

HOW THEY FEED THEM

DATTON FEEDERS MAKE A RECORD

Hortensine Brothers West of the City Shipped 105 Steers to Chicago and Received Top Price.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 28.—Henry Hortensine and his brother Jake, stock feeders living near Gays, Ill., six miles west of Mattson, were on the market with 105 yearling steers, averaging 963 pounds, which sold at \$17.50, the highest price ever paid for baby beefs.

The cattle were bought at the S. M. S. ranch last November and cost the Hortensine brothers \$30.30 per head laid down at their farm. They averaged about 365 pounds at the time. They arrived at the farm on Dec. 9 and were immediately put in the feed lot on a ration of 25 pounds of silage, 7 pounds of clover hay and 4 pounds of corn ration per head. On March 1 the corn ration was increased to 10 pounds per head. On May 1 the silage ration was cut out and the cattle put out on forty acres of blue grass and clover and timothy pasture.

On July 1 the cattle were allowed to run to a self-feeder and ate about 18 pounds of cottonseed meal. This ration was maintained until the cattle were marketed. The last sixty days the cattle were in dry lot, clover and timothy hay being substituted for the pasture.

The Hortensine brothers have been in the baby beef business for the last few years and the past two years they have topped the baby beef market. They have 110 S. M. S. calves ordered for the fall feeding. This is the highest price obtained for calves bearing this brand and the brothers are going to feed more of the same calves this year.

On the next batch of calves they plan to use oil meal instead of cotton seed meal. Experiments have shown that the former is a better feed than the latter for yearlings and the boys are going to try it out.

They also marketed a car of 200 lbs. baby beefs in this market following these calves. The boys were fed 10 pounds of corn a day in addition to the grain picked up while following the steers.

Henry Hortensine says that he is well satisfied with the profit obtained from these calves. While his corn did not cost him \$2 a bushel he believes that they will not only return sufficient to pay for the corn, but that they will leave a handsome profit.

Abridging Freedom of the Press

"Instead of amending the espionage act," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "so as to take away from the Post Office Department the power arbitrarily to deny mail privileges to publications whose utterances are regarded as seditious by the official in charge, as we believe it should do, Congress seems to have gone still further in abridging freedom of the press, guaranteed by the first amendment to the constitution. In violation of every rule of parliamentary practice, the conferees on the trading-with-the-enemy bill added an entirely new and instructive provision making it unlawful for anyone to distribute or carry any publication declared nonmailable under the espionage act. The fact that the new provision, which may be harsher in its effect than the censorship proposal which this Congress flatly rejected, was never considered on its merits in either House, but had to be accepted or rejected as an inseparable part of a bill of urgent character, strengthens the suspicion that somebody is desperately determined to get the power to say what shall be printed and circulated during the progress of the war.

"No patriotic citizen will defend any disloyal publication. Anybody who sows sedition should be promptly brought to book. But there is much of opinion involved in determining what is disloyal. The determination should not be left to any postmaster or to the postmaster general and his assistant. Men charged with disloyal utterances should have benefit of trial by juries of their peers, instructed by competent judges of the law. Clothing some administrative official with such vast power is un-American and, we believe, unconstitutional. Still, Congress has unusual powers in regulating the mails. Denial of mail privileges might not theoretically deprive an individual of consti-

tional rights, although it would be a practical abridgment. But when Congress attempts to penalize an express company for carrying copies of a publication merely because it has been barred from the mails it enters a new regulatory realm and violates fundamental rights of citizens.

"Impatience over the character of some of the publications that have been barred should not blind us to the danger of such a method."

Letter From A Soldier

HOUSTON, TEXAS, Oct. 12, 1917. EDITOR OF ADVOCATE.

DEAR FRIENDS—I am writing to you, to tell the girls and boys of Bradley, the life of a soldier in Texas.

Well, I will go on with my story. This is Friday Oct. 12th. I made our first hike, this morning, but it was a short one just to get the boys into shape for larger ones which we expect to take later. It would be a good sight for the folks of Bradley to see, as the line was about five miles long, and led by General Hill the leader of our brigade.

I will also try and tell you about our daily work which is very interesting. We have plenty of work to do. The food is good so the boys have it pretty well all day. We have been drilling 8 hours a day. Some days we do trench work and all different kinds of the methods they are now using in French warfare.

Tell the people of Bradley, that it certainly makes the boys feel good to receive letters from the folks at home, as it gives the boys the old home spirit so whenever you have time. Why I certainly will be glad to receive mail from you at any time, I also want to tell you that the regiment was changed from the 3rd. Inf. to 129 U. S. National guards, instead of 113 guards. As news is scarce I will close.

JOHN SHERMAN.

Here's to a friend and a Pal Whom I always found to be true; Who loves me for what I am And not for what I do.

Fair weather friends are plenty You can always find them about; But give me the friend I can go to, When I am down and out.

JOHN SHERMAN.

School Notes

Miss Evelyn Allain has returned to school after an absence of several weeks owing to illness.

Miss Magdalen Bourille of the Class of 1918, has been absent several days suffering from an attack of tonsillitis. High School boys have organized a basketball team.

The first demonstration of the domestic science class of the High School, will be given on Monday afternoon.

Premium money allowed the school this year from the Fair Association, was twelve dollars.

Teachers hold a session on Thursday afternoon to plan and assist on registration day.

Registration of Women

The week beginning November 5, 1917, has been set aside for the registration of the women of Illinois. I urge upon all women to go to the place designated in their communities and to register their names. This applies as well to those who feel they will not have time for other duties than they now discharge, as to those who have the time and are willing to help directly in the work which the war has brought. There are some who will be able and willing to take the places of men who have been called to the colors. There are others who will help in the work of caring for the families of those who have gone to the front. There are still others who will be glad, thru the Red Cross and other like organizations, to help to minister to the comfort and welfare of our soldiers in the field. There are a thousand activities for which women are peculiarly fitted, and which will help greatly to maintain our morale in the field, and what is equally important, to maintain our morale at home. The registration cards which will be provided at the places of registration will enable each woman easily and fully to indicate where her chief usefulness to our country will be in this crisis.

A general registration of our women will bring cheer to our soldiers in the field, strength to our government and will give courage to the world that spiritual resources of Illinois are mobilized in the persecution of this most righteous war.

FRANK O. LOWDEN, Governor.

Clifford Besette of Harvey, Ill., is spending the week with relatives and friends in this city.

2 KILLED AT CROSSING

TRAIN HITS AUTOMOBILE AT AROMA PARK

George Clodi and Louis Newman Killed in Crossing Accident Sunday.

The community was greatly shocked last Sunday afternoon, when word was received here that George Clodi and Louis Newman were killed by being struck by a Big Four passenger train at Aroma Park.

