

HIS WORK IS DONE

DR. MAGRUDER DIED SATURDAY

The End of a Long and Useful Career. Buried Tuesday Afternoon.

Dr. Noah Magruder is dead. The grand pioneer of Bradley passed away at 5 o'clock Saturday morning at his home, surrounded by his family at the advanced age of 80 years. His death came peacefully, he realized that the sands of his life had run their course, and he was ready to go. Death had no terrors for him, he realized that his life had been well spent and he passed over to the other shore, ready to meet his Maker.

Funeral services were conducted at the U. B. Church Tuesday afternoon, when Rev. Ivor Johnson of the M. E. Church, of this city, Rev. John Codd of the U. B. Church of Galesburg, Ill., and Rev. Fred Engle of the U. B. Church of this city, paid just tributes to the memory of the deceased. Following the services at the church, the body was taken to Mound Grove cemetery for interment. The church where the funeral services were conducted was filled with sorrowing friends from every walk of life, testifying their love to the good old doctor who was no more. People from every walk of life crowded around the old man's bier and shed their tears in sorrow at the good doctor's death. And they have reasons to grieve that Dr. Magruder is no more. He has been a practicing physician in this community for 42 years, and in these long years he has watched by the bedside of many a poor dying soul. His life has been closely interwoven with the lives of all of us, for years he has shared our joys and sorrows. Dr. Magruder was a great and wonderful man. Everybody knew Dr. Magruder and everybody loved him. Blunt by nature, truth was a paramount virtue with him and strict, honesty was one of his characteristics. He was very democratic, his friends were not only amongst classes but amongst the classes. Though an aged man he never lost interest in the things that stood for the betterment of the community, and many a young man can blush with shame when he thinks of the truly progressive spirit possessed by Dr. Magruder.

When Bradley sprang into existence, Dr. Magruder was one of the men that saw in the village big possibilities for the future, and this faith was retained by him always. When Bradley needed a booster it always had Dr. Magruder. It will be hard indeed to think of Bradley, and not to think of him. Not only his long residence here, but his good work amongst the poor and need, his firm faith in the greatness of our city, his great big democratic good fellowship are as closely entwined in the hearts and minds of the people that his body has been consigned to the tomb, he will never be forgotten by the present generation of our citizens. Truly no man could have a more fitting monument than the monument built by himself by good works and deeds, and placed by himself in the hearts and minds of his people. Dr. Magruder was born in Marion, Ind., November 21st, 1837, and came to this country with his parents at the age of five years settling in Rockville Township in 1842. He was one of the six sons of the late Thomas Magruder. He was married in 1867, to Miss Mary Redmond of Hill County and three children were born to this union, two sons Irwin and Obie, and one daughter Mrs. Frank Hoehn, who with the widow survive him. When a young man he was admitted as a practicing physician, and at his death was the oldest physician in this county. His life was blessed in many ways. His long life was free from serious illness, his disposition remained pleasant, his children all grew into manhood and womanhood a blessing to their parents, in his old age he retained a clearness of mind, and vigor of

body that permitted him to enjoy the company of his aged wife, his three children, his only sorrowing brother, and sister, nine grand children, and five great grand children. He could look back over his past life and realize that his life had brought sunshine into many hearts, what more can mortal man wish for in this life. We will miss Dr. Magruder, we regret to see him leave us, but his memory is here to remain as long as we remain, for it is engraven, indelibly engraven in our hearts. His works will live tho his body is gone.

Our Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the late illness and after the death of our husband and father, to thank you all for the floral offerings, the use of automobiles, the use of the church and choir. May God bless you.

MRS. NOAH MAGRUDER AND CHILDREN

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 settled under homestead laws for openland 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.

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. 618

One Year Ago

Grandma G. Gauthier died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Herman Worman, of Center Ave. A reception was held in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Iver Johnson. Jay Smith moved his family to Michigan.

A Republican rally was held in the Orpheum Hall. August Ebeling of Kankakee died after a long illness.

Mr. E. M. Rosentrator Manager of The Kroehler Mfg. Co. was married to Miss Viola Hagel of Kankakee.

Two Years Ago

Gail Anderson was hit by an automobile while riding his bicycle on Schuyler Ave. The car was driven by C. H. Henderson. A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Pete Bellmore.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huntzman.

Geo. Bertrand is suffering from blood poison.

Miss Jessie Colstock was brought home from the Emergency Hospital where she underwent a surgical operation.

Three Years Ago

C. A. Voorhees attended a family reunion in Chicago.

Lillian Topliff underwent a minor operation to have a growth removed from her ear.

The grand jury failed to find a true bill against Sears Selfo of this city who was being held on a larceny charge.

The grand jury returned an indictment against Simon L. Sayer charging him with man slaughter. He was driving the car in which Miss Nettie Wallace was riding when she received the injuries from which she died Oct. 4th.

The Odd Fellows lodge gave a dance in the Orpheum hall.

Cliff Williams had a narrow escape from death by an asphyxiation when he was overcome while working in the oil tanks at the Bradley factory.

Oscar Duncan of this city had his foot cut off at Oklahoma City by being run over by a train.

An attempt was made to destroy the building occupied by W. H. Sikes.

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.

Rev. John Codd of Galesburg, Ill., was here during the week conducting the funeral services of Dr. Magruder.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Milford, Ill., have moved to Bradley and are residing on Blaine Ave.

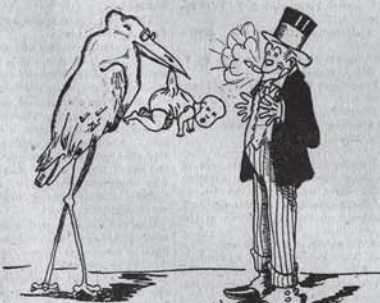
Ralph Voorhees has left for Kansas City, Missouri, where he will take up a course at Rakes' Automobile College.

Mrs. Hiechins of New Orleans, La., spent several days the past week at the home of Henry Caus and family.

Miss Freda Lehung has left for Iowa and California where she will make an extended visit with relatives and friends.

Wm. Boyd has moved his family from North Grand Ave. to South Center Ave.

FOR SALE—House and one acre of ground, hog, 30 chickens calif. Price \$900. Tony Sitz Box 65, Bourbonnais Ill. 40-3t



Chas. Todd - 14

Baby Girl

A baby girl weighing 9 1/2 pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson of North Grand Ave, Thursday of last week.

Baby Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clark of Kankakee, Ill., are the proud parents of baby girl. Mrs. Clark

was formerly Miss Bertha McCue of this city.

Baby Boy

A nine pound baby boy made his appearance on the East Side Thursday of last week and made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wright. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

News From Good Old Texas

HOUSTON, TEXAS, Oct. 16, 1917.

We read the news in the paper a while back of Arthur Lagasse and Edward Mulligan joining Co. H. U. States army. But it was a mistake of some one for they joined Co. L, and are doing fine as the rest of us boys are all O. K. also on sending you another poem of the sunny South.

HELL IN TEXAS

By the Co. L. boys.

The Devil in hell we're told was chained, And a thousand years he there remained. He neither complained nor did he groan, But determined to start a hell of his own.

Where he could torment the souls of men Without being chained in a prison pen. So he asked the Lord if he had on hand Anything left when he made this land.

The Lord said, "Yes, I have plenty on hand, But I left it down on the Rio Grande. The fact is, 'old boy,' the stuff is so poor, I don't think you can use it in hell any more."

But the Devil went down to look at the truck, And said if he took it as a gift he was stuck, For after examining it careful and well, He concluded the place was too dry for a hell.

So in order to get it off his hand The Lord promised the Devil to water the land, For he had some water, or rather some dregs, A regular cathartic and smelled like bad eggs.

Hence the trade was closed, the deed was given, And the Lord went back to His home in heaven; The Devil said to himself, "I have all that is needed To make a good hell," and he succeeded.

He began putting thorns all over the trees, And mixed up the sand with millions of fleas; He scattered tarantulas along the roads, Put thorns on the cactus, and horns on the toads.

He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers, And put an addition to the rabbit's ears; He put a little devil on the broncho steed, And poisoned the feet of the centipede.

