

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

THE OFFICE OF EXTENSIVE WORK IN THE NORTH AND WEST

United States Department of Agriculture, Urges That the Matters Have Immediate Attention

This might appear to many to be a good time to sell the family cow or the family dairy herd, because prices for cows are high and it is easy to sell; but suppose you do sell? What is gained? Prices of milk and butter are high—seem higher when you buy than when you sell. Perhaps we are crossing the "stream" referred to by Abraham Lincoln when he advised against swapping horses while crossing a stream. In any case, will it not be better if the family cow and the family dairy are kept by those who know how to make them most productive?

NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN

Begin to prepare your home garden this fall by supplying the soil with humus (decaying vegetable material) and fertilizers. Stable manure may be spread upon the surface and either plowed or spaded under.

In many parts of the country rye may be sowed yet this fall to be plowed or spaded under in the spring. Use about half a pound to one pound of seed to the square rod. The ground should first be cleared of weeds and crop refuse; but do not wait until all the crops are off. As soon as any part of the garden is cleared, however small the space, sow rye upon it at once. This may be continued until the whole garden is sowed, even though the last vegetable crops come off quite late in the fall, as rye will germinate at temperature only slightly above the freezing point. If the soil is loose, the rye may be scattered over the surface and covered with a garden rake. If the soil is hard it should first be hoed or cultivated 2 or 3 inches deep, as the ideal seed bed for rye is compact beneath and loose at the surface.

The advantages of sowing rye are: (1) It protects the soil from washing; (2) it retains atmospheric plant-food material which might otherwise escape into the air during the fall and winter; (3) when turned under in the spring, it furnishes humus to the soil. Save the leaves this fall. They are valuable as sources of humus and plant food. If burned, even though the ashes are saved, all of the humus is lost and much of the fertilizing value. They may be mixed with soil and a little lime and left in a pile to decay, or some may be spread upon the surface of the soil and spaded under at once. They are especially valuable for loosening heavy clay soils. Coal ashes are useful for the same purpose, though they have very little fertilizing value.

THE NEED FOR SEED CORN

Farmers and farm boys can use the corn-gathering and corn-husking season to good advantage by making it the time for selecting and storing a double portion of choice seed ears. Many counties of North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and a few other corn-growing States will have a limited supply of good seed corn because of severe frosts. This lack must be supplied by more fortunate neighboring States, and the lack can be supplied with good corn at a good profit if care is taken in gathering and husking in the States and sections where the untimely freeze did little or no damage. And there can be no better time than now for selecting high-grade seed corn for next year's crop. The situation will justify saving seed corn as a patriotic duty, and it will more than justify saving it for the high price good seed may be expected to bring next spring. Save seed corn! Save more seed corn.

THE WOODCHOPPER'S CHANCE

"Woodman, spare that tree!" was the burden of a popular poem of years ago. A new word may be substituted for the old: "Woodman use that tree!" so that the coal supply may be used to better advantage. Use the tree for your own fuel; use it for cordwood to supply your neighbors' fires—at a profit to yourself—at the same time releasing for other use the freight car that would otherwise have to be used in hauling coal for your neighbors. Of course no sensible person advises the unthinking cutting of trees that should be saved for their beauty or to grow until they are ripe for harvest. The wise woodchopper will chop the trees that ought to be chopped down and up in order to make fuel for himself and others—all the while keeping

in mind conserving the wood lot on forest for growth and greater usefulness next year and other years.

IMPROVED POTATO-STORAGE FACILITIES

In many of the potato-growing sections there will be a congestion of potatoes at harvesting time, because of the heavy yield and because of a lack of freight-handling facilities by the railroads. This will make it necessary to provide means for caring for this crop until the market can absorb it. Many county agents are recommending that farmers with a large acreage construct temporary storage bins on their farms and also are recommending that community storage houses be constructed at convenient points to serve producers of small amounts of potatoes for which it is not profitable to construct individual storage pits. County agents in many of these counties are doing excellent service by assisting farmers and communities in planning storage warehouses according to plans furnished by the United States Department of Agriculture or by the Agricultural College in the State in which they work.

Village Board Proceedings

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

Meeting was called to order by the President, and all members were present except Magruder. Minutes of the regular meeting of October 15th, 1917, were read and approved as read.

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

J. T. Fahey.....	\$ 37 50
Public Service Co.....	51 25
Public Service Co.....	153 47
Wm. Strickland.....	1 50
E. A. Bade.....	3 00
J. Theo. Look.....	15 00
W. H. Baker.....	8 00
Fred Lambert.....	3 00
John H. Beckers.....	25 00
Jos. L. Leclair.....	15 00
Bradley State & Savings Bank.....	1 80
Geo. Bertrand.....	5 00
Chas. Wertz Co.....	34 22
Bernard F. Knauer.....	30 00
James McCue.....	3 00
A. Beck.....	5 00
C. L. Martin.....	31 57
L. C. Looker.....	10 00
The Economy.....	1 90
West Labarge.....	1 50
Mrs. Allgaier.....	35
Joe Surprenant.....	37 50
John Beland.....	13 25
Arthur Baldwin.....	9 50
Geo. H. Bell.....	1 00
Arthur Spivey.....	5 00
Bradley Fire Co.....	17 50
Will C. Schneider.....	3 00
E. A. Marcotte.....	173 25
Otto E. Pietsch.....	90 00
J. Barnett.....	5 00
Windes & Marsh.....	108 20

After due consideration the Finance Committee reported that they found all bills to be correct.

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

Treasurer's report was read by C. L. Martin and the books were referred to the Finance Committee for their inspection and approval. After due examination the Finance Committee reported that they found the Treasurer's books to be correct.

Treasurer's books showed a balance on hand of \$3,621.89.

