the reason I keep him with me so much in order that his character may develop properly."

"I've enjoyed this little visit with you—it rests one to get a change from one's usual thoughts, you know. Come over soon—it will lighten your up and interest you to be where there is a child about, and Willie is such a lovable little fellow."

"Kiss Mrs. James, darling. Why, what are you sticking out your tongue for? You say because you hate her? Oh, Willie, it is wrong to hate any one! Hasn't he a cunning, pink little tongue, Mrs. James?"

"Some day when I'm going out I'll let you take him and keep him for a whole afternoon!"

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