

## WEEKLY FARM LETTER

### ABOUT GRAIN AND LIVE STOCK PRICES

Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator, Tells Farmers' What To Expect

### Food Administration Will Aid Hog Men

I realize that under certain conditions a lack of confidence in the stability of market prices may act as a deterrent. And further that this may sometimes come from a failure to glimpse an opportunity before one. I therefore wish to make this positive statement; that, so far as the United States Food Administration is able, through its influence on the purchase of pork and its products for exportation, it will do all within its power to see that prices of pork are maintained in a ratio to feed prices that will cover not only costs of production, but proper remuneration to the producer.

By a system of license control of manufacturers and distributors the Food Administration will further help the producers. This system will tend toward the abolition of speculation, the punishment of profiteering, and the assurance that the consumer receives the product at a fair ratio of the producer's price, and that, vice versa, the producer receives a fair interpretation of the consumer's payment. All of these measures, I believe, offer a new hope for agriculture.

While we give these important assurances, I do not believe that they are, in fact, necessary in the stimulation of our production to that point which is now fundamentally necessary for our national preservation. The American farmer has too often demonstrated his courage and resolution in national service to admit any charge that democracy breeds a materialism that requires money guarantees to secure his patriotism. He wants a square deal in giving his services, and with every power we have, we intend to see that he gets it.

### Horrors of War and Backwash of Battle

From two and a half years of contact with the German Army I have come out of this horror with the complete conviction that autocracy is a political faith and a system that directly endangers and jeopardizes the future of our race—that threatens our very independence. It has, however, been able to command a complete inspiration of devotion and self-sacrifice in its people to the interest of their nation. The German farmer, in the name of the fatherland, supports a nation two-thirds as large as ours and threatens to subject the world from an area as large as Texas.

I am convinced that we will find this same devotion a direct reply to the German farmer—by the voluntary service of the American producer. This is democracy, and will be its answer to autocracy.

There is a human side to all of this. I have spent two and a half years in Europe in intimate contact with the backwash of war. During this time I have been faced with the responsibility of furnishing daily the food of 7,000,000 women and children among a population of 10,000,000, and the food of these is to-day solely assured by the American farmer. During this time, however, the gradual diversion and destruction of men and ships amongst our other allies from the support of another 100,000,000 women and children has thrown them wholly in a state of the dependency upon the American farmer for their daily food. Their husbands, brothers, and fathers are defending our liberty as surely as our own boys in France.

### Production of More Fats a Critical Necessity

The production of more fats is today a critical necessity for the preservation of these people and the maintenance of their constancy in the war. Every pound of fat is as sure of service as every bullet, and every hog is of greater value to the winning of this war than a shell.

My vision of war is not of an academic problem to be solved by discussion and guarantees of profits; to me it is a vision of brave, dying men and suffering women and children for service on whose behalf the greater exertion of the American farmer comes as a direct necessity and a direct plea. The American farmer who sees war as I see it needs no inducement and no inspiration but the thought that every spade full of earth turned and every animal reared is lessening human suffering and guaranteeing the liberty of the world.

### Letter from Camp.

The following letter was received by Mr. Joe Tuntland, from his brother, Peter, who is now at Camp Logan:

CAMP LOGAN, Nov. 13, 1917  
Mr. Joseph Tuntland  
Bradley, Ill.

DEAR BRO., AND FAMILY—I just received both of your letters this noon, but before I had read one of them, we were ordered to fall in for drill, and were drilling until 4:30 so you see we are pretty busy when we cannot read our letters when we receive them. Although we have to drill about two hours more each day here. I like it better than at Camp Dodge, we drill here in our shirt sleeves, while there we had on blouses and overcoats and were cold even then.

I did not know I was going to Texas until the day before I left, being sent in the place of a man who became sick. We certainly had a most enjoyable trip down here, we left Camp Dodge on Sat. a. m., arrived at Camp Logan on the following Tuesday a. m. There were nearly five hundred soldiers on the train, but only seventy from Co. L. We passed through Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana, getting off the train for about an hour at three places for drill. At Drexel, Mo., the people gave us about seven bushels of apples and you may be sure we appreciated that. I saw some beautiful sceneries especially in Ark., beautiful trees straight as a line and at least one hundred and fifty feet tall. Also cotton fields, but most of the cotton had been picked but I saw enough of it to learn what it looks like. Louisiana is a great oil and lumber state, consequently I saw oil wells by the hundreds, and we traveled for hours seeing nothing but timber and sawmills. We were not allowed to get off the train to buy anything, but my seat mates and I always asked some little boy to get a few pies for us every time we made a long stop, and last but not least there were girls at nearly every stop to shake hands with us. I enjoyed every minute I was on the train and was sorry it did not last longer.

You asked me if the work in Camp Dodge was given as a punishment, in some cases it is; but every day they have at least a dozen men in the Company to work in the kitchen, carrying coal etc. Those men are taking alphabetical order. I will give you the schedule of my day's work here so you will know what I am doing every hour of the day.

Rise at 6:10 reveille at 6:20 breakfast at 6:40 fatigue call (pick up matches etc on our streets along our tents) 7:5, drill 7:30 to 11:30 dinner 12, drill 1:30 to 4:30 retreat 5, supper at 5:30 taps at 10 when all must be in their tent unless they have a pass. This makes a pretty full day and from this we wash our own clothes.

We are about six miles from Houston and I went to Church there Sunday evening, there were revival meetings and the church was filled, seating about one thousand people, I sang in the choir, which reminded me of days gone by. I have my full uniform now, but now I lack something else before I can send you my photo, it has been a long time since pay day, consequently I am out of cash, in the Army we never know when we will be paid, but when payday comes I will send you a picture.

I certainly thank you for the stamps they are a very necessary article, and also the papers, tell Rev. Johnson and all others hello. I will close now trusting you are all well and hoping to hear from you soon.

Love to all  
PEFER  
Co. C. 131st Inf. Camp Logan  
HOUSTEN TEXAS

### Appointed Food Administrator

Mr. Frederic Marcotte of this city, has been appointed Food Administrator and will carry on the work in Bourbonnais Township, with the exception of the Village of Bradley. As it is very important that the people should know who is responsible in this work and to whom they may turn for advice, or to offer suggestions, this notice will put them in touch with the right party.

## ORDERS SECOND DRAFT

### NEW ARMY TO REPORT IN FEBRUARY.

### The First Contingent of the National Army is Nearing Completion. Lawyers to Aid in Work

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—President Wilson today ordered the complete reorganization of the draft army machinery on lines which makes every man subject to war duty, if not in France, at least in the fields and factories.

In a foreword the new regulations under which the re-classification of the 9,000,000 men not called in the first draft will be made, the President makes a stirring appeal to all citizens, especially lawyers and physicians, to aid in the work.

The regulations themselves were given to the public on Wednesday. They govern every consideration in the division into five classes subject to successive call of the re-classification.

In his foreword the President, over his signature says:

"The task of selecting and mobilizing the first contingent of the National Army is nearing completion. The expedition and accuracy of its accomplishment were a most gratification demonstration of the efficiency of our democratic institutions. The swiftness with which the machinery for its execution had to be assembled, however, left the room for adjustment and improvement.

"New regulations putting the improvements into effect, are, therefore, being published today. There is no change in the essential obligation of men subject to selection. The first draft must stand unaffected by the provisions of the new regulations. They can be given no retroactive effect.

"The time has come for a more perfect organization of our man-power. The selective principle must be carried to its logical conclusion. We must make a complete inventory of the qualifications of all registrants in order to determine as each man not already selected for duty with the colors, the place in the military, industrial or agricultural ranks of the nation in which his experience and training can best be made to serve the common good. This project involves an inquiry by the selection boards into the domestic, industrial and educational qualifications of nearly ten million men.

"Members of these boards have rendered a conspicuous service. The work was done without regard to personal convenience and under a pressure of immediate necessity which imposes great sacrifices. Yet the services of men trained by the experience of the first draft must of necessity be retained and the selection boards must provide the directing mechanism for the new classification. The thing they have done is of scarcely one-tenth the magnitude of the thing that remains to be done. It is of great importance both to our military and to our economic interests that the classification be carried swiftly and accurately to a conclusion. An estimate of the time necessary for the work leads to the conclusion that it can be accomplished in sixty days; but only if this great marshalling of our resources of men is regarded by all as a national war undertaking of such significance as to challenge the attention and compel the assistance of every American.

"I call upon all citizens therefore to assist local and district boards by offering such service and such material conveniences as they can offer and by appearing before the boards, either upon summons or upon their own initiative, to give such information as will be useful in classifying registrants. I urge men of legal profession to offer themselves as separate members of the legal advisory boards to be provided in each community for the purpose of advising registrants of their rights and obligations and of assisting them in the preparation of their answers to the questions which all men subject to the draft are required to submit. I ask the doctors of the country to identify themselves with the medical advisory boards which are to be constituted in the various districts throughout the United States for the purpose of making a systematic physical examination of the registrants. It is important also that police officials of every grade and class should be informed of their duty under the selective service law and regulations, to search for persons who do not respond promptly and to serve the summons of local and district boards. News

papers can be of great assistance in giving wide publicity to the requirements of the law and regulations and to the numbers and names of those who are called to present themselves to their local boards from day to day. Finally, I ask that during the time hereafter to be specified as marking the sixty-day period of the classification, all citizens to give attention to the task in hand in order that the process may proceed to a conclusion of swiftness and yet with even and considerable justice to all.

(Signed) "WOODROW WILSON."

### Farm Labor Report

Farm labor report as given by Fredric F. Marcotte, Food Administrator for Bourbonnais township, Kankakee Co., Ill. Demanded by Harry A. Wheeler, Federal Food Administrator, for the state of Illinois.

How many acres of land in township.....25147  
How much acreage cultivated.....20400  
How many farms indicated in inquiry.....272  
Average acres in each farm. 111½  
Men needed to farm same... 470  
How many own farms..... 72  
Tenants subject to draft..... 30  
Tenants over draft age..... 42

Necessary men needed to operate the farms efficiently and how will the numbers vary with the seasons, spring work 430, summer 496, autumn 478, winter 300 men.

Owners over draft age 79. Members of owners or tenants families over draft age 156, regular employed hands subject to draft 13. The season of 1918 will require to competently do the farm work 500 men or 30 more that this season, because the acreage in timothy and clover has mostly been plowed to make room for wheat and corn.

The following named persons have been appointed to cooperate with Mr. Marcotte in the work, namely: Warren L. Manh, Ed Rantz, Alex Rivard, M. L. Shreffler, James Mallaney, H. H. Grinnell, George Courville, John Bilyard, Jesse Brossrau and F. M. Bergeron.

FREDERIC F. MARCOTTE  
Bradley  
Ill.

### Board Proceedings

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

Meeting called to order by the President. All members present except Magruder.

Minutes of regular meeting October 1st, 1917, were approved as read.

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

J. T. Fahey..... \$ 37 50  
I. C. R. Rahey..... 3 10  
Central Union Telephone Co..... 3 05  
John Beland..... 24 50  
Arthur Baldwin..... 20 00  
Arthur Spivey..... 10 00  
Chas. Wertz Co..... 44 49  
Kankakee Auto & Implement Co..... 1 96  
E. J. Fortier..... 3 30  
C. Hurler..... 73 40  
Joe Suprenant..... 37 50  
Wood & Oakley..... 35 00  
Crane Co..... 157 70  
Lehigh Stone Co..... 18 59  
George Anderson..... 289 36

After due consideration the finance committee reported that they found all bills to be correct, except the bills of the Standard Oil Company, Otto E. Pietsch and Winds & Marsh, which were held for investigation. Moved by McCue, seconded by Bade, that report of finance committee be accepted and bills be paid. Carried.

Moved by Lambert, seconded by McCue, that we have a 250 candle power street light installed at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Superior Street. Carried.

As there was no further business to transact, it was moved by McCue, and seconded by Lambert, that we adjourn. Carried. Approved Nov. 5, 1917.

E. F. McCoy,  
Village Clerk.

### School Notes

School was dismissed to-day so that the teachers may attend the Co. Association held at Kankakee on Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Murphy of Chebanse was a visitor at school last Thursday. Miss Lucile Bell has accepted a position as teacher in the town

of Limestone.

Attendance at school for the present month has been good.

Mrs. Norman was a visitor at school one day recently.

Vernon Lintner brought to school 10 ears of corn raised in District 61. The same were entered in the County contest.

Several of the grades are planning a Thanksgiving program to be given on next Wednesday.

Several of the teachers have been absent owing to illness the past week. Senior girls substituted during their illness.

Miss Mary McCue of the class of 19, visited relatives in Watseka a few days last week.

Miss Cora Scroggins instructor of the eight grade, spent Saturday with her parents in Essex.

During the Thanksgiving vacation, Miss Galbraith will visit at Rockford. Josephine Cox will go to her home at Waukegan. Miss Evans and Miss Daring will spend their vacation at home, the former at Bonfield and the latter at Chebanse.

Miss Chabot instructor in the domestic science class reports much interest manifested, and looks for some excellent results.

### One Year Ago

Joe Suprenant spent the day in Chicago.

Robert Erskine was brought home from the Emergency Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Luedsey of Chicago, spent a few days with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Codd.

Attorney A. J. Powell moved his household goods to Kankakee.

The Mystic Workers gave a dance at the Orpheum Hall.

### Two Years Ago

Dr. Sondell delivered a lecture at the High School.

Mrs. Chas Reincke was injured internally from pushing a table.

A Bachelor supper was given by the men of the U. B. Church.

The Young baby of Mr. and Mrs. Abner of North Michigan Avenue was badly burned by falling against a hot stove.

Miss Lila Koon, representing the Rebecca Lodge, and Mr. Joe Pire, representing the Odd Fellows, attended the Grand Lodge at Springfield.

The home of Earl Courtney was quarantined on account of Diphtheria.

### Three Years Ago

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

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Adams.

A small fire occurred in the Riche building at Corner of Broadway and West Avenue.

Oscar Delude and Sadie Gesson were married by Justice of the Peace, Cary.

A baby was born to Mrs. G. Stua of North Schuyler Avenue.

### Attended Convention

Mrs. Emil Hirt, Robert Erskine and Herman Worman attended the Grand Lodge Session of Odd Fellows in Springfield, Ill., this week.