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

The Clerk was instructed to write the American Well Works, to rush their material as the well is near completion.

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

E. F. McCoy,
Village Clerk.

New Manager

Mr. Frank Hesik of Chicago, who has been connected with Franklin McVeagh Co. during the past year, has taken charge of The Economy, at Broadway and Grand Ave. As manager, and part owner, and will give his entire attention to managing the business in the future. Mr. Hesik is a practical grocery man having spent the major portion of his life in this business, and he will devote every energy toward making The Economy, one of the best stores in this section of the state. Mr. Hesik will move his family, which consists of his wife and one daughter, to Bradley in the near future.

PIONEER WAS CALLED

OBEDIAH LANCASTER DEID TUESDAY

At Family Home. Funeral Services Being Held Today From U. B. Church

On last Tuesday, there was removed by death from our midst, one of our oldest and best citizens, Obediah Lancaster one of the oldest and best known citizens passed away at his home on North Blaine Ave. following an illness of about eight months duration. He passed away peacefully, ready to meet his Maker, surrounded by his family and near relatives and death came as a relief to the great suffering which he has endured. The remains will be laid to rest in the Goodwin cemetery this afternoon, following services which will be conducted at the



OBEDIAH LANCASTER

United Brethren church. Rev. John Codd of Galesburg and Rev. Fred Engle of the U. B. church of this city will have charge of the funeral services. A large concourse of relatives and friends attended the funeral and testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held.

Obediah Lancaster was the son of Hugh Lancaster and was born in Indiana in 1850 being 67 years of age at the time of his death. He came to this county and located on a farm with his parents in the same place where Bradley now stands. He later moved with his parents to a farm at Rockville returning to Bradley when the village was incorporated in 1892. He was married to Sarah Ellen Redmond of Rockville in 1871 and to this union one child was born who died in his infancy and was followed to the grave by his mother in the year 1893. After coming to Bradley in 1892 Mr. Lancaster engaged in the grocery business for several years, following his retirement from business he has been employed by the David Bradley Mfg. Wks. up to the time of his last illness. He was married to Miss Ophelia Yauds in 1899 and to this union one son Donald now thirteen years old was born who with his mother survives the deceased. He is also survived by one sister Mrs. Wm. Dawson now living in Minneapolis Minn. Mr. Lancaster held membership in this church for 40 years. He was a trustee of this church and has been in this position of trust for some years prior to his death.

In the death of Obediah Lancaster the community has lost one of its best citizens, a man of the highest type. His word was his bond and he was thoroughly honest in all his dealings. The world is blessed by men like Obediah Lancaster and his loss will be keenly felt. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Rev. John Codd of Galesburg, Ill., was here several days the past week called by the death of Obediah Lancaster.

Miss Fred Lehnig left for San Francisco, Cal., where she will be married to Walter Reley who is employed in the ship yards at that point.

Soft Corn

The Kentland, Ind., Enterprise has the following to say about the method of handling soft corn.

"Accompanied by an experienced grain dealer I investigated thoroughly the use of salt for preservation of soft corn in the vicinity of Prophetstown, Illinois. We found numerous places where corn was being salted or had been salted. We interviewed many experienced farmers on the subject and acquired the following interesting information. Mr. T. J. Marshall, a large successful farmer residing about one and a half miles south of Prophetstown, giving us the following data. In 1881, the year in which so many farmers experimented with large yellow seed corn from Kansas, it was found that this corn did not mature. Mr. Marshall informs us that while cribbing corn that year an elderly German, John Liphart, advised him to salt his soft corn. Liphart stated that this method of preservation had been adopted in Germany and Sweden, the climate not being adapted to maturing corn. Marshall adopted the German's suggestion, operating under his directions to use from 2 to 2½ barrels for each 1000 bushels of corn, that is equivalent to about 10 quarts of salt to each ordinary wagon load of ear corn, salt being sprinkled over the corn as it was being placed in the crib. Mr. Marshall states the experiment was a pronounced success. Corn which he cribbed early without salt that year was lost. The crib that was salted came out as dry as a bone, just as bright as it went in and absolutely free from mold and rot though light in weight due to the moisture drawn from the corn by the action of the salt. The process was used from time to time but was again extensively used with the soft corn crops two years ago (1915). Mr. Marshall induced his neighbors to salt their soft corn and informs us the result was highly satisfactory, resulting in many converts. This year these same farmers and many recruits to the method are applying salt. Practically the entire stock of the common barrel salt in this vicinity was exhausted. Mr. M. J. Mathis, of the Mathis Bros. Co., grain dealers at Prophetstown and other points, said his firm had sold several carloads of salt for this corn crop. Local farmers seem to have accepted the salting process and adopted it into their regular method of farming, claiming it had been thoroughly tested on previous occasions and found effective and highly satisfactory.

In addition to interviewing farmers who were using the method, we were particularly interested in our visit with Albert Bessire a big farmer. He showed us a crib of 1000 bushels of new corn which had been treated with salt. Mr. Bessire removed one of the crib slats and we took out sufficient corn to penetrate an arm's length. We found the corn very cool, in fact cooler than the outside temperature, perfectly sweet but of course wet. This corn had been in the crib several days. It is further stated that corn cribbed with salt passes through the winter in its soft or green state, drying only with the coming of spring winds and rising temperatures. It is claimed this soft corn absolutely does not heat. We have looked into the matter carefully and are convinced the process has sufficient merit to justify a thorough investigation, not only by the individual but by the agricultural departments. Salt retails in Prophetstown at about \$2.40 per barrel of 280 pounds. It is stated that the corn comes out in the spring practically free from any taste of salt."

JAMES E. BENNETT & Co.
Lowell, Ind.