The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings, The mosquito delights you with his buzzing wings; The sand-burs prevail, and so do the aunts, And those who sit down need half-soles on their pants

The Devil then said that throughout the land He'd arranged to keep up the Devil's own brand, And all should be Mavericks unless they bore Marks and scratches, of bites and thorns by the score.

The heat in the summer is one hundred and ten, Too hot for the Devil and too hot for the men; The wild boar roams through the black chaparral; 'Tis a hell of a place that he has for a hell.

The red pepper grows upon the banks of the brook; The Mexicans use it in all that they cook; Just dine with a greaser and then you will shout: "I've hell on the inside as well as the out."

EDDIE BONDREAU, Co. L, 129th U. S. N. G. Inf. Houston, Texas.

A BUSINESS CHANGE

TWO STORES WILL COMBINE

The Economy and F. W. Hoehn Grocery To Be Run As The Economy

A change in the retail business of Bradley is under way between the F. W. Hoehn Grocery and Market and The Economy Hdw. Furniture and Variety Store that promises to give Bradley an up to date general store. The two businesses will be combined and will be conducted under one management at the present location of the Economy, Broadway and Grand Ave. The plans are to carry a full line of the best groceries, fruits, vegetables, meats of all kinds, notions, tinware, hardware, stoves, ranges, furniture, linoleum and everything needed for the home. A full line of jewelry, including watches has also been added.

The store will be conducted upon what is now generally known as the cash and carry plan. All merchandise will be sold for cash only, and if delivery is required an additional charge of ten cents for each delivery will be made. The unusually sharp advance in price of foodstuffs, has caused much hardship amongst the people and as it is a well known fact that merchandise can be purchased cheaper on a cash basis, than on a credit basis, the prices charged at the new firms store will be lower than charged heretofore.

Board Proceedings

Regular meeting of the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Ill.

Meeting was called to order by the president and all members were present.

Minutes of regular meeting of September 17th, 1917, were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read and referred to the Finance Committee for their approval.

W. H. Baker	\$ 62 50
E. F. McCoy	31 25
B. J. Knickerbocker	131 56
Bradley Fire Company	14 50
A. Bock	5 00
James McCue	6 00
Geo. Bertrand	5 00
John W. Buxton	75
Fred Lambert	3 00
John Beland	27 50
Wm. Spivey	20 00
Public Service Co.	1 50
Arthur Baldwin	27 50
Arthur Spivey	25 00
Public Service Company	159 47
Charles Wertz Co.	67 23
Jake Heisler	5 00
E. A. Bade	3 00
Joe Surprenant	37 50
O. L. Martin	36 70
J. T. Fahey	37 50
Wm. Strickland	1 00
Robert Lancaster	50 00
Public Service Co.	42 70
Illinois Printing Co.	11 25

After due consideration the finance committee reported that they found all bills to be correct, except the bill of George Johnson, which was rejected.

Moved by Bade, seconded by McCue that report of Finance Committee be accepted and bills be paid. Carried.

The clerk reported in accordance with the instructions of said board, that he caused a notice to be published in the Bradley Advocate on the 29th day of September, 1917, in words and figures as follows:

"Notice of Proposals for bids. Public notice is hereby given that the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, will receive sealed bids up to 7:30 p.m., on Monday, October 1, 1917, for furnishing and installing one deep well pump of the capacity of 115 gals. to the mine, to be installed on a well in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois. The said Deep Well Pump to be in conformity with the plans and specifications of the said Village, reference to which is hereby made. Said plans and specifications are now on file with the undersigned at his office in said Village, and prospective bidders are advised to consult same before bidding.

Bids are to filed with the undersigned Village Clerk of said Village and will be opened at the regular meeting of the said Board, at the time and place above mentioned. All bids are to be accompanied with a certified check of the amount of ten per cent (10%) of the bid, payable to the Village Treasurer of said Village.

The right to reject any and all bids is hereby reserved. Dated this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

Village Clerk of the Village of Bradley, Illinois.

In accordance with said notice the following bids were presented and read before said board:

Bid of American Well Works.....\$1974 00

Bid of Fairbanks Morse & Co.....2208 00

Moved by Lambert, seconded by Bade that the Village accept the bid of the American Well Work and the President be authorized to execute a contract in accordance with said bid of the American Well Works. Upon roll-call the following vote resulted: "Yeas—Bade, Lambert, McCue, Bertrand, Magruder, Bock;—Nays—none. Carried.

Moved by Lambert, seconded by Bade, that Mr. Heidenreich be instructed to keep on drilling the well until the Village Board sees fit to stop him. Carried.

Water collector's books were referred to the Finance Committee for their inspection. "We, the Finance Committee, report that we find the collector's books to be correct." Moved by McCue, seconded by Bade that report of finance committee on collector's books be accepted. Carried.

Treasurer's report was read by O. L. Martin and books referred to the Finance Committee for their inspection. "We, the Finance Committee, report that we find the Treasurer's books correct."

Moved by Bade, seconded by McCue, that report of Finance Committee on Treasurer's books be accepted. Carried.

Water Committee's report was read. Amount collected \$758.42; Collector's commissions \$15.17.

Moved by Bock, seconded by Bertrand that water committee's report be accepted. Carried.

As there was no further business to transact, it was moved by Lambert, and seconded by Bade, that we adjourn. Carried. Approved Oct. 15th, 1917. E. F. McCoy, Village Clerk.

Methodist Church Notes

1—Sunday morning 10.30 Rally Day. A good program will be given by the Sunday School.

2—Sunday evening 7.30 pastor will preach on "The Kind of Layman I want" or a Photograph of the man in the pew." This is a special message that pastor would like you to hear.

3—October 31, Wednesday night at 7.30 the Epworth League will give a social at the church. Fr. McClung of the 1st church, Kankakee, will speak. Fine program, music, and refreshments. Tickets 15 cents.

Back To Bradley

Edward O. Coash has moved his family back to Bradley occupying their home on Broadway. Mr. Coash has been living in Morris, Ill. For the past several years, but Bradley is the only place.

Old Time Dance

The Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors gave their second monthly Old Time Country Dance at their hall last night and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Honor New Pastor

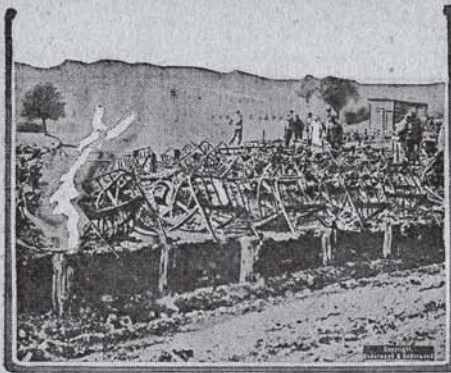
The Galesburg Mail on Oct. 11th contains a photo of the Rev. Mr. Codd formerly of this city, and also a nicely written article, relative to him taking charge of the work at that place.

Degree Work

The Odd Fellows put on the First Degree at their hall last night.

WANTED: Thoroughly competent woman or girl for general housework. Must know how to cook. Mrs. George Luehrs, 249 South Dearborn Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

WHAT THE GERMANS DO TO HOSPITALS



Smoking mass of ruins of the French hospital of Vadelaincourt after it had been destroyed by German aviators with incendiary bombs. A number of helpless wounded soldiers and attendants were killed.

HOW TO ADDRESS THE BOYS IN KHAKI

Directions for Sending Mail to Men in Service of United States.

WHERE CAMPS ARE LOCATED

Distribution of Men in the National Guard and the National Army by States—Officers' Training Camp.

- Washington—Mail for soldiers or prospective officers in training should be addressed as follows: JOHN SMITH, Company X, — Regiment, American Expeditionary Forces. JOHN SMITH, Company X, R. O. T. C. (Camp in which training) (Town and state; location camp) JOHN SMITH, Company X, — Regiment, (Name N. G. Concentration Camp) (Town and State). JOHN SMITH, Company X, — Regiment, (Name N. A. Concentration Camp) (Town and State).

Mail for the expeditionary forces will be forwarded by the government with the above address, which will be all that is required in view of the enforced policy of maintaining the secrecy of the camp location in France. The parentheses above denoted may be filled in by the following schedule: NATIONAL ARMY CONCENTRATION CAMPS. ADDRESS AND TROOPS AT STATION.