The special services now in progress in the Methodist church are very well attended. They will continue at least over next week, the pastor desires to make the services short and interesting and spiritually helpful. The results so far are encouraging, and it is hoped that more folks will avail themselves of the opportunity of coming. Services every night next week at 7:30, with the exception of Monday and Saturday. Good music with a brief message by the pastor. Come and bring your friends. We aim to do you good.

Iver M. Johnson.

### A Model Servant

Miss Ann Ansell of Weybridge, Surrey, who recently died at the age of 87 years, was an example of long and faithful domestic service. Throughout her whole lifetime she had only one "place." At the age of 16 she entered the service of the family of the late Sir Prescott Hewett, and she remained in the same family, as nurse and faithful friend, for 71 years.

## Clever Patients

"I hate to read a story where the hero is thrown into prison," said Angelica.

"You should never worry about that," replied Uncle Digby. "The quick witted hero will invariably get out. Never worry when my heroes get into prison, but I do not care to have them sick or wounded. Under such circumstances they are never able to accomplish much. Sick people are pretty helpless."

"Yes," said Angelica, "but once I got ahead of a whole hospital full of nurses and doctors. I never said anything about it before, but I'll tell you."

"You know they boil the water that you drink in a hospital, which gives it a horrible taste. Boiled water should be as good for you as mineral water, for it tastes just as bad. How I did hate that boiled water! And it never seemed to be quite cool either."

"The nurse didn't seem to care whether it had been thoroughly chilled or not. I think she enjoyed giving it to me warm."

"One day I was awfully thirsty. I asked for water. Even boiled water was better than nothing. But the water seemed a little warmer than usual and I could not drink it. Then I set my wits to work. I had to have cold water and I first contemplated getting out of bed and hunting up a faucet. But I gave up that idea, for I was pretty weak."

"And at last I hit upon a scheme. I rang the bell and when the nurse appeared I told her I wanted to wash my teeth. Pretty soon she returned with some real water—real, honest, germ laden, unboiled cold water—in a bright attractive headed tumbler. The instant the nurse left the room I drank it down with one big gulp and then I poured the boiled water over the tooth brush."

"Day after day I worked that trick. The nurse and the doctor when they figured out how much boiled water they were getting down me, were very proud and happy. It was a record. Other doctors had a lot of trouble getting boiled water down their patients' throats, but I was a model."

"I could hear my doctor bragging to his doctor friends about his water consuming patient and exciting their envy. Every nurse and doctor you see is ambitious to see how much boiled water they can get into a patient."

"Once the doctor and nurse wanted to see me drink it. Nothing could give them more pleasure than witnessing their precious boiled water disappear down my throat, but I refused to perform with any one looking, altho I trembled for fear my refusal would excite suspicion."

"That was a slick scheme," said Uncle Digby. "The next time I'm sick and they bring me medicine I'm going to call for some shoe polish, saying: I've been seized with a sudden notion to shine my shoes. Then I'll drink the shoe polish and shine my shoes with the doctor's dope."

### Wrong House.

Hard luck had struck Johnson a fearful blow. In desperation he took on a job to sell books from door to door.

All down one street he went without making a single sale. Then turning the corner he determined to try a new method. The first house he came to was large and shabby, and a frowny female answered his knock.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" he asked politely.

"No," snapped the female.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or Walter Scott?" asked Johnson, hope dancing momentarily in his eyes.

"No, we ain't!" said the woman sharply. "And what's more this ain't a boarding house. If you're looking for them fellows you might try next door—they take lodgers!"

### Working by the Day.

A certain Chicago business man has had a great deal of trouble with his workmen, a number of whom have from time to time evinced a disposition to "soldier." On one occasion, when this gentleman in company with his brother was visiting the farm of a friend in southern Illinois, the two observed an uncouth figure standing in a distant field.

"Since it isn't moving," observed the brother, "it must be a scarecrow."

"That isn't a scarecrow," said the Chicago man, after a long gaze at the figure. "That's a man working by the day."

### A Job for Cupid.

Penurious Papa—"Where is Maybelle?"

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

Penurious Papa—"Developing negatives?"

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

# When the United States Decided to Be a Republic

Philadelphia 16 May 1787.

Convention.

On the 25th seven states being represented  
 were New York New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware  
 Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina  
 George Washington was elected (unanimously)  
 president of the convention.

The convention appoint a committee  
 to prepare and report rules for conducting business  
 which were reported, debated, and in general  
 agreed to on the 28th.

Sept. 29.

Governor Randolph opened the business of  
 the convention. He observed that the confederation  
 fulfilled none of the objects for which it was framed  
 1. It does not provide against foreign invasions 2. It  
 does not secure harmony to the States 3. It is in  
 capable of producing certain benefits to the States  
 4. It cannot defend itself against encroachments.  
 5. It is not superior to state constitutions.

1. It does not provide against foreign invasion

2. A state acts against a foreign power contrary to  
 the laws of nations or violates a treaty, it cannot punish  
 the state or compel its obedience to the treaty. It can only  
 leave the offending state to the operations of the offended  
 power. It therefore cannot prevent a war. 3. The rights.

**N**EW YORK.—Unexpectedly there has come to light an unpublished diary of the meetings which resulted in the Constitution and in the decision that the United States of America should be a republic and not a monarchy. Those conferences were secret—each member of the convention was adjured to destroy his notes—and besides the authorized record of Madison only two, it seems, of the private diaries were known to have been preserved. Lately the Anderson galleries announced without date a forthcoming sale of Washingtoniana. Almost immediately a visitor, representing the McHenry family of Maryland, called upon Mr. Sampson and submitted the diary of James McHenry, secretary on the staff of General Washington and second secretary of war—a manuscript not known outside that family.

James McHenry, delegate from Maryland, took an active part in the formation of the Constitution. He labored successfully in his own state to bring about its ratification, notwithstanding the powerful opposition of Luther Martin and Samuel Chase. Mr. Sampson says of the newly revealed "Original Manuscript Diary or Journal" kept by James McHenry during his attendance at the Federal Constitutional convention from May 25, the opening, to September 18, the closing day:

"This journal gives a remarkably clear account of the deliberations of the Federal convention. McHenry took his seat on the opening day of the session and, realizing the importance and historic value of the forthcoming proceedings, kept this record from day to day. The first entry is dated Philadelphia, 14 May, 1787. Nothing of importance took place, however, until the 25th when, as stated in the journal, seven states being represented, viz: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. George Washington was unanimously elected president of the convention. A committee was then appointed to prepare and report rules for conducting business. This detail being satisfactorily arranged, Gov. Edmund Randolph of Virginia opened the business of the convention. He proceeded to outline the objections to the 'Articles of Confederation,' the inadequacy of which called forth this meeting. Randolph's speech is given in full, in addition to the resolutions he offered as a basis or working plan for the Constitution. These resolutions were 15 in number and bore the distinction of being the first plan to be offered for the closer and firmer welding of a union which had been rapidly drifting towards dissolution. After Mr. Randolph's address and resolutions, the convention resolved itself into a committee of the whole 'to take into consideration the state of the American Union.'

that, to which he said: "No matter, the thing is so," etc.

"On May 30 began the true battle between the partisans of state's rights and the group which favored strong centralized power and afterward became known as the 'Federalists.' By this time ten states were represented in the convention, and Randolph's resolutions were taken up in order. "On August 6 the convention adjourned till the following day to give the members an opportunity to consider the report. Mr. McHenry suggested a meeting with Messrs. Carroll, Jenifer, Mercer and Martin of the Maryland delegation to confer on the report and to prepare to act in unison. This stormy conference took place at Mr. Carroll's lodgings, and was marked by strong opinions.

"Here occurs an interesting note describing an incident of that meeting: "I saw Mr. Mercer make out a list of members' names who had attended or were attending in convention with "for" and "against" marked opposite most of them—asked carelessly what question occasioned his being so particular upon which he told me laughingly that it was no question but that those marked with a "for" were for a king. I then asked him how he knew

that, to which he said: "No matter, the thing is so," etc.

"In order to fix the opinions of his colleagues, McHenry drew up four propositions on the most consequential articles, to lay before them at their meeting on the following evening. The propositions are given here in full. The diary then proceeds with the business of the convention on the 7th. The discussion then centered on the right of suffrage. Governor Morris held that to give that right to all freemen the government would undoubtedly become an aristocracy, as it would put it in the power of men whose business created numerous dependents. Doctor Franklin also spoke on the subject:

"He observed that in time of war a country owed much to the lower class of citizens. Our late war was an instance of what they could suffer and perform. If denied the right of suffrage it would debase their spirit and detach them from the interest of the country. One thousand of our seamen were confined in English prisons—had bribes offered to go on board English vessels, which they rejected. "From then on matters progressed rapidly although not without debate of every viewpoint and angle. By September 1 the system was in shape to refer to a grand committee. They worked diligently and made some of the most important revisions that had thus far been thought of. One of the principal of these was the plan for the election of the president. September 8 the report was agreed to, and with some amendments was referred to the committee of detail. On September 13 the second printed report was received. This was read, discussed and a few further changes made, and on the 15th was ordered engrossed and 500 copies struck. On the 17th the final Constitution was delivered and the delegates proceeded to sign it, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Mason and Mr. Gerry being the only members present who withheld their names."—Boston Transcript.

## SCRAPS

There are many women sailors among the Finns and Norwegians. Residents in Honolulu have sent \$500 for the widows and orphans of British naval men killed in the war. A Danish government commission reports that Denmark will now be able to live on its own supplies. In a playground league baseball game in New Orleans the pitcher of the team was named Liquor while the buzzing twirler was named Claret.

Nonresidents of New Brunswick must pay \$50 for a license to hunt and kill one bull moose and one bull caribou. English scientists are conducting a series of experiments to ascertain how best crop production can be increased with the use of high frequency electric currents. To hold a skein of yarn while it is being wound into a ball is the purpose of a revolving wire frame that can be clamped to a chair or other piece of furniture.

Barley gave much better results than oats as a sheep fattening food in tests conducted by English farmers. Most of the inhabitants of Bagdad live in the cellars during the day and repair to the roofs after sundown, where they dine and sleep. Roberta, Mona, Mary and Leota Keyes, quadruplets, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Flake Keyes of Hollis, Okla., are entering the third year of their lives. At birth Roberta weighed 11½ pounds, Mona and Mary 11½ each, and Leota 11 pounds.

## GREAT LOSS OF BEE COLONIES IN WINTER



ORCHARD IS IDEAL PLACE FOR BEE COLONIES.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The beekeepers of the United States lose at least one-tenth of their colonies of bees every winter. This is a minimum loss, which is frequently increased to one-half and sometimes more in certain sections. This decrease is largely due to carelessness or to lack of knowledge, and it is entirely practical to reduce it to less than one per cent, the small loss covering various accidents which cannot be foreseen. An industry which can survive in the face of such a decrease must have great possibilities for commercial advancement when the loss is properly reduced.

The causes of the death of individual bees or of a colony of bees in winter, barring unusual accidents, are only two in number: (1) Inadequate stores and (2) excessive heat production. The numerous factors usually given in the literature on the subject as entirely distinct fall into these two classes, except for some that are usually given which the authors do not believe to be operative.

**Excessive Heat Generation.**  
 It was first shown by specialists of the United States department of agriculture that at hive temperatures between 57 and 69 degrees Fahrenheit, a normal broodless colony of bees does not form a cluster, but the bees remain inactive on the combs. When the temperature of the air immediately surrounding the bees (not the temperature of the air outside the hive) falls to 57 degrees Fahrenheit or lower, they form a cluster and those in the center begin to generate heat by muscular activity, while those in the outer portion serve as insulators by crowding close together, usually with their heads toward the center of the cluster. The innermost portion rapidly acquires a temperature considerably higher than that of the air about the bees before clustering was necessary, often going to 90 degrees Fahrenheit in normal colonies and higher in abnormal ones. The number of bees engaged in heat production increases as the outer temperature falls and the insulating zone is consequently decreased in thickness but becomes more compact. The entire cluster becomes smaller as the outer temperature falls.

**Necessity of Packing.**  
 If bees can be kept in an environment such that the temperature of the air immediately surrounding them is 57 degrees Fahrenheit, or slightly above, they are saved much unnecessary and unprofitable labor. To the theoretical objection that bees need exercise, it is necessary only to state that the authors have so wintered bees in a cellar as well as outdoors with wonderfully successful results. If bees are kept in a cellar under the best conditions the results are excellent, but it is not proposed to discuss this more complicated phase of the subject here. If wintered outside in a packing case with abundant insulation, any heat generated escapes slowly and the temperature of the air in the hive rarely falls below 55 degrees Fahrenheit. If infrequently protected, the temperature of the hive cannot be kept so high and the bees must generate much more heat. In single-walled hives it is common for the temperature of the air around the cluster to fall to freezing or lower, in which event the bees generate an excessive amount of heat and perhaps die when they are no longer capable of the necessary muscular activity. The necessity of packing is thus made clear, and in any locality in which the outer temperature often falls to 40 degrees Fahrenheit, or below, it is desirable to protect bees to conserve their vitality. If the temperature should fall to 40 degrees Fahrenheit only a few times during the winter, this would not be serious enough to make insulation necessary.

**Accumulation of Feces.**  
 Heat generation causes increased consumption of stores; this in turn causes an accumulation of feces within the bees, which is more rapid if the stores contain a high percentage of indigestible materials, and the presence of feces causes increased activity, often resulting in the death from excessive heat generation. Beekeepers call this condition dysentery if the accumulation is so excessive that the bees are unable to retain the feces. Dysentery causes the death of bees in winter, so far as has been seen, solely by undue activity and excessive heat production. This detrimental effect is reduced by good stores, but obviously the proper method is to prevent an unnecessary accumulation of feces by preventing a heavy consumption of stores, chiefly by providing a sufficiently high surrounding temperature.

In mild climates, in which there are frequent days when bees can fly and rid themselves of feces, the injurious effects of poor stores are less noticeable, because the feces do not accumulate sufficiently to cause abnormal activity. The accumulation of feces is to be considered as an irritant, causing responses similar to disturbance by jarring or exposure to light.