Men's Meeting

There will be a men's mass meeting Sunday afternoon at 2:30 sharp at the Methodist church. Dr. McClung of Kankakee will speak. Good music and a fine meeting is assured. Don't miss this chance of hearing a worth while message. This meeting is for men only. Don't fail to be on hand at 2:30.

IVER JOHNSON,
Pastor.

THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS

SMALL PERSONAL NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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

Mrs. Switzer has gone to Danville, Ill., to spend several weeks visiting with her son Bernice Switzer.

Mrs. Henry Paris and children spent Thanksgiving day with her parents in St. Anne, Ill.

Geo. Walters has gone to Moline, Ill., where he will spend several weeks visiting his brother.

Mrs. Arthur Martin and children, spent several days the past week in Monee visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Magruder of Rockford, Ill., spent several days the past week with relatives and friends in this city.

Hard Time Dance

The Modern Woodmen gave a hard time dance at the Woodmen Hall last night that was well attended and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Thanksgiving Services

Thanksgiving services were held at the U. B. Church yesterday morning at 10:30 a. m.

School Notes

The grades gave a Thanksgiving program on Wednesday which many of our patrons attended.

On Friday evening at 7:45 the Red Cross will hold a meeting in the High School room. Everybody invited.

Miss Mary McCue visited friends in Chicago this week.

Mrs. Josephine Cox, instructor of second grade, has been off duty the past week owing to illness. Miss Estella Brouillet substituted during her absence.

Miss Cora Scroggins instructor of the 8th grade spent Thanksgiving with her parents at Essex.

Miss Margery Beedy of Chicago visited at school on Monday.

Mr. Edward McCoy and Louis Beland were recent callers at school.

Examinations were held in the various grades the past week.

We would be pleased to have you attend our opening exercises any Monday morning in Assembly Hall.

Program

- Song—America.....3rd Grade
- Recitation—Welcome.....Vera Pfeil
- Recitation—Days of Days.....Irene Mercer
- We Thank Thee.....5 girls
- Song—Thanksgiving.....3rd Grades
- Thank You Day.....2 girls
- Recitation—Thanksgiving.....
-Harry Hartleb
- A Thanksgiving Victory.....5 boys
- Song—Hurrah for the Flag.....3rd grades
- Recitation—Thanksgiving Dinner.....
-Mary Crosier
- Recitation—A Thanksgiving Ride.....
-Gladys Richardson
- Flag Song.....3rd Grades
- Thanksgiving Day.....6 children
- Recitation—Queer Grogn Folks.....
-Emery Linton
- Recitation—November Dorothy Bisping
- Things are not what they seem.....3 girls
- Song—Illinois.....3rd Grades
- Recitation—The True Thanksgiving.....
-Rita Amiot
- A County Thanksgiving.....3 boys
- Recitation—Lucile Lee's Thanksgiving.....
-Eleanor Logdgin
- Song—When the Grand Army's Out on Parade.....3rd Grades
- Recitation—Thanksgiving on the Farm.....Evelyn Taylor
- Song—Illinois.....5th and 6th Grades
- Flag Salute.....5th and 6th Grades
- Recitation—Thanksgiving.....
-Harry McCue
- Recitation—At Grandma's.....
-Caroline Van Kuren
- Recitation—Be Thankful.....Etta Davis
- Recitation—Thanksgiving Joys.....
-Jos. McCarthy
- Recitation—Pilgrims Thanksgiving.....
-Evelyn Weakley
- Dialogue—First Thanksgiving.....
-5th Grades
- Recitation—Six Little Turkeys.....
-Theresa Worman
- Recitation—Thanksgiving.....
-Anna Mulligan
- Dialogue—Thanksgiving 1621-1918.....
-6th Grades
- Recitation—Grandma's Pumpkin Pies.....Aloysius Vogelgesang
- Essay—Early Thanksgiving.....
-Berniece Dawkins
- Recitation—Thanksgiving on the Farm.....Evelyn Hays
- Recitation—Advice to a Doll.....
-Bessie Brown
- Recitation—Thanksgiving Table.....
-Leona LeFleur
- Recitation—November.....
-Mabel Doveraux

Dialogue—Thanksgiving on the Farm.....6th Grade
Song—Our Pilgrim Father.....5th and 6th Grades

First Grade Program

- Recitation—Welcome.....Harry Lenz
- Song—Thanksgiving Day.....School
- Recitation—Day of Days.....Nelba Studer
- Thanksgiving Aerobatic.....12 children
- Recitation.....Erancis Swinford
- Recitation.....Robert Buza
- Thanksgiving.....
-Londus, Jerome, Herschel, Charles
- Recitation.....Bobbie Abelgere
- Recitation.....Omar Longtin
- Song.....Jacky Frost
- Radstaion.....Esther Stone
- Recitation.....Victor Gerhard
- A. Jack O. Lantern.....
-Thomas S. Raymond etc.
- Recitation.....Dorothy Anderson
- Recitation.....Arthur Magruder
- If I were a Boy.....
-Walter Baker—Florence Stoltz
- Recitation.....Lawrence Garrison
- Recitation.....Leonard McCoy
- Knitting Song.....
-Lucille, Ilene, Edna, Rose
- Recitation.....Florence, Hazed, De,
-Lona, Florence, Lillian, Lena
- Recitation.....Oliver Coash
- The Pumpkin Sisters.....
-Emma and Katherine
- Recitation.....Grace Attwood
- Recitation.....Edna Stelter
- Counting their Blessings.....
-Lucille, Bell, Martha
- Recitation.....Raymond Mulligan
- Song.....Thanksgiving
- Recitation.....Leonard Dawkins
- Recitation.....Raymond Brosseau
- A Thanksgiving Menu.....Vivian Blanche
- Recitation.....Robert Schraaler
- Pilgrims.....Francis D.
- Recitation.....Emma Bauk
- Recitation.....Nellie Corrior
- Squirrels Thank you.....Melba Song
- Recitation.....Vincent Courtney
- Flag Salute.....
-America
- Farewell.....Donald Goudreau

Hayes-Talbot Wedding

Miss Lorena Marie Hayes, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayes of North Grand Avenue, was united in marriage Monday at St. Joseph's Church to Mr. Armond Talbot, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Talbot, of West Kankakee. They were attended by Miss Catherine McCoy, aunt of the bride, and Mr. William Barrett, of Kankakee. Father Granger, officiated. Only a few of the intimate friends of the young couple attended the ceremony. After the ceremony the couple returned to the home of the bride's parents where a wedding dinner was served.

