

## THEY CALL FOR HELP

### RED CROSS OFFICIAL CALL FOR CLOTHING

Unless Warm Knitted Wear Is Sent to France At Once Our Boys Will Suffer

The Red Cross has sent out an urgent call for warm knitted ware for the American soldiers in France and for our allies, and every one should give this matter special attention. Here is what the Red Cross says:

A call for help has come from the battle front in France on behalf of American soldiers, the soldiers of their Allies, and of the destitute civilians of devastated Belgium and Northern France. Six million warm, knitted woollen articles are needed to help them get through the winter. The appeal has come to the American Red Cross at Washington, and it specifies 1,500,000 each of sweaters, mufflers, wristlets and socks.

The call is official. Major Grayson M. P. Murphy of General Pershing's staff, the Red Cross Commissioner for Europe, who knows better perhaps than any other man just how badly these things are needed, has cabled for them. Here is part of his message:

Last winter broke the record for cold and misery among the people here. We dreadfully dread the coming winter finding us without supplies to meet the situation. We urge you, on behalf of our soldiers and those of our Allies, who will suffer in their frozen trenches, and also thousands of French and Belgian refugees, to begin shipping at once 1,500,000 each of the warm, knitted, woollen articles named. They must come before cold weather.

The entire people of the land are called upon to render this service to the men in khaki, and those struggling with them. The hearts of the people will be in the task because their own are among those who need the service. Every county, every village, every voting precinct, is sending of its best to fight for the country, and the woman who knits one of these garments feels, with every stitch, that it may be her own son, her own brother, or the one of her dearest friends who may be kept more comfortable by her work.

From Director John J. O'Connor of the Central Division of the Red Cross, with headquarters at Chicago, the call went forth to 1,081 chapters in the Central States, urging the members to answer the cry. The chapters called on the Red Cross Supply Service for yarn, knitting needles and full instructions for the knitting. In the meantime, knitting committees were formed in the chapters, and volunteers called for.

The Supply Service was forced to ask some chapters to buy their yarn and needles in the local markets, or from whatever source they could most quickly get them. The Supply Service had not on hand enough goods to fill such an unprecedented demand on such short notice. Washington could not even supply, as rapidly as they were needed, the printed instructions for the knitting, and the newspapers were called on to print the directions so that every knitter might have a copy.

But the work must be hurried. "They must come before cold weather," cabled Major Murphy. That means that the entire 6,000,000 articles must be completed in the shortest possible time, and sent to France. The chapters were urged to use every possible minute, and to call on every woman and girl who can knit, whether or not she is a Red Cross member, and ask her to help in the work.

We in America, who as yet can scarcely realize that our country is at war, have no conception of the terrible need for millions of people in France and Belgium whose lands are overrun by the Germans. Utterly penniless, with no possessions save the ragged clothes on their backs, they suffered incredibly by tens of thousands last winter. Now they face another winter, weakened by the trials they have already undergone, and it is "up to the

Red Cross" to keep them from dying of cold. They are enduring what military experts have pointed out Americans will be called on to endure if the Germans ever beat the Allied armies and navies, and attack America on her own shores.

This call for knitted articles is but one phase of the work of relief which the American Red Cross must carry on. Washington has repeatedly warned the chapters that the knitting must not be permitted to stop or delay the making of surgical supplies—wound dressings, splints, bandages, operating garments and the thousands of other things which surgeons and nurses must have when they wait on the wounded. These must be kept flowing in a never-ending stream, increasing in volume as our own men near the front. The knitting is merely an "extra rush order" in addition to everything else the Red Cross has undertaken to do.

The American soldiers are furnished with uniforms and overcoats and shoes and everything that the army regulations call for. The knitted articles are for their extra comfort—and in the case of the injured civilians, are absolute necessities.

Every reader of this article is urged to get a supply of yarn and needles, and knit—or have some one else knit—as many of these articles as possible and as quickly as possible. The knitted goods should be sent by the knitters of the Central Division to the nearest Red Cross chapter, which will send them with all speed to the Red Cross Supply Service, Wabash & McLaughlin Warehouse, 225 East Illinois street, Chicago. In case the knitter cannot get in touch with a Red Cross chapter, she may send the goods direct to the warehouse.

Here are the official directions for knitting the sweater, mufflers, socks and wristlets—and remember, Major Murphy says "they must come before cold weather."

**EQUIPMENT**  
Knitting machines may be used if the quality of their work is up to standard.

Yarn may be either gray or khaki. The Red Cross Supply Service will carry the gray or cord mixture, 4-ply 10's construction. Knitting needles, as prescribed, will be of three kinds: No. 1, 135-1000 inches in diameter; No. 2, 175-1000 inches, and No. 3, 200-1000 inches.

Yarn and needles can be had through Red Cross chapters.

**GENERAL DIRECTIONS**  
Do not cast on stitches too tightly. Knit evenly and firmly, and avoid holes. Join by splicing, or by leaving two or three inches at each end of the yarn to be carefully darned in.

Carefully avoid all knots, ridges or lumps, especially in socks, as they may blister the feet.

**SLEEVELESS SWEATER**

3 hanks of yarn (4 lb.); 1 pair Red Cross needles, No. 3.  
Cast on 80 stitches. Knit 2, purl 2 stitches for 4 inches. Knit plain until sweater measures 25 inches. Knit 28 stitches, bind off 24 stitches for neck, loose. Knit 28 stitches. Knit 5 ridges on each shoulder, cast on 24 stitches. Knit plain for 21 inches. Purl 2, knit 2 stitches for 4 inches. Sew up sides, leaving 9 inches for armholes. 2 rows single crochet around neck and 1 row single crochet around the armholes.

**WRISTLETS No. 1**

1 hank of yarn (4 lb.); 1 pair Red Cross needles, No. 2.  
Cast on 48 stitches, knit 2 and purl 2 for 12 inches, and sew up, leaving 2 inches open space for thumb 2 inches from the edge.

**WRISTLETS No. 2**

(Made in One Piece)  
1 hank of yarn (4 lb.); 4 Red Cross needles, No. 1.  
Cast on 52 stitches on 3 needles; 16-16-20. Knit 2, purl 2 for 8 inches. To make opening for thumb, knit 2, purl 2 to end of 3d needle, turn; knit and purl back to end of 1st needle, always slipping first stitch; turn. Continue knitting back and forth for 2 inches. From this point continue as at first for 4 inches for the hand. Bind off loosely and buttonhole thumb opening.

**MUFFLER**  
2 1/2 hanks of yarn (4 lb.); 1 pair Red Cross needles, No. 3.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENS

### LARGE ENROLLMENT AT FIRST SESSION MONDAY

New Faces Seen Amongst Teachers Work For The Year Commenced

Once again the vacation days are past, the boys hunt up the shoes and stockings that were discarded when vacation started, the girls put away their dolls and buggies, and again take up the more solemn duties of school life. Four hundred and twenty boys and girls took up school work in our school on Monday. The same excellent corps of teachers that have given us such excellent work in the past, are again at the helm under the leadership of Prof Hartleb. Only two new faces being seen amongst the teachers. Miss Glayds Shurnk, will be instructor in the High School, while Miss Marion Noble will teach in the grades. Miss Noble is a graduate of the Bradley High School.

Children that are six years old or whose sixth birthday comes before February 1st should enter school before September 22nd, after that date no pupils will be received in first grade unless they have gone to school before. The Bradley School is amongst the best, as accredited by the State, and this year promises to be as good or better than previous years.

Parents are urged to take interest in school matters, as this encourages the teachers and pupils so that the best result will be obtained.

Cast on 50 stitches or 11 inches. Plain knitting for 68 inches.

**MEDIUM SIZED MAN'S SOCK**

4 Red Cross needles, No. 1; 1/2 lb. (2 hanks) of yarn.  
Set up 60 stitches, 20 on each of three needles. Knit 2 plain and 2 purl for 35 rows (41 inches). 36th row knit 4 plain stitches, knit 2 together; repeat this until the round is completed. There are now 50 stitches on the needles. Knit 50 rows plain until leg measures 11 inches. (6 inches of plain knitting.) Take half the number of stitches (25 on first needle for the heel (leaving 12 and 13 stitches on the second and third needles for the instep), add on the 25 stitches knit 1 row, purl 1 row alternately for 26 times (or 3 inches), always slipping the first stitch. Begin to turn heel on the wrong side, slip 1, purl 13, purl 2 together, purl 1.

Turn work over, slip 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 1, and pass it over slipped stitch, knit 1. Turn, slip 1, purl 5, purl 2 together, purl 1. Turn, slip 1, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, and pass it over slipped stitch, knit 1. Continue working toward the sides of the heel in this manner, leaving 1 more stitch between decreases on every row until all the stitches are worked in. There should then be 15 stitches on the needle. Pick up 13 stitches on side of heel; now knit the 25 stitches on 2d and 3d needle on to one needle which becomes your 2d needle; with your 3d needle pick up the 13 stitches on other side of heel, and knit 7 stitches off your 1st needle so that you will now have 21 stitches on the 1st needle, 25 stitches on the 2nd needle, and 20 stitches on 3rd needle. 1st needle (a) knit to within 3 stitches of end, knit 2 together, knit 1, 2d needle (b) knit plain. 3d needle (c) knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit plain to end of needle, knit around plain (d).

Repeat a, b, c, and d until you have 18 stitches on 1st needle—25 stitches on 2d, 12 stitches on 3d. Knit plain for 4 1/2 inches. 1st needle (e) knit 10 stitches—knit 2 together, knit 1, 2d needle (f) knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 19 stitches. Knit 2 together, knit 1, 3d needle (g) knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 19 stitches, knit 2 rows plain (h).

Repeat e, f, g, and h 5 times, then narrow every other row until you have 5 stitches on your 1st needle, 9 stitches on your 2d needle, and 4 stitches on your 3d needle. Knit the 5 stitches on your 1st needle on to your 3d. Your work is now all on 2 needles

opposite each other. Break off yarn leaving 12-inch end. Thread into worsted needle and proceed to weave the front and back to close as follows:

Pass worsted needle through 1st stitch of front knitting needle as if knitting and slip stitch off—pass through 2d stitch as if purling—leave stitch on, pull thread through 1st stitch of back needle as if purling, slip stitch off, pass thread through 2d stitch of back needle as if knitting. Leave stitch on. Repeat from until all stitches are off the needle. Sock when finished should measure:

Foot, from tip of heel to tip of toe, 11 inches.

Leg, from tip of heel to tip of leg, 14 inches.

## A Good Plan

CHICAGO, Sept. 12, 1917.

SPECIAL TO THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.—County Agent Collier of Kanakake county has launched a farmer exemption plan that is to be copied all over the State of Illinois, and will probably become a model for the remainder of the United States where county agents are located. So impressed is the State Food Administration, Harry A. Wheeler with the Kanakake idea that he has outlined it to the other Illinois county agents and recommended it for their use.

About 15 to 20 leading farmers in each township were asked in letters by County Advisor Collier, for the name of a man in their township who would best represent it on a committee to be made up of a representative from each township in the county. This committee was to make up a Board of Judges to recommend exemptions. The men recommended must be land owners, heads of families, and men generally acknowledged as fair and unprejudiced with the utmost confidence of their communities.

From these recommendations, a man was picked from each township. The Committee as a whole then met and went over the names of the men drafted and certified to the District Board of the County Seat. The individual Committees then went home, conducted investigations of the men in their townships and reported the facts as to each case. At a second meeting of the committee the names were carefully gone over, and each learned the facts on every exemption case in the county. Where there was the least doubt as to whether a man should be exempted, exemption was not asked for by the committee.