- Northeastern Department. Camp Devers, Ayer, Mass. First Division—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Eastern Department. Camp Meade, Annapolis Junction, Md. Fourth Division—Southern Pennsylvania. Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va. Fifth Division—New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia. Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J. Third Division—New York State, Northern Pennsylvania. Camp Upton, Yaphank (L. L.), N. Y. Second Division—Metropolitan District of New York. Southeastern Department. Camp Gordon, Chambliss, Ga. (near Atlanta). Seventh Division—Georgia, Alabama, Florida. Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. Sixth Division—Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina. Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark. Twelfth Division—Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi. Central Department. Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich. Tenth Division—Michigan, Wisconsin. Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio. Eighth Division—Ohio, West Virginia. Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa. Thirteenth Division—Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota. Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky. Ninth Division—Indiana, Kentucky. Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kan. Fourteenth Division—Kansas, Missouri, Colorado. Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. Eleventh Division—Illinois. Southern Department. Camp Travis, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. Fifteenth Division—Texas, Arizona, New Mexico. Western Department. Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash. Sixteenth Division—Washington, Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah. NATIONAL GUARD CONCENTRATION CAMPS. ADDRESS AND TROOPS AT STATION. Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, La. Eighteenth Division—Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas. Camp McClellan, Anliston, Ala. Eighth Division—New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia.

- Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico. Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala. Sixteenth Division—Ohio, West Virginia. Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, Cal. Twentieth Division—Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Part North Dakota. Camp Denham, Fort Sill, Okla. Fourteenth Division—Missouri, Kansas. Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. Sixth Division—New York. Camp McArthur, Waco, Tex. Eleventh Division—Michigan, Wisconsin. Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Tex. Fifteenth Division—Texas, Oklahoma. RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMPS (R. O. T. C.) Belvoir, Va. (via Washington, D. C. and boat). Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind. Deon Springs, Tex. (Exp. Boerne). Fort Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark. (P. O. Argenta, Ark.) Madison Barracks, Sackett Harbor, N. Y. Fort McPherson, Georgia. (Exp. and Tel., Atlanta, Ga.) Fort Meyer, Virginia. (Exp., Washington, D. C.) Fort Niagara, Youngstown, N. Y. (Exp. Lewiston, N. Y.) Fort Oglethorpe, Dodge, Ga. (Exp. Rossville). Plattsburg Barracks, Plattsburg, N. Y. Fort Riley, Kansas. San Francisco, Presidio, of San Francisco, Cal. Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Fort Snelling, Minnesota (Exp. Mendota, Minn.).

For convenience of our readers in addressing members of the aviation training units we append the following. The address in its entirety may be modeled on the form given in the first paragraph.

- AERO TRAINING STATIONS. Avia, Near Belleville, Ill., Columbus, Ohio, Wilbur Wright Field; Dayton, Ohio; Essington, Pa.; Hampton, Va. Langley Field, Mineola, (D. L.), N. Y.; Mt. Clemons, Mich., Seltridge Field; Pensacola, Fla. (P. O. Warrington); Rantoul, Ill., Chanute Field; San Antonio, Texas; San Diego, Cal., North Island. ARMY BALLOON SCHOOL. Fort Omaha, Neb. (P. O. Tel. and Exp., Omaha, Neb.).

HELP RAILROADS IN WAR SERVICE

Co-operation of Shippers and Traveling Public Contributes to Efficiency.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC IS CUT

Thousands of Train Crews and Locomotives Thereby Released for Hauling Freight Needed by the Government.

Chicago—Reports just compiled for the railroads' war board indicate that the traveling public in general and the shippers in particular are giving the finest kind of co-operation to the railroads in handling the increased traffic that the war has produced. What this co-operation means may be gleaned from these facts:

Since May 1 the railroads, aided by the loyalty and understanding of the public have been able to reduce their passenger service by approximately 25,000 miles. This has released thousands of train crews and locomotives for use in the freight service and cleared thousands of miles of track, thereby facilitating the movement of coal, food products and supplies needed by the government.

In addition to the foregoing saving of equipment and trackage, the shippers, big and small, have rallied so splendidly to the slogan, "Make one car do the work of two" that a saving of close to half a million freight cars has been accomplished. This saving of freight cars has enabled the railroads to move approximately 25 per cent more freight since war was declared than during the same period last year.

Intensive Loading Helps. Intensive loading and a general increase in the size of the "trade units" used by the various industries has rendered possible the saving of car space. Cotton, for instance, which was formerly moved in units of fifty bales, now moves only in units of 65 to 75. As there are 18,000,000 bales to be moved by rail each season, the increase in the trade unit in this one commodity alone has produced a saving of anywhere from 83,000 to 125,000 cars. Sugar, on which the carload minimum from the South was formerly only 24,000 pounds per car, now moves only on a 60,000-pound carload minimum. The producers of manufactured food products, especially the canners, have also come to a realization of the value of intensive loading and are now loading virtually all of their cars to capacity.

Coal, which has been loaded beyond capacity on most lines since the beginning of the war, is also moving freely now, although labor troubles in some parts of the country are tending to counteract the efforts of the railroads to meet the abnormal demand for fuel. During the past month the supply of cars on the "dike coal" lines has been increased 25 per cent and there has been some increase in the movement of bituminous coal to the lake ports, but it has not been proportionate to the increased supply of cars, as labor trouble has tended to decrease the mine production.

Renewed Efforts Necessary. Although excellent results have been achieved to date through the co-operation of the shippers, the traveling public and the railroads, it will be necessary for all concerned to exert renewed efforts, as the abnormal demands upon the railroads in the movement of both troops and supplies is constantly increasing, while the securing of new equipment is virtually impossible. From now on 2,500 cars a day will be required by the government to move food and supplies to the men in training at the National Army, National Guard and other encampments, while the demand of the allies for cars to carry export goods to the seaports will be practically doubled. All of this additional traffic must be moved by the railroads, although they have only 3 per cent more equipment than they had at this time last year.

QUEEN OF SPAIN AND SON



Queen Victoria of Spain has been spending a great deal of time at the summer resort of Sanlúcar with her children, who, like all youngsters of their age, heartily enjoyed the opportunity to romp on the sands, wade and swim in the water. The photo shows her with one of her sons, little Prince Gonzalo, on the sands. This young prince is dressed ready for a dip. This photo is the most recent taken of the queen and has just arrived in the States. The King of Spain is often mentioned as a possible peace maker.

No Frills on Her Overall. Logansport, Ind.—The first woman employee at the railroad shops to do overalls at her work is Miss Mary Johnson, who is employed in the oil room. There are no frills on the overalls, as they are regular blue ones with white stripes. Miss Johnson says the overalls are more comfortable than dresses and that she will continue to wear them.

ONE OF THREE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

Walgrove turned from the box office. Disappointment was written on his face. "There's not a seat to be had, Sis. I'm awfully sorry. But I expected it. There hasn't been a show like 'Back There' on Broadway for some time."

His sister, Peggy, reflected his disappointment. However, she smiled. "It can't be helped, Vance," she said cheerfully, "but I should love to have seen it before going back home."

They were leaving the foyer reluctantly when two girls approached them.

"We have one seat extra in the fifth row," the elder of the two girls said, addressing herself to Peggy; "if you care to take it—it will help us out."

"We wanted two," Walgrove returned quickly, being quite accustomed to this manner of purchasing seats; "my sister is only in town until tomorrow, and I wanted especially to take her tonight." He lingered a moment while the two girls conferred in undertones.

The elder again spoke, this time addressing Walgrove: "Miss Gale says she will let you have her seat since it is the only night your sister can come. Perhaps she and Miss Weeks will get seats another time."

"I?" Peggy exclaimed witheringly, turning to the girl: "This is too good of you. I wouldn't think of using your seat." She saw with swift comprehension that the girls had no doubt bought the seats many weeks in advance by way of a rare treat. She apparently told for their theater tickets a few extra nights a week.

Glady's Gale answered, a slight blush making her even more charming to look upon. "I am only happy to let a soldier like you have it," she said. "Nan Weeks and I will come other time." She spoke for a moment with her companion; then, with a swift nod which included both Walgrove and his sister, she went out of the theater.