Miss Hayes has many friends in and around the Village who wish her happiness in the new life. She has been employed at the Bell Telephone office in Kankakee.

Mr. Talbot is an employe of the Kankakee Fire Department, having served in this capacity for the past three years, and is considered one of Kankakee's young men who is thought well of by all who know him.

The couple left on a short honeymoon which they will spend in the South, and upon their return they will start housekeeping in their home on Station Street near the Fire Station.

Red Cross Meeting

The Local Chapter of the Red Cross will hold a meeting at the school house this evening for the purpose of reorganizing the work and electing officers for the ensuing term. Prominent speakers will address the meeting, and a rousing good meeting can be anticipated. Everybody man and woman that can possibly be present should attend this meeting, and do their bit to make the world safe for Democracy.

Girls' Enjoy Cooking School

The Bradley Girls' Evening Club met at the basement of the school last Monday evening where they did a bit of cooking themselves under the efficient direction of Miss Kathleen Chabat Assistant County Advisor of the Home Improvement Association.

Miss Chabat spoke of the various kinds of milk and the qualities thereof and then instructed the class in the making of cocoa and junket pudding.

Something good is assured for the meeting which will be held on next Monday evening because each member is requested to bring one egg and a teaspoonful of butter; also an apron.

Last year only demonstration were given by instructors provided by Home Improvement Association but this year the school board purchased stoves and utensils which makes it possible for the girls to have a regular cooking school, which is thoroughly enjoyed by the girls.

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



Dainty Gift Aprons.

For the holidays there are some things that are always the order of the day, certain gifts that bloom perennially, like the evergreens and holly that crown the glory of the passing year at Christmas time. Among them aprons of pretty material, small enough to be dainty, that are made for serving and sewing. The serving aprons do more than dress up the morning or afternoon frock in which the hostess or her aids, serve her guests, for they express a pleasure in serving. The little sewing aprons are a convenience and a protection. Their prettiness makes them a joy.

The shops are showing many of these little belongings for home wear this year. They are made of all the fine, sheer cotton goods that are used for lingerie or midsummer dresses, that will stand laundering and occasionally a quaint apron in silk leads the mind back to those yesterdays when they were prized possessions of our great grandmothers. But the modern woman seems to want everything made of washable stuffs.

A sewing apron made of printed dotted swiss figured with prim little roses and leaves is shown at the left of the picture and a serving apron of organdie and val lace appears at the right. Figured voile would do as

well for the serving apron, or lawn or mull, although voile has the best wearing qualities. The apron is the simplest thing imaginable to make, being merely a straight piece of the goods with a hem run in across one end of the waistband, with a similar strip half as long set on at the bottom for a pocket. Narrow, gay-colored satin ribbon is run through the hem at the waistline, leaving long ends to tie at the side and allowing the material to be gathered into a little fullness. Ribbon run through the top of the pocket is finished at the sides with loops and ends, or sometimes with rosettes. The pocket will accommodate the sewing and the tools for sewing, so that this is a convenient apron for use with the sewing circle as well as at home.

The tea, or serving apron, is bordered with a narrow insertion in a cluny pattern and edged with val lace edging. A val lace insertion set into the material, simulates a true-lovers' knot. The band and ties are of the organdie or whatever material is used, finished with very narrow hems along the sides and a deeper hem across the ends. They tie in the back. A small ribbon bow in some light shade or a flowerlike rosette sets off the daintiness of the apron and is used at one corner or the pocket—if there is one.



"In Time," Dress of Satin.

It appears that a new name was needed for a garment that is not exactly a negligee, but is made strictly for indoor wear, on classic or oriental lines. Casting about for something to fit this new offspring of the designer's brain, failed to reveal a word to suit and so two were chosen in a phrase that is very matter of fact. The "in time" dress is the best we have been able to do in describing a robe that is at once easy and dignified and intended to be worn by the busy woman of today during such time as she is in her home. It is, in fact, something between a tea gown and a lounging robe, and makes opportunity for long flowing lines, drapery and picturesque effects that women love.

If you decide upon an "in time" dress you may borrow its style from what you will—Turkish trousers, or Japanese robes, or Greek draperies, or what you will. All colors are yours to command, but the "in time" dress is not to be fussy.

In the picture a very excellent example of this new claimant for favor

is shown. It is made of sapphire-blue satin and bordered with a stenciled pattern in several colors. Wide figured or brocaded ribbon might be substituted for stenciling and set onto the body of the dress with pipings of satin. The style suggests classic Greek draperies, but follows them so vaguely the new dress cannot be identified as Grecian. In the same model long full sleeves of crepe georgette might be introduced without appearing incongruous.

Just whether the "in time" dress has been made to meet a demand or to make a demand for it only time can tell, but chances are in its favor. Women of taste who are dressed in quiet street clothes much of the time, like the picturesque in house gowns, and always there is an increasing call for individuality in styles and clever originality in details of construction and finish.