As a result, each township feels that it received a square deal, and that no section of the county received any favoritism over another section, regardless of race, religion or political following. Furthermore farmers are assured their labor problems will be borne evenly, and with a fair deal, record 1918 crops may be planned.

## Twins

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bailey of Schlinge Ave., Monday a pair of twins, a boy and girl.

## Baseball

The Woodmen of the World defeated the Odd Fellows, in a baseball game on Marcotte field last Sunday by a score of 13 to 9. Some mighty good talent showed up in both teams.

## Were Married

Mrs. Elizabeth Singsherm of this city and Frank Nolte of Griswold, Ill. were married at the home of the groom's brother in Terre Haute, Ind., Thursday of last week. They will make their home on South Wabash Ave. in this city.

Peter Tuntland of Morris, Ill., spent several days the past week with his brother, Joseph Tuntland of this city. Mr. Tuntland will leave for Des Moines, Ia., on the 19th to join the regular army.

Gene Duboise of Blue Island came home on account of sickness. He is improving.

Henry Tuntland of Buckingham, Ill., spent several days the past week with relatives here.

Miss Estelle Broulette has returned from a two weeks visit in Moline, Ill.

## WEEKLY FARM LETTER

### A TRIBUTE TO OUR FRIEND, THE FARMER

The World Rests On His Shoulders And He Supports It Very Well

The farmer raises the food that feeds us. His cotton fields and sheep give us the clothes we wear. He furnishes us with the necessities of life and a generous surplus with which to follow the compass of civilization to all the corners of the earth. His peaceful life is well planned and filled, supporting everything in the world—the industries, arts, sciences, humanities, and those countless clusters of human life which we call cities.

It has been a big job—that of starting the world and keeping it going—but he has done it cheerfully, never seeking praise or glory. While the cities have bought and sold, and grown rich and fat, he has whistled and laughed, planted and harvested. This nation, gathering to itself the riches from all the world, almost forgot whom it owed first for its achievements.

It has taken a world calamity a catastrophe without precedent, history, to remind us of what we never should have forgotten—that the farmer is carrying in his strong arms the destiny of the nations; that our welfare, even our very lives, cling closely to the results of his work in his fields, gardens, and orchards.

Today finds the American farmer charged with a duty that in ordinary times would be shared equally by the farmers of all the nations. Three years of war have so shifted the burdens of producing the world's food that the greatest load of responsibility is now resting on the shoulders of our farmers.

The men and women on American farms are richly fitted to meet this great emergency. Their ancestors builded for character and stamina while laying new trails through the wilderness, beset with the dangers of the frontier. But that was only the foundation. They themselves have been carrying on the great work of production and of fruitfulness. Through the suns and storms of American rural life, they have worked intelligently, hand in hand with Nature. As they have met every crisis in the past, the American farmer is at the world's service today, ready at the threshold in the present hour of need.

## Board Proceedings

Regular meeting was called to order by president. All members being present except Magruder and Lambert.

Minutes of regular meeting of August were read and approved as read. The following bills were read and referred to the finance committee for their approval.

Lehigh Stone Co. .... \$14.44  
Arthur Spivey ..... 13.88  
E. F. McCoy ..... 27.00  
Rob Lancaster ..... 3.50  
E. F. McCoy ..... 2.50  
J. T. Fahey ..... 37.50  
Joe Suprenant ..... 37.50  
J. T. Fahey, 2 dogs ..... 2.00  
Cape Knox ..... 2.00  
Arthur Baldwin ..... 2.00  
Wm. Spivey ..... 53.00  
John Beland ..... 25.00  
Jake Heister ..... 1.25  
Geo. Schneider ..... 3.00  
Bell Telephone Co ..... 2.50

The finance committee reported they found all bills to be correct except the bill of The Kanakake Auto & Implement Co., same was returned to have it itemized.

Moved by McGuesse that report of finance committee be accepted and bills be paid.

It was moved by Bade seconded by McCue that we construct a new well. Carried.

There was three clerks and three judges appointed for special election to be held Aug. 31, 1917. Bade appointed Emil Hirt and E. Q. Dailey, Judges. McCue appointed Louis Beland, Clerk. Bertrand appointed Jesse McCue and F. L. Martin, Clerks. Bock appointed Wm. Hence, Judge.

As there was no further business to transact it was moved by Bade seconded by McCue that we adjourn. Carried.

Approved Sept. 4, 1917.  
E. F. McCoy,  
Village Clerk.

Mrs. Louis Labarge was a visitor in Clefton, Ill., last week.

## Government Crop Report

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 7, 1917.—A summary of the September crop report for the State of Illinois and for the United States, as compiled by the Bureau of Crop Estimates (and transmitted through the Weather Bureau), U. S. Department of Agriculture, is as follows:

**CORN**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 445,000,000 bushels; production last year, (December estimate), 306,800,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 3,250,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 2,583,241,000 bushels.

**ALL WHEAT**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 28,400,000 bushels, production last year (December estimate), 16,225,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 685,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 639,588,000 bushels.

**OATS**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 214,000,000 bushels, production last year (December estimate), 172,085,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 1,530,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 1,231,992,000 bushels.

**BARLEY**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 2,310,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 1,920,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 20,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 19,927,000 bushels.

**POTATOES**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 14,230,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 12,500,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 462,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 285,437,000 bushels.

**SWEET POTATOES**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 810,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 720,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 85,200,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 70,955,000 bushels.

**ALL HAY**  
STATE: Preliminary estimate, 3,320,000 tons; production last year (December estimate), 4,651,000 tons.

UNITED STATES: Preliminary estimate, 92,000,000 tons; production last year (December estimate), 109,786,000 tons.

**APPLES (Agricultural Crop)**  
STATE: September 5 forecast, 2,760,000 barrels of 3 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 1,616,000 barrels.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 59,100,000 barrel 3 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 67,415,000 barrels.

**PEACHES**  
STATE: Estimated production 1917, 364,000 bushels, production last year (December estimate), 780,000 bushels.

UNITED STATES: Estimated production 1917, 42,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 36,539,000 bushels.

**BROOM CORN**  
STATE: September 1 forecast, 8,900 tons; production last year (December estimate), 6,881 tons.

UNITED STATES: September 1 forecast, 39,000 tons; production last year (December estimate), 37,000 tons.

## PRICES

The first price given below is the average on September 1 this year, and the second the average on September 1 last year.

STATE: Wheat, 291 and 366 cents per bushel. Corn, 172 and 80 cents. Oats, 51 and 40 cents. Potatoes 139 and 128 cents. Hay, \$15.29 and \$10.40 per ton. Eggs, 32 and 23 cents per dozen.

UNITED STATES: Wheat, 200.7 and 131.2 cents per bushel. Corn, 175.5 and 83.6 cents. Oats, 61.7 and 43.1 cents. Potatoes, 139.1 and 109.3 cents. Hay, \$13.68 and \$10.42 per ton. Cotton, 23.4 and 14.9 cents per pound. Eggs, 33.2 and 23 cents per dozen.

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

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.

Adam Danforth and family of Redlin, Ill., spent several days the past week at the home of Joseph Tuntland and family.

# We're Growing Sea Island Cotton in America Nowadays

By W.A. Orton

Sea Island cotton differs from the ordinary upland cotton in many respects. The plant is taller, the leaves smoother and more deeply lobed, the flowers brighter yellow, the bolls smaller, longer, and more pointed, the seed nearly bare of fuzz, and the staple longer and finer. It is more closely related to Egyptian cotton, which it resembles in appearance.

The original home of the plant is thought to have been the West Indies. When first introduced into the mainland of America, it is reported to have been considerably different from the present form. Through several generations the planters have selected seed from the earliest, most compact, and most productive plants with the longest and finest staple, until the character of the plant has been radically changed and greatly improved.

A well-regulated water supply is the most important factor influencing sea island cotton. Through drainage is essential. On this account more and better cotton is grown on the slightly elevated margins of the sea islands than in the lower central portions. The drains make possible the cultivation of land otherwise too wet. In the interior, cotton is grown only where there is suitable drainage. On the other hand, a liberal and regular supply of water is needed, and wherever cotton is planted on the dry hills in the upper edge of the sea island cotton belt inferior results are secured, the staple becoming shorter and harsher. The lower lying lands are better, provided they have adequate drainage.



Map of the Sea Island Cotton Area of the United States. Each Dot Represents an Average Production of 500 Bales.

Sols very rich in humus appear to be unsuited to sea island cotton, producing too much a growth; but a deficiency of humus is also a serious objection, as such land produces a small plant with a tendency to the shedding of bolls and to rotting of the staple. Atmospheric humidity appears to be a prominent factor influencing the quality of the staple. On the sea islands, fields having an ocean exposure are said to produce a finer and glossier staple on account of the moisture-laden ocean breezes, and in the interior one advantage of the lower lands is doubtless their moist air, which is conserved by protecting forests and near-by swamps. In the absence of sufficient moisture in the air the staple becomes harsh and shorter. This is further shown by the fact that a wet season is more favorable to sea island than to upland cotton, while the upland varieties do better in a dry season.

The relative humidity of the upland and sea island cotton in the southern counties fluctuates with the season and the changes in acreage due to a varying market conditions. The mixing of seed and the hybridizing which results from planting cotton of both types in the same community are a serious handicap to the growers of sea island cotton. In this respect portions of Florida where only sea island cotton is grown possess a marked advantage, and the introduction of upland varieties should be discouraged.

In addition to the effect of the high prices in stimulating the industry and of low prices in depressing it, a factor which must be considered in connection with the production of cotton in either old or new sections is the supply of available labor. Until present methods are revolutionized a relatively large amount of factory cheap labor is required, and it is a great advantage if the laborers have had long experience with the crop. Throughout the sea island cotton belt there is now a growing scarcity of labor, which is likely to restrict the acreage planted. The farmers must meet the new conditions by the adoption of labor-saving machinery in planting and in cultivation, but there will continue to be difficulty in getting the cotton picked.

A Bale of Sea Island Cotton in the Interior Cotton Region Ready for Shipment.

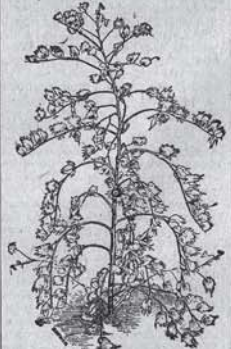
ed with grains classed on the sea island and a medium fine, such as Blisdon and Seabrook.

In the cotton market the term "staple" refers to the length and fineness of the fiber, and these points are influenced most by seed selection. The term "grade," on the other hand, indicates the appearance of the cotton as regards cleanliness and color, qualities influenced mainly by the manner in which the cotton has been handled. The price is considerably influenced by the grade.

The best practice in handling the crop may be briefly stated by describing the method followed on the sea islands, which should be adopted in the interior in so far as the labor conditions will permit.

Picking is done whenever enough cotton is open, about every ten days. The cotton is gathered as free from trash as possible and carried to the packer where the next morning each picker sorts his own picking, throwing out diseased or yellow locks and pieces of bolls, leaves, and other trash. The cotton is then spread on arbors to dry in the sun. It is watched

and turned frequently, and usually dries in one day. After sunning, the seed cotton is assorted by women, who remove any yellow locks, bits of leaves, etc. If very dirty it is whipped over a coarse wire screen stretched across a small box to take out the sand. Very fine cotton is again sorted or overhauled by another set of laborers. The cotton is then baled and allowed to remain from four to six weeks before shipping. During the ginning, one or two hands inspect the



Ideal Form of Cotton Plant. The Leaves Have Been Removed in Order to Show Branching.

cotton as it passes to the gins, to remove impurities, and one of two others "mote" the lint as it passes from the gin to the press, by picking out yellow tufts, etc. By all these means a high grade is maintained for sea island cotton, which is reflected in a price per pound several cents higher than that paid for inferior cotton.