**Proper Insulation.**  
 The exact method of packing is not especially important, provided enough insulation is given on all sides. Colonies may be packed singly in any sort of box, or they may be packed in groups of four. Some beekeepers arrange colonies in long rows and apply insulation to the whole row. The placing of several hives in contact has the advantage that the colonies insulate one another. If arranged in groups of four, two facing east and two west, they may be left on the same stand throughout the year and are readily manipulated during summer. If in long rows close together, summer manipulations are impeded, unless the hives are moved after the insulation is removed. Placing colonies in long rows is therefore not advisable. Whatever type of outer case is used, it should be tight, to prevent rain and snow from wetting the insulating material.

If the bees do not have sufficient stores, they may be given combs of honey, but these should always be given before cold weather, so that a proper cluster space may be formed by the moving of honey, since bees always cluster in empty cells of the comb adjacent to stores.

**Feed Sugar Sirup.**  
 If honey in combs is not available, the bees may be fed extracted honey, but the usual practice is to feed a thick sugar sirup made of two or two and one-half parts of sugar to one part of water by volume. To this sirup one ounce of tartaric acid should be added for each 40 to 60 pounds of sugar while the sirup is being heated to the boiling point to dissolve the sugar crystals. The sirup should be boiled 15 minutes. The acid helps to invert the cane sugar, thus retarding its granulation in the comb. If there is any question as to the quality of the stores, it is a good practice to feed ten pounds of sirup at the time of packing, in addition to the stores provided earlier, this being stored immediately above the cluster. It is thus used first, and an accumulation of feces does not occur so long as the bees use only the sugar sirup. There is, however, no better food in winter than a good quality of honey. As was stated earlier, honey-dew honey causes a rapid accumulation of feces, resulting in dysentery. If this is present in the fall, it should be removed and better stores given. Some fall honeys are similarly injurious, but their injurious effects may be reduced by feeding sirup at the time of packing.

**FARM HORSE WORKED TO UTMOST CAPACITY**  
**Wise Use of Animal Is of Vital Concern to Farmer, Says Agricultural Department.**  
 (From the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
 The horse that works 1,000 hours a year and costs \$100 for feed, shelter, etc., is cheaper than the horse that costs but \$75 for keep and works but 500 hours. The former costs but 10 cents per hour worked, while the latter costs 15 cents. Wise use of the farm horse to his fullest working capacity is thus of vital concern to the farmer, according to United States department of agriculture bulletin 560, just issued, "Cost of Keeping Farm Horses and Cost of Horse Labor," embodying the results of the study of the records for 316 horses on 27 farms in Illinois, Ohio, and New York. In Illinois 154 horses on 10 farms showed an average yearly cost for keep of \$100.65. The average yearly hours worked per horse were 1,053 and the cost per hour worked 9.56 cents. Records for 72 horses in Ohio showed an average cost of keep per horse \$86, and cost per hour 13.09 cents. In New York the average yearly cost per horse of 90 horses on 10 farms was \$145.02, average hours worked 1,020, and average cost per hour 14.22 cents.

37% More For Your Money  
 Get the Genuine  
**HILL'S CASCARA QUININE**  
 Bromide  
 No advance in price for this 20-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—Some cold tablets now 30c for 21 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost per tablet, you save 9¼¢ when you buy Hill's—Cures Cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days—Money back if it fails. 24 Tablets for 25c. At any Drug Store.

## WILL POWER AND INSOMNIA

Relaxation, Assisted by Beautiful and Benevolent Thoughts, Cited as Sure Cure for Sleeplessness.

A noted hygienist tells of a man who was on the borderland of nervous breakdown and the joy of brain and muscle was fast receding, notes the Ohio State Journal. But he got well and sound again by attending safely to his relaxation. Insomnia was his greatest trouble, and when he went to bed it was to toss and bob around in mind and body until he fell into a restless sleep. He cured this by relaxation. That is, by yielding his body to the gentle pressure of bed and pillow and not trying to hold himself up by nervous exertion. It is the old doctrine of power through repose, a lovely idea, but not always realizable. The trouble is one soon forgets the relaxation, and so tries to practice it that he is apt to fall into a contortion.

The hygienist leaves out the main idea. He resorts to the will power, while the real secret is a resort to the moral power, which means falling under the sway of beautiful and benevolent thoughts, and then the relaxation will take care of itself. One of these methods is to think of the people you don't like, and then proceed to love them all, and you will find the pillow and the bed will render their full service and sustain all your physical and mental infirmities.

## HEAL BABY RASHES

That Itch, Burn and Torture With Cuticura—Trial Free.

A hot Cuticura Soap bath is soothing to irritated skins when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. Use Cuticura for every-day toilet preparations to prevent such troubles. After this treatment baby sleeps, mother rests and health follows.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Gift to British.

A munificent gift to the British nation is being made by a Leeds gentleman, in the form of his famous collection of old Dutch and Flemish masters, including notable examples by Rubens and Vandyck. There are upwards of fifty pictures in the collection, which will be handed to a trust to be known as the National Collection Trust; and they will be shown all over the country. It is estimated that the value of the collection is something like three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

## \$100 Reward, \$100

Catarh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists fee. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

## Island of Mindoro.

So prolific was the Island of Mindoro in the Philippines at one time in the production of rice that it was popularly called "the granary of the Philippines." Sugar, cotton, hemp and other crops thrive on the island, when properly cultivated. Yet its economic conditions are extremely backward, and a large part of its population is in a constant state of poverty. It has altogether about 39,000 inhabitants. Among these are 18,000 Tagalogs, 7,200 Mangyans, 2,000 Visayans, and of Ilocanos less than 1,000. Of the whole, over 7,000 are pronounced savage; a large proportion of the remainder are densely ignorant.

## To Drive Out Malaria

Old Stand Up The System Take the Old Building GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 60 cents.

## Long Distance Cry.

Mamma—Now be a good little girl and stop crying.  
 Ruth (three years old)—Me won't stoy crying till papa hears me.  
 Mamma—But he can't hear you; he's in New York.  
 Ruth—Den me'll dest have to cw frou ze telefome.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One Little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

There is a market in India for cotton belting.

## When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy  
 No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

# The Real Adventure

By Henry Kitchell Webster

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COMES THE GREAT EVENT IN ROSE ALDRICH'S LIFE, THE PROSPECT OF A BABY, AND SHE REALIZES THAT WOMAN'S FINEST PROFESSION IS MOTHERHOOD—BUT PLANS GO SADLY AWRY

**SYNOPSIS**—Rose Stanton marries Rodney Aldrich, a rich young lawyer, after a brief courtship, and instantly is taken up by Chicago's exclusive social set and made a part of the gay whirl of the rich folk. It is all new to the girl, and for the first few months she is charmed with the life. And then she comes to feel that she is living a useless existence, that she is a social butterfly, a mere ornament in her husband's home. Rose longs to do something useful and to have the opportunity to employ her mind and utilize her talent and education. Rodney feels much the same way himself. He thinks he ought to potter around in society just to please his wife, when in reality he'd rather be giving his nights to study or social service of some sort. They try to reach an understanding, following the visit of two New York friends, who have worked out satisfactorily this same problem.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

But she went steadily on. "You were always so dear about it. But tonight—oh, Rodney . . ." Her silly, ragged voice choked there and stopped, and the tears brimmed up and spilled down her cheeks. But she kept her face steadfastly turned to his.

"That's what I said about being married and not sowing wild oats, I suppose," he said glumly. "It was a joke. Do you suppose I'd have said it if I meant it?"

"It wasn't only that," she managed to go on. "It was the way they looked at the house; the way you apologized for my dress; the way you looked when you tried to get out of answering Barry Lake's questions about what you were doing. Oh, how I despised myself! And how I knew you and they must be despising me!"

"The one thing I felt about you all the evening," he said, with the patience that marks the last stage of exasperation, "was pride. I was rather crazily proud of you."

"As my lover you were proud of me," she said. "But the other man—the man that's more truly you—was ashamed, as I was ashamed. Oh, it doesn't matter! Being ashamed won't accomplish anything. But what we'll do is going to accomplish something."

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"I want you to tell me first," she said, "how much money we have, and how much we're spending."

"I don't know," he said stubbornly. "I don't know exactly."

"You've got enough, haven't you, of your own . . . I mean, there's enough that comes in every year, to live on, if you didn't earn a cent by practicing law? Well, what I want to do, is to live on that. I want to live, however and wherever we have to—live on that—out in the suburbs



"That's Why I Wanted to Decide Things Tonight."

somewhere, or in a flat, so that you will be free; and I can work—be some sort of help."

"You can wash the dishes and scrub the floors," he supplemented, "and I can carry my lunch to the office with me in a little tin box." He looked at his watch. "And now that the thing's reduced to an absurdity, let's go to bed. It's getting along toward two o'clock."

"You don't have to get to the office till nine tomorrow morning," said Rose. "And I want to talk it out now. And I don't think I said anything that was absurd."

"I shouldn't have called it absurd," he admitted after a rather long silence. "But it's exaggerated and unnecessary. Next October, when the lease on this house runs out, we can manage, perhaps, to change the scale a little. There you are! Now do stop worrying about it and let's go to bed."

But she sat there just as she was, staring at the dying fire, her hands

lying slack in her lap, all as if she hadn't heard. The long silence irked him. He pulled out his watch, looked at it, and began winding it. He mended the fire so that it would be safe for the night; bolted a window. Every minute or two he stole a look at her, but she was always just the same. Except for the faint rise and fall of her bosom, she might have been a picture, not a woman.

At last he said again, "Come along, Rose dear."

"It'll be too late in October," she said. "That's why I wanted to decide things tonight. Because we must begin right away." Then she looked up into his face. "It will be too late in October," she repeated, "unless we begin now."

The deep, tense seriousness of her voice and her look arrested his full attention.

"Why?" he asked. And then, "Rose, what do you mean?"

"We're going to have a baby in October," she said.

CHAPTER XII.

**The Door That Was to Open.** What a silly little idiot she'd been not to have seen the thing for herself! She'd been, all the while, beating her head against blind walls when there was a door there waiting to open of itself when the time came. Motherhood! There'd be a doctor and a nurse at first, of course, but presently they'd go away and she'd be left with a baby. Her own baby! She could care for him with her own hands, feed him—her joy reached an ecstasy at this—from her own breast.

That life which Rodney led apart from her, the life into which she had tried with such ludicrous unsuccess to effect an entrance, was nothing to this new life which was to open before her in a few short months now. Meanwhile, she not only must wait—she could well afford to.

That was why she could listen with that untroubled smile of hers to the terrible things that Rodney and James Randolph and Barry Lake and Jane got into the way of hurling across her dinner table, and to the more mildly expressed but equally alkaline cynicisms of Jimmy Wallace.

Jimmy was dramatic critic on one of the evening papers as well as a bit of a playwright. He was a slim, cool, smiling, highly sophisticated young man, who renounced all privileges as an interpreter of life in favor of remaining an unbiased observer of it. He never bothered to speculate about what you ought to do—he waited to see what you did.

Well, in the light of the miraculous transformation that lay before her, Rose could listen undaunted to the tough philosophizings her husband and Barry Lake delighted in as well as to the mordant merciless realties with which Doctor Randolph and Jimmy Wallace confirmed them. She wasn't indifferent to it all.

"Jim's pretty weird when he gets going," Eleanor Randolph said to Frederica, on the next day after they had been dining at the Aldriches, "but that Barry Lake has a sort of surgical way of discussing just anything, and his wife's as bad."

"We never got off women all the evening. Barry Lake had their history down from the early Egyptians, and Jim got off a string of pathological freaks. And then Rodney came out strong for economic independence, only with his own queer angle on it, of course. He thought it would be a fine thing, but it wouldn't happen until the men insisted on it. When a girl wasn't regarded as marriageable unless she had been trained to a trade or a profession, then things would begin to happen. I think he meant it, too."

"Well, and all the while there sat Rose, taking it all in with those big eyes of hers, smiling to herself now and then; saying things, too, sometimes, that were pretty good, though nobody but Jimmy seemed to understand, always, just what she meant. They've talked before, those two. But she was no more embarrassed than as if we'd been talking embroidery stitches."

So far as externals went, her life, that spring, was immensely simplified. The social demands upon her, which had been so insistent all winter, stopped almost automatically. The

exception was the Junior League show in Easter week, for which she put in quite a lot of work. She was to have danced in it.

This is an annual entertainment by which Chicago sets great store. All the smartest and best-looking of the younger set take part in it, in costumes that would do credit to a chorus dresser, and as much of Chicago as is willing and able to pay five dollars a seat for the privilege is welcome to come and look. Delirious weeks are spent in rehearsal, under a first-class professional director; audience and performers have an equally good time, and Charity, as residuary legatee, profits by thousands.

Rose dropped in at a rehearsal one day at the end of a solid two hours of committee work, found it unexpectedly amusing, and made a point, thereafter, of attending when she could. Her interest was heightened, if not wholly actuated, by some things Jimmy Wallace had been telling her lately about how such things were done on the real stage.

He had written a musical comedy once, lived through the production of it, and had spent a hard-earned two weeks' vacation tramping with it on the road, so he could speak with authority. It was a wonderful Odyssey when you could get him to tell it, and as Rose made a good audience, she got the whole thing at her dinner table.

The thing got a sociological twist eventually, of course, when Jane wanted to know if it were true that the chorus girls received inadequate pay. Jimmy demolished this with more wrath than he often showed. He didn't know any other sort of job that paid a totally untrained girl as well. It took a really accomplished stenographer, for instance, to earn as much a week as was paid the average chorus girl. The trouble was that the indispensable assets in the business were not character and intelligence and ambition, but just personal charms.

"But a girl who's serious about it, who doesn't have to be told the same thing more than once, and catches on, sometimes, without being told at all, why, she can always have a job and she can be as independent as anybody. She can get twenty-five dollars a week or even as high as thirty."

The latter part of this conversation was what she was to remember afterward, but the thing that impressed Rose at the time, and that held her for hours looking on at the League show rehearsals, was what Jimmy had told her about the technical side of the work of production, the labors of the director, and so on.

As the weeks and months wore away, and as the season of violent alternations between summer and winter, which the Chicagoan calls spring, gave place to summer itself, Rose was driven to trench herself more and more deeply behind this great expectation. It was like a dam holding back waters that otherwise would have rushed down upon her and swept her away.