Julia Bottomley

What the American Thanksgiving Day Means to Suffering Europe

by Charles Lee Bryson

Our army in France will celebrate the occasion fittingly and tell their French comrades its significance. This "Yankee Feast Day" will be adopted by nations our great Red Cross organization is helping to fight starvation, disease and exposure.

FRANCE is adding a new feast day to her calendar—Thanksgiving Day. All along the line behind the battle front where the French and British are hammering back the invading Germans, and General Pershing's boys are beginning to "go to it;" all up and down their lines of communication; at all their training camps; at their naval bases and depots; wherever there are Americans in uniform—there Uncle Sam's boys will be eating turkey and cranberry sauce, and listening to sermons by their chaplains on the last Thursday of November this year. France has never before been in close touch with this, the most characteristically American of all our holidays. Of course their Christmas, their Easter, their New Year's Day, and their various church festivals, correspond to our own. They have an adequate understanding even of our Fourth of July, for it is close akin to their own Fourteenth of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille and the dawn of real liberty in France.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast day, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not really American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from Indians and cold and hunger.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was unknown in the domain of the sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part at the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America. So was corn, which in one of its many forms usually makes a part of the meal. And even the tobacco which follows the meal in most homes, was not known outside of America until Sir Walter Raleigh and his compeers took it back to England.

Further, the American manner of celebrating this most American of all days has never been of a nature to call the attention of other nations, or of their citizens visiting here. On this day of all days the American has been wont to retire from public gaze, to refrain from any great public demonstration, and to give thanks in his own way and eat the meal in the privacy of his own family. The only notable seeming exception to this is the institution called the Thanksgiving Day games of the college football teams. But this is no real exception. The games themselves are always amateur affairs, primarily for the students themselves, and after the game every student who can possibly get home goes into retirement with his family for the great and solemn feast.

This year war has brought a change. Young Americans to the number of 20,000—or is it 300,000? Nobody knows, or is permitted to say if he does know—are in France, 3,000 miles from the family circle and the accustomed turkey. Most Americans had little hope that the day could be observed at the front, but General Pershing thought otherwise.

"The boys shall have their Thanksgiving Day," said the general.

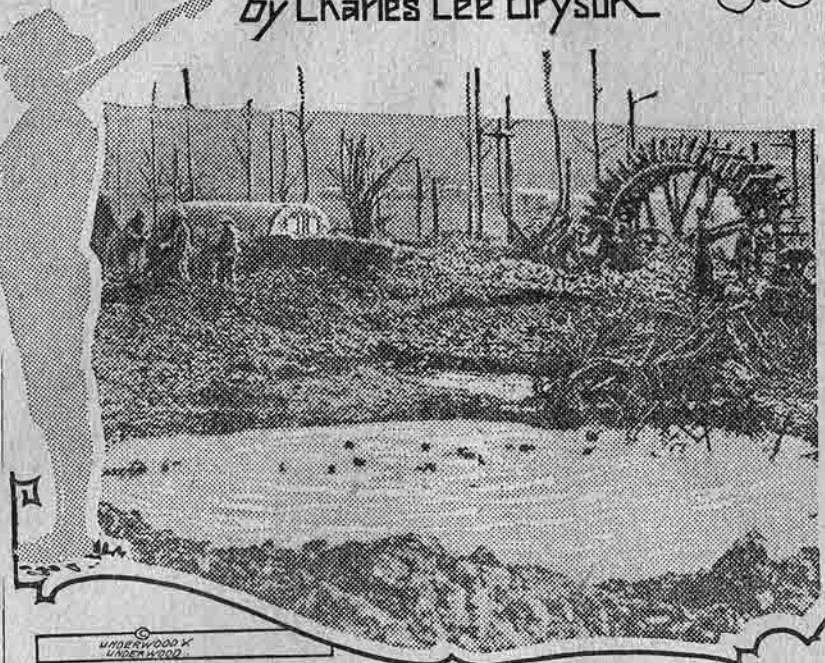
That was all, but it was enough. It showed that the general had thought it all out beforehand, and that turkeys and cranberry sauce and all the "fixings" for the feast, had been provided months before. Without doubt there will be football games, for many of the country's famous gridiron stars are wearing the khaki. And Uncle Sam's boys will sit down to their Thanksgiving Day feast, their bodies in France, but their spirits in the old home circle, with those whom they have gone forth to defend.

And France—what of her? It is her first experience with the Yankee holiday. But it will fit her case exactly. Thanksgiving Day had its origin in the religious spirit of gratitude for deliverance from very real and pressing danger. France today is full of that same spirit of thankfulness, for the presence of those clean-limbed, square-jawed, clear-eyed young Americans is the guarantee that France will be de-

WHEN WE LOOK FOR FEELING

A Stumbling Block to the Christian Is to Worry Over Inner Emotions.

Feelings are a very delightful part of our experience. But they may be a very dangerous part. There are times when our fellowship with Christ floods us with an overwhelming feeling of his power and presence. There are other times when we feel dead and cold; all consciousness of his presence



This was once a picturesque mill and village beside a beautiful forest in France. The picture shows what the Germans did to it; not a house, not a tree left. The enemy soldiers are doing their best to follow the orders of their great Bismarck: "Leave them nothing but their eyes to weep with." The American Red Cross has under way gigantic plans for co-operation in rebuilding devastated sections of France, Belgium and Serbia.

liberate from the danger of German conquest.

Not only in the spirit of feasting, but in the religious aspect of the holiday—especially in the religious aspect—we may expect the French to join heartily with the Americans in giving thanks, and we need not be surprised if they take Thanksgiving Day to their hearts as they have taken the American soldier, and make it their own for the rest of their national life.