### The Australian Aborigines.

As a hunter the native Australian is marvelously adjusted to his environment. His success lies in an intimate knowledge of the habits of animals on land, in the ground, in trees and under water and his wonderfully developed powers of observation. He deceals by imitating their cries, catches ducks by diving below them on the bank, or by the flight of mosquitoes, finds snakes by observing the action of birds, and follows a bee to its store for honey. Any animal which leaves a track, however dim, in sand, on rock or in grass, he finds an easy prey to the black fellow. Children are taught to track lizards and snakes over bare rocks and to find their mother by following tracks too indistinct to serve as a guide for a European.

### Seventeen, but Looked Eighty.

In 1909 a young girl, Louise Gasquet by name, living in Paris, is said to have met with a peculiar death, though barely seventeen years of age. In appearance she was an old woman of eighty, her skin wrinkled, her eyes dull, her hair gray and scant. Every effort known to science was tried to bring back her lost youth, but her cheeks grew more shriveled and her eyes more sunken every day, until, a month after her admission to hospital, she sank into a deep sleep and died without a sigh. A post mortem was held in the presence of many English and French doctors, and revealed the fact that the entire organization of the body had been attacked by senile decay, and though the girl was but a child in years, she had undoubtedly died of old age.

### Half-and-Half Music.

A jobbing carpenter came into the Wheatbeats tavern and ordered a half pint only, instead of his usual amount of refreshment. The proprietor expressed amazement. "It's like this," explained the carpenter: "I've allus been quite willin' to reduce my expenses once I saw the quality give a lead. And, just now, coming from a day of work up at the hill, I noticed that Sir Edwin has made a start in what is called economy. His two daughters was playing music in the drawing room, and they was both of 'em playin'—mark you this—with 'em playin' on one and the self-same piano.—Liverpool Post.

### Avoiding Waste.

"Isn't there a good deal of waste in the bone of a sirloin steak?" "Not for me," replied the merchant. "I am careful to sell the bone for as much as the meat."

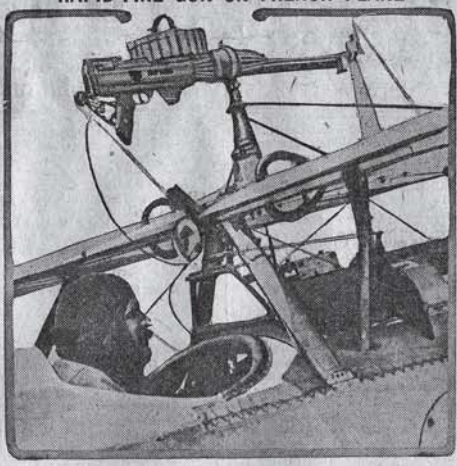
### There's a Difference.

"How can I be successful in life, Uncle Jim?" "Let me understand you, boy. Do you want rules for being successful in life or do you merely want a formula for getting rich?"

### The Kind.

"Edward said he was going to take the baby upstairs to have a game with it. But listen to it! What kind of a game could he have started?" "To judge by the noise it is making, I should say it was a bowl game."

## RAPID-FIRE GUN ON FRENCH PLANE



The little French Nieuport "scout" plane is the greatest fighting machine and is equipped with an electric rapid-fire gun which is worked from the pilot seat by a wire.

## NEED FAST WORK IN TRENCH RAIDS

English Expert Tells of the Sudden Assaults on Ever-Alert Germans.

### NEW SCIENCE IS DEVELOPED

Purpose is to Shake the Morale of the Enemy and Make Him Uncertain as to the Next Object of Attack.

London.—The trench raid, one of the developments of the European war, is the subject of an official interview with a British officer, which has been approved by the British press bureau. The narrative of this officer is of particular interest at this time when the Americans are soon to go into the trenches to be called upon to carry out, among other things, just such raids as are here described.

"The trench raid is made for the purpose of shaking the enemy's morale, inflicting losses upon his personnel and destruction upon his works, and capturing prisoners and documents that may reveal his condition and intentions. Carried out chiefly at night, at frequent intervals and at many places, it exercises direct effect upon the enemy's nerves. Since 1916 its constant practice has been the policy of the British command. Captured German letters bear ample witness to its efficacy. We will attempt to sketch a simple form of such a raid.

"For some days previously the field artillery has been methodically cutting lanes through the enemy's wire at many points. An attack may or may not be pushed through these lanes. The enemy cannot be sure. In any case he cannot decide which of the points of passage will be used. Punctually at 'zero' hour the artillery fires a barrage on the enemy's support and reserve trenches, while an inferior of explosions breaks out all along the line of trench to be assaulted—the bombardment of Stokes mortar and trench howitzer batteries posted in or near our front line. Under cover of this bombardment the raiding force rushes the intervening space.

### How the Raid Begins.

"This raiding force is organized in squads of eight men and one noncommissioned officer. In each squad are two bomb-throwers, two bayonet men, two rifle bombers and two ammunition carriers, who are also reserve throwers. Each squad has its objective clearly assigned to it prior to the attack. In a smother of smoke the raiders leap into the trench. Flames shoot up, shedding a ghastly glare. High among them the red signal rockets of the Germans are drifting across the night, but the barrage they summon comes too late. To fight and left, as detailed, the squads turn along the trench—now probably a broken-walled ditch filled with loose earth, blocked by wrecked traverses, strewn with sand bags and the bodies of men. In front, peering round the traverses, darting forward, keeping the survivors of the enemy on the run, are the two bayonet men of the squad. Immediately behind them is the first 'thrower,' his acolyte the 'carrier' following close. Then follow the officer, the noncommissioned officer in charge of the squad. Behind them is a rifle bomber, ready if necessary to fire his grenades in advance of the bayonet men. In the rear of him are the other throwers, his carrier and the other rifle bomber.

### MAYOR OF TOWN IN FLORIDA



Mrs. George Horwitz, society woman and civic worker of Philadelphia, farmer on a large scale in the Florida Everglades, recently was elected against her will to be mayor of Moorehaven, Fla. In Moorehaven, the mayor must act as judge of all offenders against city ordinances and legal knowledge is necessary. Mrs. Horwitz, strange to say, is not interested in suffrage.

## FAMILY HAS A GREAT AMERICAN WAR RECORD

Elizabeth W. Va.—The family of N. D. Madden, near here, is a soldierly and patriotic one. Madden is a veteran of the Civil war. His great-grandfather served in the Revolutionary war. His grandfather served in the war of 1812, his older brother in the Mexican war. He and another brother fought in the Civil war and a younger brother fought in the Spanish-American war. Two of his sons are in the present war and four other sons are awaiting the call.

stretch they have vacated. Traverses are blown up, lengths of trench filled in. From behind comes the rapid hammering of machine guns taking toll of an enemy attempt to dash across the open and bomb down the trench.

"In the captured section, empty now of effective foes, men are rushing in a search for the dugout openings. They fling down each a couple of bombs that explode with a soft puff! Down below in the dark cave is a sheet of flame, an intense heat, choking smoke. Fumes wreath the thickly out of the entrance. Gasping, dazed survivors rush out, are seized upon. Explosion after explosion leaps up in the stretch of the raided trench.

"Once more the red signal rockets drift among the roaring flares. The enemy barrage crashes in the air and from the ground. On the flanks spiteful machine guns rake an enfilade the tangle of rusty wire, the shell-churned desolation of No Man's Land. But if they have ordinary luck, the raiders are already safely back in their own trenches."

### FORETOLD WORLD WAR



Predicting this world war, and besides that having predicted both the first and second Balkan wars and the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne, should be conclusive indication of an ability to foretell the future accurately. With her past performances in mind, the latest prophecy of Mother Riga of Monastir, the famous prophetess of the Balkans, carries additional weight. She now predicts that Vienna will fall on the day King Peter, aged monarch of Serbia, dies. Perhaps time will prove her right. Stranger things than that have happened.

### TACK IN SOUP; ASKS \$10,000

X-Ray Photograph Shows Iron Fragment in Digestive Tract of New York Man.

New York.—An X-ray photograph was filed in the Supreme court showing that Morris D. Spitzer is carrying a large tack, about three-quarters of an inch long, inside him. The tack is imbedded in his digestive tract, near the center of his body.

Spitzer blames some vegetable soup which he bought in a restaurant at 42 East Fourteenth street on December 28, 1915, for the intrusion of the tack. He says he picked up several of the tacks while eating his soup, and swallowing one before he realized it. Another he picked out of his mouth.

The tack-swallowing incident is the basis of a \$10,000 damage action against the restaurant company. The restaurant company denies it was guilty of negligence.

### Tollgates, 100 Years Old, Go.

Philadelphia.—Announcement of the sale of the Lancaster turnpike to the state means that after more than 100 years the string of ugly little tollhouses by the side of the famous highway will disappear. It means, too, the saving of thousands of dollars to motorists and that there can be unrestricted travel between main-line towns in machines.

### Irish Wit.

The pat answer which has been defined as "an Irish come-back" is more typical of Irish wit than the bull. Bulls which are common to the humor of all lands usually indicate slow comprehension or fat thinking. But the Irish bull is often an instance of thought overdone and the result of perspicacity. When a shrewd doctor says that "warm stockings are the best chest protectors," we recognize a forcible and picturesque statement; when Napoleon declared that "most

people dig their graves with their teeth," we see a pointed truth. But the kind of wit that the doctor remarks dryly that "people are dying this winter that never died before," we see a merry Irish "bull."—Catholic Citizen.

### Cure-All 400 Years Old.

The Indian "swallow stick" is 400 years old. In Indian ceremonies it was customary for the priest to thrust the stick down his throat, causing the reaction, thought by the natives to purge him of all impurities.

# The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

OPEN FOR RATING

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WHEN the president of the Atlas National bank sent for Resilius Marvel I was selected as his messenger. When I returned from the office of the United Bankers' Protective association with its active head in my company I was, quite naturally, being the private secretary of the one and the closest friend of the other, motioned to remain. I sank into one of the sumptuous easy chairs which crowded the office of the president of the great king of finance, Mr. Robert Drew, feeling sure that I was about to listen to something new and important.

Resilius Marvel looked easy-minded and receptive. I fancied I detected a very slight smile pass over his face as his eye fell upon a heap of bonds outspread and held down by a paper-weight on the desk directly before Mr. Drew. The serious, somewhat irritated face of the bank president indicated that he was ill at ease mentally, that he had sent for Marvel much as might a man who had bungled over mending a bruised finger and had been compelled to call in the grandest of specialists as the grand pasteurizer of the infection. He tried to be off-handed as he selected one of the bonds and passed it over for the inspection of the man whom I had seen do so many clever things, whom I had come to recognize as the grand pasteurizer of the infection and efficiency in the bank mysteries line.

"What do you know about these bonds, Mr. Marvel?" was the question put.

"Everything," was the prompt reply, so speedily given that its enunciation and a bare careless glance at the broad, black letters, "Jebel River & Great Jangah Railroad Co.," were simultaneous.

"That is good," said the president, quite gratefully, clearing his throat and looking hopeful. "This is a special matter, you understand, and confidential. I shall be sorry or glad that the bank holds over \$500,000 of those securities after I have heard what you have to say."

"You will be sorry," bluntly replied Marvel. "The whole proposition is a dream, perhaps a fraud. The securities are waste paper, unless—"

"Yes—unless," pressed Mr. Drew eagerly, almost piteously, with a face grown many shades paler.

"Unless I can locate the man who signs them as president of the road—his royal highness of Jangah."