Last Sunday afternoon, Homer Lambert, Nick Lambert, William Hirt, George Clodi and Louis Newman drove out to Aroma Park, (Waldron) to visit at the home of Pat Gorman. They made the trip in the Ford delivery truck that is used by the P. H. Lambert Grocery and which has a covered top. After spending some time at the Gorman home, they started home, in the car. Near the Gorman home, the Big Four railway crosses the public highway at an angle, and just above the crossing there is a sharp curve in the track which obscures the view of the track from the highway. In the Ford car, William Hirt, Nick Lambert and Homer Lambert were riding in the front seat while George Clodi and Louis Newman were in the rear of the car. Homer Lambert was driving the car; and not seeing the approaching train drove his car on to the track directly in front of the train. The engine struck the front end of the car where the three were sitting, and by one of the tricks of fate that are hard to explain, the automobile was thrown completely around, causing the rear of the machine to strike the engine. The three men in the front seat escaped with minor injuries, while the two in the rear of the car were killed. When the rear of the car was thrown around it struck the engine with such a force, that both the occupants in the rear were struck on the head with such a force as to fracture the skull. George Clodi was killed instantly. Lewis Newman suffered a fractured skull and internal injuries and died at the Emergency Hospital several hours later. The escape of the three men in the front seat, where the engine struck the car was little short of miraculous, as the automobile was completely demolished.

The wrecked car was left at the crossing over night, and it was discovered that some one had stolen the tires and one of the wheels during the night. An investigation is being made to ascertain who committed the theft, but up to date the thieves have not been found. An inquest was held by Coroner Fenelle Monday. The stories of the cause of the accident do not agree. The engineer and fireman of the train testifying that the train was on the crossing first and that the auto ran against the engine the train while the occupants of the automobile who survive the wreck claim, that the front wheels of the auto were on the track and that the engine of the train struck the automobile.

George Clodi, who was killed Sunday, has lived in Bradley for the past several years and was employed at the Bradley Mfg. Wks. He was born in Kankakee County March 5th, 1884, being thirty-three years old at the time of his death. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Clodi who reside on the East Side. He was united in marriage on June 26th 1912, to Miss Olive Penny and to this union two children were born Leland now 4 years old and Adrian now 2 years old, who with their mother survive him. He is also survived by his aged father and mother, six brothers and three sisters. The tragic death comes as a great shock to his aged parents and young wife, and the sympathy of the community goes out to them. Funeral services were conducted Wednesday morning at nine o'clock at St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Rev. Father Granger conducting the services. Burial was at East Cross street cemetery.

Louis Newman, has been living in Bradley for the past two years, residing on the East Side. He was a bachelor, about fifty years old and had no relatives here in Bradley, but has 2 sisters and 1 brother in Kankakee. Funeral services were conducted in Kankakee Wednesday.

THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS

SMALL PERSONAL NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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

Earl Barrone has resigned his position at the Watson factory and has accepted a position at the Bradley Works, in the Millwright department.

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.

The Ladies' Aid of the United Brethren Church met at the home of Mrs. Earl Barrone, Wednesday afternoon and spent a busy and pleasant afternoon.

WANTED: Thoroughly competent woman or girl for general housework. Must know how to cook. Mrs. George Luehrs, 240 South Dearborn Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

FOR SALE—House and one acre of ground, hog, 30 chickens and a cow. Price \$300. Tony Sitz, Box 65, Bourbonnais Ill. 40-3t

Robert Byrns, from Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, who has been spending the past few weeks here with home folks has returned to camp.

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

Frank Brown and Fred Wade have gone to Chicago Heights Ill., where they have accepted a position.

Harry Tighe spent Sunday with friends in Chicago.

Rev. Fred W. Engle and family have moved to South Blaine Ave.

Mrs. Nelson of the East side has moved to Chicago where she will make her home with her daughter.

From Co. L.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

DEAR FRIENDS—I am going to write another letter and tell my friends of Bradley that the boys of Bradley are fine. Well I began my story to you Friday, Oct 12, we made a hike of 8 miles it was about 6 1/2 miles long, it was a great sight to see, if you never saw a hike, and Saturday we have inspection on every thing we have that belongs to the Government of U. S. Well tell the friends of Bradley we changed our Regiment Friday Oct. 12 we became the Co. L. 129 U. S. ng. Inf. that's our company number now, and all the boys are taking up a \$50 Liberty bond which I think is fine for any boy and myself, well tell all my friends that hurrah for Dany our Mascot is allowed to come and stay with us, gee that will make some joy for our soldiers. Well tell B. M. hello and Doc, Goodwin also, and the rest give my luck and lots of it to my friends whom I hope to see again and tell about the Y. M. C. A. give us entertainment, boxing, singing and speaking, we also got a large electric score board of Sox and giants. Well I think I will close hoping some of you will write. You friend of the Co. L. 129 U. S. ng. Inf.

W. R. HUNTER, WILL C. SCHNEIDER, Chairman. Secretary.

Clint to Michigan Wallace Clinton has moved his family to Hesperia, Mich., where he will engage in farming.

Business Meeting The official board and heads of departments of the United Brethren Church held a business meeting at the church Monday evening to organize for the coming year. The trustees for the coming year are John Schraeder, Elmer Taylor, Earl Barrone, Obediah Lauster, Frank Erickson and John Gay.

Institute Meeting A missionary institute meeting was held at the U. B. Church Tuesday of this week, afternoon and evening. Several very good speakers were present and the meeting was well attended.

Government Crop Report

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 9, 1917.—A summary of the October 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: October 1 forecast, 425,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 396,800,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: October 1 forecast, 3,210,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 2,583,241,000 bushels.

ALL WHEAT STATE: Preliminary estimate, 28,398,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 16,225,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: Preliminary estimate, 659,797,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 639,856,000 bushels.

OATS STATE: Preliminary estimate, 244,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 172,005,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: Preliminary estimate, 1,580,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 1,251,692,000 bushels.

BARLEY STATE: Preliminary estimate, 2,480,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 1,920,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: Preliminary estimate, 292,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 189,927,000 bushels.

POTATOES STATE: October 1 forecast, 14,400,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 7,250,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: October 1 forecast, 453,000,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 255,437,000 bushels.

SWEET POTATOES STATE: October 1 forecast, 840,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 720,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: October 1 forecast, 87,200,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 70,955,000 bushels.

ALL HAY STATE: Preliminary estimate, 3,317,000 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: October 1 forecast, 2,690,000 barrels of 3 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 1,616,000 barrels. UNITED STATES: October 1 forecast, 58,900,000 barrels of 3 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 67,415,000 barrels.

PEACHES STATE: Estimated production 1917, 354,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 780,000 bushels. UNITED STATES: Estimated production 1917, 42,006,000 bushels; production last year (December estimate), 36,939,000 bushels.