"It is awfully good of your friend," Peggy continued speaking when, after Walgrove had exchanged four dollars for the two seats, they all went into the theater. "You see, my brother may be called out any moment, and I want to see him as often as possible." She gazed rather proudly at the big man in khaki, and so did Miss Greene. The latter, much inclined to conversation, told Peggy about the small flat she had with the two other girls.

"Just kind of keep an eye on Gladys and Nan," she said. "I'm a good deal older and feel motherly toward them. We all work during the day and now Nan has taken up Red Cross work. That's the reason she had to give up her seat tonight. She's been waiting for a vacancy in the home-care class and didn't expect it to come so soon."

The rising of the curtain prevented further chatter, but Vance was conscious that his sister welcomed feminine companionship as well as his own. During the intermission Miss Greene again spoke of the small flat.

Peggy voiced her thoughts. Her eyes remained wistful. "You see, I don't know many girls in the city, and those whom I do know only care for restaurants and dancing. I quit my own little home party and late supper. I suppose you have little studio aprons and a tiny kitchenette and pink dotted plants in the windows."

Miss Green laughed quickly. "You could not have described as better had you been in our flat." She paused a moment in thought while she cast a swift, searching look at Vance Walgrove. "He seemed a human," was her inward comment. She turned again to Peggy. "If you and your brother will come I will be so glad to telephone the girls to prepare enough supper for five instead of three tonight."

"Oh! I should think you'd be glad to have a party of six," she said. "I'll persuade Vance while you are telephoning."

She had little difficulty with her brother. Miss Greene telephoned, and when the flat was over a taxi whirled them swiftly down to the little flat.

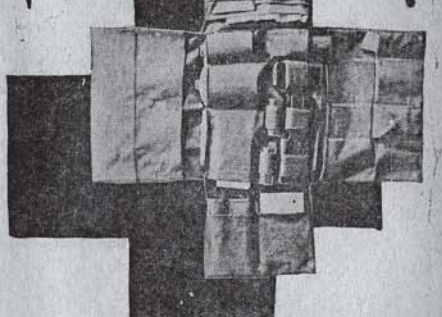
After introductions Walgrove naturally drifted toward Nan Weeks. She was slim and pale and seemed quite unable to stand the strain of typing all day long and studying nursing in the evening.

"But I would far rather die in a nurse's uniform than in ordinary office clothes," she said softly to Walgrove. "You are doing your part," she ended, with a glance at his khaki, "so let me do mine."

The evening was altogether charming and they were all sorry when it was over.

Walgrove wanted to take Nan and Gladys to "Back There," since they had missed it, but neither was willing that he should sit through it twice. "Then I'll get two more chairs and make a party of six," he announced. "I'm sorry you won't be here, Peg," he added.

WHAT CAN WE DO?



The most complete and compact comfort kit which has appeared so far is shown in the picture above. The officer or other fortunate possessor of an outfit so compact and practical can carry with him all that he needs to keep him fit and comfortable. It is an evolution; the result of much ingenuity, and several trials on the part of its designer, Mrs. Lillian Craig Clark of Chicago.

It is made of heavy brown denim lined with lightweight brown rubber sheeting, and cut in the form of a cross. The wings fold over and fasten with snap fasteners so that the kit makes a small parcel, easily carried by its handle of denim. When opened out it is only 27 inches long and 31 inches wide, but it provides 20 compartments for carrying everything needed in the way of toilet articles, stationery, bandages and other things. Its rubber lining protects the contents from moisture.

Each of the wings provide space for pockets of denim, machine-stitched down into large or small sizes. At the center there are four pockets and six loops (made of strips of denim, doubled). These hold hair and clothes brushes, safety razor (in box), shaving stick and cream, comb, talcum powder, tooth powder and brush.

The wings make place for many other things and some of the small pockets are fastened down with snap fasteners so that their contents cannot slip out. Besides the articles already named, this case carries paper envelopes, postcards, pen and pencil, blotter, postage stamps, small French-English dictionary, pipe, tobacco, handkerchiefs, needles, thread, pins, small blunt-pointed scissors, unbreakable mirror, sheepskin roll for shoes, fine comb and a towel, and still there are compartments to spare for some other things, as bandages and medicine, which the individual may fill to suit himself. But when all are placed and the kit fastened, it is unbelievably small and compact—no trouble to carry.

Christmas is not so far away; for men in the hospital units, officers or any one else this is a gift to make them envied by their fellows.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Our Work-a-Day Clothes. front and back with a plain panel at each side, with an extra piece of drapery is introduced. This drapery has the appearance of an extension of the plaited front and is fastened at the sides with very large bone buttons, sewed to the skirt. A long, simulated buttonhole, by the side of each button, makes a smart, tailored finish. The belt and bodice are both fastened, with snap fasteners probably, under one of these large buttons. A white satin collar is worn with this dress, as with coats of tailored suits. Organdie collars of good lace are always good style. With these everyday dresses it is well to have several kinds of collars, since they must be depended upon to furnish a little variety in appearance, as neckties do for men.

Julia Bottomley

Bleach a lotion made of four ounces each of lay rum and rosewater, with a teaspoonful of borax and the juice of half a lemon added.

Idle Hands

**MAKES HARD STEEL
FOR CENT A POUND**

**By Method of Treatment Soft Iron
Can Be So Hardened It Will
Cut Glass.**

"Isn't it awful to see a lot of men lying around idle?" said Mrs. Gillinghurst to her friend.

"Lying around idle is not so bad," replied Mrs. Wartenweiler. "But lying around not idle is terrible. An industrious man out of work is the most pitiable object on earth!"

"My brother has been at his house for some time. If he would remain in a restful attitude it would be all right. Things could go smoothly along. But Bob cannot lie around idle. He has to be doing something every minute."

"Yesterday my daughter and I started uptown. When we departed we noticed Bob looking at the fence. When we had got about two blocks from the house, I came over me that he was planning something and I got nervous and ran back home. Sure enough, Bob was getting ready to whitewash the fence."

"I didn't want my fence whitewashed. It is more artistic-looking as it is, and, besides, I had geraniums and vines trained all over it, and I wouldn't let him pull them down. He thought that whitewashing the fence was a job that would last him an entire day. During the period of his idleness an all day job is the most desirable thing in the world in his eyes."

"As a compromise I let him whitewash an old henhouse away out in the back yard. It hadn't been used for years, but I thought it would do no harm to let him whitewash it. He did a splendid job on it. When I went out to see it he had remodeled the whole thing and made it into an arbor."

"He is a genius at thinking up things to do. One day there was a great noise and we thought the house was on fire and the engines had come. We rushed out to see what was up, and there was Bob. He had put a long ladder up against the house and had dragged the garden hose up to the roof, where he was busy cleaning out the gutters. He said he was flushing them out good, so they would work better the next time there was a heavy shower."

"He has put an electric bell under the dining-room table, where I can ring it by putting my foot on it. He has grafted a tree. He saved, hammered, bound and gaged that tree until he managed to get two whole days' work out of it. He has painted the board walks out in the garden a drab color. He said there was too much glare from them."

"I never know what he will do next and am always uneasy. The man simply must have employment. He has been after me to order coal for a week. He wants to put it away and pile it around in various places in the basement."

"If he doesn't find work soon I shall be obliged to let him do the washing and ironing or lay in a supply of cannon balls for him to pile around first at one end of the yard and then the other."

Essay on Pants.

Pants are of two kinds: human and dog.

The human pants of commerce are worn mainly by males.

But equal rights prevail among dogs.

Human pants are worn thicker in winter and thinner in summer.

A dog's pants come thicker in the summer.

The dog's lungs are the seat of its pants. (Date 1875, Hoastetter's Almanac.)

White pants are not a garment. They are a business to themselves.

The man who wears them doesn't work at much else at the time.

When I was small and on a farm, I wore pants that were new.

So far as I could find out, they never had been new.

When they had been first worn out, by the first tallies ancestor I had, they had been patched at all the vented places.

When the original goods were out between the patches, the first patches were connected by other patches.