I was struck by the extraordinary words. Marvel had placed the bond on the desk. It was within my reach and as unobtrusively as I could I drew it towards me. Several of the bonds of this issue had passed under my eye casually in the regular course of business of the bank during the past two months, but I had never scanned them particularly. Now I read the signatures: "Zwun Zhi, King of Jangah, President, Napoleon Ducroix, Imperial Treasurer, Secretary."

"Half of these bonds," spoke Mr. Drew, placing an unsteady hand on the heap, "are collateralized. Over \$200,000, however, represent a direct purchase of the bank."

"At what price?" inquired Marvel.

"From \$5 to \$2."

"And they dropped 15 points this morning," recounted my well-versed friend. "They will go down to 40 to-day before the Stock Exchange loses."

"I caught a convulsive flick in Mr. Drew's throat. His fingers were beating a rapid tattoo on the crisp, gaudy securities. The sound appealed to me like the ominous beating of leaves in harvest time, preceding a storm."

"You see," he managed to speak, "there seemed no doubt of the security. While Jangah is a barbaric kingdom, its resources are tremendous; ivory, gold, diamonds and immense droves of cattle. All the country lacks is some thoroughfare to the coast. The idea was to build a line out from Uganda on the Victoria Nyanza, a large inland lake, beyond Angora to the Jebel river. The natives could then float their cattle and other products down the stream, transfer to the Coast road, and reach Zanzibar through German East Africa. It looked as favorable as the Cecil Rhodes development schemes or the recent Sudan exploitations."

"Yes, so the prospectus said," nodded Marvel dryly.

"The deed of trust," went on Mr. Drew in almost feverish haste and with a shade of pleading unctious in his tone, "covers nearly 3,000,000 acres of land, two parcels, African native titles, half a dozen good, well timbered, each valued at some fifty or more millions of dollars. The bond issue is a billion dollars. Another point: Ralston & Co. bankers, have the construction contract, and guarantee the payment of interest and principal on these bonds."

"Again the prospectus—you have a good memory, Mr. Drew," said Marvel quietly.

over, the highest capital and credit rating possible. I cannot understand the hurry in those bonds. Ralston & Co. stand behind the proposition on a strong guarantee."

"He looked at Marvel in some defiance. The latter took the challenge mildly. His hand went into an inner pocket and drew forth a slip of tissue paper. He passed this to the bank president.

"I sent the day before yesterday," he said, "to the commercial agency for a report on Ralston & Co. You observe what the agency reported: 'Open for rating.'"

"It was not the first time Mr. Drew had heard that technical agency phrase. In a vague way it was generally understood to indicate an investigation pending, a lacking verification of antecedents, or anticipation of a fraud."

"As you know," observed Mr. Drew, closely scanning the bit of filmy, "they are a comparatively new firm. Very often a rating is withheld or suspended until a reorganization, or for some other transitory condition."

"Today," pursued Marvel steadily, "I have learned a somewhat peculiar fact. The reporter who held that rating open the next day went to the office of Ralston & Co. to receive a promised statement. He withdrew the rating owing to some suspicion he did not impart to his chief. He then sent the day before yesterday, his name is Clinton Durham, and he has mysteriously, utterly, disappeared."

"And you infer from this?" questioned Mr. Drew.

"Blackmail, bribery, or foul play is the last evening Ralston & Co. which most believe Bernard Ralston, drew out every dollar they had in the local banks and have evidently closed shop."

"The bank president sprang to his feet. "I had not heard of that," he said huskily.

"You will, in the afternoon papers," explained Marvel. "The lagged interest money, suspicion, a sense of insecurity, have caused the first raid on the Jebel River bonds. You can fancy what the Stock Exchange will do when the disappearance of Ralston is publicly known."

"The bank president was pacing the floor in sheer agitation. Always hitherto he had posed to me as a great man handling big events and never showing the slightest emotion. But he disclaimed all self-restraint or egotism.

"Do something!" he said in a hoarse broken tone.

"I intend to," replied Marvel. "You have done all the talking so far—let me do some. I will tell you what very few know."

"The bonds were invalid in the first place; a signature is lacking. I think I can obtain it. If I do, the bond holders will not lose. As you quoted from the prospectus, the physical security behind the deed of trust is ample—provided the title is right. It is quite the reverse, but I hope to rectify it."

Marvel was consulted. Too many times had Mr. Drew done him not to know that. He drank a glass of water in feverish haste. Then he took up his check book and scribbled.

"You understand—of course—" he began significantly.

"When the case is through," interrupted Marvel, "I want our friend here for a week," and he placed his hand on my arm for help.

I smiled at Marvel in deprecation. I had been so fortunate as to be his companion in several cases he had worked up. To speak of help—and from me! I laughed outright.

"I understand that the House with two names were doll makers extraordinary; that he, Lefort, was their representative."

"See you, even royalty came to view, in the brilliantly illuminated saloon, the French ambassador, the minister, the creation of Worth in which the doll was garbed cost \$3,000. The doll's neck was the Damon string of pearls. It had taken the doll maker two years to gather these, mined from the center from a hazel nut size to that of a pea, and listed at 12,000 pounds sterling."

From all this I began to understand that the racy Sophia, founder of the celebrated "Cobra" dance known over a continent, had been duplicated in doll fashion and exhibited to the Vienna world as a most artistic specimen of the exclusive handicraft of the House."

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longed to present visitors in the private office. The cane was such a boy's might carry. The handbag was crude in material and clumsy in shape. It was made of alligator hide and was ornamented with shiny, mottled scales of some gaudy tropical fish.

At one side of Marvel's desk and within its shadow was a woman. I could only divine this from her apparel. Nothing of her features showed, for she was deeply veiled. I made out that the must be equal to the point of obesity. Her hands were play, but stumpy. I wondered what the handbag and cannibal could have to do with her.

"This is my friend," spoke Marvel shortly, and did not even look up from some writing he was engaged in. The man straightened up with an elaborate gesture of courtesy. He was a natural poseur, his manner showed it.

"It is my service profound to the friend of a friend," and he kissed the tips of his fingers towards me.

"Be brief," came curtly from Marvel's lips.

The Frenchman made a slight grimace of hurt dignity and reproach. Then he reached within the fashionably modeled coat he wore and brought out a tattered and indented card case. Its dislocated hinges came loose as he opened it. He extracted daintily and with infinite care what it contained.

This was the dirtiest card I had ever seen. He handled it as carefully as if it was some treasured heirloom. He tendered it gingerly, tipping to reach me.

"If monsieur will read and return," he said.

The card was not illuminating. With infinite pride the Frenchman received it back from me, and then with sorrowful intonation remarked:

"Once honored, I, Lefort—in the grand days of the cantatrice, the models of Worth, of duchesses, while now—alas!"

He embraced the squat figure in shadow, mute and ominous as some veiled sphinx, within a sweeping in-

pride, my desire to show this marvel of the House to some friends at Marseilles. I did not proceed to Paris, where the doll was to be placed in a case before the Grand Opera House, where Sophia Voltman was the attraction. I found my friends at the seashore city absent at a wedding. I strolled about the harbor. It was one of those royal evenings, the air pure white, the sky a vaulted sapphire, the lovely Mediterranean a sheet of burnished gold. I took a row boat, my case over at my side. Just as dusk came up a yawl holding three men. They ran into me. I later guessed that these handbuds must have followed me from Vienna and were believed had remained on the doll. A blow, insensibility, and it was a long, dull dream of many weeks for me.

"When I came to myself again the world was nearly a month older. I had been picked up, and my case, by a schooner in the African trade. My pockets had been ransacked. There was nothing to indicate who I was when the schooner found me. The card I showed you I later discovered in the lining of my coat. A storm had driven the schooner out of her course. They simply kept me aboard because they were good loadings. There was a passenger who probably recognized that I was a gentleman of culture, possibly of means. This was one Napoleon Ducroix."

I gave the speaker an intense stare. The pen with which Marvel was writing made a splutter just here. It was purposeful, to emphasize what I naturally had discovered, that Napoleon Ducroix was the name attached to the Jebel River & Great Jangah bond.

"Ducroix learned my story. He affected great interest in my forlorn condition. He advised that I remain on board the schooner until Cape Town was reached. There I could cable the home explaining."

"My first care was the doll. Except where a dash of rain and salt water had slightly discolored the dress, its beauty, its grandeur, were apparent as

ever. The string of false pearls was gone, snatched from place, by the robbers, who supposed they had secured the famous Damon gems.

"My blow had been a bad one, and I was a convalescent for some time. The schooner lined the West coast of the continent, until I found just as the typhoon season came, on the grain coast of Liberia, the ivory coast of Ashantee, the gold coast of Dahome, the slave coast of the light of Biafra—all these we passed in safety, and, on the tempestuous night, the schooner went to pieces, blown upon a rock by a gale that drove every man to deck overhead."

"Peste! Canaille! sortie de dieu! It was the traitor Ducroix who was my partner in a wild swim for the shore. An empty water barrel for my buoy, we landed on a barren coast. By some strange fate we drifted inland. As I learned later, we must have crossed all of western Africa, and arrived at the Jebel river, we penetrated Jangah. Our first sight of humanity was of the tribesmen of Zwun Zhi, the king."

Lefort made a very face. Again his glance bitter and resentful, glared towards the squat, veiled figure. Then he mouthed rather than articulated the gruesome word: "Cannibals!"

I reflected: Jangah—was it there the veiled woman came from?

"Through wreck, hardship, perils on land, I never lost sight of my case, of the peerless Sophia. She was a reminder of the glorious past. We were taken before the king. In the gleaming, hungry eyes of his servants, I noted the unyielding function of festive appetite; in his own, only indifference, the lazy curiosity of a man lulled to content by half a hundred views and superabundance of food. He was curious enough to inspect my case, and then—"

"To be brief," he continued, "the king roared up like a man drawn by a magnet to some fascination irresistible. He was smitten with the countess's presentation of the peerless Sophia. He appropriated the doll and

I was left to mourn. I know not how the infamous Ducroix wormed his way into the confidence of the king. I know not how he made his majesty know that the original of the doll was alive and could be found, and that he could lead him to her. I only know that one month later, with the royal entourage, I was taken to the monarch and his confidant, Ducroix, secretly stole away from the palace.

"The king had deserted his wives; they soon realized this. Only one queen, his first wife, mourned. It took me two months to learn sufficient of the Jangah gibberish to make her understand all the merits of the situation. It took Queen Ibi Zwoua only two minutes to engage me to accompany her in a world-perilful chase of his recent highness.

"Therefore am I here. What I have learned has been through our host," and he pointed at Marvel. "To whom we were French consuls. Admirable direction! Estimable man! We have told him all, but—we have not found the king."

Marvel arose. I noticed a switch of the veil, and the woman I covered also arose. It was a signal that the conference was ended. She could not have been more than four feet in height. With some queer gibberish, in a voice that might have been deemed a shrill, shrill, shrill, shrill.

It was only for a moment that I had a sight of the face of Queen Ibi Zwoua, but I shall never forget it.

I was sent on a variety of missions during the ensuing several days, the real purpose of which I did not fully understand at the time. I realize that I was taking helters-skelter stitches only in a network of which the master hand held the main warp and woof.

I also knew that Marvel had notified the civilized world to find and detain Bernard Ralston. Beyond that he had local emissaries and outside correspondents on the trail of King Zwun Zhi.

"The king," he announced to me one evening, "is in hiding, or dead. It seems that he and that clever agent of his, Ducroix, followed Sophia Voltman clear across the continent. I hear of gifts to the peerless beauty, beyond the purse of a king. Lured on, but never so much as touching the hem of her garment, this fatuous admirer has been encouraged, duped and beguiled. The institution, which it probably was not, Lefort, was ecstatic over the possession of a thousand, and it was arranged to get King Zwun Zhi and his wife back to their home possessions in a respectable way."