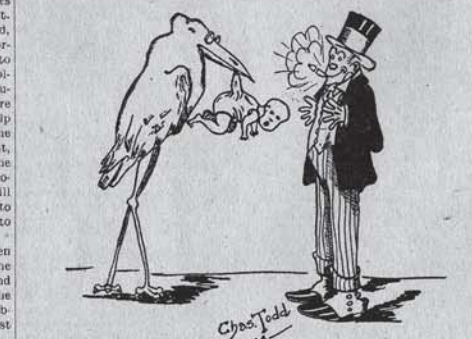
BROOM CORN STATE: October 1 forecast, 7,430 tons; production last year (December estimate), 6,681 tons. UNITED STATES: October 1 forecast, 40,000 tons; production last year (December estimate), 37,900 tons.

PRICES The first price given below is the average on October 1 this year, and the second the average on October 1 last year. STATE: Wheat, 190 and 146 cents per bushel. Corn, 150 and 80 cents. Oats, 56 and 41 cents. Potatoes, 137 and 150 cents. Hay, \$16.00 and \$10.80 per ton. Eggs, 37 and 27 cents per dozen.

UNITED STATES: Wheat, 200.6 and 136.3 cents per bushel. Corn, 115.1 and 82.3 cents. Oats, 62.3 and 44.5 cents. Potatoes, 122.1 and 112.0 cents. Hay, \$14.29 and \$10.96 per ton. Cotton, 23.3 and 15.5 cents per pound. Eggs, 37.4 and 28.1 cents per dozen.

Senator Lewis on Free Speech Our U. S. Senator J. Ham Lewis recently said in a speech in the U. S. Senate.

"This country guarantees free speech to every American, but that man who uses free speech against America is not the American to whom free speech is guaranteed. In this country there can be no free speech to any man to destroy the freedom of his fellow man. There can never be liberty of speech to an American citizen to destroy the liberty of the American nation.



A Baby Boy Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Sherron are the proud parents of a baby boy, who arrived at their home Thursday morning of last week. They have good reasons to feel proud, for Sherron Jr. is a mighty healthy young American, weighing 10 lbs., at birth and just remember: He's a Boy.

Empty Perambulator

The utter desolation of it all! Emily Brentford sat before an untidy hearth staring at the ashes as they fell from the grate.

"Why couldn't I be let keep him?" she moaned: "he was just everything to me."

There was the pity of it. Her child, the only one, had absorbed all the love of her heart. It was pitiful and human; the child that should have been the link between them kept them further apart each day. And death had refused to spare it.

The day had been hard in the mill. Jim Brentford looked at his unlighted house, and his heart sank within him.

Jim fitted his key into the latch. "Last, are you there?" he called out. "Eh, but I'm tired!"

There was no answer, and he stumbled along the unlighted passage. Jim had caught the habit lately of calling in at the Red Lion on his way home, and his steps were not steady.

He knocked against a child's perambulator and with something like an oath he sent it spinning toward the kitchen door. Emily, with her hair disheveled and her eyes red with weeping, faced him, already ashamed of his impatience.

"I'm a clumsy brute," he said. "Here, let me put this back."

She snatched the handle out of his hand and wheeled it to its accustomed place. "Don't touch it," she said to him. "It doesn't mean anything to you."

They looked at each other—the man's eyes were sad. Love had been with them such a little time ago.

There was just a moment of silence, and then the little house was shaken by the banging of the front door. Jim Brentford had gone searching for forgetfulness at the Red Lion.

Six months had passed away, and in the Brentford household things had gone from bad to worse.

It was July. On the moor above Earthly the hyacinths carpeted the turf-sweet blue flowers of hope. Emily had not found her way to the moor this year. She had gathered the hyacinths for little chubby hands to hold once; now her own arms were as empty as her heart.

The woman next door came in sometimes to cheer her up and to get her help with her own sewing.

"You've heard about Alice," she said. "No, I haven't," said Emily. "What's got her?"

"The river got her," said Mrs. Lester tersely. "Her husband went off with a lass from t'other side of the moor—and you know what a silly Alice was over him. Praise the Lord for a good husband, I say; one as brings you his wages reg'lar. They found her down by the mill pond, and the inquest's tomorrow—and what's to become o' the kid the Lord knows."

She gathered her sewing into a bundle, and Emily stood watching her. A cotton reel had fallen to the floor, and she picked it up.

"Where did you say Alice's baby was?" she said. "At her mother's. There's enough children in that house; they don't want 'im there, poor little mite."

They were working late at the mill this week. Jim Brentford did not find his way home until nearly 6 o'clock. Someone was singing in the kitchen. There was a laugh and an inarticulate murmuring. Jim walked on tiptoe to the door.

He looked in wonderment at the transformation of his home. The kitchen was spotless. And Emily, with her hair brushed until it shone again, walked up and down the room crooning a baby song to a child in her arms.

She turned and saw him. There was a new light in her eyes.

"She's only lent me for the afternoon," she said. "But, Jim, don't I wish she could stay!"

A man's lonely heart went out to meet her. Jim gathered his wife and the tiny crowing burden of humanity in his arms.

"Where did she come from?" he said. "And why shouldn't she stay, my lass? I'd welcome anything that would put contentment into your heart again."

His voice broke a little; they had gone through a bad time. Emily disengaged one hand and slipped it into his.

"Lad," she whispered, "I've been wrong; but it's over and done with. Jim, no one else wants her; she's been sent to comfort me; let's keep her here."

For all answer he brought the empty perambulator from its place behind the door, and Emily put the baby into it.

Jim's arm was slipped round his wife, her head rested on his shoulder, and though the world stood in the eyes of both the shadow of happiness rested upon the little house once more.

Merely Homely.
Shortsighted women—"It's all right, my man, you can take off your mask now; the gas has passed."
Private—"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I ain't got no mask on!"

Her Ideal Pet

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uncertain.
"What is this picture of yours supposed to represent?" asked the critic. "If I knew that I wouldn't call it 'A Study,'" replied the artist.

Never argue with a wasp; it is sure to reply its point.



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.

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FOR

CORN BELT CREAMERY BUTTER

Pure---Pasteurized---Nutritious

For its food value there is no substitute for Butter

We pay farmers the top price for butter fat and fresh eggs.

KANKAKEE CREAMERY CO.

Kankakee, Illinois

Food Commission Meeting
Mr. F. F. Marcotte, Supervisor of Bourbonnais Township, who has been appointed chairman of the committee to help the State Food Commission in his work in this county has appointed his committee the personal of which is made up as follows: F. X. Bergerson, Swine. Ed Rantz, Poultry. M. L. Sheffer, Dairy

Warren Mann, Marketing. Jesse Brouseau, Cattle. Alphonse Dolle, Vegetable. Geo. Courville, Horses. John Bilyard, Sheep. James Mallaney, Seed.
A meeting of this committee has been called for Saturday night, Oct. 20th, at 7:30 p. m. at the town hall, Bourbonnais, Ill., for the purpose of organizing and getting ready to work.