And then came Harriet, Rodney's other sister, and the pressure behind the dam rose higher.

Rose had tried, rather unsuccessfully, to realize that there was actually in existence another woman who occupied, by blood anyway, the same position toward Rodney and herself that Frederica did. She felt almost like a real sister toward Frederica. But without quite putting the notion into words, she had always felt it was just as well that Harriet was an Italian contessa, four thousand miles away. Rodney and Frederica spoke of her affectionately, to be sure, but their references made a picture of a rather formidably correct, seriously aristocratic sort of person.

She'd discovered, along in the winter sometime, that Harriet's affairs were going rather badly. It was along in May that the cable came to Frederica announcing that Harriet was coming back for a long visit. "That's all she said," Rodney explained to Rose. "But I suppose it means the finish. She said she didn't want any fuss made, but she hinted she'd like to have Freddy meet her in New York, and Freddy's going. Poor old Harriet! We must try to cheer her up."

She didn't seem much in need of cheering up, Rose thought, when they first met. All that showed on the contessa's highly polished surface was a

disposition to talk *amuzously* over old times with her old friends, including her brother and sister, and a sort of dismayed acquiescence in the smoky seriousness, the inadequate civilization, of the city of her birth.

Toward Rose herself, the contessa was, one might say, studiously affectionate. She avoided being either disagreeable or patronizing. Rose could see, indeed, how she avoided it.

About this time the question where Rose and Rodney were going to live after their lease on the McCrea house ended, had begun to press for an answer. October first was when the lease expired, and it wasn't far from the date at which they expected the baby. They spent some lovely afternoons during the days of the emerging spring, cruising about looking at possible places.

This was the situation when Harriet took a hand in it. It was a situation made to order for Harriet to take a hand in. She'd sized it up at a glance, made up her mind in three minutes what was the sensible thing for them to do, written a note to Florence McCrea in Paris, and then bided her opportunity to put her idea into effect. To her Rose was simply a well-meaning, somewhat inadequately



She Stared, Bewildered.

divulged young person, the beneficiary, through her marriage with Rodney, of a piece of unmerited good fortune.

When she got Florence McCrea's answer to her letter, she took the first occasion to get Rodney off by himself and talk a little common sense into him.

"What about where to live, Rodney?" she asked. "Made up your mind about it yet? It is time someone with a little common sense straightened you out about this."

Harriet couldn't be sure from the length of time he took seeing that his pipe was properly lighted, whether he altogether liked this method of approach or not.

"Common sense always was a sort of specialty of yours, sis," he said at last, "and straightening out. You were always pretty good at it." Then out of a cloud of his own smoke, "Fire away."

"Well, in the first place," she said, "if you had your house today you'd be lucky if the paint was dry and the thing was fit to move into by the first of September."

"But we've got to get out of here, anyway, in October. And that means we've got to have some sort of place to get into. It is an awkward time, I'll admit."

"No, you haven't," she said. "You can stay right here another six months, if you like. I've heard from Florence. When I found how things stood here, I wrote and asked her if she'd lease for six months more if she got the chance, and she wrote back and simply grabbed at it."

Rodney smoked half way through his pipe before he made any comment on this suggestion. "This house isn't just what we want," he said. "In the first place, it's expensive."

Harriet shrugged her shoulders, picked up one of Florence's poetry books and eyed the heavily tooled binding with a satirical smile before she replied.

"I'd an idea there was that in it," she said at last. "Freddy said something. . . . Rose had been talking to her." Then, after another little silence and with a sudden access of vehemence: "You don't want to go and do a regular fool thing, Roddy. You're getting on perfectly splendidly. But if you pull up and go to live in a barn somewhere and stop seeing anybody—people that count, I mean—"

Rodney grunted. "You're beyond your depth, sis," he said. "Come back where you don't have to swim. The expense isn't a capital consideration, I'll admit that. Now go on from there."

"That's like old times," she observed with a not ill-humored grimace. "I wonder if you talk to Rose like that. Oh, I know the house is rather solemn and absurd. It's Florence herself all over, that's the size of it. But what does that matter for six months more?"

He pocketed his pipe and got up out of his chair. "There's something in it," he admitted. "I'll think it over."

"Better cable Florence as soon as you can," she advised.

Rose protested when the plan for living six months more in Florence McCrea's house was broached to her. She made the best fight she could. But Harriet's arguments, re-stated now by Rodney with full conviction, were too much for her. When she broke down and cried, as she couldn't help doing, Rodney soothed and comforted her, assured her that this notion of hers about the expensiveness of it all, was just a notion, which she must struggle against as best she could. She'd see things in a truer proportion afterward.

Very fine and small and weak, Rose Stanton, lying in a bed with people about her, let her eyes fall heavily shut lest they should want her to speak or think. . . . Then, for a long time, nothing. Then presently, a hand, a firm, powerful hand, that poked up her heavy, limp wrist and two sensitive finger-tips that rested lightly on the upper surface of it. After that, an even, measured voice—a voice of authority, whose words no doubt made sense, only Rose was too tired to think what the sense was:

"That's a splendid pulse. She's doing the best thing she can, sleeping like that."

And then another voice, utterly unlike Rodney's and yet unmistakably his—a ragged voice that tried to talk in a whisper but couldn't manage it—broke queerly.

"That's all right," it said. "But I'll find it easier to believe when—"

She must see him—must know what it meant that he should talk like that. With a strong physical effort, she opened her eyes and tried to speak his name. She couldn't; but someone must have been watching and have seen, because a woman's voice said quickly and quietly "Mr. Aldrich."

And the next moment, vast and towering and very blurred in outline, but, like his voice, unmistakably, was Rodney—her own big, strong Rodney. She tried to hold her arms up to him, but of course she couldn't.

And then he shortened suddenly. He had knelt down beside her bed, that was it. And she felt upon her palm the pressure of his lips, and his unshaven cheek, and on her wrist a warm wetness that must be—tears.

And then she knew. The urgency of a sudden terror gave her her voice. "Roddy," she said, "there was going to be a—baby. Isn't there?"

Something queerly like a laugh broke his voice when he answered, "Oh, you darling! Yes. It's all right. That isn't why I'm crying. It's just because I'm so happy."

"But the baby?" she persisted. "Why isn't it here?"

Rodney turned and spoke to someone else. "She wants to see," he said. "May she?"

And then a woman's voice (why, it was the nurse, of course! Miss Harris, who had come last night) said in an indulgent, soothing tone: "Why, surely she may. Wait just a minute."

But the wait seemed hours. Why didn't they bring the baby—her baby? There! Miss Harris was coming at last, with a queer, bulky, shapeless bundle. Rodney stepped in between and cut off the view, but only to slide an arm under mattress and pillow and raise her a little so that she could see.

And then, under her eyes, dark red and hairy against the whiteness of the pillow, were two small heads—two small, shapeless masses leading away from them, twitching, squirming. She stared, bewildered.

"There were twins, Rose," she heard Rodney explaining triumphantly, but still with something that wasn't quite a laugh, "a boy and a girl. They're perfectly splendid. One weighs seven pounds and the other six."

Her eyes widened and she looked up into his face so that the pitiful bewilderment in hers was revealed to him.

"But the baby," she said. Her wide eyes filled with tears and her voice broke weakly. "I wanted a baby."

"You've got a baby," he insisted, and now laughed outright. "There are two of them. Don't you understand, dear?"

Her eyes drooped shut, but the tears came welling out along her lashes. "Please take them away," she begged. And then, with a little sob, she whispered: "I wanted a baby, not those."

Rodney started to speak, but some sort of admonitory signal from the nurse silenced him.

The nurse went away with her bundle, and Rodney stayed stroking Rose's limp hand.

In the dark, ever so much later she awoke, stirred a little restlessly, and the nurse, from her cot, came quickly and stood beside her bed. She had something in her hands for Rose to drink and Rose drank it dutifully. "Is there anything else?" the nurse asked.

"I just want to know," Rose said; "have I been dreaming, or is it true? Is there a baby, or are there twins?"

"Twins, to be sure," said the nurse cheerfully. "The lovellest, livelivest little pair you ever saw."

"Thank you," said Rose. "I just wanted to know."

She shut her eyes and pretended to go to sleep. But she didn't. It was true then. Her miracle, it seemed somehow, had gone ludicrously awry.

Knowing that they have plenty of money to raise twins properly, why should Rose resent the fact that she has been presented with two babies instead of one?



Mixed.  
Peggy, aged three, is a very appreciative little soul, but she has a language all her own.  
One afternoon the sun went down in a blaze of glory and Peggy stood gazing at it with blinking eyes.  
"Oh, mother," she gasped, "What a grandful skyset!"



**FAULT-FINDING BAD HABIT**  
Is King of Indoor Sports But Causes Others Displeasure and Gains Critic Nothing.

Fault-finding is perhaps the king of indoor sports. Or should it be catalogued as the queen? It is one of the simplest of pleasures. There are millions of people who think they can display their superior taste or knowledge by finding fault.

The coffee is not right. My taste about coffee, therefore, is superior and more delicate than that of others. There is something lacking in the decorations or the furniture. My judgment, therefore, is somewhat superior to the other man's.

This habit of fault-finding is a most disagreeable one—one, too, that grows unless effort is made to overcome it, declares a writer in the Milwaukee Journal. It never appears to occur to fault-finders that they themselves may be lacking in taste or ability.

What is the need, anyway, of campaigning the pleasures of others in their possession or actions? One almost always can find something to commend. And if there is nothing whatever, one would be well to be gentle in criticism, or else say nothing. There are countless little things we may wish were different, but it is not good to keep pointing them out. Silence about trifling things that one does not like is a virtue.

Let us guard our tongues against useless fault-finding. Let us trim ourselves to the best model we can find and remember we are not responsible for the conduct or the works of the world at large. The world may be wrong sometimes. But it may frequently be right when we think it wrong. And we ourselves have no claim to perfectness in judgment or taste.

**Spotted the Winner.**  
A gentleman who lived in central Africa for many years possesses an amusing drawing of a "race meeting" out there. A leopard is chasing, and rapidly overhauling, a fat old white man, and two gally-apparalled natives are lookers-on.

"Can you spot the winner?" murmurs one to the other.  
"The winner," is the solemn reply, "is spotted already!"

**From Florida.**  
Suit Case—Ever travel South?  
Alligator Bag—Sure thing; that was my old home, you know.

Don't overdo anything. Too much gratitude takes on the appearance of expectation.

**"In most cases of Dyspepsia Coffee Does Not Agree"—**  
*says a well known authority.*

Many who use coffee—not knowing that it aggravates stomach troubles—could still enjoy a delicious hot table beverage and escape coffee's effects by a change to the wholesome, pure cereal drink—

**POSTUM**  
"There's a Reason"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE**

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

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**DIRECTORY**

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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. Reineke, 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 Forrester.**

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

**St. Joseph's Court No. 190**

St. John the Baptist Society meets every fourth Sunday at St. Joseph's hall at 11:30 a. m.

**Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais.**

First mass, 7:30 a. m.  
Highmass, 10:00 a. m.  
Vespers, 2 p. m.

FATHER CHARLEBOIS, 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. 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. 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.  
Dr. C. T. Morel, A. F. Marcotte, George Arseneau, Patrick Lamontagne, George Courville, Oscar Byron, Trustees.

Meets first Friday of each month.

**Mystic Workers Lodge 1242**

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

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

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

**St. Peter and Paul Society.**

Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

**St. Anna Sodality.**

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

**Holy Name Society.**

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

**Children of Mary Society.**

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

**Tornado Insurance**

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

Better see us for tornado insurance today.

**HERMAN WORMAN**

Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Mrs. Frank Miller, of North Grand Ave., who has been seriously ill for the past week, is reported as being some better.

**RANGERS' HORSES TO ACT AS FIREMEN**

Steed With 200-pound Load Will Trail After Forester on Another Mount.

The United States forestry service is going to have its fire departments on horseback during the coming summer.

The equipment is to consist of two water bags strapped to a pack saddle. The bags are to be connected to a point in the shape of a letter T, a long piece of hose joining the two and going to a force pump, which will throw a stream of water thirty or forty feet.

The horse with his load of 200 pounds will trail after the ranger, mounted on another horse, and fires in logs, which start large conflagrations in the forests, can be easily put out, as well as the smoldering kind among leaves and shrubbery. It saves the ranger the necessity of going back miles for water and carrying it in buckets.

A bag will carry ten and three-quarter gallons of water and the forestry service estimates that the total cost of each outfit will be \$33. There will be eight of them in use in the Colorado district during the summer. They correspond to the Mexican "alforgas" or pack. The bags have a funnel attachment which permits the ranger to fill them without getting off his horse.

In addition to the latest method of preventing fires, Supervisor McLaren, a Colorado official, states that the service is to keep the public warned of the dangers of carelessness on its part by the distribution of drinking cups with warnings printed in red. They are to be handed to the visitors to the forest by the rangers and also given out by the managers of summer resorts.

Cigars holders and blotters are also to contain warning words and the popular cards with the game laws on one side and fire warnings on the other are also to be issued.

**Caught.**

He had no stomach for the army, but presented himself for examination with a "sure trick" up his sleeve to "work his ticket." He was physically perfect, but his eyesight was shocking—so bad, indeed, that the sergeant thought the doctor should see him. "First class physically," pronounced the doctor, but when the medical man applied the eye tests the would be recruit's sight appeared much worse than when the sergeant had him in hand.

"No, no, my man; with sight like that you're no use for the army," said the medico. "But you ought to get glasses. Stay, I've a pair like microscopes and if you see with them you can have them."

The spectacles were produced and fitted on and the recruit at once cried, "Oh, I see splendidly."

"Do you now?" said the doctor, with sarcasm. "Take him along, Sergeant, and get him sworn in. There's no glass in the spectacles."