And sew on.

Where they overlapped—the patches—the goods became about an inch thick.

And when human legs made of any material less durable than vulcanized rubber are incased in a set of inch-and-a-quarter Deer Island jeans trousers patched with heavy goods from horse blankets to remnants of rag carpet—when I say, any human nether limbs are incased in these endless tubular garments in a wheat field on a southwest hillside at 2 o'clock on a heavy day when the temperature is 110 in the shade and there is no shade, the owner of said legs thinks longingly of the bastille, the stocks, the pincers, the galliotine, the pillory, the thumb-screw, the rack, the stake and other religious pleasantries.

I have gone long days in the wheat field in a pair of such asbestos pants lined with sandpaper or barbed wire, and now death or public speaking or fashionable dinners—none of those things has any terror for me.

I playfully inquire of death as to the location of its stinger.

Too Long.

Edith—"Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married?"

Ethel—"Too long! He hasn't got a cent left."

A process for hardening steel has been discovered by A. J. P. Bertachy, president of a manufacturing company at Omaha, Neb. The discovery was made accidentally, when Mr. Bertachy and his brother, George, with two or three helpers, locked themselves in the shop to do some experimenting looking for a quick way to turn out a run of 50,000 steel parts for which they had an order.

A door that was left open accidentally, a passerby who came in by chance, the departure of Mr. Bertachy from his experiment to talk to the passerby, the return of Mr. Bertachy, all these and other incidents combined to cause the piece of steel with which they were working to pass thru certain processes which transformed it into steel harder than tool steel.

Tool steel is worth \$2.50 a pound. It is easy to see what this discovery means. For the present process of making tool steel is expensive as is shown by the price of it. Mr. Bertachy's process costs about 1 cent a pound at the most. It other words, says the Omaha report, he can take a pound of ordinary cold rolled steel worth 4 cents a pound and, at an expense of 1 cent can transform it into a tool steel worth at least \$2.50 a pound.

After the accidental transformation of the steel, the Bertachy brothers, scarcely able to believe what they saw, repeated the process. And they felt like dancing when they found that the result was the same.

They used a piece of this steel as a tool to cut the steel of an automobile axle. It cut off a shaving at a speed of 135 feet a minute, so fast that the shaving turned blue with the heat.

An ordinary piece of hand iron such as is tacked around store boxes, a very soft iron, was treated by the Bertachy process and became so hard that it will cut glass. It is springy, too.

The process, of course, is held a secret between the two brothers. It has been written out and the copy placed in a safe deposit vault.

PENMANSHIP TAUGHT BY FOX-TROT RHYTHM

Teacher Says "Canned Music" Relieves Students of Fatigue.

The successful use of phonographic music as an aid to writing instructions was described by L. M. Rand, an instructor in the English high school to the New England Penmanship Association in session at Boston. Music acts as a speed guide for the writer, he said, as a metronome beats time for a beginner in music.

"Teaching penmanship in the Dorchester evening high school has been very successful under this method," he said. "The music takes off the tedium and the drudgery of writing letters and combinations of letters, and stimulates the mind in a tedious job. It helps to create a correct and uniform speed, furnishing an exact count for the operation of letters and thus furnishing rhythm."

"Letters and numbers, particularly capitals, are adapted to this. For some letters written in four movements we play a fox-trot," said the instructor.

NO DISEASE GERMS IN BOOKS

So Declares Bacteriologist Who Made Thoro Tests.

The theory that disease germs find lodgment in much handled library and school books is disproved by tests made by Dr. C. A. Lambach, bacteriologist of Johns Hopkins University.

He took 150 books from homes in which diphtheria had existed and seventy-five books from a public library that had been in circulation for many years among children in whose homes sanitary conditions were known to be bad.

The books were swabbed with sterile cotton in such a manner as to scatter all germs. In no instance could diphtheria bacilli be isolated from the books and the bacteria collected were of the kind usually found in the air.

AUTO LOCK WHISTLE FOILS CAR THIEVES

Slightest Motion of Motor Piston Sets Off Siren Alarm.

A combination lock and whistle designed to make automobiles theft-proof was shown for the first time at the Minneapolis Automobile Show. The device is the invention of Earl P. Gaston and Frank W. Creasey, two Minneapolis boys, neither of whom owns a machine.

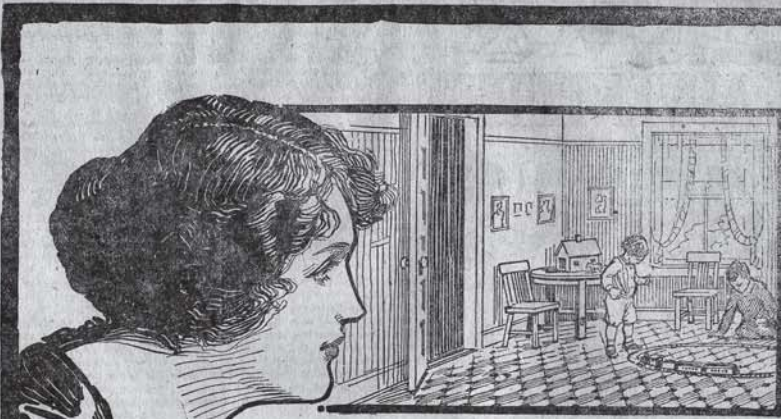
In substance it is a lock-controlled siren attached to the motor exhaust. In position an ordinary lock, six tumblers in design, appears on the operating board of the machine. The lock and a particularly shrill siren are placed in a metal tube which is concealed beneath the cow's dash.

The slightest motion of the pistons is sufficient to set off an alarm, equal in piercing shrillness to any police patrol or ambulance siren.

TEACHES CHINESE SHORTHAND

Speedy System Is at Last Perfected by Native.

After many persons had given up in despair, a Chinese has perfected a shorthand system for the Chinese language and has opened schools in China. The system, as described in an address to the Commerce Department at Washington permits a speed of 140 words a minute.



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.

DEFINITIONS FOR THE MENTAL- LY DEAF.

Corker—A person that bottles up a little sunshine for a rainy day.

Ambition—A nest egg that hatches out Disappointment.

Trouble—The balance wheel that keeps us from getting too gay.

Bore—A person who never flatters us.

Ennui—Being tired of doing nothing, but too tired to do anything else.

Promoter—A man who earns his bread by the sweat of some other fellow's brow.

Poverty—The soap that guards us against the ills of filthy lucre.

Optimist—A person who polishes up the dark side of life.

New Leaf—The same old one, with just another turn.

Skeptic—A man who doesn't even believe his own conscience.

Jury—A body of twelve men selected to decide which one of the litigants has the best lawyer.

Goosy—A person who can read between lines when there is nothing there.

Pessimist—One who divides his time between wanting what he doesn't get, and getting what he doesn't want.

A Good Husband—A man who hasn't the nerve to be anything else—From Judge.

Too Severe.

At one time Joe Jefferson was persuaded to accompany a friend to a new comedy production. The piece in itself proved to be inferior, and the comedians were even more so. On their way out the friend remarked that the comedians seemed nervous.

"What they need in life," he concluded.

"You're too severe," said the gentlemanly Jefferson, his grave face concealing internal laughter. "Ten years would be enough."

New Way to Pay Debts.

Teacher (to new scholar)—Now, Mary, I'll give you a sum. Supposing your father owed the butcher \$13.17,

\$11.13 to the baker, \$27.08 to the coal merchant, \$15.10 to the landlord—

Mary (decidedly)—"We should move."

TO QUIET SWITCHING ENGINES

Maxim Expects to Muffle Their Disturbing Puff-Puffs.

Hiram P. Maxim, inventor of the new air silencer and of mufflers for motor loads and general noises, is expected to silence the noises of the New York Central's switching engines.

Maxim believes the exhaust—steam passing thru the smokestack, as it must to create the necessary draught on the boiler fires—may be reduced to a scarcely noticeable puff-puff.

To Our Customers

We will discontinue business at our present location on Friday, Nov. 2d, 1917, and will combine our business with

The Economy Bradley's Handy Shopping Store Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Illinois

At our new location, Broadway and Grand Ave., we will carry a full and complete line of fresh meats, vegetables, fruits, tools, hardware, tinware, galvanized ware, aluminum ware, furniture, jewelry, linoleums, stoves, ranges, oil stoves, toys, notions; in fact everything needed for the home.