The appointment of Mr. Marcotte to head this organization in this township was a wise selection as he has all the qualification necessary, and his first move in selecting the men who are to assist him in his work shows that he knows the situation, as every one of his men are experts in their line.
Married
Miss Marie Vickery, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vickery of this city, and Wm. Cordes of Brattleboro, Vt., were married at North Watertown, Mass., yesterday, at the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. C. Carey.
Degree Work
The Odd Fellows conferred the initiatory degree on two new members at their meeting Thursday evening.

The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

THE ORIENTALIST

Copyright, W. G. Cobb

OUR auto had gone dead after striking a chautauque paving block. The chauffeur was busy himself getting the machine into shape again. Resilius Marvel did not brook necessary delay, but it was his characteristic never to sit placidly by with folded hands. He had estimated a stoppage of some continuance, had leaped from the vehicle and asked for my company with a brief glance.

It was a quaint part of the great city, remembered by old settlers only. Once the narrow winding street, extending only two blocks, had been residential. Business had come and gone, swinging over and fallen into the desuetude of rag warehouses and storage cellars. Some of the rickety old-fashioned structures had gone to decay and disuse. We strode along under the stone walk, cracked and irregular, while my friend descended on the glided past of those old tottering mansions.

It was sudden, startling, tragic—the cry, the call, the appeal that interrupted us upon that dark afternoon air. The near hum of business activity did not soften or dash it out. Marvel came to a sharp halt and I followed his example. These knew the way, and gave one comprehensive sweep of what lay opposite us. Mine followed the indication of his own, roved across the gray house fronts and rested on the third story, where every sash was boarded up or out of place.

"For the love of heaven—oh, some one come into the house!" Those were the words, uttered in weird, thrilling accents. Time, place and the speaker, the young girl, all harmonized with a suggestion of the intense and dramatic. She was framed vividly against the dark background of the vacant room, one hand supporting her against the rotting window frame. She wavered as though she would fall over the low reaching eaves while as marble, her eyes stricken with some fearful emotion of horror or excitement. She saw us, and her cry was meant for us.

I noted Resilius Marvel incline that shrewd face of his as though striving to peer into a mystery, his keen professional instincts at once aroused. He was as a man before whom the end of a puzzle had been cast, with a challenge for expert elucidation. His features instantly assumed a certain grimness, as if he discerned menace in the situation, urgency, perchance peril.

"Come," he said simply, quickly, and started to cross the street, but a shrill, ringing, faring, curving, and half halted him. Together we noted a sharp turn to the episode, blotting out what had materialized so suddenly. From behind the wavering girlish form a pair of arms extended. They were sinuous, that of a woman, and full silken vestments enclosed them. They encircled the shrieking girl and drew her back, one of them mauling her face in the folds of a heavy, billowy scarf that, when she started, the new actor in the momentary drama, gave an oriental tinge to the situation.

There was blankness then where there had been animation. Travesty, drama or tragedy, the curtains were down and the act ended. The girl who Marvel would do next. His sure definite leap over the cobblestones enlightened me. He reached the opposite man, made a rush, and as his powerful body came like a battering ram against the closed door guarding the old wreck of a rookery, it flew from its hinges like a barrier of straw.

The dull afternoon light of day penetrated a long passageway feebly, and beyond was gloom. The air was dead as we reached a shuffling, uncertain stairway. My friend had brought out his portable electric tube. I followed it and myself, guided by the shifting focus point that showed splintered treads fast rotting away. We reached a landing. A frail door guarded the second flight. It was unlocked, however, and yielded to a touch. At the top of the stairway we came into a large room, or rather the open window space at which the girl, now so mysteriously vanished, had appeared to our vision for the space of a few moments. As Marvel passed I saw him stoop. It was to pick up a crumpled piece of paper. Then, his eyes fixed on the floor, he traced a track in the accumulated dust of years, showing where trailing garments had made a broad plain mark.

There was an open door at the end of the long room. It led out upon a platform which spanned an alley. Leading from the platform was a rickety flight of narrow stairs. As we glanced over the railing we saw a female form just leaping from the lowest step. As she turned to run down the alley towards the next street she turned slightly.

"The same girl," observed Marvel sentimentally. "Yes," I assented, noting that her hand was held closely across her chest and that she tottered as she ran, evidently on the verge of collapse from nervous excitement.

I saw Marvel make a movement to dash after her. Then he saw it was too late. At the mouth of the alley stood an automobile, evidently in wait-

I had noticed that Marvel's comprehensive glance had swept the room keenly. His eyes were most attracted by a chart behind the gilt table. It was a complex chart with tracings of suns, moons, crescents and stars upon its surface, heliographic characters and tables.

"A life chart," observed Marvel, fixing his glance now on the oracle of the place. "A sacred chamber of Mahamat," replied the lady promptly, but dimming any boastfulness by maintaining that even, complacent smile.

"Ah, yes," remarked Marvel—"clairvoyant." "Mystic," corrected my lady. "You are better informed than the police, then," retorted my friend indignantly. "A pretty dismal forecast the fore- head of woman. She made an expressive movement with her hands to express helplessness. Then those liquid eyes took to their depths a pretty, pleading power.

"It is unfortunate that you accept so much on hearsay," she said softly. "You are the final. I wish I had your good opinion. Will you let me try and gain it?—I would have no secrets from you. I am no impostor. I come from the Himalayas, the seventh daughter of a sevens daughter in verity. I profess to tell no fortunes, but some day, with time given, I may be able to show even Resilius Marvel that there is a coherency and potency to some of my claims."

My friend was silent. There was a slight curl of disbelief on his lip as the lady placed her dainty hand on the crystal globe. "I have explored crystal reading," he said finally. "I was more fortunate than one of your clients—an old farmer who lost several thousands between here and his home."

Nirvassa shrugged her graceful shoulders and looked toward my friend. "Then she swept aside the draperies behind her. We entered a large square room. Again—amazement.

"It is impossible that you accept so much on hearsay," she said softly. "You are the final. I wish I had your good opinion. Will you let me try and gain it?—I would have no secrets from you. I am no impostor. I come from the Himalayas, the seventh daughter of a sevens daughter in verity. I profess to tell no fortunes, but some day, with time given, I may be able to show even Resilius Marvel that there is a coherency and potency to some of my claims."

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fair clairvoyant power. At one city she had established a cult, had collected several thousands of dollars, and then with her combination had faded away.

Resilius Marvel came to me just as I had concluded my interesting reading. He held two pieces of paper in his hands. They were crumpled fragments straightened out, and I knew represented the little wad of paper I had seen him pick up at the window where we had seen the girl.