I was troubled, for I knew that Marvel when he acted for Voltman, if King Zwun Zhi is in hiding, I have reason to believe that he is in this city. I shall soon know."

It came sooner than I expected. It was a very gloomy evening, the moon on which I accompanied Marvel to the Cosmos cafe. It was a second-rate place, mostly visited by men. As we entered the door I noted Loti in the background, with a finger to Marvel, and it seemed to me to indicate a man lounging carelessly against an old piano.

Just beyond it four men were playing cards at a table, and the man I have mentioned was in a position to look over the hand of the player whose back was to him. As if in a casual way, the man at the piano struck three of the ivory keys in succession with his finger. At a moment later he struck four notes, and then quickly a single note three times. Marvel was watching him narrowly.

A sudden he turned half way around. He simply caught his eye on Loti. The latter disappeared.

About five minutes he re-entered the place, two men with him. These men approached the man at the piano. What they said to him I do not know, but the color of the man's face, and with evident reluctance accompanied them from the place.

"Come with me," directed Marvel, following on their heels. "That man, I believe, is Napoleon Ducroix. We shall soon find out. He must have had a royal time helping Zwun Zhi squander his fortune. He has got down to the level of a professional card sharper now, it seems. Did you notice his fingering of the piano? He was careless key tape read, first 'A-C-E', next, 'F-A-C-E', informing his friend in the game that his adversary held the ace and four face cards in his hand."

It was to the captain's room at the nearest police station that they took the man from the piano. When we arrived there Marvel looked him over critically.

"Take off his shoe, Loti," he said simply. This was done, with some resistance on the part of the prisoner. To the ankle the bared member showed a peculiar reddish brown.

"Yes, as Napoleon Ducroix," spoke Marvel, "and there is no need of sending for Emil Lefort to prove it. He tells me your distinguishing marks are a pair of feet marked still from your service in a Christian dye factory. Shall we go any further on that score, my friend?"

"Yes, I am Ducroix," acknowledged the man, sorrow. "What of it?"

"Attention, complications, perhaps a prison sentence, but I am anxious in helping me clear up a situation."

"About what?"

"King Zwun Zhi. You know where he is? Then tell me and you are free to go on your way."

Ducroix was silent for a minute or two. He eyed Marvel in a studious way. Those unvelvety eyes of his showed boldness and defiance on the surface, but there was a flicker of fear in their deep shadows.

"The game is played out, I guess," he said finally.

"Where is the king?"

"In pawn."

"The man spoke truly. He had, indeed, played the game to the limit."

This bold knave had exhausted the last shred of revenue available from the monarch of Jangah in their extraordinary journey around the world. If he had not been a spendthrift he would have been a millionaire.

At last my eyes rested on the self-exiled, butterfly-eyed, straggled king. As I saw him he was crouching over a blazing oil stove in a squalling room behind the shop of a pawnbroker. If his wife's face had resembled dusky mahogany, his own was more of the hue of ebony. He was ordinary Jany, and further, frightened look in his shrinking eyes. The desperation of the prodigal down to his last husk was expressed in every lineament of his shrunken face.

In a word, why Ducroix had induced the pawnbroker to advance a small sum on his majesty. The latter had insisted on retaining personal possession of the collateral. Warm as was the French consuls, the tropical blood of the king demanded constant heat, and in the bill which Marvel paid there was an item of "Kerosene, \$4."

In a corner of the room, a marred wreck, was what was left of the famous doll. It was to the office of the United Bankers' Protective association that the king was at once conveyed. Ducroix accompanied us, and Lefort was immediately arrested. The two Jany Frenchmen came very near to blow, but Marvel sternly held them down to the importance of the occasion and to strict business.

I was sent to the home of the president of the institution and brought him back with me. The institution was visited, certain documents pertaining to the Jebel River & Great Jangah Railroad company secured, and a new deal was made out.

"If you can influence Queen Ibi Zwoua to sign that," observed Marvel to Lefort, "she can come and see her husband here. If not, she will see him behind stairs."

It was arranged within a few hours—the possession of an absolute valid deed covering the Jangah property. And that meant a new promotion, and the saving to the bank of its ill-fated investment.

The president could well afford to be liberal, and Ducroix went away with enough in his pocket to stake him till he found a decent job. If that was his intention, which it probably was not, Lefort, was ecstatic over the possession of a thousand, and it was arranged to get King Zwun Zhi and his wife back to their home possessions in a respectable way."

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clination of his hand. Then a dimming of the light, and his fingers seemed to indicate leagues of space, something too immense to describe, and far away.

"The House," he finally resumed—"vive, Ropostor! & Bloch. The one is the only, and Vienna—the center of metropolis of grandeur, of sublimity." He sighed deeply. His eyes grew moist.

"That was nearly two years ago. Since then, the world has changed, despising and dismal, embracing the universe—and always the squat, veiled figure included."

"Of the House, what is there to tell? Institute W. Schimmelfling, Berlin, the credit dictator of the world, has all ready told. Dolls—that speak, that walk, that wait—and live! And the apotheosis of art attained when the great Sophia Voltman model was reached!"

"I understood that the House with two names were doll makers extraordinary; that he, Lefort, was their representative."

"See you, even royalty came to view, in the brilliantly illuminated saloon, the French ambassador, the minister, the creation of Worth in which the doll was garbed cost \$3,000. The doll's neck was the Damon string of pearls. It had taken the doll maker two years to gather these, mined from the center from a hazel nut size to that of a pea, and listed at 12,000 pounds sterling."

From all this I began to understand that the racy Sophia, founder of the celebrated "Cobra" dance known over a continent, had been duplicated in doll fashion and exhibited to the Vienna world as a most artistic specimen of the exclusive handicraft of the House."

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ever. The string of false pearls was gone, snatched from place, by the robbers, who supposed they had secured the famous Damon gems.

"My blow had been a bad one, and I was a convalescent for some time. The schooner lined the West coast of the continent, until I found just as the typhoon season came, on the grain coast of Liberia, the ivory coast of Ashantee, the gold coast of Dahome, the slave coast of the light of Biafra—all these we passed in safety, and, on the tempestuous night, the schooner went to pieces, blown upon a rock by a gale that drove every man to deck overhead."

"Peste! Canaille! sortie de dieu! It was the traitor Ducroix who was my partner in a wild swim for the shore. An empty water barrel for my buoy, we landed on a barren coast. By some strange fate we drifted inland. As I learned later, we must have crossed all of western Africa, and arrived at the Jebel river, we penetrated Jangah. Our first sight of humanity was of the tribesmen of Zwun Zhi, the king."

Lefort made a very face. Again his glance bitter and resentful, glared towards the squat, veiled figure. Then he mouthed rather than articulated the gruesome word: "Cannibals!"

I reflected: Jangah—was it there the veiled woman came from?

"Through wreck, hardship, perils on land, I never lost sight of my case, of the peerless Sophia. She was a reminder of the glorious past. We were taken before the king. In the gleaming, hungry eyes of his servants, I noted the unyielding function of festive appetite; in his own, only indifference, the lazy curiosity of a man lulled to content by half a hundred views and superabundance of food. He was curious enough to inspect my case, and then—"

"To be brief," he continued, "the king roared up like a man drawn by a magnet to some fascination irresistible. He was smitten with the countess's presentation of the peerless Sophia. He appropriated the doll and

I was left to mourn. I know not how the infamous Ducroix wormed his way into the confidence of the king. I know not how he made his majesty know that the original of the doll was alive and could be found, and that he could lead him to her. I only know that one month later, with the royal entourage, I was taken to the monarch and his confidant, Ducroix, secretly stole away from the palace.

"The king had deserted his wives; they soon realized this. Only one queen, his first wife, mourned. It took me two months to learn sufficient of the Jangah gibberish to make her understand all the merits of the situation. It took Queen Ibi Zwoua only two minutes to engage me to accompany her in a world-perilful chase of his recent highness.

"Therefore am I here. What I have learned has been through our host," and he pointed at Marvel. "To whom we were French consuls. Admirable direction! Estimable man! We have told him all, but—we have not found the king."

Marvel arose. I noticed a switch of the veil, and the woman I covered also arose. It was a signal that the conference was ended. She could not have been more than four feet in height. With some queer gibberish, in a voice that might have been deemed a shrill, shrill, shrill, shrill.

It was only for a moment that I had a sight of the face of Queen Ibi Zwoua, but I shall never forget it.

I was sent on a variety of missions during the ensuing several days, the real purpose of which I did not fully understand at the time. I realize that I was taking helters-skelter stitches only in a network of which the master hand held the main warp and woof.

**THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE**

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

**DIRECTORY**

**Village Council.**

H. H. Baker, mayor.  
Edward F. McCoy, clerk.  
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.  
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.  
T. R. McCoy, collector.  
T. J. Fahey, marshal.  
Jos. Supernant, night police.  
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade James McCue, Adolph Bock, 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. Stelter, Pres., C. W. Reincke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmont, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

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

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

**Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.**

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

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

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

**Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.**

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

**Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.**

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

**Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.**

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 BOIS, Pastor.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**

SUNDAY

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

**WEDNESDAY**

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

**St. Joseph's Catholic Church.**

Low mass, 7:00 a. m.  
High mass, 9:00 a. m.  
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.  
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.

Rev. Wm. A. GANDNER, 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. JAMES COBB, Pastor.

**Village of Bourbonnais.**

F. E. Legris, president.  
Eli Marcotte, clerk.

**John Flagoole, treasurer.**

Meets every second Monday of each month.

**Mystic Workers Lodge 1242**

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

**Bradley Encampment I. O. O. F.**

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

**St. Peter and Paul Society.**

Meet at Woodman's 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.

**Chicken supper**

A chicken supper will be given by the United Brethren Church in the church basement next Thursday evening commencing at four o'clock. The supper will be good, as the ladies of the U. B. are excellent cooks and the price will be very reasonable 35c. for adults and 20c. for children, come.



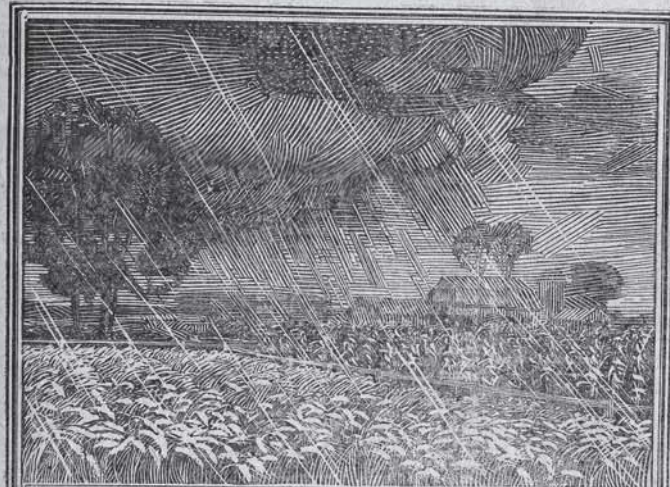
**"Here's to Your Health and Your Family's Health; May You Live Long and Prosper"**

Clink your glasses often to Rip Van Winkle's sturdy toast and let them be filled with "Radeke Beer"—the beverage of health and happiness, of contentment and good cheer. Superlative in quality and purity, exquisite in flavor, supreme in healthful wholesomeness, this excellent beverage deserves a high place in every home ice box.

**Radeke Beer**

Made in Kankakee

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



**Too much rain is ruinous —and so is too little**

**Y**ET rain is necessary for all vegetable and animal life. Moderate rainfall at regular intervals is the ideal condition. Extremes of every kind always go wrong. Justice and Right are in the balancing of forces. Thus it is with Prohibition; being an extreme, it is unjust, dictatorial and un-American.