A Cash Business

The new business will be conducted on a cash basis and on all goods delivered a charge of 10 cents will be made. 17 years of merchandising has taught us that goods sold on a credit basis must be sold at a high margin of profit. With the present high prices, it makes prices prohibitive.

We can, and we will

Save You Money

at our new store. Call and see us. We would appreciate a prompt settlement of old accounts due us.

F. W. Hoehn Grocery and Market



ROSE STANTON ALDRICH MEETS A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND HEARS SOME PUZZLING STATEMENTS ABOUT THE RELATIONS OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

SYNOPSIS—Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is rescued by a young man who offers help and escorts her home. An hour later, Rodney Aldrich, a well-known lawyer, appears at the home of his sister, the wealthy Mrs. Whitney, to attend a birthday dinner in his honor. Mrs. Whitney suggests that it's about time Rodney looked around for a wife. He laughs at her, but two months later he marries Rose Stanton.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

She refused to hear a word more in those circumstances. "I'm coming straight down," she said, "we'll go somewhere for lunch. Don't you realize that we can't talk about it like this? Of course you wouldn't, but it's so."

Over the lunch-table she got as detailed an account of the affair as Rodney, in his somnambulistic condition, was able to give her, and she passed it on to Martin that evening as they drove across to the North side for dinner.

"Well, that all sounds exactly like Rodney," he commented. "I hope you'd like the girl!"

"That isn't what I hope," said Frederica. "At least it isn't what I'm most concerned about. I hope I can make her like me. Rodney's my only brother. I've got in the world, and I'm not going to lose him if I can help it. That's what will happen if she doesn't like me."

As it happened, though, she forgot all about her resolution when she first laid eyes on Rose. Rodney's attempts at description of her had been well-meant; but what he had prepared his sister for, unconsciously of course, in his emphasis on one or two phases of their first acquaintance, had been a sort of satirical amusement. But the effect of this was, really, very happy; because when a perfectly presentably clad, well-bred, admirably poised young girl came into the room and greeted her neither shyly nor eagerly, nor with any affectation of reserve, a girl who didn't try to pretend it wasn't a critical moment for her, but was game enough to meet it without any evidences of panic—when Frederica realized that this was the Rose whom Rodney had been telling her about, she felt in love with her on the spot.

Amazingly, as she watched the girl and heard her talk, she found she was considering, not Rose's availability as a wife for Rodney, but Rodney's as a husband for her. It was this, perhaps, that led her to say, at the end of her leave-taking: "Rodney has been such a wonderful brother, always, to me, that I suspect you'll find him, sometimes, being a brother, a bit of a pain. Don't let it hurt you if that happens!"

CHAPTER V. The Princess Cinderella. "When the special edition of 'America's' foremost newspaper, as in its trade-mark it proclaims itself to be, announced that the Rodney Aldriches had taken the Allison McCrae's house, furnished for a year, beginning in October, she spoke of it as an ideal arrangement. As everybody knew, it was an ideal house for a young married couple, and it was equally evident that the Rodney Aldriches were an ideal couple for it.

happened in June, just before the wedding had taken the matter over with Violet Williamson on the way home, afterward.

"John said once," observed Violet, "that we had to live in that house, he'd either go out by plain Morris-chair from feather-your-neck Saltzman's, and a golden-oak sideboard, or else run amuck."

Frederica grinned, but was sure it wouldn't affect Rodney that way. As for Rose, she thought Rose would like it—for a while, anyway. But this wasn't the point. "I'm so foolish about old Rodney, that I can't be sure haven't—well, caught being mad about Rose from him. If all depends on you, whether Rose is going to be a hit this winter or not. If she doesn't—go (and it all depends on her; Rodney won't be much help), why, having a house like that might be pretty bad. So if you're a true friend, you'll tell me what you think."

"What I really think," said Violet—"of course I suppose I'd say this anyway, but I do honestly mean it—is that you'd better get John to call a 'knock-out' on the subject. You know she's never—don't you know—being intimate. She just is. And she thinks we're all so wonderful that she'll make everybody feel warm and nice inside, and they'll be sure to like her."

"She's got a real eye for clothes, too," said Frederica. "We've been shopping. Well, then, I'm going to tell Rodney to go ahead and take the house."

Rose was consulted about it, of course, though consulted is perhaps not the right word to use. She was taken to see it, anyway, and asked if she liked it—a question in the nature of the superfluous. One might as well have asked Cinderella if she liked the gown the fairy godmother had provided her with for the prince's ball.

It didn't occur to her to ask how much the rent would be, nor would the fact have had any value for her as an illuminant, because she would have had no idea whether six thousand dollars was a lot or a hundredth of her future husband's income. The new house was just a part, as so many of the other things that had happened to her since that night when Rodney had sent her flowers and taken her to the theatre, and her residence in Martin's bright limousine had been parts, of a breath-arresting fairy story.

The conclusion Frederica and Violet had come to about her chance for social success, was amply justified by the event, and it is probable that Violet had put her finger upon the main-spring of it. So it fell out that with the Junior League, the women's auxiliary boards of one or two of the more respectable charities, the Thursday Club and the Whittiers (this was the smallest and smartest organization of the lot), fifteen or twenty young women supposed to combine and reconcile social and intellectual brilliancy in even terms. What with all these, her days were quite as full as the evenings were, when she and Rodney dined and went to the opera and paid fabulous prices to queer professionals, to keep themselves abreast of the times in all these respects.

"Oh, that's too bad," he said with concern. "Can't you manage something?"

"Too bad!" said Rose in lively dissent. "It's too heavenly! I've got a whole day just to enjoy being myself; being—she reached for his hand, and setting it, stroked her cheek with it,—"being my new self. Fortia used to think that I faded pretty well. But I never was—don't you know—right. So, you see, it's a real adventure just to say—well, that I want the car at a quarter to eleven and to tell Otto exactly where I want him to drive me to. I always say as if I ought to say that if he'll just stop the car at the corner of Diversey street, I can walk."

He laughed out at that and asked her how long she thought this blissful state of things would last.

"Forever," she said.

But presently she looked at him rather thoughtfully. "Of course it's none of it new to you," she said,—"not the silly little things, nor the things we do together—oh, to dinner, and the dances, and the operas. Do you sort of—wish I'd get tired of it is it a dreadful bore to you?"

"So long as it doesn't bore you," he said; "so long as you go on—shining the way you do over it, and I am where I can see you shine"—he took hold of both her hands, "so long as it's like that, you wonder," he said, "well, the dinners and the operas and all that may be piffle, but I shall be blind to the fact."

She kissed both his hands and told him contentedly that he was a darling. But, after a moment's silence, a little brown pucker creased his forehead, and she asked him what he was so solemn about.

Well, he had told her the truth. But precisely as he said it, he felt that he was not the same man he had been six months ago. Not the man who had trumped his way back and forth across Frederica's drawing-room, expounding his ideals of space and leisure. Not the man who despised the clutter of expensive junk. That man would have derided the possibility that he might ever do this thing say the word, still Rodney Aldrich, had just said to Rose—and meant. And the terrifying thing was that he hadn't resisted the change—hadn't wanted to resist—it didn't want to now, as he sat there looking at the stammering glory of her eyes.

So when she asked him what he was looking so solemn about, he said with more truth than he pretended to himself, that it was enough to make anybody solemn to look at her.

CHAPTER VI.

The First Question and Its Answer. Rose's instinctive attitude toward the group of young to middle-aged married people into which her own marriage had introduced her was founded on the assumption that, allowing for occasional exceptions, the husbands and wives felt toward each other as she and Rodney did—were held together by the same irresistible, unanalyzable attraction.

Oh, there were bumps and bruises, of course. She had seen Rodney drop off her and again into a scowling abstraction, during which it was so evident he didn't want to talk to her, or even be reminded that she was about, that she had gone away flushed and wondering, and needing an effort to hold back the tears.