Not the American army alone is giving the French reason to be thankful to that Providence which has raised up a powerful ally, but the American Red Cross, which stands ever back of the army and navy, helps to care for them, and takes on its shoulders the burden of feeding and sheltering and clothing the pitiful thousands of refugees.

Back of the French fighting lines are now these homeless, shelterless, women, old men and little children, in numbers almost unbelievable. On October 1 the American Red Cross was caring for 850,000 of them, and more were coming at the rate of 1,000 a day through one city alone, and no one has estimated how many others. The Germans, who had held them prisoner in the lines for three years, were driving them across the lines that the French government might have to feed them.

It was not possible for the Red Cross to provide a Thanksgiving Day feast for this multitude, even if they had known what it was. But the help given them—the portable houses in which reunited families might find shelter; the little furniture and few tools supplied them that they might begin the family life anew; the food to keep them alive and the clothing to keep them from freezing to death—such services as these have aroused in the volatile and emotional French heart a love for the American and his Red Cross which may easily encompass also the American feast day.

In the one little corner of Belgium which is free from the German heel, there also is the spirit of thanksgiving, though the Belgians know nothing of the American holiday. For there has come the American Red Cross, and only a few days ago it voted \$589,930 for the relief of the Belgian refugees crowded behind their army in the little strip of soil still held by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth. This fund will be used especially to care for Belgian children, and to run a Belgian hospital for wounded soldiers, because the Belgian government hospital is now overtaxed.

For the feeding of the refugees, warehouses are built along the many canals, and supplies will be sent by boat all over that corner of the little kingdom into which are huddled the helpless ones who have fled from the German invader.

Serbia, too, has cause to be thankful for what the American Red Cross is doing. Serbian war prisoners in Austro-German camps are on the verge of starvation, and only the Red Cross could reach them. The Serbian government has placed \$500,000 to the credit of the American Red Cross, and it has already bought 5,000 sacks of flour and shipped them through Switzerland and Austria, to be furnished the starving prisoners.

But of all the nations the Red Cross has befriended, France alone is privileged to witness a real American celebration of Thanksgiving Day, and of all those peoples the French are most likely to catch the American point of view. It is a safe prediction that the French will take enthusiastically to

the idea of a day set apart on which to express their gratitude for blessings received.

And if the war lasts another year, and the next Thanksgiving Day finds the American army still on French soil, watch the whole French people seize upon the great American feast day, and celebrate it as enthusiastically as if it had originated in Paris.

THE WONDERFUL BOOK.

It Has the Power to Speak to People of Every Race, Condition and Every Age.

The Bible is the universal Book of the wide world. In hundreds of languages and dialects, heathen countries are today reading its pages, and a great army of missionaries is expounding its truths.

When Doctor Paton was printing his first New Testament in the Anivan language, Chief Namakel, an old man, eagerly watched the missionary, and one day he said: "Does it speak?" "Yes," said Paton. "It can talk now in your own language." "Oh, let it speak to me—let me hear it speak." Paton then read a few lines, when the old man cried: "It does speak! Oh, give it to me!" Grasping the book, he turned it round and round. Then, pressing it to his heart, he shouted: "Oh, make it speak to me again!" Is not this the greatest work of the missionary, making the Bible speak to men?

It is said that more than five hundred thousand sermons are preached every Sunday from texts taken from the Holy Scriptures. Any but a divine book would have been worn out ages ago, but the more the Bible is used, the better it is liked. The cry everywhere today is, "Come over and help us!" All the gates are open to the Christian soldier sent of God, carrying with him the World of Power and preaching Christ to every creature.—Christian Herald.

TAKE TIME TO MEDITATE

Quiet Hours to Act as a Spiritual Directory to Put One in Right Direction.

Not long ago I had an experience that set me to thinking about the use of prayer and periods of meditation. I had an important conference to attend and realized that my time was limited in which to reach the place of my engagement. I found I had somehow mistaken the address, and knowing that I was getting late, I thought to save time by inquiring. Several persons whom I met and asked were ignorant of the building I wanted. Finally I became fretted and ran into a grocery store to inquire if they knew the name of the person I was seeking. The grocery clerk did not seem to know, but he said, "Have you looked into the directory?" He handed me the book, and very soon I located my party and went off wondering why I had not thought to save my time by consulting the directory before.

When one thinks about it, Jesus seemed to use the quiet times of prayer as a spiritual directory. He realized evidently that, despite the needs that pressed upon him from the people whom he came to serve, it saved time to send them away occasionally and betake himself to the still air of the mountain for meditation and prayer.—Christian Herald.

feeling faith. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." So let us believe without feeling and without seeing, praising God that his perfect sufficiency in meeting all our needs all the time is not dependent upon what we feel, but upon what he says.—S. S. Times.

Charity.

How white are the fair robes of charity as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor.

Stop That Cold At Once

CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiate—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Crisp in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store

A friend in need is a surprise indeed.

New Ash Sifter.

In an ash sifter patented by a New York man toothed wheels break clinkers as a handle is turned.

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.

Singers Own Accompanists.

So that singers can use phonographs to play their accompaniments an attachment has been invented that displays the words of songs on a reel of paper as a record is being played.

Poor Roads Expensive.

The farmers of the United States have been allowing \$300,000,000 in real money to escape from their pockets each year because of poor roads, according to the testimony of experts.

War Lord's Temple of Peace.

According to the Norddeutscher Zeitung, the kaiser has ordered the erection of a temple of peace on one of his estates. It is to be inaugurated solemnly after the conclusion of peace.

Method in His Madness.