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



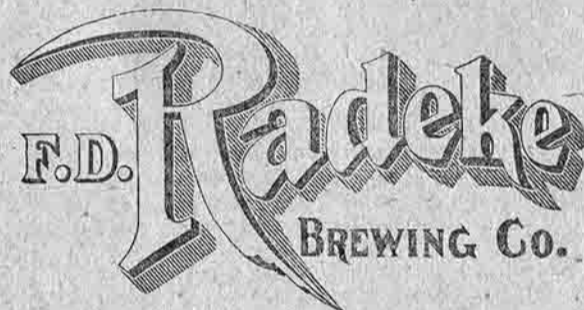
**Stage Coach and Tavern Days**

Back in the stage coach days one had to go to a tavern to find solacing beverages and incidental sociability. Today, the progress of brewing and the art of bottling, have made possible all the joys and comforts of the old time inn right at home with that beverage of health and wholesomeness, of content and good cheer.

**Radeke Beer**

Made in Kankakee

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



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City National Bank Building  
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UNDERTAKERS

389 East Court Street

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**DR. E. G. WILSON**

Physician and Surgeon

Kankakee, Illinois

**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.

**The Economy**

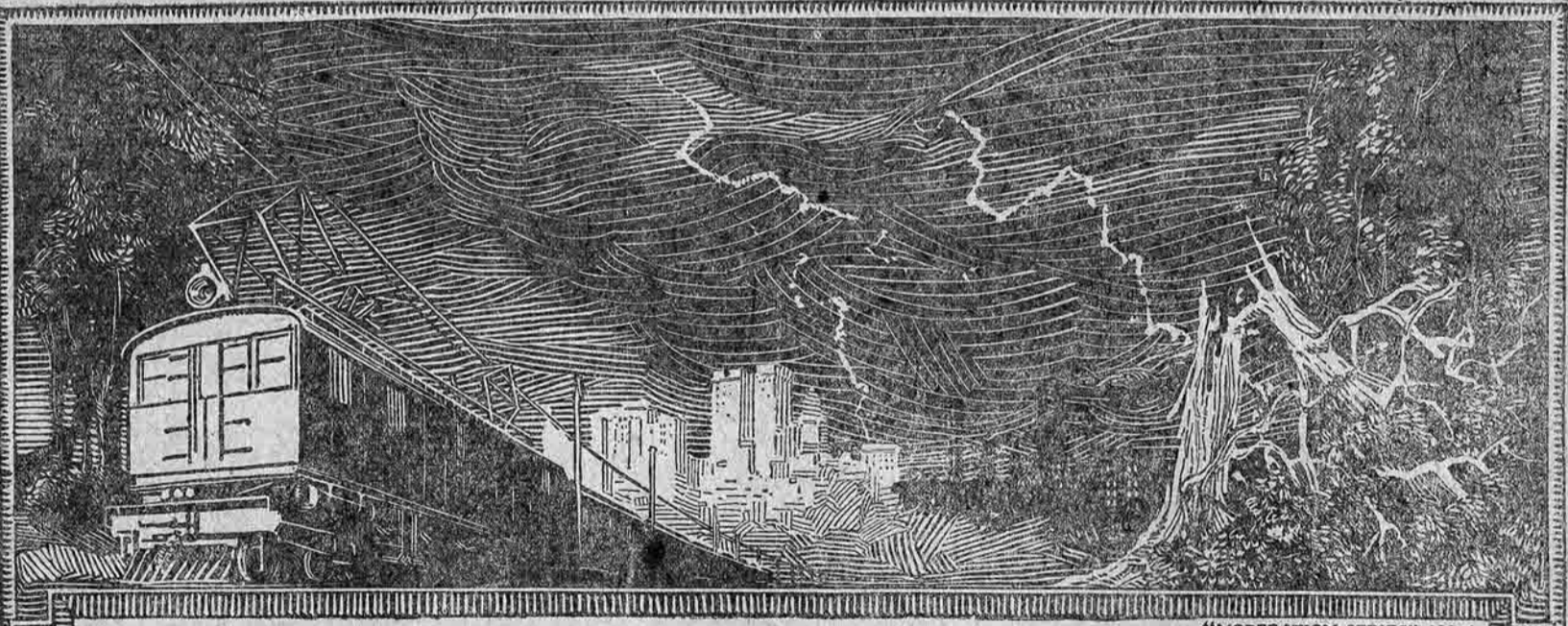
Bradley's Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Bell Phone 298 and 1808

Bring your market basket and let us fill it for you. You will save money.

TRY US



"MODERATION SERIES" NO. 4

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



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

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

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Anheuser-Busch Branch  
Distributors Chicago, Ill.

**Budweiser**  
Means Moderation



### His Dramatic Gifts

"Speaking of trials," said Mrs. Philbin in a conversational tone. "Albert has gone on the stage!"

"Not really?" the other woman shrieked after they had caught their breaths.

"No," said Mrs. Philbin, "not really—just on the amateur stage. But it's lots worse than real acting. I don't know anything better, calculated to make a staid, grownup man kick up his heels, buy new neckties and generally conduct himself in a kitchinish way than a request that he lend his presence to an amateur production. It bolsters him up in his secret conviction that he is a perfect mine of undiscovered genius."

"Oh no!" he said at first. "You don't want me! I never acted in anything in my life and I can't do it! I'd ruin the piece! Get some one else!" Afterward he told me that he hated to disoblige them but he really couldn't do it. I congratulated him on his good sense, whereupon he looked at me as tho he had caught me trying to poison him. He said he regretted to see how little confidence I had in his ability and was pained at my exhibition of jealousy.

"Then he raced to the phone and told the committee that just to oblige them and help them out of a hole he'd take the part."

"After that Albert was lost to the family. He passed three whole evenings running his hands thru his hair and memorizing his part. If I spoke to him he would stare at me wildly as tho he belonged to another sphere."

"After he went to the first rehearsal life became very hard at home because Albert took to going over what he called the 'business' of his part. It is disconcerting to have a man, even if he is your husband, rush at you from behind portieres and wander about with the furniture in his hands muttering to himself."

"Mrs. Lemmock called one evening and walked in just as Albert tore thru from the dining room into the parlor shaking his fist and yelling, 'I have you now, you moral leper, and your life—your life is not worth an hour's purchase! You can't blame Mrs. Lemmock for taking it personally, especially as Albert's fist was flourishing within an inch of her nose."

"During this time if I remarked to Albert that the cook was going to leave he would stare at me and say, 'So—at last, Montmorency, I have unmasked you!' It was impossible to carry on any conversation with Albert for weeks. He was always bursting out with bits of his part. Finally he insisted on my learning the part that dovetailed with his so that he could practice at home."

"Now, I love my husband and always try to please him, but I consider this my crowning act of self-sacrifice. Of course Albert was working for the public applause, but if any one wants to know what is my idea of zero in pleasant pastimes, I should mention rehearsing a part that you aren't going to play. Anyhow, it's upsetting to have your own husband lean over you tenderly, gaze into your eyes and make desperate love to you in dime novel style! It makes you feel so queer!"

"By the third rehearsal Albert had begun to talk about his art and to speak of well known stage people by their first names. He mentioned the public as tho he had it eating out of his hand, and he adopted the stage walk. When he stalked down stairs he thudded like a camel and when he stalked upstairs I always thought of elephants. He knocked all the bric-a-brac to pieces parading thru the rooms and when he talked he either boomed or hissed. He demanded potatoes in a voice of tragedy and took to standing before mirrors in profile frowning over his shape. He said the mirrors were old and worn out, and that was what gave him a curve out instead of a curve in."

"He got terribly fretful and when I objected he told me that I should make allowances for the artistic temperament and that the stage manager had told him if he had gone on the stage when he was a youth he undoubtedly would have rivaled Mansfield. Albert gloomed and tyrannized and had me jumping six ways at once hunting up his costume and buying grease paint and eyebrow pencils and false hair and letting him repeat his part to me and assuring him that he was entrancing in it."

"When I was worn to shreds the play was given, and I had my revenge. I went around into the wings to see if Albert needed any help, and fell over a shivering, crouching, chattering individual trying to hide between a canvas tree and a rustic gate. To my amazement it was Albert."

"He grabbed me with two ice cold hands, and clung to me for dear life. He said he'd die if he had to get out there before all those people. Oh, he moaned, wouldn't I save him?"

"I looked him in the eye and said, 'Albert this is just another phase of the artistic temperament, and I won't flicker an eyelash to help you! And if you fall in your part I'll leave home!'"

"Albert was ill for two days after the play from the nervous strain, and when he got up and around he was quite sane again. And I may add he's a great deal more humble than he used to be!"

When a girl is told she's as pretty as a picture, comic valentines don't count.

### Evil of Parties

"I think a party should be avoided at any cost," observed Wadding. "I would give Gertrude her choice between a bicycle and a party, and I'm sure that, like a good sensible girl, she will take the bicycle and forego the party. Most girls would make such a choice and it is better so for everybody."

"Parties are rough on the furniture and they are rough on the kids. Now look at that last party. Jennie Giggins broke a plate—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Wadding, "Jennie Giggins wasn't invited to the party. She ought not to count. Her sister was invited and she just came along with her sister."

"Well, you want to figure on younger sisters being brought along and breaking plates. There's little Willie Neepance, he nearly put his eye out at the last party Gertrude had."

"Well, Willie is so heedless. He struck his eye stooping to get the ball that you know perfectly well they were throwing at them valentines."

"Yes, well, you must always expect boys to be heedless and put their eyes out. Another girl tore her stockings and she was a sight when she went home. I know it made her parents our enemies to have her coming home from a party at our house looking as if she had been thru the siege of Mafeking."

"Parents object to getting their children banged up that way and they hold us responsible for all the injuries received at our house. Then there was the little girl who went home crying. That looks awful, to see little girls leaving our house precipitately and running home with a grievance."

"But Johnny Swattle tore her hair ribbons off."

"Well, you should look forward to nothing better than Johnny Swattle's tearing the girls' hair ribbons off and sending them howling to their mothers. The mas expected us to protect their dears from such attacks. And didn't little Amy have her clothes nearly torn off playing 'I spy'?"

"I tell you parties are bad for the people who go to them, and it is especially hard on the furniture, and the guests know that fact as well as the hosts. It is hard enough for grown people to keep from breaking and scuffing the furniture, much less children. For my part, I never go to your brother's house to dine, but what I fear I will get yself into serious trouble over putting my feet on his mahogany table."

"Your feet on the table!" gasped Mrs. Wadding.

"Yes. There is the most comfortable foot rest you ever saw projecting from the pedestal of your brother's dining table. But I can't get my feet on it without making a grating noise which arouses suspicion and gets me in bad. But no man can resist it. It is fate. That's the real reason why I avoid dinner parties at your brother's house if I possibly can."

#### Not Missed

"There is no one," remarked a politician who has been a candidate for Governor of Missouri, "who can take the wind out of a fellows sails so effectually as an old time, leisurely Missourian. For example:

"After a twelve years absence during which I had graduated at the university, got my name in the paper a few times and bought a new suit of clothes, I went back to the little old country town where I had been a poor but ambitious youth."

"I expected a reception committee to meet me; but it did not. However seeing the grandeur of my new clothes and stiff hat, my old acquaintances came round and shook hands quite cordially—all except old Bill McClanahan, who kept the general store. Old Bill sat at the back of the stove, handy to the sawdust box. He never noticed me; didn't even glance my way."

"I was piqued, angry in fact. I walked back to the stove and got right in front of my old friend, so that he had to look upon me in all my glory."

"Slowly, casually, he looked up from under the flap of his old white hat, and remarked:

"Arthur, you been away somewhere haven't you?"

#### His Suggestion

Possessed of very fine instincts, Mr. Right was much offended by an experience in a restaurant the other day. Sitting opposite him was a man who ate his feed in a vulgar way that offended the higher sensibilities of Right.

"Pray pardon me," he interposed. "May I be so bold as to offer a suggestion?"

"If you like," rudely answered the other, as he continued to maul a chicken bone.

"I should imagine," was the caustic rejoinder of Right, "that you would have considerably less trouble with that bone if you took it out on the mat!"

#### First Steps

"Thump-rattety-bang!" went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,' she answered.

"Well, I knew you were playing with your feet," he said grimly; "but don't step so heavily on the keys—it disturbs my thoughts."

### Helping the Bashful

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

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

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

#### Family Trees.

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

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, as he looked up from his evening paper. "Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Atwood. "What's that?"

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

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

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

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

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

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

Still she hesitated.

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

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

#### A Youthful Diplomat.

"Willie," said the dotting aunt, holding her nephew close to her, "tell me whom you like best—your mother, your father or me?"

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

#### Worse.

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

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

### The Helping Hand

"There's your chance to rescue beauty in distress," remarked Willoughby, as he pointed across the park where a woman motorist was wrestling with a balky car that refused to be cranked.

"Kindly excuse me!" replied DeForest as he lit a fresh one. "A burned child fears the fire."

"Were you burned?"

"Slightly, around the finger-tips. I was going south on a State street car when there entered a red-faced woman puffing with two baskets. She had just come back on a boat with some trophies from the Michigan fruit belt. I volunteered to open the car window for her. I gave a couple of tugs, but the window wouldn't budge. Then I tried to brace myself, and made one mighty effort, but with that my foot slipped and my knee went kerplunk right into that basket of ripe plums. It had a fascinating color, deep, dark and delicious. You never saw such a shade as the knee of my trousers immediately assumed. But it spoiled the plums. So I went away from that car immediately."

"Reminds me of one Sunday in July," said Willoughby, "when I took a west side girl out to one of the neighborhood ball games. She wore a lovely hat—roses and all that. I was busy trying to explain to her the difference between the umpire and the center fielder, and to give her a few pointers on base running, when all the time I could see that she was listening only with one ear. Her mind was on her hat. Eventually a red-headed batter knocked a foul ball that shot up like the price of wheat. I could see that it was coming in our direction, so I said to my companion: 'Just watch me catch it!'"

"Well, sir that thing actually did head straight for us. I stood up and got ready for it. The sun was kind of in my eyes, or something, or maybe the girl rattled me telling that she was sure she would be knocked flat. Anyway, the ball didn't stick to my fingers, but shot right thru them and hit the girl on her rose garden. The flowers flew in every direction and the girl began to whimper thru sheer mortification. I was advised by the fans to get a basket and to use fly paper."

"Well," said DeForest, "why didn't you?"

#### Domestic Diplomacy.

Mrs. John Brown, a friend of Henrietta's, says that when she married, John allowed her to select everything for the new home with the exception of the kitchen stove.