These weren't frequent occurrences, though, and did not weaken her idea that, barring tragic and disastrous types—unfaithful husbands, cold, mer-



"I've Got a Whole Day Just to Enjoy Being Myself."

enary wives—which had to be admitted as existing—marriage was a state whose happy satisfactions could, more or less, be taken for granted.

It was something that Simone Greville said which gave rise to her first misgiving that marriage was not, perhaps—even between people who loved each other—quite as simple as it seemed. No one has studied our leisure and cultivated classes with more candor and penetration than this great Franco-Austrian actress. She had ample opportunities for observation, because, while she played to houses that couldn't be dressed to look more than a third full, she was enormously in demand for luncheons, teas, dinners,

suppers, Christmas bazars, charity dances, and so on.

Rose had met her a number of times before the incident referred to happened, but had always surveyed the lioness from afar.

She hung about, within earshot when it was possible, and watched, leaving the active duties of entertaining to heavily cured unimpaired like the Howard's castor oil clevage, creatures like Hermione Woodruff and Frederica, and Constance Crawford, whose French was good enough to fill in the interstices in Madame Greville's English.

She was standing about like that at a tea one afternoon, when she heard the actress make the remark that American women seemed to her to be an exception to what she had always supposed to be the general law of sex attraction.

It was taken, by the rather tense little circle gathered round her, as a compliment; exactly as, no doubt, Greville intended it to be taken. But her look flashed out beyond the content of the circle and encountered a pair of big, luminous eyes, under brows that had a perplexed pucker in them. Whereupon she laughed straight into Rose's face and said, lifting her head and her voice:

"Come here, my child, and tell me who you are and why you were looking at me like that."

Rose flushed, smiled that irresistible wide smile of hers, and came, not frightened a bit, as if to keep her embarrassed; certainly not into pretending she was not surprised, and a little breathlessly at a loss what to say.

"I'm Rose Aldrich." She didn't, in words, say, "I'm just Rose Aldrich." It was the little bend in her neck that carried that impression. "And I suppose I was looking that way, because I was wishing I knew exactly what you meant by what you said."

Greville's eyes, somehow, concentrated and fastened their gaze upon the flushed young face—took a sort of plunge, so it seemed to Rose, to the very depths of her own. It was an electrifying thing to have happened to her.

"Mon Dieu!" she said. "I'm grande cee de vous le dire." She hesitated the fraction of a moment, glanced at a tiny watch set in a ring upon the middle finger of her right hand, took Rose's hand as if to keep her from getting away, and turned to her hostess.

"You must forgive me," she said, "I'll make my farewells a little soon. I'm under orders to have some air this evening, as if it were to be and if it is to be done at all today, it must be now. I am sorry. I have had a very pleasant afternoon."

"Make your farewells also, my child," she concluded, turning to her hostess, "because you are going with me."

No sooner were they seated in the actress' car and headed north along the drive, than, instead of answering "All over the world, man go mad about them. But when they are unexcused . . ." She finished the sentence with a ghost of a shrug, and turned to Rose.

"Can you account for that? Were you wondering at them, too, with these great eyes of yours? Alas! Alas! We are puzzled by the same thing! What is it, to you, they lack?"

Rose stirred a little uneasily. "I don't know," she said, "except that some of them seem a little disinterested and restless, as if—well, as if they wanted something they haven't got."

"But do they truly want it?" Madame Greville demanded. "It am willing to be convinced; but myself, I find, of your women of the aristocrat class, the type most characteristic in—she paused and said the thing first to herself in French, then translated—"is a passive epicure in sensations—sensations mostly mental, irritating or soothing—a pleasant variety. She waits to be made to feel; she perpetually—tastes. They give a stranger like me the impression of being perfectly frigid, perfectly passionless. And so, as you say, of missing the great thing altogether. A few of your women are great, but not as women, and of second-rate men in petticoats you have a vast number. But a woman, great by the qualities of her sex, an artist in womanhood, I have not seen."

"Oh, I wish," cried Rose, "that I knew what you meant by that!"

"I know, regard now," said the actress. "In every capital of Europe (and I know them all), you find the same great affairs—matters of state, diplomacy, politics—you find the influence of women in them—women of the great world sometimes, sometimes of the half-world. They may not be beautiful—I have seen a faded woman of fifty, of no family or wealth, whose salon attracted ministers of state; they haven't the education nor the liberties that your women enjoy, and, in the mass, they are regarded—how do you say?—chivalrously. Yet there they are!

"And why? Because they are capable of great passions, great desires. They are willing to take the art of womanhood seriously, make unnumberable sacrifices for it, as one must for any art, in order to triumph in it."

Rose thought this over rather dubiously. It was a new notion to her—almost new. "But suppose," she objected, "one doesn't want to triumph at it? Suppose one wants to be a—person, rather than just a woman?"

"There are other careers indeed," Madame Greville admitted, "and one could make the sacrifices—pay the price they demand. Mon Dieu! How I have preached. Now you shall talk to me. It was for that I took you captive and ran away with you."

After her talk with the actress, Rose began to understand more why it is that married folks don't always get along very well together. An interesting problem is unfolded in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"One question more," said the Frenchwoman, "and not an idle one—you will believe that? Alas! You love your husband. No need to ask that. But what do you mean by love? Something vital and strong and essential—the meeting of thought with thought, need with need, desire with desire?"

"Yes," said Rose after a little silence, "that's what I mean."

There was another silence, while the Frenchwoman gazed contemplatively out of the open window of the limousine.

Then Rose said: "But you are going to tell me what you meant about—American women?"

Madame Greville took her time about answering. "They are an enigma to me," she said. "I confess it. I haven't ever seen such women anywhere as these upper-class Americans. They are beautiful, clever; they know



"Make Your Farewells Also, My Child."

how to dress. For the first hour, or day, or week, of an acquaintance, they have a charm quite incomparable. And, up to a certain point, they exercise it. Your jewels flash and amaze. All over the world, man go mad about them. But when they are unexcused . . ." She finished the sentence with a ghost of a shrug, and turned to Rose.

"Can you account for that? Were you wondering at them, too, with these great eyes of yours? Alas! Alas! We are puzzled by the same thing! What is it, to you, they lack?"

Rose stirred a little uneasily. "I don't know," she said, "except that some of them seem a little disinterested and restless, as if—well, as if they wanted something they haven't got."

"But do they truly want it?" Madame Greville demanded. "It am willing to be convinced; but myself, I find, of your women of the aristocrat class, the type most characteristic in—she paused and said the thing first to herself in French, then translated—"is a passive epicure in sensations—sensations mostly mental, irritating or soothing—a pleasant variety. She waits to be made to feel; she perpetually—tastes. They give a stranger like me the impression of being perfectly frigid, perfectly passionless. And so, as you say, of missing the great thing altogether. A few of your women are great, but not as women, and of second-rate men in petticoats you have a vast number. But a woman, great by the qualities of her sex, an artist in womanhood, I have not seen."

"Oh, I wish," cried Rose, "that I knew what you meant by that!"

"I know, regard now," said the actress. "In every capital of Europe (and I know them all), you find the same great affairs—matters of state, diplomacy, politics—you find the influence of women in them—women of the great world sometimes, sometimes of the half-world. They may not be beautiful—I have seen a faded woman of fifty, of no family or wealth, whose salon attracted ministers of state; they haven't the education nor the liberties that your women enjoy, and, in the mass, they are regarded—how do you say?—chivalrously. Yet there they are!

"And why? Because they are capable of great passions, great desires. They are willing to take the art of womanhood seriously, make unnumberable sacrifices for it, as one must for any art, in order to triumph in it."

Rose thought this over rather dubiously. It was a new notion to her—almost new. "But suppose," she objected, "one doesn't want to triumph at it? Suppose one wants to be a—person, rather than just a woman?"

"There are other careers indeed," Madame Greville admitted, "and one could make the sacrifices—pay the price they demand. Mon Dieu! How I have preached. Now you shall talk to me. It was for that I took you captive and ran away with you."

After her talk with the actress, Rose began to understand more why it is that married folks don't always get along very well together. An interesting problem is unfolded in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WAS ALL RUN DOWN

Since Using Doan's. Faulty Kidneys Caused Acute Suffering. Completely Recovered.