"Look that over," he said. "A new zest of interest came into the frame case. Torn crosswise, the two fragments comprised a check for \$20,000 signed 'Ainslee Druse,' 'Garnet Druse.' It was drawn on our bank. "Do you know them?" asked Marvel.

"I know the account well," I replied, lost in surprise and astutry. "I know Ainslee Druse by sight. This is—fairly remarkable."

"It gives us plain sailing for a bit," declared Marvel in his businesslike way. "I have been busy at the telephone. Nirvassa told the truth; the girl was, of course, one unwittingly to her description, lives at the Glendale apartments, and her name is Garnet Druse."

"That is the sister of Ainslee Druse," I volunteered. "If you will give me ten minutes I may be able to dig up something at the bank."

"Go ahead," said Marvel simply. "I came back with some real information. The Druses, brother and sister, were clients of the late Amos Druse, now abroad. We had carried two family accounts. One was in the name of Ainslee Druse, originally \$40,000, drawn down in solid amounts through six days, and a last check presented two days previous, thrown out—N. S. F."

"Not sufficient funds," translated Marvel. "And the other account?" "Joint checks honored only on deposit of Amos Druse when bearing signature of both," he said. "Good for the face of that check?" "Yes, and four times over," I replied. "There is something queer about this affair," I submitted. "The young girl says the withdrawal of such substantial amounts caused him to notice Ainslee Druse. He knows him slightly in a social way. Says he has been hurried, excited, dopy by turns when he came to draw money late."

"We will go to the Glendale apartments," announced my friend abruptly. "It was only through determined persistence that Marvel was able to at last prevail upon his Garnet Druse, through her maid, to admit us. Everything bespoke refinement as we entered a room where sat a frail delicate girl whose face and manner bespoke winifred gentleness that appeared to both of us. Her face was pale, her bosom heaving, her eyes expressed a hunted dread. She had not yet recovered from the great strain of the episode to which we had been a witness."

"Miss Druse," spoke my friend. "I am Resilius Marvel of the United Bankers' Protective association. This gentleman, and he indicated myself, is the private secretary of the bank upon which that check is drawn. Our mission is confidential, and we ask an explanation that will be entirely helpful to you."

For a moment the fair young creature gazed at us as if her tongue was glued to the roof of her mouth and the life currents turned to ice. Then her head sank upon her arms outstretched on the table before her. She uttered two despairing, heart-rending words: "Save us!"

I noted the humane, sympathetic face of my friend soften. He made a quick motion to me which I understood and I passed into the next room, leaving the two alone. As I stood at the windows looking out into the street I could catch the echo of the name of Marvel—low, persuasive, almost fatherly. Finally, broken, sobbing intonations mingled, the current of words became more steady. At the end of half an hour when my friend looked at me, I knew that master mind of his had prevailed over the shrinking, fearsome mood of the beautiful girl, stricken with the weight of some dread secret, and had conquered the clouded situation. Now it was clear as crystal.

Ainslee Druse, sinuous, lightly balanced, invested with liberal wealth for the first time in his life, had strayed to the seance chamber of the Nirvassa. Her first notion, it appeared, had been to do with him constant visit than her specious influence in making him believe that through a judicious investment he could assist The Oldest Man in the World to develop and mature his ability to manufacture gold from waste substances. Nirvassa had evidently secretly given him some subtle elixir under the guise of a rare Indian wine that had completed his subjugation. He had revolved in a fool's paradise. His sister had followed him to his infatuation. She had followed him that day to the home of Nirvassa, to see him give the check to the woman upon which her name was forged. She had broken in upon them, seized the check, and the end of her wild flight we knew.

"Miss Druse will strive to find her brother through friends tonight and send us word tomorrow," explained Marvel. "She has begged me to allow her to make this effort, which she hopes will succeed, so that no scandal may result."

A hurry call reached me at the bank just after the directors' meeting the next morning. It was from Resilius Marvel and requested my immediate presence. It was at his office in a few minutes. I noticed in his inner office the flutter of a white handkerchief. My

friend closed the door as I entered the room. "It is Miss Druse," he said to me at once. "A new complication has arisen in the case. I hope and believe I have acted in time. I want you to go somewhere with me."

I knew where it was, after he had held a brief consultation with his visitor. It appeared that Miss Druse had come to his office less than half an hour previous in a great state of excitement. She had seen the jewelry and family papers of the estate were kept. Only she and her brother held keys to the section where these valuables were. She had made an appalling discovery. Family diamonds comprising a set of a chamois bag to the value of over \$100,000, most of them formerly the property of her dead mother, were missing. Foiled in securing capital for his mad scheme of wealth, Ainslee Druse had secured the jewels. They were doubtless by this time in the possession of the conspirators.

"I have had two men acting on orders at the seance studio since last evening," reported my friend as we spun along upon our destination. "There is my man now," he added, as, reaching the front of the building we had so strangely visited the day previous, a grim, severe-faced individual came to the door of the machine.

"We have detained the lady," reported this ally of Resilius Marvel. "At midnight we saw the crowd had taken alarm and were bent on flight. You left open orders, and I acted on my best judgment."

"Very good." "No sign of the young man you described. We were careless about the general crowd, but only one or two of them made a dash for the door."



I HAVE EXPLORED CRYSTAL READING, HE SAID FINALLY.

There was a beaten circle all around the rug covering the floor. A man, a Hindu, lightly garbed, thin to the point of emaciation, was slowly receding in a number of steps. In the corner of the room seated before a blackboard was a Sepoy youth. He had a piece of chalk in his hand, and at every overturn of the wiry scrobbled hair, he chalked a number on the board, obliterating its predecessor. There were five figures in the chronicle, and he would name them in a drowsy, sing-song way each time he wrote a record.

"I am Ben," explained our guide. "He is paying a penance to release the soul of a sinful father—one hundred thousand soppers. It was to have been along the Delhi road, but he joined my party and is completing his eighty odd thousand evolution here on the path to clearing the score."

"Abou Hamed," she continued, lifting a curtain and showing a couch covered with tiger skins upon which lay curled a small dwarfed man. "He is of the highest theosophic circle—twice reprieved to earth."

"The oldest man in the world—Djalma." "She had proceeded like some lecturer exhibiting his menagerie. As she swept aside a final drapery the last and most remarkable disclosure greeted us.

In the center of a room resembling a laboratory was a balloon-shaped globe of glass. It was about ten feet high and broad enough to contain inside a chair, a table and a man. From several iron tanks there ran rubber pipes to this giant retort.

"The oldest man in the world," Nirvassa had said—and it seemed possible. Inside the glass globe, reclining and engrossed in a time-worn tone bound in ivory, was the strangest human being I had ever seen. His skin was like yellow parchment. His frame seemed ossified. He had hair and a beard of faded white sweeping to his waist. His hands were like claws, his face beak-like. Only his eyes were blue—they glared like two sparks of electric fire.