For 60 years we have honestly brewed BUDWEISER—the drink of moderation. It is a mild brew of the finest Barley-Malt grown in America, and the rarest Saazer Hops grown in old Bohemia. When used within reason, it awakens kindly fellowship, and is as wholesome and healthful as its flavor is distinctive and delicious—ever-and-always-the-same good old BUDWEISER.

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Anheuser-Busch Branch  
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**Budweiser**  
Means Moderation



**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, 1837 and recorded September 11, 1837, 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.

**IF A FIRE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOME TONIGHT**

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

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**ALEX J. POWELL  
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Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

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Kankakee, Illinois

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Coal and Transfer  
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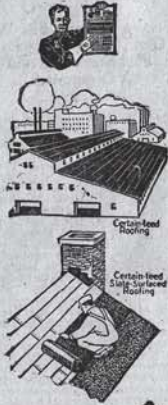
**The Eagle Bar**

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.  
Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

**—THE FIRST CHANCE—**

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

# Certain-teed



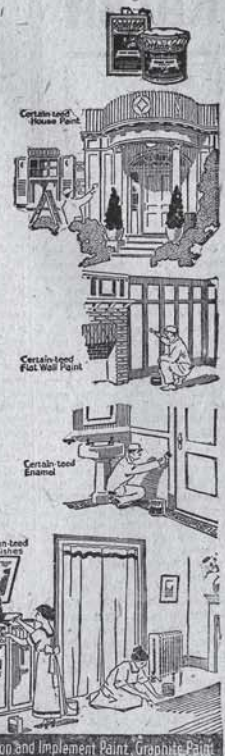
Certain-teed is tangible—something you can take hold of. It means certainty of quality and guaranteed satisfaction. Behind the name is the definite responsibility of a great business which has reached commanding position in its field because of its ability to manufacture and distribute the best quality products on the most efficient basis. An extensive system of factories, warehouses and sales offices makes possible low manufacturing costs and quick, economical distribution.

## Certain-teed Roofing

Is the best quality of roll roofing. It is recognized and used as the preferable type of roofing for office buildings, factories, hotels, stores, warehouses, garages, farm building etc., where durability is demanded. It is economical to buy, inexpensive to lay, and costs practically nothing to maintain. It is light weight, weather-proof, clean, sanitary, and fire-retardant. It is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply).

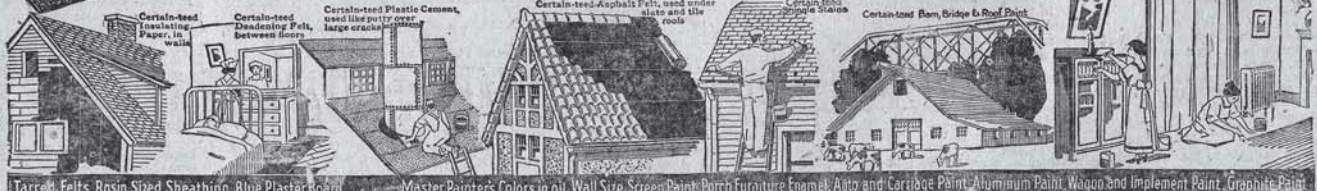
## Certain-teed Paints and Varnishes

are good, honest, dependable products made as good paints and varnishes should be made, from high grade materials, mixed by modern machinery to insure uniformity, and labeled to truthfully represent the contents. They are made by experts long experienced in paint making, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Made in full line of colors, and for all different purposes. Any dealer can get you CERTAIN-TEED Paints and Varnishes.



### Certain-teed Products Corporation

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Indianapolis, Atlanta, Richmond, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Des Moines, Houston, Duluth, London, Sydney, Havana.



Roofing at \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.75 per roll. Red or green slate surfaced roofing \$2.75 per roll. Red or green slate surfaced shingles \$5.50 per square. Agents and distributors for

# CERTAINTEED PRODUCTS CHAS. WERTZ COMPANY

### Curiousities of Numbers

If Shakespeare had asked "What's in a number?" as well as "What's in a name?" and pursued that inquiry he would have found an endless field for investigation. There is something uncanny and mysterious in the character of figures.

The numbers 3, 7 and 9 furnish the most interesting study. Numbers 3 and 7 have their good points, but in potency and versatility they have to take a back seat when 9 has the stage. No. 7 was the favorite in the Bible. To it we are indebted for seven days in the week, the seven golden candlesticks, the seven lean ears that devoured the seven fat ones and the seven lean cattle that made a meal of the seven fat kind.

The Rule of Three is a nightmare in every child's education. As his education progresses, he becomes acquainted with the "Three Graces," "Three Men in a Boat," "The Three Musketeers." It's on the bell field though that No. 3 shines. Here are the seven base men, the three outfielders, three strikes, three outs. And pursuing this line of reckoning, shouldn't a man get his base on three balls instead of four?

But you can't begin to manipulate 3 and 7 as you can 9. Take the multiplication table for example. Everywhere the product of 9 results in a 9. It doesn't make any difference what you multiply with or how many times you repeat or change the figures. Just try it. Multiply 9 by 2 and you get 18. Add 1 and 8 and there you have 9. Multiply 3 by 9 and you have 27. Again 2 plus 7 equals 9. There is no variation until you multiply 9 by 11. This gives you 99 and apparently an inconsistency. But add the two digits 9 and 9 and you get 18, and again 1 plus 8 equals 9. This process may be carried out to an interminable length and the results are always the same. Pick out any number at random. For example, 4562. Multiply it by 9 and you get 41047. Add the digits and you have 18, add these digits again and 9 reappears.

Now try another. Take any row of figures at random, reverse their order and subtract the less from the greater. Always the total will be either 9 or a multiple of 9. For example, take 2453, which reversed reads 3542. Subtract 3459 from 9543 and you have 6084. Add the digits and the result is 18 a multiple of 9. The same result for 10, no matter whether the numbers are raised by squares or by cubes.

Here is another way by which the number 9 exerts its strange powers. Write down at random any number, add its digits and then subtract the sum of these digits from the original number. The sum of the digits thus obtained will always be either 9 or a multiple of 9. Thus take 7235. Adding the digits gives 17. Subtracting it from 7235 leaves 7208. Add the digits and you get 18, adding 1 and 8 gives 9. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### 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 loquacity.

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 Noncombustant.

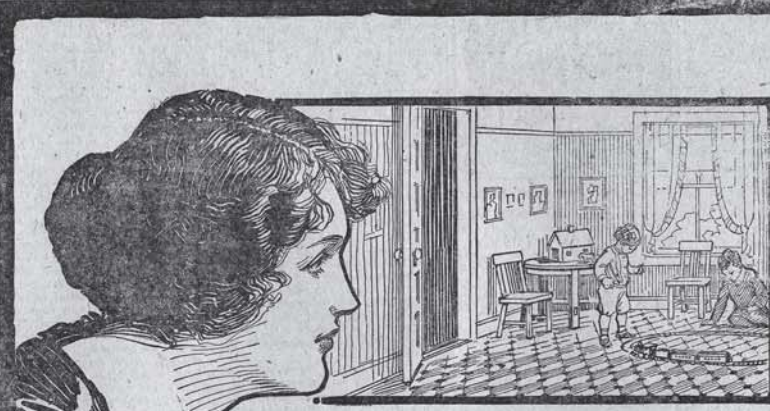
"What side of the war do you take?" asked the hypenated citizen.

"As I like myself that I still have a thimbleful of brains left," said the irascible old gentleman, "I take the outside."

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

Indignant Missouri Wedding Reporter

We have often insisted that you write a short account of the wedding that you have. The reporter can't be anywhere at once. We missed the (one) eye by the preacher sticking the wedding fee in his pocket and hiking for home and not even calling up the office, and telling us. Any of the papers in the city would be glad to publish wedding news. You believe in post-town papers to get the news. You live off the public and so do the papers. Come on with these wedding notices.



## My Nursery

Children love to play in nurseries furnished with clean, warm, cheerful

# NEPONSET Floor Covering

It's the good fairy of the floor. Dry, sanitary, resilient to the step, easily kept clean. Lies flat without tacking, and won't curl. Makes dull, dingy rooms look like new. Tough, long-lived fabric, product of the century-old manufacturing experience

of one of New England's oldest firms. Made in scores of appropriate designs, specially suitable for nurseries, kitchen, pantry, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, halls, closets and even dining-room and living-room. Come in and pick your favorite patterns today.

Made by BIRD & SON (Est. 1795) East Walpole, Massachusetts

## The Economy, Bradley, Ill.

# KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

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—16— Professor McGill.

Red Gold City was ripe for a night of relaxation. There had been some gambling, a few fights and enough liquor to create excitement now and then, but the presence of the mounted police had served to keep things unusually tame compared with events a few hundred miles farther north in the Dawson country. The entertainment proposed by Sandy McTrigger and Jan Harker met with excited favor. The news spread to twenty miles about Red Gold City and there had never been greater excitement in the town than on the afternoon and night of the big fight. This was largely because Kazan and the huge Dane had been placed on exhibition, each dog in a specially made cage of his own, and a fever of betting began. Three hundred men, each of whom was paying five dollars to see the battle, viewed the gladiators through the bars of their cages. Harker's dog was a combination of Great Dane and mastiff, born in the north, and bred to the traces. Being favored him by the odds of two to one. Occasionally it ran three to one. At these odds there was plenty of Kazan money. Those who were risking their money on Kazan were the older wilderness men—men who had spent their lives among dogs, and who knew what the red light in Kazan's eyes meant. An old Kootenay miner spoke low in another's ear:

"I'd bet on 'im 'foren. I'd give odds if I had to. He'll fight all around the Dane. The Dane won't have no method."

"But he's got the weight," said the other dubiously. "Look at his jaws, an' his shoulders."

"An' his big feet, an' his soft throat, an' the clumsy thickness of his belly," interrupted the Kootenay man. "For heaven's sake, man, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan had snarled at all these faces about him. But now he lay back against the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage ten feet square rested on a platform three or four feet from the floor. Seals for the three hundred spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors.

It was eight o'clock when Harker, McTrigger and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage.

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It was eight o'clock when Harker, McTrigger and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage. He was already in the fighting cage. He stood blinking his eyes in the brilliant light of the reflecting lamps. He picked up his ears when he saw Kazan. Kazan did not show his fangs. Neither revealed the expected animosity. It was the first time had seen of each other, and a murmur of disappointment swept the ranks of the three hundred men. The Dane remained as motionless as a rock when Kazan was prodded from his own cage into the fighting cage. He did not leap or snarl. He regarded Kazan with dubious questioning gaze to his splendid head, and then looked again to the expectant and excited faces of the waiting rows. A few moments Kazan stood stiff-legged, facing the Dane. Then his shoulders dropped, and he, too, coolly faced the crowd that had expected a fight to the death. A laugh of derision swept through the closely seated rows. Kazan, jeering, taunts flung at McTrigger and Harker, and angry voices demanding their money back mingled with a tumult of growing discontent. Sandy's face was red with mortification and rage. The blue veins in Harker's forehead had swollen twice their normal size. He shook his head in the face of the crowd, and shouted:

"Wait! Give 'em a chance, you fools!" At his words every voice was stilled. Kazan had turned. He was facing the Dane. The Dane had turned his eyes to Kazan. Cautiously, prepared for a lunge or a sidestep, Kazan advanced a little. The Dane's shoulders bristled. He, too, advanced upon Kazan. Four feet apart they stood rigid. One could have heard a whisper in the room now. Sandy and Harker, standing close to the cage, scarcely breathed. Splendid in every limb and muscle, warriors of a hundred fights, and fearless to the point of death, the two half-wild beings of man and dog stared each other. None could see the questioning look in their brute eyes. None knew that in this thrilling moment the unseen hand of the wonderful Spirit God of the wilderness hovered between them, and that one of its miracles was descending upon them. It was understanding, floating in the open—rivals in the traces—they would have been rolling in the throes of terrific battle. But here came that mute appeal of brotherhood.