"A man knows better how to select that than a woman," said he. Manlike, he bought the biggest range and the highest-priced one on the market.

The wife was very proud of the stove, but did have spells of wishing that the kitchen were larger or the stove smaller, so that each would not be so conscious of the other's presence.

The first few years they moved about considerably, as is the way with newly weds, and the bugbear of moving was always the stove. Finally wife coaxed round a bit and suggested that they sell it and get a smaller one, and hubby acquiesced.

In a week or two, wife had found a purchaser in a woman who lived in the second-story apartment next door. When the wagon came to take the stove away, they had an awful time to get it out of the kitchen, and wife breathed a big sigh of relief when she saw it well out of the yard and on its way up the stairs of the next door apartment. A few minutes later she looked out, and to her horror they were bringing it back down the stairs.

"What's the matter?" she called.

"We can't get it in the door," said the man, "it will have to be taken up thru the window."

Wife decided not to show herself again until the stove was well inside the apartment. The next time she peeped out, they were operating a pulley device, by which the horse went round and the stove went up; it was already five feet in the air.

"Good!" thought Mrs. Brown. In a minute or two she again peeped out, and they were still operating the pulley device, but the horse was going up and the stove down. "Me for quick action," said Mrs. Brown to herself, and hastily throwing a few clothes into a suitcase, she made for the home of her mother, where she and John remained for several days.

What the woman in the next apartment said to Mrs. Brown when she got back home would make another interesting story, but Mrs. Brown only wiped the tears away with her apron, and said that it was just breaking her heart to do without that stove; that there never was an oven that could bake such good pie, cake, etc.

#### His Favorite Poem.

A Kansas family, so relates former Senator J. L. Bristow of that State, moved to town, and when the boy presented himself at school he was asked by the principal, among other things, as to his favorite poem.

"The Village Blacksmith," was the response. "I recite it every time we have company."

"Does your father ask you to do it?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "He says he thinks it keeps us from having much company."

### Idle Hands

"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 our house for some time. If he would remain in a resful 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 it 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 the old henhouse 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 sawed, 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 dark 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, Hostetter'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 not new.

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

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

When the original goods wore 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 flint are incased in a set of inch-and-a-quarter Deer Island jeans trousers patched with every kind of heavy goods from horse blankets to remnants of rag carpet—when I say, any human nether limbs are incarcerated in these bendless tubular garments in a wheat field on a southwest hillside at 2 o'clock on a clear, still 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 guillotine, 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."

Not one person in a thousand knows the President's flag. As president of the United States he has none, but as commander in chief of the army and navy his presence is noticed by distinct standards. The army flag is red and bears in the center the official coat of arms of the United States. Bearing the same coat of arms and somewhat similar, save its color, blue, is the navy flag. The navy flag is displayed whenever the president is aboard a naval vessel at a navy yard or under the navy's escort.

#### The Hospitable Habit

The family with the hospitable habit both enjoys more guests and enjoys them more than the family which has to go through a separate preparation for the advent of every one. Its spirit is more mellow, its judgments are more charitable; its fixed grimaces when it has any, are less fanatical; its moral perspective is more trustworthy, its attitude toward untried things more worldly wise, its sense of humor keener and more constant, its contempt for trifles more spontaneous. The stranger within its gates fares better here than anywhere else outside of his own home, for it absorbs him into itself, for the time being, almost as an integral part; he yields to it unbidden the best he has to give, and it gives him its best in return.

#### The President's Military Map

There is in the offices of the White House a map twenty feet long and eight feet high, which indicates, at a glance, the military information needed by the commander in chief of the army and navy.

This map represents the entire world. Different colors show at once the possessions of twelve great powers. Submarine cables, railways, steam ship lines mail routes are all distinctly traceable.

The naval and military forces of the various nations are indicated by miniature flags. Those representing the United States bear the names of commanders and are readily shifted as the forces move from place to place.

The cavalry, artillery and infantry are represented by flags of their respective colors—yellow, red and white—giving the number of the regiment and the letter of the troop, battery or company. Even the smallest hospital corps is marked by a tiny red cross. Ships of every class are shown by red, white and blue flags bearing the name of each and the number of her guns.

#### The Cedars of Lebanon

Very carefully enclosed and guarded are the 200 remaining cedars of Lebanon, those famous trees that once clothed all the sides of the Syrian mountain. So tall and beautiful were they in comparison with the trees of Palestine that the Hebrew writers celebrated them with extraordinary praise, and from the earliest times their soft white wood was the glory of Jewish architecture. They were used in Solomon's Temple, and in its successor, and also in the church that Constantine built at Jerusalem.

The surviving trees are called by the Arabs the "trees of God," and under their wide spreading branches the clergy of the Greek church occasionally celebrate mass.

Several of the trees in the grove are over 1,500 years old, and have a height of 100 feet and a circumference of fifty. In appearance they more resemble the aged larch or the majestic oak than the cedar that is known in America.

#### Walnuts from France

The best walnuts in the world—at least they have that reputation—are those grown around Grenoble, France, and a singular fact about them is that at least three quarters of the entire production are transported across the ocean to be eaten in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large American cities. The calcareous soil of southeastern France appears to be particularly favorable to the walnut. On the rising land at the base of the French Alps the nut trees often form veritable cultivated forests. The finest variety, the "mayette," has a light colored shell and a broad, flat base, on which it readily stands upright.

#### Longest Flight of Birds

A scientist says that perhaps the longest straight-away flight made by birds in their migrations is accomplished by some of the shore and water birds that nest in the islands of Behring Sea and spend the winter at Hawaii and Fanning Island, 2,200 miles away. Inasmuch as some of these birds live entirely on shore and are probably unable to rest on the surface of the water. It follows that they must accomplish the whole distance at a single flight. Although there are no land marks for them on their journey over a waste of waters, they make their way to their destination with the precision of a rifle shot.

#### Duck's Immunity to Snake Poison

Experiments by M. Billard and M. Lant recorded in the "Comptes Rendus" of the Biological Society of Paris shows that the common duck exhibits a remarkable indifference to the venom of the viper. They also find that the owl is similarly immune. Two of these, badly bitten on the bill, did not seem much worse. M. Billard also finds that the domestic cat has also complete immunity as regards the viper.

Bamboo is made to serve the wants of the Chinese and Japanese for 500 different purposes.

# The Young Zoologists

Penrod and Sam Have a Three Weeks' Thriller  
With a Horse Hair Snake

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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year-old sister, appeared in the doorway.

"Penrod!"

Instinctively, he leaped between her and the sacred bottle, that she might not see it. He trusted no woman in any weighty affair—least of all a sister!

"Papa sent me up to see what you are doing?"

"Nothing."

"Then why in the world don't you come to breakfast?"

"Well, I am coming, ain't I?" His tone was that of a person unjustly attacked. "What you all dressed up for this morning?"

"I never did see such a boy!" Margaret exclaimed.

"You say that every day," Penrod retorted plaintively.

"Penrod! Are you coming?"

"Yes, I'm ready," he announced unexpectedly, having managed, with his hands behind him, to conceal the bottle beneath his pillow.

Speeding from the table at the first possible moment, he returned to his own room, and, in the doorway, was struck with an unnamed fear. Katie, the housemaid was putting the room in order; but she had not touched the bed. Once more able to breathe, he secured the bottle and departed, carrying it under his jacket, in front, without Katie's noticing anything unusual in his manner or bosom.

He started down the back stairs, but retreated, hearing his mother below, in conversation with the cook.

snakeless. There are some things money cannot buy.

"What time is it getting to be?" Penrose suddenly inquired aloud.

There was a little clock on Margaret's dressing table, but it had stopped. Upon an impulse, he jumped up and ran downstairs to the kitchen. There, the noisy old wall-clock reassured him soothingly. It marked fifteen minutes after ten.

"Yay, Penrod!"

This was a shout from the yard, and going to the door, Penrod beheld Sam Williams, radiant with excitement.

"Come on over to our stable," shouted Sam. "Come on! Come on and look at him!"

Penrod did not stop for his hat; a jealous fear, suddenly roused, added fear to his feet. And when they reached Sam's stable he was profoundly resolved to find Sam's "snake" no more advanced toward the great transformation than his own. He expressed the opinion, indeed, that this was much further along.

"Why, how could it be?" demanded Sam resentfully. "I've been sittin' here lookin' at mine ever since breakfast, and never took my eyes off him. Well, sir, I saw him breathe—he did it lots of times! You can't tell it just lookin' at him this way. You got to keep lookin' at him and lookin' at him; you bet I saw him do it, all right! And once he almost wiggled."

"Almost wiggled! Mine did wiggle!" Penrod said—and thereafter believed it.

"Well, so'd mine," said Sam.

Margaret jumped. "Good gracious! What in the world—"

"I want my sna-a-ke! I left it in a bottle on your—"

"Oh!" Margaret laughed relieved. "There was a bottle on my dressing table, and noticed your name pasted on it; but I don't think there was anything inside except water."

Penrod jumped up and down. "What did you do with it?" he roared.

"I gave it to Katie, and told her to ask you if you wanted it, and if you didn't—"

Penrod left an overturned chair to blaze his trail. He burst into the kitchen, and Katie was there, bending over the sink.

"Where's my snake?"

"Oh, Lord!" wailed Katie, clutching at her heart.

"What'd you do with my sna-a-ke?"

"What did I do?"

"In a bottle!" he bellowed. "Margaret gave you my bottle with my sna-a-ke in it! I want my snake!"

"There wasn't any snake in it," said Katie. "There wasn't nothin' in it. Miss Marg'rut says the bottle had your name on it, and I should ask you did you want it, and I showed it to Della and she says she wants it to put some s'rup in it, and I wouldn't let her have it till I asked you, and you come in, and I started to ask you what fer you wanted it, and you says 'Cat fur to make kitten britches with,' and went on upstairs, and so—"

"Where is it?" shouted Penrod hoarsely; and even in this agony of suspense marked that the clock stood at 20 minutes of 11. "What did you do with my snake?"

"I never saw no snake. Do you think I'd 'a' touched it if there'd 'a' been any sn—"

"Where's my bottle?" demanded the frenzied boy.

"Here," said Katie, disengaging the empty bottle from the towel with which she was drying it. "You didn't seem to care enough about it to answer me, and I poured the water out, so Della could use it. There wasn't nothing in it at all—except a hair that must 'a' fell in it somehow, and went down the sink when I poured the water out."

Penrod ran amuck.

With a maniacal yell he struck the bottle from her hand and fled toward the front part of the house. In the library he encountered a young cat which had recently been adopted by his mother for "good luck," having followed her on the street. A really intelligent cat would have fled from Penrod's path at highest speed, but this one came running to him, hopefully. It proved to be the most important mistake of the young cat's life.

To one maddened with outrage and injustice, and suffering with the agony of having just had his heart's idol poured down the kitchen sink—the sight of another person's pet—safe, pampered, and wearing a pink ribbon—was merely crazing. With a glad cry, Penrod plunged to meet the advance of the young cat, who turned too late, but precisely in time to leave his extended tail in the feverish clutch of the maddened boy.

Once, twice, thrice, Penrod swung that electrified cat in a great circle, with the radius of a full arm and half a tall. The cat swept the air, shrieking inconceivably with horror, and at the top of its third orbit went so high, and so heartily, it brought down a glass globe from the chandelier.

Startled exclamations came from the parlor, and, following them, the projectors thereof: Margaret, Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts and Mr. Robert Williams. They reached the library in time to see the young cat become aviator, and, released from a hurrying hand, mount upward and upward upon invisible currents till it disappeared through the upper section of a window, which was "down from the top."

Crimson, infuriated, Penrod turned upon his dumfounded sister.

"You ruined my snake!" he bleated. "You watch what I do to your old gold fish!"

He darted out of her detaining fingers, and though she pursued, and Robert Williams pursued, and Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts pursued, he had seized upon the bowl of gold fish and was out in the hall with it before the hand of man—or girl—could be laid upon him.

On the hall table reposed two straw hats; one was Robert's; the other, which bore the mark of a London maker, was the hat of Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts.

Margaret, rushing through the doorway, uttered a lamentable outcry. But Penrod discriminated nothing between these hats. With a mighty effort he heaved the bowl of gold fish upside down and poured water and fish as equally as he could into the two hats.

Then he threw the empty bowl boldly into the stomach of Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts, his nearest pursuer, and with a great and demented roaring, dashed out of the open door and competed away into space.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Bitts, and remained where he was, two hands upon the area of contact. But Robert Williams ran swiftly out upon the front porch where a colored boy, with a bucket of soapy water in one hand, and a scrubbing brush in the other, stood gazing in the direction of Penrod's evanishment. Robert seized upon the bucket, and was back in the hall, and had the gold-fish in the soapy water almost instantly, flopping rather feebly, but alive.

"Quick!" he said to Margaret. "Get a pail of clear water. I don't know if they can live in these suds more than a minute. Don't stand there! Hurry!"

And when she returned with the pail he whispered to her: "I'll bring you another glass bowl for them this afternoon. Don't fret!"

"My hat!" said Mr. Bitts. "I believe that little brute has ruined it. I declare it's too bad."

That was why Margaret went walking, a little later, instead of driving. And yet Ethelbert had given her the gold-fish, in the first place!

A week later, this young man came forth melancholic from an interview with Miss Schofield. He had received the information from her—in a general way—there were times in a girl's life when the man who appeals to her must be of the general type of a senior in college; and that—generally speaking—if a girl feels that way, the best thing she can do may be—in general—to "wait" for that senior. Generally speaking, she added, she believed so.

As Mr. Bitts walked gloomily down the street he passed a grocer's wagon which bore the title, "Jacob R. Kirsh & Co." Attached to the wagon was an elderly bay horse, and attached to the elderly bay horse was a black tail. And on the other side of the horse, concealed from the view of Mr. Bitts, stood two boys, staring morbidly at the black tail.

"Yes, sir," said Sam Williams, "a nigger told me that the reason mine never turned to a snake was because you have to keep it three weeks without ever lookin' at it. If you look at it even once, just to see how it's gettin' along, it's spoiled. Well, we kept lookin' at 'em—a hundred times a day, I bet—and that's what was the matter with 'em! That's why they didn't turn."