Mrs. Harry A. Lyon, 5 St. William St., Boston, Mass., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have surely done me wonderful good. About two months prior to the birth of my baby, I had two convulsions and was taken to a hospital. Doctors said the convulsions were due to my kidneys not working properly. "I had swelling of the feet and ankles so that I had to wear large-sized slippers. My back ached intensely, was nervous and unable to sleep. I also suffered from awful headaches and felt weak, tired, languid, and run down. "After I came home a friend suggested that I try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I got some. I soon noticed improvement; my back became stronger and I felt better in every way. I kept on taking Doan's and was cured. They are surely reliable." Mrs. Lyon gave the above statement in May, 1915, and on March 12, 1917.

"My cure has lasted. I take Doan's occasionally, however, as a strengthening of my kidneys."

Get Doan's, 66c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-McLEBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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ALL INQUIRIES NOT ALIKE

Philadelphia Lawyer Illustrated "Leading Questions" in Court With Diplomatic Kiss Story.

The late John G. Johnson, a Philadelphia lawyer, was once explaining to a jury the nature and the unfriendliness of "leading" or guiding questions. He illustrated his explanation with an anecdote.

"A young chap and a pretty girl," he said, "sat on a secluded bench at Lenox Hill. The girl turned to him and said earnestly: "You asked me for a kiss. There is a language in kisses. A kiss on the hand denotes chivalrous respect. On the forehead it denotes a firm and faithful friendship. On the lips—her color rose and she drew a long breath—"A kiss on the lips denotes all things. Kiss me, then, once. Express in one kiss your feeling toward me."

"The bashful youth pondered. "I don't want to lose her," he said to himself. "There is but to kiss her! Hand, forehead, or lips?"

"A mellow whistle interrupted him. He looked at the girl. Her red mouth was puckered up in the form of a rose-bud; she had pulled down her hat so as to hide her forehead completely, and both hands were thrust up to the wrists in her pockets."

IF A MAN IS CRAZY AND DOESN'T KNOW IT, IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS NO WIFE TO TELL HIM.

INSTANT POSTUM CEREAL

AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT POSTUM AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

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Edward F. McCoy, clerk.
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
T. H. McCoy, collector.
T. J. Fahy, marshal.
Jos. Supremant, night police.
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Board of Education

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

Methodist Episcopal Church, SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon.
Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.
Rev. IVER 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. R. 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 Flaggole, treasurer.

Meets every second Monday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I. O. O. F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

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

Children of Mary Society.

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

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.

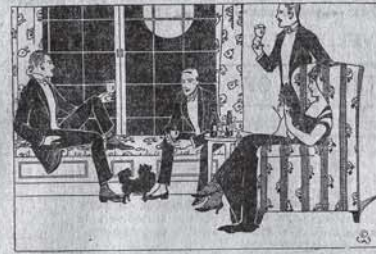
Better see us for tornado insurance today.

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A family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pray.



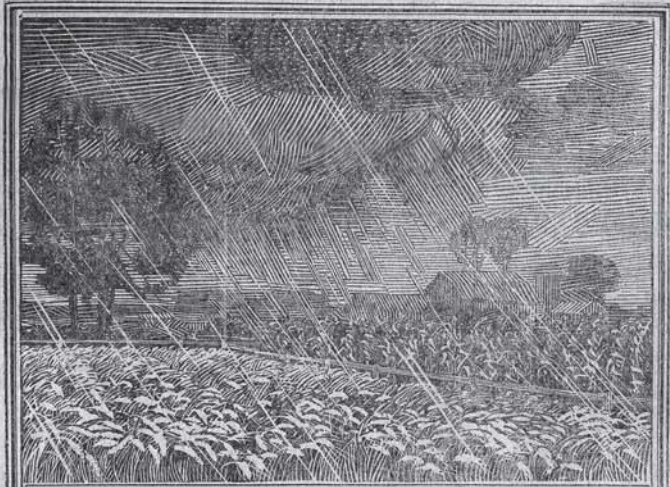
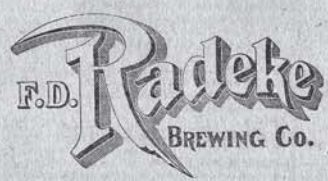
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YET rain is necessary for all vegetable and animal life. Moderate rainfall at regular intervals is the ideal condition. Extremes of every kind always go wrong. Justice and Right are in the balancing of forces. Thus it is with Prohibition; being an 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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How Sallie Helped

Betty, the secretary of our club, has had a pretty love story. It began in a rainstorm. When the rain was pelting down his eyelids Betty came into the street from an elevated road station. At the bottom of the steps stood a boy selling flowers. He had only two roses left, glorious, half-blown pink ones. "I'll have those roses, if you please," said Betty. And, I'll have those roses, if you please," said another voice at the same time. The other voice belonged to a man. He was a young man, and when Betty looked up and he looked down, both smiled. Despite the dampness of his clothes the boy smiled, too.

"Well," he said, "which of you is goin' to have 'em?"
"You," said Betty. "You spoke first."
"No, you. I think you did," said the young man.
The boy, being a diplomat as well as a flower seller, suggested that they "divvy up."
"Why not?" said the man. "I want my roses for a friend who is ill, and she can't smell but one rose at a time, now, can she?"
"I suppose not," said Betty. "I also want my roses for a friend who is ill, and she can't smell but one rose at a time."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They went away together. Their talk was mostly of Sallie. Each said how wonderful it was that the other knew Sallie. At the corner they separated. "I go this way," said Betty. "And I that," said he. "I hope we will meet again—at Sallie's," said Betty.

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

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Promptness

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Big Jo till on top

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 town 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, yawning 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 roads in the dark, Mr. Johnson," he said. "You can leave this lantern at the hotel and Zeb'll get it when he goes to the creamery in the morning."

"O, 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 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 oil-cloth 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 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 some—where every night, an—"

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

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

First Time in Years.

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

"Shouldn't think so. Been a big explosion at our house."

"Much damage?"

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

Condensed.

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

Assistant—"He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: 'Mrs. Lovely popped, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rapping roared and Mrs. Embenpoint snored.'"

Matches Once Costly.

Should the price of matches rise through the scarcity of wood to make them with, the ordinary man will be surprised. To him matches are quite inconsiderable, since he thinks of them by the box, so often obtained for nothing, or next to it.

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ODD THINGS IN JAPAN.

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 long, dark staircases, 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 steep, as is sometimes the case in orientalist 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, making him look more boyish than ever and as always in my eyes, thoroughly attractive 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.

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, and that I have done. I have been work, work, how often I have blessed that drug for heartache and loneliness and utter despair!

The world 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 me, 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 can not prevent it, neither can I. Part of myself, memory, that we can never escape nor silence."

The Name of It.

An elderly bachelor and an equally elderly spinster sat in a concert hall. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when the "Wedding March of Mendelssohn" was begun he pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "But I'm not strong on those classical pieces. That is a good 'un. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes.

"That," she told him demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

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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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LOOK FOR TRAIL MARKS

Travelers in Forests Watch Blazed Signs on Trees

When traveling over old and blind trails, look for the old blazed marks, and if doubtful about them, make new ones by breaking down the bushes every fifteen or twenty feet, the best part pointing in the direction of travel. If a road is encountered it is easy to tell if it is a tote or logging road, for the tote roads are crooked and wind about the trees and rocks, while the logging road is fairly straight and broad.

Of course the tote roads lead nowhere in particular, but all logging roads are sure to come to a fork and lead to water. When breaking a new trail blaze it by making a single chip from a tree from the side it is approached, and on the opposite side make two blazes, indicating the way from the camp. If this is done, a person will always know the way back if the trail is crossed from side to side.

This is the rule of the wilderness, but is not always observed to the letter, for many woodsmen blaze their trail by chipping the trees as they pass them. Be sure to blaze your own trail correctly, and when you come to a place where two roads or trails fork, set a stick to indicate the right direction.—Popular Mechanics.

MATCHES ONCE COSTLY

Should the price of matches rise through the scarcity of wood to make them with, the ordinary man will be surprised. To him matches are quite inconsiderable, since he thinks of them by the box, so often obtained for nothing, or next to it.

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