In the final moment, when only a step separated them, and when men expected to see the first mad lunge, the splendid Dane slowly raised his head and looked over Kazan's back through the glare of the lights. Harker trembled, and under his breath he cursed. The Dane's throat was open to Kazan. But between the beasts had passed the voiceless pledge of peace. Kazan did not leap. He turned. And shoulder to shoulder—splendid in their contempt of man—they held their breath and looked through the bars of their prison into the one of human faces.

A roar burst from the crowd—a roar of anger, of demand, of threat. In the face Harker drew a revolver and aimed it at the Dane. He was the tumult of the crowd a single voice stopped him. "Hold!" it demanded. "Hold—in the name of the law!"

For a moment there was silence. Every face turned in the direction of the voice. Two men stood on chairs behind the last row. One was Sergeant Brokaw of the Royal Northwest Mounted. It was he who had spoken. He was holding up a hand, commanding silence and attention. On the chair beside him stood another man. He was thin, with drooping shoulders, and a pale smooth face—a little man, whose physique and hollow cheeks told nothing of the sword he had spent close up along the raw edge of the Arctic. It was he who spoke now, while the sergeant held up his hand. His voice was low and quiet:

"I'll give the owners five hundred dollars for those dogs," he said. Every man in the room heard the offer. Harker looked at Sandy. For an instant their heads were close together. "They won't fight, and they'll make good team-mates," the little man went on. "I'll give the owners five hundred dollars."

Harker raised a hand. "Make it six," he said. "Make it six and they're yours." The little man hesitated. Then he nodded.

"I'll give you six hundred," he agreed. Murmurs of discontent rose throughout the crowd. Harker climbed to the edge of the platform.

"We ain't to blame because they wouldn't fight," he shouted, "but there's any of you small enough to there'd bet on 'im 'foren. I'd give odds if I had to. He'll fight all around the Dane. The Dane won't have no method."

"But he's got the weight," said the other dubiously. "Look at his jaws, an' his shoulders."

"An' his big feet, an' his soft throat, an' the clumsy thickness of his belly," interrupted the Kootenay man. "For heaven's sake, man, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan had snarled at all these faces about him. But now he lay back against the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage ten feet square rested on a platform three or four feet from the floor. Seals for the three hundred spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors.

It was eight o'clock when Harker, McTrigger and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage.

CHAPTER XVII. Alone in Darkness. Never had the terror and loneliness of blindness fallen upon Gray Wolf as in the days that followed the shooting of Kazan and his capture by Sandy McTrigger. For hours after the shot she crouched in the bush back from the river, waiting for him to come to her. She had faith that he would come, as he had come a thousand times before, and she lay close on her side, sniffing the air, and whining when it brought no scent of her mate. Day and night were alike an endless chaos of darkness to her now, but she knew when the sun went down. She sensed the first deepening shadows of evening, and she knew that the stars were out, and that the river lay in moonlight. It was a night to roam, and after a time she moved restlessly about in a small circle on the plain, sniffing the air, and whining for Kazan. Up from the river came the pungent odor of smoke, and instinctively she knew that it was this smoke, and the nervousness of man, was keeping Kazan from her. But she knew that the smoke was not the cue made by her padded feet. Blindness had taught her to wait. Since the day of the battle on the Sun Rock, when the lux had destroyed her eyes, Kazan had never looked back. The day she called for him in the early

light. Then she made herself a nest under a banksian shrub, and waited until dawn. Just how she knew when night blotted out the last glow of the sun, so without seeing she knew when day came. Not until she felt the warmth of the sun on her back did her anxiety overcome her caution. Slowly she moved toward the river, sniffing the air and whining. There was no longer the smell of smoke in the air, and she could not catch the scent of man. She followed her own trail back to the sand-bar, and in the fringe of thick brush overhanging the white shore of the stream she stopped and listened. After a little she scrambled down and went straight to the spot where she and Kazan were drinking when the shot came. And there her nose struck the sand still wet and thick with Kazan's blood.

She knew it was the blood of her mate, for the scent of him was all about her in the sand, mingled with the man-smell of Sandy McTrigger. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe.

A strange terror fell upon her. She had grown accustomed to darkness, but never before had she been alone in the darkness. Always there had been the guardianship of Kazan's presence. She heard the clucking sound of a spruce hen in the bush a few yards away, and now that sound came to her as if it came from another world. A ground-mouse rustled through the grass close to her forepaws, and she snapped at it, and closed her teeth on a rock. The muscles of her shoulders twitched tremulously and she shivered as if stricken by intense cold. She was terrified by the darkness that shut out the world from her, and she pawed at her closed eyes, as if she might open them to light.

Early in the afternoon she wandered back on to the beach. A different light fringed her, and soon she returned to the beach, and snuggled down under the tree where Kazan had lain. She was not so frightened here. The smell of Kazan was strong about her. For a moment she lay motionless with her head resting on the club crotched with his hair and blood. Night found her still there. And when the moon and the stars came out she crawled back into the pit in the white sand that Kazan's body had made under the tree.

With dawn she went down to the edge of the stream to drink. She could not see that the day was almost as dark as night, and that the gray-black sky was full of stumbling storm. But she could smell the presence of it in the thick air, and could feel the forked flashes of lightning that rolled up with the dense pall from the south and west. The distant rumbling of thunder grew louder, and she huddled herself again under the tree. For hours the storm crashed over her, and the rain fell in a deluge. When it had finished she stunk out from her shelter like a thing beaten. Valiantly she sought for one last scent of Kazan. The club was washed clean. Again the sand was white where Kazan's blood had reddened it. Even under the tree there was no sign of him left.

Until now only the terror of being alone in the pit of darkness that enveloped her had oppressed Gray Wolf. With afternoon came hunger. It was this hunger that drew her from the sand-bar, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root, and dug out with her paws, escaped her fangs. During these hours before this Kazan and Gray Wolf had left a half of their last kill a mile or two farther back on the plain. The kill was one of the big barren rabbits, and Gray Wolf turned in his direction. She did not require sight to find it. In her was developed to its finest point that sixth sense of the animal kingdom, the sense of orientation, and as straight as a pigeon might have winged its flight she cut through the bushes to the spot where the bunny had crouched the rabbit. A white fox had been there ahead of her, and she found only scattered bits of hair and fur. What the fox had left the moose brows and bush hairs carried away. Hungry Gray Wolf turned back to the river.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Naming Cities for Dates. What is, perhaps, the oddest of all ways to set a name for a city or street is to name it for a certain date, and yet this has been done in Brazil for hundreds of years. It was on January 1, 1531, that a Portuguese captain, Alphonso de Souza by name, entered the mouth of that marvelous beautiful bay, on the shores of which now stands the capital of the vast republic of Brazil. Thinking that he was sailing into a great river, he named the stream Rio de Janeiro, or January river, and all through the centuries the name has remained.

## RECORDS DETECT UNPROFITABLE COWS

REPORT FOR INDIVIDUAL COW. No. 1915. Name of cow *Parnie No. 45* Breed *Swiss* Date of birth *1909*

Month	Birth	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
Jan	1105.6	4.9	5.7	11.35	12.96	25	2.21	2.41	7.83	13.34			
Feb	820.8	8.1	3.6	11	12.64		1.76	1.64	10.16	6.34			
Mar	936.6	3.4	31.84		11.14		1.44	15.08	8.41	4.67			
Apr	792.5	3.4	26.94		9.43		1.39	10.82	5.64	5.43			
May	640.2	4.6	21.44		10.30		1.23	11.53	5.43	6.04			
Jun	577.7	4.0	23.50		8.22		1.17	9.37	4.27	5.02			
Jul	588.2	4.1	24.12		8.44		1.15	9.57	3.89	5.70			
Aug	434.2	3.8	16.50		5.77		8.7	6.64	3.32	5.32			
Sep	173.9	4.7	8.17		2.85		3.3	3.11	4.46	1.72			
Oct	42.7	5.0	2.13		7.4		2.08	8.21	1.66	1.18			
Nov													
Dec													
Total	195.5	4.4	8.60		3.01		3.7	3.38	7.57	4.17			
Average	227.79		26.52		91.50		12.50	10.40	55.66	44.839			

Dipht. from *12-15*. When born *3/9 '09* When dried off *1/8-1/5*

## REPORT SHOWING YEARLY PRODUCTION OF COW.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture. The dairy cows of the United States now number approximately 22,000,000. The milk, cream and manufactured products, as butter, cheese, ice cream, condensed milk, etc., from these cows have an estimated value of nearly \$1,000,000,000.

In nearly all herds of which records have been kept it has been found that individual cows differ widely in production, even with the same feed and care; and this difference exists among all kinds of grade and purebred dairy cows, as well as among cows of common stock. In 1915, in Wisconsin's 47 cow-testing associations, out of 16,700 cows tested, 3,675 were disposed of as unprofitable—about one in every five. The same proportion in the total number of dairy cows in the United States, 4,400,000 cows would be eliminated as unprofitable. It seems only sensible, therefore, that the dairyman should make every effort to discover the unprofitable cows and weed them from the herd. Through the keeping of records the unprofitable cows can be detected and eliminated and the profitable cows kept to the best advantage. The next step is to perpetuate these good qualities by using a registered bull of dairy merit. But that is another story.

Fallacious Belief. Many dairymen believe that they can pick out the best producing cows without keeping a record. The fallacy of this belief is demonstrated every day by the records of the cow-testing associations throughout the country. Seven cows, mentioned on a dairyman's record-keeping work to be illustrated. While the cows are all grade Jerseys, they possess individual characteristics which every effort to discover the unprofitable cows and weed them from the herd. Through the keeping of records the unprofitable cows can be detected and eliminated and the profitable cows kept to the best advantage. The next step is to perpetuate these good qualities by using a registered bull of dairy merit. But that is another story.

## BUY LIMESTONE NOW FOR USE IN AUTUMN

Men and Teams Now Have Greatest Leisure, Roads Are Good and Dry.

The most convenient time to apply ground limestone is in late summer or early fall. It is at these times that there is the greatest leisure of men and teams, the roads are good and the fields are dry enough to go over without serious trouble. This year, however, the threatened crop shortage makes it important to get the lime in as soon as possible, even if it must be stored for use. Another reason for applying lime in the fall is that it is always best to apply it on land prepared for a crop and the preparation of land for wheat offers a good place for its application, since farmers are usually too busy or the ground is too soft to apply it before corn. Moreover, clover is the crop which is usually most benefited by lime, and clover ordinarily follows the wheat. As a rule, the wheat crop itself will not show great benefit, unless the limestone is in late summer or early fall. It is at these times that there is the greatest leisure of men and teams, the roads are good and the fields are dry enough to go over without serious trouble. This year, however, the threatened crop shortage makes it important to get the lime in as soon as possible, even if it must be stored for use.

There is a prevailing opinion that since lime does not give the quick response secured from fertilizers, that it is not a good war measure application. This is true in part, but since the war has lasted indefinitely, and since the period of food shortage will doubtless continue several years after the war has closed, every measure which will increase soil productivity should be considered. Clover must be grown to supply nitrogen. On silage crops, the use of very sour silage is the culture. The use of lime should steadily increase, therefore, regardless of war conditions.

## PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ogdenburg, Wis.—"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and sides. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old-fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice."

What He Feared. During some building operations it was necessary for the workmen to walk across a single plank some distance from the ground. When it came Pat's turn the foreman noticed that he went across on all fours. So he went up to Pat and asked contemptuously: "What's the trouble, man? Are you afraid of walking on the plank?" "No, sir," replied Pat. "It's afraid of an awl walking off it!"