"He is Djalma Khl, the alchemist, and nearly one hundred and fifty years

old," purred the tones of Nirvassa. "I have the proofs. He is the gold maker. A wonderful power, but lacking still some ingredient to make his knowledge so complete that the touch of a wand would turn clay into bright, shining metal. To leave his native mountains and breathe this tainted air would mean death. We dare not remove him for any length of time from the artificial air generated in those tanks."

"I watched with interest as the lady tapped on a hinged section of the glass globe, opened it and spoke to the oldest man in the world. He reached out and took up a crucible, placing something within it, and handed it to Nirvassa."

"It is coal," she said, and Marvel deemed to examine and agree. The man in the globe handed out next a tiny phial. "It is distilled vapor from his sole discovery, the gold root of Brahmapura," she said further. "Pour it in. Come—see."

She moved the retort across a metal plate, turned on an acetylene jet, and surrounded it all with a metal drum. There was a hissing sound. She turned off the gas, with the aid of a pair of tongs immersed the crucible in a jar of water, and poured out upon a marble slab a jagged nugget.

"Ascept as a sovereign, Mr. Marvel," she said in a low, winning tone. "You will find it of superlative quality."

"Doubtless," accented my friend dryly. "I see your plan—the genuine article in equipment to cater to your mystery-loving clients, and I suppose a new religious fad to sustain all the accessories? I am not interested, as I did not come as a seeker after mystic revelations. I came by an unaccountable way—the rear, and I am here to learn the occasion of an almost tragic outbreak from the young lady who was removed so suddenly by your servant."

"Oh, yes," smiled Nirvassa, as tranquilly as if the simplest, most ordinary statement in the world had been made. "The young lady was

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. Radeke James McCue, Adolph Eock, 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. Stetler, Pres., C. W. Reincke, Sec'y, M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmont, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

Meets 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 GOON, 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. GRANGER, 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. FRED W. ENGLE, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

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

Meets every second Monday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I. O. O. F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

Meet at St. Joseph's Hall second Sun-

day of each month.

Children of Mary Society.

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

More Peddlers

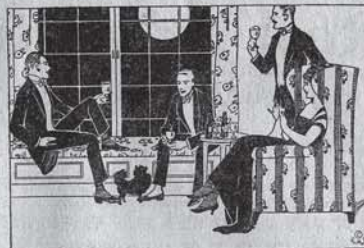
People are getting bumped every day by peddlers and yet they won't wake up. The latest fraud operating around here, represents himself as representing Richardson Silk Co. Here is what that concern has to say about peddlers:

Chicago, October 15, 1917.
THE ADVOCATE,
Bradley, Ill.

Editor:—We find that there has been a young man traveling through Illinois, calling on women and taking subscriptions for 25 cents and 50 cents each and stating that he is representing the Richardson Silk Company of 1814 Randolph Street, Chicago. Already we have heard from eight women in different localities who have been kind enough to report this to us. There must have been hundreds of others who have never done so.

This is a case of misrepresentation and obtaining money under false pretenses. We find that we cannot possibly take action from here being informed that it is a matter for the local authorities in the town where he operated. We respectfully suggest that you make announcement of this fraud for the benefit of the other ladies, who have been victimized and also suggesting that nearby editors do everything they can to intercept this party. Below we give you a list of the ladies who have already reported the matter to us.

- Mrs. Mary Dixon, 506 E. Park Ave., Champaign, Ill.
- Mrs. L. P. Carson, Rantoul, Ill.
- Mrs. M. Larson, Box 191, Rantoul, Ill.
- Mrs. I. Cronkrite, Tilton, Ill.
- Mrs. H. H. Mahorney, Urbana, Ill.
- Mrs. Fred M. Turpin, Danville, Ill.
- Mrs. Alex Dequinpaul, Box 907, Johnson City, Ill.



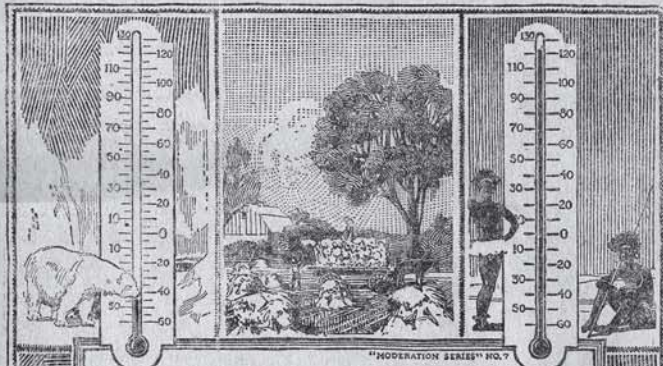
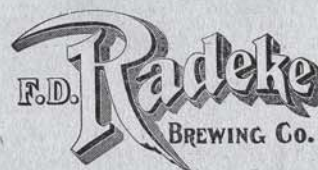
"Radeke Beer"—the Beverage that says "Welcome" to Unexpected Guests

Your guests may know good beer but they have never quaffed a better beer than this. "Radeke Beer" is wholesome and appetizing. Its flavor is delicious and satisfying. Every drop reflects the purity and cleanliness of our brewery—cleanliness that merits the envy of the most particular housewife.

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



In extreme climates life is impossible

BUT the ideal existence is found in moderate climates where extremes are the exception—not the rule. Thus it is with Prohibition—being an extreme, its advocates seem to find it utterly impossible to understand that a mild Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop brew, such as BUDWEISER, is truly the drink of temperance.

For 60 solid years Anheuser-Busch have brewed BUDWEISER and each day they have worked to make it better. The common sense use of BUDWEISER cements the bond of friendship, inspires the flow of wit and laughter and makes old men forget for a little while that they are no longer one and twenty. Always-and-ever-the-same Good Old BUDWEISER, the friend of man. ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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

Anheuser-Busch Branch
Distributors Chicago, Ill.

Budweiser
Means Moderation



Miss Bertha Batch, Box 330, Bradley Ill.
Yours very truly,
RICHARD SILK COMPANY
L. L. WAKLACE,
Advertising Manager.

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.

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Wenona Coal

Look up any state analysis on coals and you will find that this coal is at the very top of the list. It is highest in heat and lowest in ash. It costs no more than any other good coal. Try a load on our recommendation. It has been our leading coal for 25 years and has stood the test of time. We have it in both lump and egg sizes.

Chas. Wertz Co.

BOTH PHONES

150

MARTIN & SON

Coal and Transfer

Moving A Specialty

The Eagle Bar

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

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

Reception
The Irvine Rebekah Hedge tendered a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Helwig Tuesday evening. The evening was enjoyed by the large number present.

Burrell Wilson of Chicago, is spending the week here with relatives and friends.

William Supernant was a visitor in Chicago Sunday.

BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."
—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Taking Long Chance.
Captain Boden of Panama recently bought salvage rights to a boat sunk 22 years ago.