A story is brought from Camp Funston, says the Kansas City Star: A young draft soldier paced the parade ground alone. Stooping suddenly he picked up a small block of wood, studied it a moment, and cast it aside with the remark: "That ain't it." Walking farther, he stooped and brought up a scrap of paper, scanned it, and threw it away, again saying: "That ain't it." A third pause a minute later brought his attention to a cigarette stub, but close scrutiny brought the same rejection, "That ain't it." His captain stood within hearing, watching the draft soldier closely. It was apparent the young man's mentality was wavering. The guard was called and the patient was sent to the hospital. The next day the captain went to the hospital with the patient's discharge papers. On their delivery, the sufferer held the papers up to the light, examined them closely, and then announced: "That's it."

'Twas Easily Done.

Hypochondria was the topic that was being discussed at a social affair, says the Philadelphia Press, when Senator William A. Smith of Michigan recalled the following story: A woman who was perfectly well, but imagined she had at least a dozen different diseases, called one day to consult an eminent specialist. "I think I understand your case thoroughly, madam," said the doctor as the patient began to tell the story of her life. "Just sit quite still a moment and let me look at you."

The patient complied and after studying her intently for a little while the physician glanced at his watch. "There is nothing the matter with you, madam," finally said the doctor. "You haven't the slightest indication of fever, and your heart beat is perfectly normal."

"Why, how do you know, doctor?" exclaimed the patient in surprise. "You didn't take my pulse." "It wasn't necessary, madam," smiled the specialist. "I counted the vibrations of the ostrich feather on your hat."



TWO GREAT WORLD GRAINS are combined in the perfected ready-cooked cereal—

Grape-Nuts

This appetizing blend of Wheat and Barley is over 98% Food.

ECONOMICAL
HEALTHFUL
DELIGHTFUL

The Empty House

Penrod Encounters All Kinds of Hair-Raising Experiences
By BOOTH TARKINGTON

(Copyright, 1917, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

ONE July afternoon, when the world outdoors was empty of everything except hot sunshine, Penrod Schofield, in the sawdust box of his father's stable, was as silently busy as a diligent young worm in the heart of a nut.

Favoring this comparison, the sawdust box was naturally almost as dark as the inside of a nut is believed to be; but Penrod worked by the light of a lantern, which raised the temperature of the box to a degree that would have frightened a stoker, but subtracted nothing from the fever of composition. Penrod was writing.

He was writing CHAPTER TENTH of his secret novel, HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROAD-AGENT OR WILD LIFE AMONG THE ROCKY MTS.

"Soon it was Mr. Wilsons turn to be scared and he started begging to be let off and said it was not his fault and how he had never done anything. Oh no, sneered Harold, you did not do anything to this poor old man. Oh no but I guess the time has come now when you will have to be exposed so just look here a minute. I have the papers to prove you committed the felony your own self 16 long years ago that this poor old man got put in the penitentiary for and been 16 long years in a dirty cell with nothing but bread and water and a little rice.

"Yes said our hero and I have papers that prove he murdered your children and little baby daughter also.

"I didnt either and you better look out how you talk said Mr. Wilson and pined his soul before his Maker. No sir cried he it was some Irishman that murdered the old man's children and little baby daughter also.

"Soon they attempted to put some handcuffs on Mr. Wilson but he pulled out his ottomack and reched over Harolds soldier where they were struggling and began shooting away at the old man but Harold reched up and caught hold of his hand with his hand and took the ottomack away and held him until the old man could get the handcuffs on him.

"There sneered the old man when he was all tied up tight I guess you are in a nice fix now just like the way I used to be for 16 long years. Ha Ha Ho do you like it and went on taunting him with his helpless condition. Yes sneered the old man I think you are one of the worst people I ever knew in my whole life and I am going to tell that you were the real foger that put everything off on me and then he got so mad he began stamping on Mr. Wilsons white hair as he was lying on the floor.

"Soon Mr. Wilson started crying at this and our hero and the old man taunted him some more for a while then went on out with a smile. Mr. Wilson quit crying because it did not hurt any more where the old man had kept stepping on him and soon managed to shake off his bonds with his teeth. You Harold Ramorez sneered he now I will hunt you down like dog and he hunted around until he found his whistle on the floor some where and soon summoned his detectives again and began reviling them you are nice ones you are sneered he leaving me here alone with those two men it was Harold Ramorez and he has turned the old man lose and we will have to hurry up or we will probably not catch them. I wonder where they have gone.

"I bet I know said the detectives he has gone to his lair on the steepest cliff in the Rocky Mts and takin the old man with him we can easily catch up with them because it is dark outside and probably it is going to rain too so after talking some more they soon went on out and started after our hero and the old man.

"Soon a storm came up and Mr. Wilson and the detectives got close on the trail of the fugitives in the storm because they could see them by the light of the flashes of lightning first would come a flash of lightning and then would come some thunder.

"CHAPTER ELEVENTH
"This kept up for a long while for it was a terrible night and the lightning would scared anybody it kept lighting and thundering all the time and the old man could not run fast and Mr. Wilson and the detectives would shoot at them by the light of the lightning and the lightning would strike rocks that would fall off the cliffs and almost hit them and the wind blowing trees down too and it got freezing cold and the old man got hit with one of the rocks and broke his leg so our hero had to carry him on his back and more rocks began falling because an earthquake had started now besides the lightning and thunder and our hero could not find his way among the cliffs and then it started raining too.

"Bing bing went the ottomack bullets bing bing bing bing bing bing bing bing Oh cried the old man I am wounded again and probably I will die unless we can find some place to get under. Bing Bing Bing Bing Bing Bing Mr. Wilson and the detectives kept on bing bing bing bing bing bing bing bing Oh cried the old man because Mr. Wilson and the detectives got close up and the ottomack bullets hit the old man every time.