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

TOO MUCH FOR LION TAMER. When It Came to the Question of Was He Afraid He Was Willing to Admit That He Was.

The proprietor of a wild beast show traveling the eastern counties of England recently made an offer of a silver medal to any local barber with sufficient courage to shave the tamer in the lion's den.

A knight of the razor, yearning for fame and glory, accepted the challenge and amid a chorus of cheers from the crowd entered the cage.

Although the lion betrayed very little interest in the proceedings, the barber was obviously nervous, and, having lathered his man, made several nervous dashes at one check with the razor, keeping a weather eye on the wild beast.

"Hold hard!" yelled the tamer at last, as he felt a fearful gash. "It's too risky!" "I—I ain't afraid!" stammered the shaking tonorial artist. "There ain't a lion living can scare me." "Course you ain't afraid!" belittled the tamer, as he wiped his wound face. "Anybody can see you ain't. It's me who's afraid! I—I'm afraid of the barber!"

Well Worth Trying. "What do you think of the plan to do away with pockets in men's clothing?" "I think it's a good idea," replied the busy man. "It may be the means of curing some people of the habit of standing around with their hands in their pockets and criticizing other people who are at work."

St. Paul is to have a new lumber company and a new bank immediately.

Wise men make haste but never worry.

## Coffee Drinkers who are

usually

RUN DOWN

PICK UP

after they change to the delicious, pure food-drink—

## POSTUM

"There's a Reason"



# Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

## High Class Dentistry

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

Located over  
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# EXPERT RELATES OLD ANIMAL LIFE

TELLS OF MANY CREATURES IN PREHISTORIC DAYS

Asserts Primitive Man Lived in West When "Thunder Birds" Winged Thru Air.

Altho the wild life of North America is more abundant than that of the other continents of the northern hemisphere and has only Africa as a world rival, yet the present-day richness in this respect is decidedly poor compared with the abundance and variety of mammalian life that roamed the plains before the advent of the white man, while the vast number of species which disappeared even before the Indians came to inhabit the land is even more astonishing.

In a communication to the National Geographic Society, E. W. Nelson, Chief of the United States Geological Survey, gives an amazing account of North American wild life in prehistoric times.

A portion of the communication has been made public by the society in the following bulletin:

"The original buffalo herds have been estimated to have contained from 30,000,000 to 60,000,000 animals (the latter figure is 6,000,000 greater than the total number of cattle in the United States, according to the last Census), and in 1870 it was estimated that about 5,000,000 still survived—exceeding by 1,400,000 the number of mules in the United States in 1910. A number of men now living were privileged to see some of the great herds of the West before they were finally destroyed. Dr. George Bird Grinnell writes:

"In 1870, I happened to be on a train that was stopped for three hours to let a herd of buffaloes pass. We supposed they soon would pass by, but they kept on coming. On a number of occasions in earlier days the engineers thought they could run thru the herds, and that, seeing the locomotive, the buffaloes would stop to turn aside, but after a few locomotives had been ditched by the animals the engineers got in the way of respecting the buffaloes' idiosyncrasies."

"Chronicles of the colonial days give many interesting accounts of the number of other wild animals including bears, wapiti, white-tailed deer, and turkeys, on which the wolves made fierce war. One writer narrates that during the winter of 1670-71 fully 1,400 moose were snared on the Great Manitoulin Island, at the head of Lake Huron.

"The fossil beds of the Great Plains of North America and other parts of the West contain eloquent proofs of the richness and variety of mammal life on this continent at different periods in the past. Perhaps the most wonderful of all these ancient faunas was that revealed by the bones of birds and mammals which have been trapped in the asphalt pits recently discovered in the outskirts of Los Angeles, California.

"These bones show that prior to the arrival of the present fauna the plains of southern California swarmed with an astonishing wealth of strange birds and beasts. The most notable of these are saber-toothed tiger, lions much larger than those of Africa, giant wolves, several kinds of bears, including the huge cave bear, even larger than the gigantic brown bears of Alaska; large wild horses, camels, bison (unlike our buffalo, tiny antelope, the size of a fox; mastodons, mammoths with tusks fifteen feet long and giant ground sloths.

"There is reason for believing that primitive man occupied California and other parts of the West during at least the latter part of the period when the fauna of the asphalt pits still flourished. The folklore of the locally restricted California Indians contains detailed descriptions of a beast which is unmistakably a bison, probably the bison of the asphalt pits.

"The discovery in these pits of the bones of gigantic vulture-like bird of prey far greater size than the condor is even more startling, since the folklore of the Eskimos and Indians of most of the tribes from Bering Straits to California and the Rocky Mountain region abound in tales of the "thunder bird"—a gigantic bird of prey like a mighty eagle, capable of carrying away persons in its talons. Possibly the accounts of the bison and the "thunder bird" are really based on the originals of the asphalt beds and have been passed down in legendary history thru many thousands of years.

"Among other marvels our fossil bed reveal the fact that both camels and horses originated in North America."

Twenty years ago Wilbur Penfield left his home in Springfield, Mass., and went west. Shortly afterward he read a notice of his mother's death in a Springfield paper and had always supposed it was true until he met her the other day in Bridgeport, Conn., where he has been working for the last fifteen years.

The Pennsylvania System has had a 100 per cent safety record for passengers for the past three years in which time they have carried over 650,000,000 persons.

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

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

H. M. STONE, President,  
LAWRENCE BABST, Vice Pres.,  
H. H. TROUP, Vice Pres.,  
GEO. KRIBICH, Cashier,  
F. M. LOCKWOOD, Ass't Cashier.



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

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# City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

## Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

# No Amnesty With Extravagance

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 saving in this SAFE Bank at 4 per cent.

### FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS



## 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 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, steeped. 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.

# A. G. BEARDSLEY & SONS

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

Miss Anna Peschel, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peschel, has returned to her home in Clinton, Iowa.

Rev. Codd and family spent Thursday of last week in Chicago, with friends.

## A Glimpse Into a Tragedy

I had traveled a long distance, and came at last to a large, gloomy-looking house that I had never seen before.

How I entered I do not know, but I was soon climbing a long, dark staircase, and when I at last saw a dim light streaming through a door I pushed it open and noticed that in order to enter the room I had to go down a step, as is sometimes the case in old-fashioned houses.

At my left was a tall woman in the act of hanging clothes in the closet. I did not see her face.

I had no thought for her, however, for there on the bed at the other side of the room was my young husband asleep, his soft brown hair hanging down on his forehead, nanking him look more boyish than ever; and as I gazed at him, my thoughts were attracted and lovable.

I knelt at his side and putting my arms around him gave him a kiss of perfect faithfulness and trust. He did not open his eyes, but in a drowsy voice murmured, "You shouldn't have come. You have no right here—you must go."

I awoke from my dream, which had now approached nightmare, and looked at my beloved companion serenely sleeping beside me. "You shouldn't have come. You have no right here—you must go."

I laughed the care-free laugh of youth, secure in his happiness. How ridiculous! How absurd! How could anything so wildly improbable take shape, even in a dream? He was mine, out of all the world, to love and believe in, and nothing could ever separate us.

One year after, it took only a few hours to make of that happy girl a broken-hearted woman, and as the events do not enter into this story, we will pass them over.

We separated, and in the busy life of a great city I tried to fight my way. Work, work, how often I have blessed that drug for heartache and loneliness and utter despairing in happier days. The waves sometimes grows very small, and one day I came face to face with him whom I had called husband for one happy year.

"We were able to talk calmly. I mentioned the dream which I had not thought worth telling in happier days. He said: "You dreamed events many years before they happened—you have described my room, to enter which one must go down a step. The woman whose face you did not see is my wife."

"But whereas you only dreamed once, I have never had a day since we separated that you have not come between me and my work, and never a night that you have not haunted my sleep."

"I know that, as long as I bear this earthly form, this must be; you cannot prevent it, neither can I. Part of myself, memory, that we can never escape nor silence."

### His Hard Work

Small Boy (who has been playing ball for six hours)—"My legs ache." "Lonely Mamma—" "What have you been doing?" "Small Boy—" "I dunno. I did a example on the blackboard yesterday."

## At the Beach

The young man with the freckled nose and the rubber cap lately lifted one brown leg over the other, twitched his toes and contentedly surveyed the crowded beach.

"Geel!" he gasped, noticing an apparently sleeping girl to one side of him. She was dressed in a scanty green bathing suit with red trimmings. Gee, what a queen!"

The beach was on the fashionable north shore, and he had vaguely hoped that some of them society wames would go swimming there. "If they did, he intended to get a good slant at one and maybe get acquainted."

Here was his chance. Undoubtedly that beauty in green was a real swell dame. He sidled up a little closer and sighed again, but a little more loudly.

The young thing in the green suit also knew of the fashionable location of the beach and had hoped a millionaire broker or at least for a wholesale grocer. At the boy's sigh her eyes opened hopefully, and after one glimpse of his freckled pug nose they closed again, somewhat hurriedly. Then she turned her back.

It occurred to the boy that if he were to gain favor it would be advisable to save her from the surging breakers or some such thing. But there's nothing doing in that line at the municipal beach.

So the rest of this story hangs on the fact that the girl lost her key. She began to show worry, looking anxiously about her and digging in the sand. Horrors, my locker key!" she said. The boy remembered a phrase from a novel, bowed gallantly and murmured: "Madam, may I assist you?"

"Gee, he was one of those high-brows after all!" thought the girl, and she nodded smilingly. A few minutes' search and the boy had retrieved the locker key and ran joyfully into the water with her. She was lots of fun—"You could never tell," thought he, "from the way she acts and talks, that she was not just an ordinary person instead of a highbrow." He wished to see her home.

However, there was a fly in the ointment. The elevated would manifestly not do for such a swell. Furthermore he knew that he would have to court her, take her to shows and such things. Show! They cost money—lots of it.

They had a glorious time in the water. They ran, and splashed, and swam, and she shrieked prodigiously every time he dived at her feet. That is an advantage of the beach. You can shriek all you wish without having a blue-coated gentleman inquire what the row is about.

They came ashore finally, blue-lipped and shivering, and advanced toward the locker room. The boy meanwhile was searching frantically in the storehouses of his memory for another phrase. He found it at last and popped the question: "May I escort you home, mamma?"

She eyed him thoughtfully. He looked as if he was pretty well hooked. Anyway she would risk it, and she gave her address in a cheap lodging-house district. He was stunned—and also relieved. "Good," he managed to stammer, "I'll wait for you outside. And tonight we'll go to a movie! How about it?"

### Baby Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Colards are the proud parents of a baby boy who arrived at their home Thursday of last week.

### 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 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.

### Baby's Death

A fourteen pound boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alech Johnson Friday of last week, but died a few hours after birth. The infant was taken to Chebanse for burial. Mrs. Johnson, has been very ill, but is now somewhat better.

### Married

Miss Rose Labarge and Mr. Ray Ward were married at Watseka, Tuesday of last week.

Womans friends is a Large Trial Bottle of Sano! 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

Henry Paus and family spent Sunday at St. Anne, Ill., attending the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Seroy, parents of Mrs. Paris.

Rev. John Codd and family spent Thursday with friends in Chicago.

Arthur J. Gauthier of Aurora, Ill., spent several days the past week with his sister Mrs. Herman Worman.

Miss Linda Dehren of Clefont, Ill., spent several days the past week at the home of Mrs. Louis Labarge.

Mrs. Sylvia Richmond spent several days the past week in Sparta, Wis., visiting relatives.

Mrs. Arless Webb is spending the week with relatives in Shelbyville, Ill.

## The Advertised Article

Is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—also he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shoddy.