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

Needed His Muscles.
The wounded Tommy writhed and squirmed as the nurse, with iron fingertips, massaged his injured leg. At last he burst out:
"Art a mo. What d'yer think yer a-doin' off? Ow!"
"It's all right," said the masseuse. "I'm kneading your muscles."
The Tommy gently but firmly pulled his leg away from the none too gentle grasp of his tormentor, and breathed:
"So'm I!"

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

Want Good Marksmen.
At the time of the Spanish-American war an expert rifle shot was refused enlistment as a sharpshooter on the ground that good marksmanship is of no advantage on the field of battle. There are still some military authorities who believe this to be the case. They point out that when the distance is not accurately known, the good marksman will be sure to miss, while a volley from poor marksmen will cover a large area and score some hits. Nevertheless, the policy is now to encourage marksmanship by every possible means.

Faith Was Weak.
During an extended drought in the land that inspires the radio song writers the "Rev'nd" George Washington called a gathering of his colored brethren to supplicate the Lord for rain. Before he opened his sermon the "Rev'nd" surveyed his congregation critically, and with increasing satisfaction. At last he lamented:
"De lack of faith of yo' niggers is scandalous and sinful, and makes yo' heart sore and weeps and fears for yo' souls! Heah we hab gather'd to beg de Lord to stop de drought dat is burning up our fields, and to bless us with rain in abundance. And not one—no, sibs—not one of yo' disgrafted sinners had faith enough to bring an umbrella to go home with!"

Opposite Result.
"They say there is a three-million ton shortage in the soft coal supply."
"Isn't that hard?"

People eat Grape-Nuts because they like it and they know it's good for them



What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



The schoolgirl's coat is an important consideration which cannot be deferred now, although the outfitting of the "dapper" is about the most difficult of a mother's problems. This young person is apt to have ideas of her own coupled with more determination than her limited experience warrants. When she is past sixteen the task of clothing her becomingly grows easier every day. Before that time it is best to select things designed for "the awkward age" by those who specialize in this line of work. They are artists that know how to make the most angular of younglings look attractive. The schoolgirl's coat shown in the picture is of heavy wool velour in brown. It is a straight-line model with somewhat narrow shoulders, long waist line, narrow belt and ample, convertible collar. All of these good points will commend it as up-to-date; a chic example of the mode in coats. Its collar and actual pockets reflect the styles for grown-ups and it is of the same soft and comfortable material that is used for the most mature wearers. This is an item that will please the "fapper."



Breakfast Coats Made Their Debut.
ly high in price, but the breakfast coat is very moderately priced and to use it is to love it.

Julia Bradley
Charm of Crepes.
There is a prediction that crepes of many sorts will be decidedly fashionable next year. And for that we are thankful, says a fashion writer. We have all learned of the charm of crepes of various sorts in the last few seasons, when georgette and other crepe fabrics have been in such wide vogue. Perhaps one of the chief charms about crepe is that it clings and falls in such soft and attractive folds and lines. Moreover, it is eminently practical, for it does not show wrinkles.
Shirring by Machine.
An easy and quick way to make shirring on a sewing machine is to loosen the tension to make the thread draw easily, lengthen the stitch and sew across your material as many times as you desire rows of shirring. Then pull the under thread tighter and you will have as even shirring as if done by hand, and it will wear much better.
Flowered Tea Coats.
Charming tea (cote) are of flowered mousseline de soie, with wide silks in the waist, through which strands of silken beads are passed.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



FRENZIED FINANCE.
Young DeSmart—Say, do you want to make \$10,000 in a few minutes?
Old Gotrox—Sure!
Young DeSmart—I understand you intend to give your only daughter \$100,000 as a marriage portion.
Old Gotrox—Yes, that's a fact. But what has that got to do with the \$10,000?
Young DeSmart—Well, I'm willing to marry her for \$90,000. See?

Old Method Revived.
"What do you suppose will be the next reform to ship on the educational crusade?"
"I wouldn't be surprised if it were a spunker boom."

Anything but That.
Mrs. Fussbody—I don't get a letter from you every day I'll feel so lonely. I'll come right back home.
Hubby—Never fear; I'll write twice a day.

A Bad Way.
"He's in a bad way."
"Broke, eh?"
"Worse than that. He's down to the point where nobody will lend him money any more."

NOTHING NEW.



"The practice of medicine has certainly changed. When I was young the doctors used to bleed their patients."
"Huh! I don't see that they've changed much in that respect."

The Invariable Assertion.
Every man who tries to make a disposition scripty declares he does it to make his fellow mortals happy.

Its Advantage.
"How can you keep up the pretense that your crabbing is a profitable industry?"
"Well, any way you look at it it is a net gain."

Its Class.
"The minister says his parrot is so well trained that it joins in the family prayers."
"Well, that's the first time I ever heard a parrot was a bird of pray."

Natural History.
Freddie—is it always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?
Papa—Yes, my boy.
Freddie—is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa.

Described.
"Pa, what is luck?"
"Luck is what the anti-preparedness people think we should depend on to keep us out of trouble."

A Problem.
"Economy is the watchword of the hour. Everything must be used. Nothing must go to the waste heap."
"But what are we going to do with our kingly?"

The Beginning.
"How did you happen to become a lightning change artist?"
"I got started at the game by switching my winter flannels on and off."

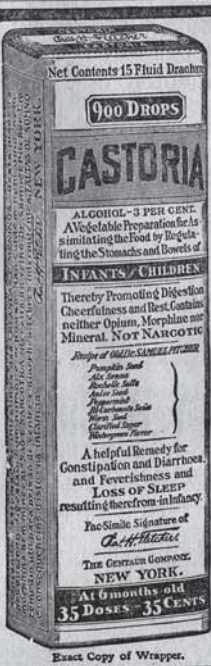
The Right Place.
"Do you know I have specks before my eyes."
"Well, where else would you want to wear 'em?"

In Doubt.
"I understand she's taken up knitting."
"Yes."
"What is she making?"
"That we can't tell. You see, even she can't make it out just yet whether it's going to be a sweater or a pair of socks."

There'd Be None Left.
Author—I have put a good deal of my own life into this story.
Editor—I wish you had put all of it into it.

Dog Did His Best.
Jack—Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle.
Tom—Well, that is as high as he could reach. You would expect a little pup like him to bite you on the neck, would you?

COLDS
Head or chest—are best treated "externally."
VICK'S VAPORUB



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria
Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over **Thirty Years**
CASTORIA
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Carter's Little Liver Pills
Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are **CONSTIPATED**. This old remedy will set you right over night.
Wheatwood
Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try **CARTER'S IRON PILLS**

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta
100 Acres Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre
The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 40 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable as industry anywhere in the States.
The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, convenient climate and everything that the wayward settler needs for his labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Settlements are particularly as reduced railway rates to 50% of regular rates, Canada, U.S.A. or to
C. A. Cook, 2012 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo., C. J. Brown, 2012 Main Street, Chicago, Ill. 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Government Agents.