"Mine woulda!" insisted Penrod later. "There wasn't anything wrong with mine. Mine woulda turned, any way!"

Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts did not overhear this conversation. And if he had, he could not have understood it. Much less could he have traced any connection between a hair from the tail of Jacob R. Kirsh's elderly horse and the fact that Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts was destined to remain unwilingly a bachelor.

## Straight and Curly Hair.

The question of the manner of the production of the straight and curly varieties of the hair has long been a matter of conjecture, and hitherto no satisfactory explanation has been forthcoming. It is only known that straight hair is always circular in section and is usually thicker than curly hair, which is ribbonlike and fine. Each hair is provided with a sebaceous gland opening into it, together with a muscle connected with it. The size of the gland varies considerably in different individuals and appears larger and better developed in the negro races. The muscle connected with each gland has long been recognized as having an influence on the position of the hair, causing its erection by pulling forward the root of the hair. Such action of these little muscles is displayed when a cat in rage erects the hair of its tail or a straight-haired dog causes the hair of its back to rise in a median crest. Their influence in man is commonly observed in the condition known as "goose skin."

## Home Obedience.

In discussing criminals a thinker said: "I firmly believe that the responsibility for the majority of crimes rests not upon the criminals themselves but upon the shoulders of their parents!" At first that may sound like a very extreme statement, but upon second thought is it after all an exaggeration? The speaker followed up his first statement with a second: "A child who is not taught the value of obedience in the home will be less likely to respect the laws enacted by communities for the good of that larger family—humanity."

## Agave Tree of Mexico.

Chinese history records that one Hui Shen, a Buddhist priest, a native of Cabul, in the year 499 returned to King-Chow, capital of the dynasty of Tsi, bringing with him from the country of Fusang, where he had been acting as a missionary, a number of curious articles as gifts for the emperor. Among these were a material resembling silk, with very strong threads, and a mirror. From the descriptions the former is believed to have been fibrous material from the agave tree of Mexico, called by the missionary, "fusang," the name also applied to the country, and the latter is believed to have been not unlike mirrors used in Mexico and other parts of the American continent.

## Horrors of the Sea.

A ship doctor on an English liner notified the death-watched steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom number 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peered into the room and found that the body was still there.

He called the matter to the attention of the Irishman, who replied: "I thought you said room number 46. I went in there and seen wan of them in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I; 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.' So I was getting ready to bury him."

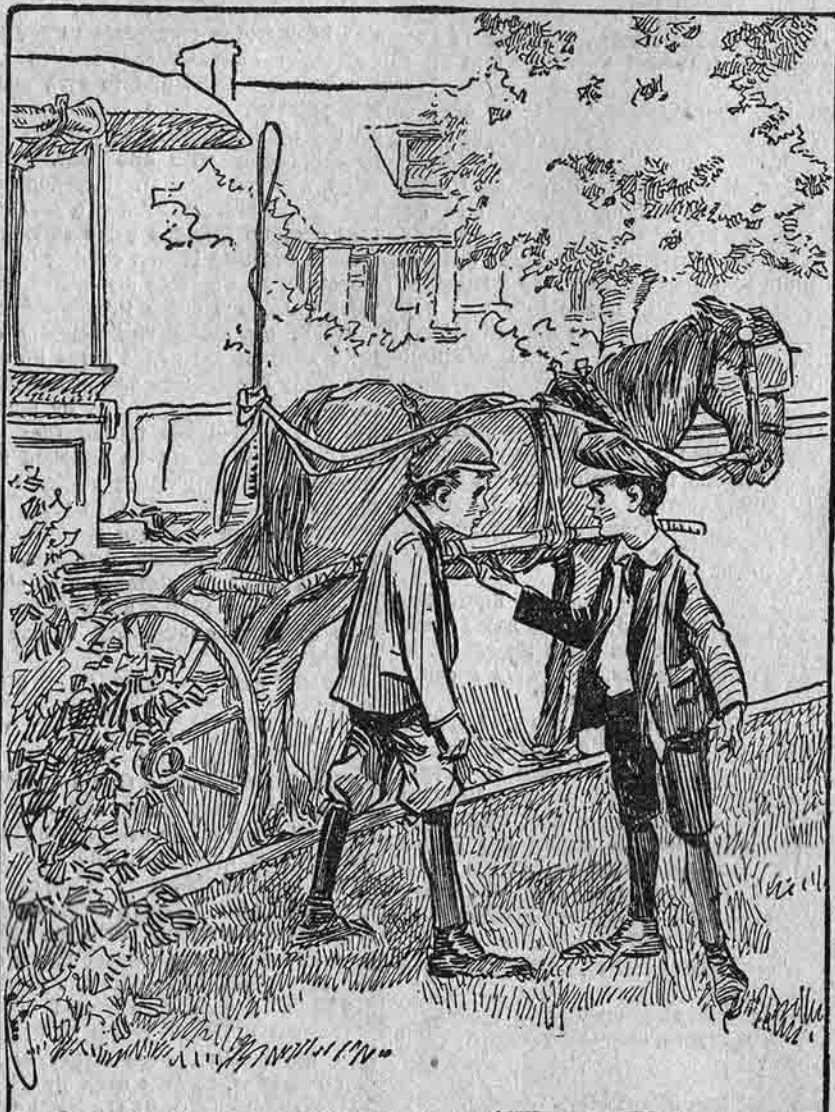
## In the Smashup.

"Were the parties in the automobile accident made nervous by the car's turning over?"

## A Boiling Crisis.

"They say the hotels are facing a cook famine."

"Ah, that is one over which the public will stew until it roasts the hotels."



"You Started to Pull 'Em, and You Ought to Do It."

Proceeding to the top of the front stairs, he heard the voice of Margaret and Mr. Robert Williams, Sam's brother, a senior on vacation. A glance over the railing revealed the collegian, beautifully attired, confronting Margaret, who leaned against the newel post in a way very irritating to a brother who wished to get out to the stable without being stopped or questioned. When Margaret got her back to the newel post like that, Penrod knew she might stay there "hours and hours!"

"Margaret," said Mr. Williams, in a voice wholly inexplicable to Penrod, "I believe you care more for the bowl of gold fish, in yonder, than you do for me."

Penrod retired from the hallway into Margaret's room, and feeling satisfied that she would not come there for a long time, withdrew the treasure from beneath his coat, set it upon her dressing table, and seated himself beside it. Gold fish!

With the prospect before him of what was going to happen at, or before, 16 minutes of 11, the lives of other people—who had no hope of owning pet snakes, hatched in the bottle—seemed pitifully vacant. He felt sorry for Robert Williams. He pitied the young man for having nothing better to do than to talk to an uninteresting girl about whether she liked him as well as she did some gold fish in a glass bowl!

A motor whizzed in the street, and, glancing out of the window at his elbow, Penrod found occasion to be sorry for another young man, evidently coming to interview the uninteresting girl; and from various over-hearings of late, Penrod had little doubt that this one, too, would be discussing at the first opportunity, what Margaret liked.

He was a dainty, and exquisite young man, more than well-to-do, much encouraged by Mrs. Schofield; and it was he who had given Margaret the bowl of gold fish—which lends some flavor to Robert Williams' dismal comparison. Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts was generally believed to be a very happy and fortunate youth; he had a yacht somewhere; he had a motor car, then at the curb; he had money enough to buy all the candy in town if he chose; yet Penrod pitied him. Sixteen minutes of eleven that morning would find Mr. Bitts utterly

Sam," he suggested, edging away. "I'll go and be getting the bottles ready to put 'em in. I—"

"No, sir!" Sam insisted. "You started to pull 'em and you ought to do it. I didn't start to pull 'em, did I?"

"Now, see here—" Penrod became argumentative.

"You better quit talkin' so much," Sam interrupted doggedly. "Go ahead and pull those two hats out of his old tall or pretty soon the man'll come out and drive him away, and then where'll we be? You started to do it, and so it's your business to."

"Well, I am goin' to, ain't I?"

"Now!" Sam exclaimed. "He's quit lookin' at us. Quick!"

Seizing this opportunity, Penrod ventured the deed and was rewarded. The elderly horse seemed to have forgotten his animosity in a fit of depression; he hung his head, and marked the ravishment by nothing more than a slight shudder.

Preliminaries to the great experiment were worked out with grave care. The largest empty bottles obtainable were selected, cleaned, and filled with fair water. Then, with befitting solicitude, the two long black hairs were lowered into the water, and the bottles were corked. After that, a label was pasted upon each, exhibiting the owner's name and address. The fascinating work was not complete, however. Penrod paid a visit to the kitchen clock, and, after some severe exercise in computation, the following note was inscribed in precise duplicate upon the labels:

"Hair from Jacob R. Kirsh and cos horse tall put in sixteen minutes of eleven o'clock July 11 Snak comes sixteen minutes of eleven o'clock July 32."

Penrod took his bottle to his room that night; it stood close by his bedside throughout the long dark hours; and once, waking suddenly, he groped for it feverishly, in fear. His fingers found the smooth, cool curves of its neck, and, reassured, he slept again, a smile upon his face. And in the morning, his waking eyes anxiously sought the bottle and its tenant; all was safe, and Penrod rose in joy.

Never was treasure more closely guarded or more steadfastly watched; and, as the days passed, there developed in Penrod's mind a somewhat definite picture of the little companion soon to be his; he was sure it would have brown eyes—admiring eyes, obedient and faithful, like a dog's. And, while these thoughts floated within him, he would sit by the half-hour, gazing at the bottle, a gentle and warming affection emanating toward it from him.

Twenty-one slow days must pass before the rapturous event; twelve had gone when Sam reported that symptoms of the great change were appearing in his "snake," which he had taken to his home. (They had discarded the term hair on the second day.)

"Yes, sir," said Sam, "he's turned all round in the bottle from the way he was layin' yesterday; kind of looks like he was restless, to me. And there's sumptin' like little bubbles on him up at the end where his head's goin' to be."

The hair in Penrod's bottle had no such accomplishment for its owner to vaunt; he looked coldly at Sam, and began to whistle.

"Yes, sir," Sam went on, with perhaps too muchunction, "that snake of mine looks to me like it was goin' to make a mighty fine snake!"

"Well, I don't know," Penrod said, slighting. "I like 'em kind of quieter."

Nor did the fact that his treasure exhibit no tokens of the transition disturb him in any way, except thus to rouse his chagrin. No slightest doubt ever shadowed his ardent confidence; never for one instant! Tadpoles became frogs; caterpillars make themselves into cocoons; and cocoons are really butterflies; he had owned cocoons that showed no change in appearance until the very hour of the butterflies' emergence. The hair in the bottle looked every day more and more like an attractive young snake, and by the time Penrod discovered that the thirty-second of July would really be the first of August, it seemed to him that it almost was a snake, already.

The final week of the three was one of internal excitement, heightening almost unbearably as the climax approached. Then, the first of August dawned fair and cool; no sweeter birthday could have been selected in all the year. Penrod woke with the joyous feeling that riches had come to him in his snake.

As his eyes opened and fell upon the bottle, bathed in morning sunshine on the chair by his bed, he stared with joy. The hair had altered its position in the water during the night; the miracle had begun to work, and 15 minutes of 11 would see it consummated.

He dressed slowly and tremulously, wondering what he would name it.

Then, instead of descending to breakfast, he sat upon his bed to gaze upon the marvel, and continued to sit—and sit—and sit. Meanwhile, urgent requests for his presence in the dining room went wholly unheeded, until finally Margaret, his pretty nineteen-

FOR a boy, summer-time is the period of highest scientific interest; it is the bug season. Penrose Schofield and his friend, Sam Williams, stood enthralled, in Penrose's back yard, staring at a magnificent creature they had discovered upon the stalk of a lush bush in the fence corner. The thing was so still, it might have been a pixie's concertina, painted dusty green and ornamented with brilliant pool balls from a pixie pool table. To Penrod and Sam it was known as a "tobacco worm," and it was the largest and fattest they had ever seen. The two boys stared in silence for a long time; finally Penrod spoke in a hushed voice.

"I wonder what he's thinkin' about," "Thinkin' about how fat he is, maybe," Sam suggested.

"I bet you don't know which end his head is," said Penrod.

"I bet you don't, either."

"Well, whoever said I did?" Penrod retorted crossly.

"Well, did I say I did?"

"Well, whoever said you did say you did?"

A movement on the part of the green creature distracted the attention of both boys momentarily.

"Look!" Penrod cried. "He's movin'!"

"Climbin' up the bush," observed Sam. "That shows which end his head is; it's on top."

"It doesn't have to be on top just because he's climbin' up the bush," Penrod remarked scornfully. "I guess he could back up, just as well as climb up, couldn't he?"

"Well, he wouldn't," Sam argued.

"What would he want to back up for, when he could just as easy climb up? His head's on top of him, and that proves it."

Penrod laughed pityingly. "Suppose sumptin' was after him; he'd want to have his head on the bottom end so's he could keep watchin' out to see if it was comin' after him up the stalk, wouldn't he? That proves it, I guess!"

So it did—so far as Sam Williams was concerned. Sam was overwhelmed; he had nothing to say. He dug the ground with the toe of his shoe, despondently, then brightened all at once. "I bet I know sumpin' about grasshoppers that you don't."

"Go ahead and prove it!"

"I bet you don't know grasshoppers chew tobacco."

At this Penrod yelled in consuming scorn.

"You wait!" Sam began to browse in the grass searching.

"Grasshoppers chew tobacco!" howled Penrod. "Grasshoppers chew tobacco! Grasshoppers—oh, ho, ho!"

"Here," said Sam, bringing a grasshopper for his inspection. "You watch now."

He gave the grasshopper a command, squeezed him slightly about the middle, and proved the case absolutely.

"Look there!" he cried, flourishing Exhibit A upon his thumbnail. "Now, say grasshoppers don't chew tobacco?"

Penrod was beside himself, but not (as would have been proper) with confusion; ecstasy was his emotion—and there followed a bad-quarter of an hour for the grasshoppers in that portion of the yard.

"Pshaw!" said Sam. "I've known grasshoppers chewed tobacco ever since I was five years old."

Penrod paused to seek further knowledge at its fountain-head.

"Sam, do you know anything else?" he inquired hopefully.