Needed a Silencer.
The Haberdasher—Let me show you this. It's the latest cry in waistcoats.
The Customer—Does a plain silk muffler go with it?

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

Pianos Made in Italy.
In order that all industries in Italy may be national, that kingdom is setting up a piano factory designed on the best American and French models. Before the war the piano trade was nearly all in the hands of Germans.

CLEAR AWAY PIMPLES
Does Cuticura Ointment—Assisted by Cuticura Soap—Trial Free.

On rising and retiring smear the affected surfaces gently with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. When the skin is clear keep it so by using Cuticura for every-day toilet and purify purposes.
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The biggest success nowadays is the outcome of stealing other men's original ideas.
What every woman knows—how to fool man.

Fern Glen, Pa., has been almost depopulated by labor inducements of Philadelphia.

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

A Sure Way.
"How did you overcome your wife's objection to your taking up aviation?"
"Signed all my property over to her."

How's This?
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that can be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood to the mucous surfaces of the System.
Sold by Druggists for over forty years. Price Five Cents. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

When a Man is Caught.
Many a man has been caught at his own foolish game by people who let him think he was fooling them.
WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Nothing warms some men up like an application of cold cash.

After the Movies Is for Tired Eyes.
Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Itching Eyes—Granulated Eyelids—Keratitis—Blepharitis—Eczema—It is a Favorite Treatment for New York's Cool Dry and Sunniness. It is a sure cure for all eye troubles. **CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES.** Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Nurse for Book and Catalogue. Chicago for Free Book.

Promptness

DEAR PATRONS: In these strenuous times great changes are being made, deliveries are being cut out, cash systems adopted, etc.

Let Us Reason Together

A business to succeed must constantly grow and prosper and to grow and prosper we must have the confidence therein upon the part of its customers. Absolutely dependable goods, fair prices and courtesy creates that confidence.

Therefore Promptness is the foundation of all business success.

A. G. BEARDSLEY & SONS

Big Jo till on top

Helping To Win The War

BY GEORGE ADE

Assuming that this letter is now being read by some boy or girl old enough to go to school, but still young enough to be called a "kid," (by those who don't know better) let us begin by asking the question, "Is it wrong to fight?"

Every boy or girl with civilized parents can answer that question. It is not to be answered by "yes," or "no."

If we say "yes," we admit at once that our old friends George Washington and U. S. Grant were depraved characters, because they fought and then kept on fighting.

If Buffalo Bill once upon a time rode out across the plains and came upon a band of Indians attacking a settler's cabin and went dashing up with his scouts and killed a few redskins, is there any boy in the world who would go back on Buffalo Bill and pick out some quiet, elderly real estate dealer as a substitute hero?

It's too foolish to talk about. Suppose we say it is not wrong to fight. Then we remove all blame from the Indians that Buffalo Bill killed and we find ourselves so mixed up that probably we had better back up and take a new start.

In answer to the question, "Is it wrong to fight," there can be but one sensible reply, as follows: It all depends.

Suppose a boy of 14 is walking along the street with his sister, and the neighborhood bully swaggers around the corner and pushes the boy up against a fence and cuffs him alongside the head and then tries some insulting familiarities on the sister, and suppose the boy who is thus humiliated and whose sister is in tears, suddenly remembers that he has been told to "keep out of fights!"

What shall he do? Retreat to an alley, or stand up in defence of his own self-respect and try to protect his sister?

Suppose he says to the bully, "I believe in peace and no matter what you do to me, I won't strike back."

Then he would get a few more cuffs for good measure, and his sister would be ashamed of him and he would be ashamed of himself and the little rowdy who attacked him would call himself cock of the walk and be a greater nuisance than ever before.

The United States of America is involved in hideous war because President Wilson and Congress and all persons who fare warmed by red blood instead of being chilled by sympathy in the pop had to make the same decision that every boy is called upon to make when he is jumped upon by a tough customer.

Another question (boys only): Did you ever let a boy up before he yelled "Enough" and then have the whole fight over again?

If so, you might go around in your neighborhood and give some valuable information to people older than yourself.

If you (this is for both boys and girls) went out into the woods for a picnic with another "bunch" of young people you knew and liked, and if your crowd had a basket of things to eat and the other crowd had a basket and some toughies came along and stole the basket belonging to the other crowd, would you give them something to eat out of your basket, or let them sit over by themselves, hungry and miserable, and watch you stuff yourselves? You'd play fair, of course, even if you had to go a little hungry. Mr. Hoover is now asking every boy

Just a Desire to be Friendly

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Of course, you were excited!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll wait," Aubrey replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

First Time in Years.

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

"Should think so. Been a big explosion at our 'ouse."

"Much damage?"

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

Condensed.

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

Assistant: "He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea-coat Mrs. Lovely poured Mrs. Jabber rared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored and Mrs. Embonpoint enored."

Percy's Encouragement.

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

Ethel: "Fa might! You're all the exercise he gets but golf."

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



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

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LAWRENCE HADST, Vice-Pres.,
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Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

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even if his savings are of small amounts.

Every dollar saved is a "Silver Bullet" that will help to win the war. In this Bank is a good place to save. We pay 4 per cent. interest.

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IF A FIRE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOME TONIGHT

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

Herman Worman, Agent

Bell Phone 1808 and 1477. Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley.

One Year Ago

Frank Gross met with a serious accident when he fell from a box car.

Harvey Graham died at his home on North Cleveland Ave.

Lawrence Heinze underwent an operation for removal of adenoids.

Mrs. Anna Topfiff and family moved to Prairie Ave.

A number of Mrs. Chaney's friends held a surprise party on her in honor of her birthday.

Two Years Ago

Frank Hardebecke died from injuries received in a fall from a motorcycle.

Miss Verena Allgair and Ovide Marten were united in marriage.

Miss Rosa Brunner and Elmer Williams were united in marriage.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Francower was visited by robbers.

Joe Decarlo built a new shoe store on Broadway.

Capt. James Burns attended the wedding of Gov. Dunne's daughter at Springfield.

T. R. McCoy sold his race horse to Clyde Dyer.

The day old child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slyche died at their home on Wabash Ave.

Three Years Ago

Clarence G. Wendal was appointed manager of the North K. K. K. Railway.

Owen Gallager formerly of Bradley was killed by a C. I. and S. train.

Geo. Richardson collided with an auto while motoring to Joliet.

Albert Kunde had his finger shot off while hunting.

The month old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ducharme died at their home in Kankakee.

Albert Berghouse spent a week touring in the Central part of the state.

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.

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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 facet, 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 saving demonstration TODAY!

\$12.75

THE ECONOMY