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Williams with justified resentment. "Lemme see. Oh, yes! I bet you don't know if you put a black hair from a horse's tail in a bottle and put water in it, and leave it there for three weeks, it'll turn into a snake."

"I do, too," said Penrod. "I knew that, ever since I was—"

Sam paused; a sudden light in his eyes. "Sam, did you ever try it?"

"No," said Sam, thoughtfully. "I guess when I heard it we didn't have any horse, and I was too little to get one from any other people's horse—or sumptin'."

Penrod jumped up eagerly. "Well, we aren't too little now!" he shouted.

"Yay!" This jubilant outcry from Sam demonstrated what reciprocal fires of enthusiasm were kindled in his bosom on the instant. "Where's a horse?"

Simultaneously their eyes fell upon what they sought. In a side street stood a grocer's wagon, and the grocer had just gone into the kitchen. Attached to the wagon was an elderly bay horse. Attached to the elderly bay horse was a black tail. The prospective snake manufacturers drew near the raw material.

The elderly bay horse switched his black tail at a fly, a gesture unfortunate for Penrod, upon whose eager countenance it culminated.

"Oof!" He jumped back, sputtering; and the horse looked around inquiringly; then, seeing boys, assumed an expression of implacable fury.

"Go on," Sam urged. "Pull 'em out. Two's enough."

Penrod glanced uneasily at the horse's horizontal ears. You pull 'em,

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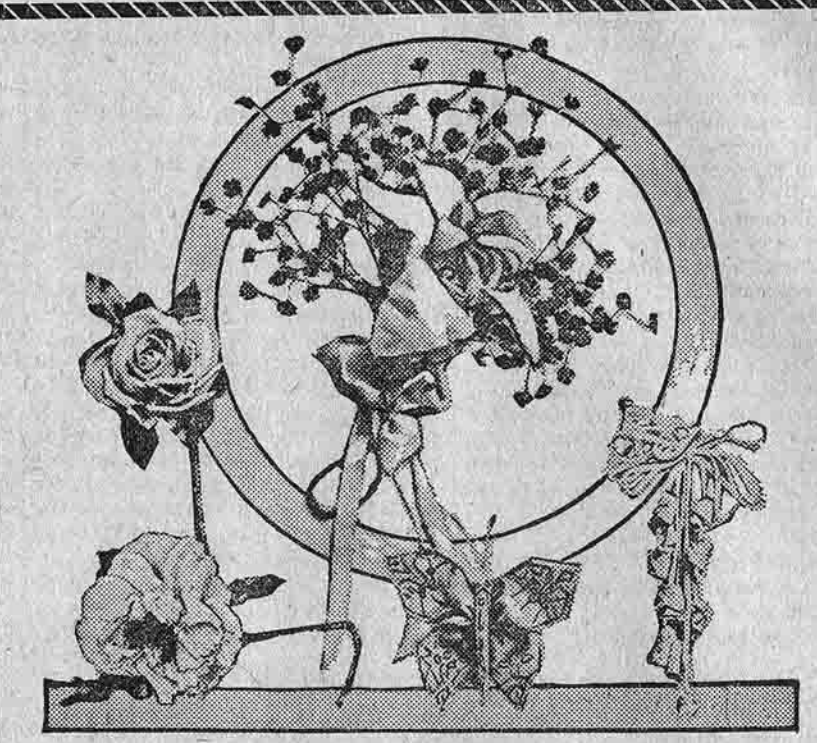
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**Gave Her a Tip.**  
It was her first voyage, and she had made herself disliked by the officers because of her many foolish questions. It fell to the lot of the steward to silence her.

"Doesn't this ship tip a good deal, sir?" she asked that official.

"Perhaps it does, madam; it is no doubt trying to set a good example to the passengers."

**GOVEYED 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.

**In a Bad Way.**  
"What do you know of the character of his man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day.

"What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honor," he replied with much emphasis.—Christian Register.

**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.

**Higher Authority.**  
"Mr. Brown is outside," said the new office boy. "Shall I show him in?" "Not on your life!" exclaimed the lars."

"Show him in," calmly said the seat-member of the firm. "He owes me twenty-five dollars."—Harper's Monthly.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Desirable Change.**  
A lecturer said in a temperance address:  
"If I were Providence I'd introduce a change that would, I am convinced, convert the whole world to our cause."  
"This simple but far-reaching change would consist in transferring the sick headache from the day after to the day before."

**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.

**Cause and Effect.**  
"How did you get such a snapp?" "Oh, I just rubbered around a little bit."

**Naturally.**  
"I hate to serve on a jury."  
"So do I. It puts one in such a trying position."

**His Profession.**  
"How your patient does keep up, nurse."  
"Yes, sir. He's an aviator."

### FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

## PISO'S

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 46-1917.

### At the Ribbon Counter

Annually the ribbon counter blooms out a month or so before the holidays with all sorts of new and lovely belongings for everybody. Its appeal to the eternal feminine is as certain as the sunrise, no more to be resisted than that of flowers or children. This year not a soul in the household has been overlooked—there is something made of ribbon from everybody from the baby to grandpa.

To begin with there are innumerable bags—knitting, sewing, shopping bags, bags to hold handkerchiefs, slippers, etc., party and opera bags. There are small lamp and candle shades, and little folding screens to stand on the reading or dressing table. There are glorious cushions for bedroom lounges or the living room, and an army of bows of all sorts. There are the perennial corsage roses and other flowers, and small nosegays of little ribbon flowers for the coat or fur neck-piece, to be worn on the street.

In the little group of novelties pictured here there are corsage ornaments and a small bit of neckwear. The ribbon rose is made of pink satin ribbon in two shades, cut into short lengths to form the petals. It is not difficult to make when the breach is once acquired. Millinery stems and foliage and millinery stamens are used with ribbon flowers. The center of the rose is formed by folding the darker shade in the ribbon and wrapping it about the end of the rubber stem.



### For Girls of the Northland

Rain or shine, snow or blow, the wearer of a coat like that pictured here may go comfortably on her way. There has been no creation of the hours more dependable than the pushes that have made such progress during the last decade and it is because they have such honest qualities of wear, resistance and warmth, that effort has been spent on perfecting them. They have been made to simulate the short-haired furs almost to perfection. Seal, broad tail and caracul pushes are almost replicas of these skins—all of them rich looking enough to make up, and trimmed with handsome, genuine furs.

The coat shown in the picture is of seal plush finished with a square cape collar of fur which narrows at the front and is lengthened into revers. It may be rolled up about the neck high enough to muffle the throat completely.

This cape collar is made of an inexpensive but effective fur, bluish gray in color, and finished with tails across the back. The imaginative furrier calls fur of this kind "blue wolf," or "kit fox," or some other name to which it is entitled only by his cleverness in dyeing it. The wearers of these pelts knew better than to be caught napping near a wolf, and were not on speaking terms with any fox.

When the out-of-doors girl of the north sets about acquiring a coat to live in, she will do well to consider these fur-trimmed, plush coats, that are shown in considerable variety. Like fur, the plush coat can be worn anywhere and any time. They are all long, reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt. In this model the back is cut with a flare, the front plain and straight with fullness enough at the sides to hang in folds. A narrow belt across the front is made of the plush and the plain coat sleeves have deep cuffs of it. These coats are usually lined with a lining satin of the same sturdy character as the plush.

*Julia Bottomley*

### BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Skittish.  
"Marry money, my boy; marry money."  
"Um?"  
"It's just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor girl."  
"But it isn't as easy to get 'em to marry you, old top."

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

**Fast Runners.**  
She looked with some apprehension over the gingham spread before her. "These don't look like fast colors to me," she said.

"Indeed they are, ma'am," answered the shopman. "You just ought to see them when they begin to run."

**Many Children Are Sickly.**  
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 80 years. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

One opportunity is enough for the man who knows to take advantage of it.

### ACID POISONING!

The most eminent physicians recognize that uric acid stored up in the system is the cause of gout and rheumatism, that this uric acid poison is present in the joints, muscles, or nerves. By experimenting and analysis at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce discovered a combination of native remedies that he called An-u-ric, which drives out the uric acid from the system, and in this way the pain, swelling and inflammation subside. If you are a sufferer from rheumatism, backache, pains here or there, you can obtain An-u-ric, double strength, at any drug store for 60 cents, and get relief from the pains and ills brought about by uric acid; or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. An-u-ric which you will find many times more potent than lithia and eliminates uric acid almost as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you. Send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce and it will be tested free of charge.

An-u-ric is a regular insurance and lifesaver for all big meat eaters and those who deposit lime-salts in their joints.

### MISSOURI FOLKS

Kirksville, Mo.—"For many years I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and always found it very beneficial. I took it for chronic indigestion and stomach trouble, also as a blood purifier or whenever I was in need of a good tonic, and it has never failed to give relief. After its use I always gained strength and weight and would have a good appetite."—C. T. DOWNING, 702 W. Martha St.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains no alcohol, no narcotic. Is put up in both liquid and tablets and is to be found in all drug stores. It has enjoyed an immense sale for nearly fifty years which proves its merits. Tablets 60c.—Adv.

### HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed," 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goeben, Ind., U.S.A.

### CONSTIPATION

IS HUMANITY'S GREATEST FOE

It is always a terror to old people and a menace at some time or another to every human being, young or old. It is the forerunner of more ills and suffering than almost any of NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS and should never be allowed to go unheeded. At the very first indication of constipation get DR. TULL'S LIVER PILLS which for 72 years has been successfully used for this most prevalent of all disorders. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

## Dr. Tull's Liver Pills

## Notice to Sick Women

The Experience of These Women Prove That There is a Remedy for Your Illness.

Aberdeen, Idaho.—"Last year I suffered from a weakness with pains in my side and back. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did so. After taking one bottle I felt very much better. I have now taken three bottles and feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I have ever taken and I can recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. PERCY PRESTIDGE, Aberdeen, Idaho.

Kingfisher, Okla.—"For two years I suffered with a severe female trouble, was nervous, and had backache and a pain in my side most of the time. I had dizzy spells and was often so faint I could not walk across the floor. The doctor said I would have to have an operation. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking ten bottles I am now well and strong, have no pain, backache or dizzy spells. Every one tells me how well I look and I tell them Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did it."—Miss NINA SOUTHWICK, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 33, Kingfisher, Okla.

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has restored more sick women to health than any other remedy.

At Your Druggist's  
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

**Horsrace Proves Man's Age.**  
A man's age was decided in a peculiar manner before a Greenwich, England, court recently. The military authorities claimed that a man, George Frederick Grandeur, was not forty-three years old, and therefore still liable for services. The man's defense was that he was past his forty-third birthday. In support of this defense he stated that he was born on June 3, 1874, the day George Frederick won the Derby, and that he was named after the horse. The defense was accepted, and the man was discharged.

**Two Mothers.**  
"Why do you make your daughter study housekeeping and toil so over accounts? I wouldn't make my daughter work like that. I want her to marry a millionaire."  
"It so happens that my daughter is engaged to a millionaire. So I wish to fit her for the responsibilities she will have to assume."

**Unusual.**  
"See anything unusual on your trip?" "Yes. At one of the places where I stopped I found a ticket agent who didn't seem annoyed when I asked for a ticket."

**He's Jest Awful.**  
"What'll cure a wart?" asked Dave. "That depends on what alls it," answered Barb, seriously.

**WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY** is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it to the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The essence of humor is sensibility, warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence.

A statesman is a politician who can keep his face closed at the right time.

Usually a truly good woman has a sad look that is discouraging.

A woman with pretty teeth and good sense will laugh at a stupid joke.

## DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

saves eggs in baking

In many recipes only half as many eggs are required, in some none at all, if an additional quantity of Dr. Price's Baking Powder is used, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try the following recipes which also conserve white flour as urged by the government.

<b>Corn Meal Griddle Cakes</b>	<b>Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake</b>
1 1/2 cups corn meal	1 cup brown sugar
1 1/2 cups boiling water	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk	1 cup water
1 tablespoon shortening	1 cup seeded raisins
1 tablespoon molasses	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup flour	2 ounces citron, cut fine
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup shortening
4 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder	5 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
<b>NO EGGS</b>	
Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.	Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes.
(The Old Method called for 2 eggs)	(The Old Method [Fruit Cake] called for 2 eggs)

Send for our new booklet "How to save eggs by using Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder." Mailed free on request. Address Dept. W, 1001 Independence Boulevard, Chicago.

# Chicago Dentists

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

## MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

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



See this great time and labor saver demonstrated TODAY!

\$12.75

THE ECONOMY

### "The Best Floor Covering I Ever Had"

It is entirely waterproof. Water does not decay even the edges. And water getting in underneath does no harm to the fabric.

Neponset Floor Covering is 100% waterproof. It's well to remember this when a long-wearing, economical floor covering is wanted for kitchen, pantry or hall.

Costs no more than linoleum. Many attractive patterns.

Let us show this new waterproof floor covering.

THE ECONOMY

## NEPONSET FLOOR COVERING



### Managing Willie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When a man pays his way in he seldom has to pay his way out.

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

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## SERVE BY SAVING

Not all of us can go and fight, or serve in hospital and ambulance corps. But, every American can do his bit and

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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.

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

### 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.

#### Farm Lands

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

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

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

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church were entertained at the home of Mrs. Truitt on Michigan Ave., yesterday afternoon at a 10c social. An enjoyable afternoon was spent by all.

Ferdinand and John Stua have returned to their home in Cleveland Ohio after spending several days in this city with their parents Mr. and Mrs. John J. Stua.

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

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.

## Promptness

Is Our By-Word

Retail price regulation starts. Long time credit is a thing of the past. It will soon be the question of getting the goods instead of price, therefore promptness means everything to us as well as you. Our motto is Service and Dependable goods at right prices.

Big Jo Don't Forget It

## A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

## To My Customers

I have discontinued business at my old stand and have moved my stock of groceries and meats to

### The Economy

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave.

Bradley, Ill.

where I will conduct a cash grocery and market in connection with the furniture, hardware and notion business, now being conducted there, and would be pleased to meet all my old friends and many new ones at my new location.

My old accounts have been turned over to Mr. Herman Worman at The Economy for collection and would thank any one indebted to me to make prompt settlement.

## F. W. HOEHN