"Everything kept getting worse but soon Harold saw a terrible looking cavern and went inside of it and put the old man down from carrying him. The

cavern was all black and it smelled terrible. Well said the old man this is the worst looking place I have ever been and I bet there is something terrible in here and then some animal jumped out from back in there and bit him where the ottomack bullets had wounded him and he said Oh some animal is biting me right in my wounds. Oh now it is biting me where my leg got broken.

"Soon the old man died and went to meet his Maker. Well said Harold I wonder what I better do. So he went back in the cavern and there was some kind of something green back in there and he was afraid probably it was the old mans ghost and he saw something that looked like some eyes looking right at him.

"Musther Penrod!"
This was a hall from the house. Della, the cook, emerged from the kitchen door and stood upon the back-porch in the sunset light. She addressed the silent stable.

"Musther Penrod! Y' rout there simwheres, why can't y' answer me? Yer father an' mother's away fer dinner an' so's Miss Marg'rut an' I'm not goin' to wait ahl night, so if ye want anything t'eat ye better c'min an' eat it. 'Ts the last I'll cah' ye!"

However, she came to the door five times during the gradual dusk to shout "Musther Penrod" and various warnings; but the stable remained stolidly unresponsive. Finally she delivered a real ultimatum, and when it proved ineffectual, retired permanently.

Certainly her voice had reached the physical ear of Penrod, but it conveyed no meaning; his mind had not heard it. Penrod's self was in a horrible cavern in the Rocky mountains with Harold Ramorez.

Like many another good soul moved to attempt the transmutation of vision into manuscript, this author was not aware how frail and treacherous are the processes of the alchemy. The fact that words are fixed symbols of things concerned Penrod little; he thought that the words he set upon the paper meant all the things he heard and felt and saw, in his mind's eye, as he wrote—things which so stirred and thrilled him that his hand had begun to tremble as it sped, faster and faster, across the pages.

He shook with horror of the awful refuge discovered by Harold Ramorez; he saw a green vapor shimmering in its sinister hollows; he heard the shrieking of the canon wind across the cavern's mouth, saw it lifting and tossing the white hair and beard of a dreadful figure which lay there, naked, torn and drenched. He fled toward the green vapor in the depths, only to turn back, shuddering with ghastly suspicions, while out of the darkness hundreds of eyes—eyes without bodies, eyes without faces—looked at him and began to come closer, and closer, and closer.

When such a situation is thus conceived and developed in such an author, it seldom proceeds toward convalescence; but rather the symptoms become more and more malignant indefinitely, relief being obtained only after the author has had a night's sleep. So it was but natural that Harold Ramorez's suspicions concerning the green vapor turned out to be well founded. The vapor proved, indeed, to be the ghost of the unfortunate Old Man who had suffered so greatly after arriving at the cavern, and on the journey thereto, and also, owing to the machinations of Mr. Wilson, for sixteen long, previous years.

And, with the typical inconsistency of all ghosts, this one had undergone a complete change of character since passing. Forgetting every former tie and all gratitude, it seemed wholly inimical to its former benefactor, and assuming the position of terror-in-chief of a place upon which, in life, it had pronounced an unfavorable opinion and for which it had shown no attachment whatever. It now appeared to have no affairs to call it elsewhere, nor any purpose in existence save to unsettle the reason of one who had shown it nothing but kindness. For, in truth, Harold Ramorez feared he might go mad—and Penrod's mouth opened and his eyes bulged fearsomely as he wrote.

And that very instant the flame of his depleted lantern died absolutely. Harold Ramorez himself was not left in more complete eclipse. Instinct brought Penrod to his feet at a bound; and, as he looked out over the side of the sawdust box toward the open door, his state of mind was one that needed the immediate reassurance of sunshine. And bright, warm, July afternoon sunshine was what Penrod fully expected to see.

Instead, he looked into Egyptian night. Therefore it is not surprising that when Penrod emerged from the stable, a very few seconds later, breathing somewhat disconcertedly, he bore in both hands, ready for any emergency, an overweighted and formidable weapon, which he held in his hand as he slipped down the sawdust box.

It was an empty house in the night-time has few attractions for a boy. Inclosed darkness sickens his soul and likewise has a discouraging physical effect; climaxing in the pit of his stomach—which is the seat of courage,

shrubberies in the yard took curious, changing shapes, and Penrod kept a wary eye upon them as he threaded his way to the kitchen door.

It opened to his hand, revealing nothing save by reminiscent odor; but there was a dim light in the dining room. Thither he proceeded, his unnerved condition being at once improved by the sight of vizards and vegetables, for there was a plate upon the table at his accustomed place, and food plenteous, though grown cold.

A conjunction of suggestions, occurring as he ate, recalled something like an echo of Della's voice; gradually he became susceptible to an impression that his father and mother and sister had not dined at home. Then abruptly it struck him that he might be alone in the house.

"All alone in an empty house!" As the words formed in Penrod's mind, it was as if a husky voice had uttered them somewhere overhead. He was grievously startled.

"An empty house!"
At the upper end of the table was a part of a cold ham, beside which lay a large, horn-handled carving-knife; and Penrod, after swallowing dryly once or twice, lunged suddenly at this implement, grasped it, and stood upon the defensive. He remained in a tense attitude, listening; and there was no sound either within the house or without; nothing could have been more ominous. Finally, carving knife in hand, he went back to the kitchen, where he had left the ax, and returned to the dining room doubly armed.

Again he stood to listen. Suddenly Penrod whirled straight about, with ax and carving knife both lifted to strike at something behind him.

Nothing was there except the sideboard, so he 'bout-faced suspiciously again. Then, laying the ax upon the table, but keeping the knife in his right hand, he stepped upon a chair and extended his left hand to the gas fixture, meaning to turn the jet on full. But he pressed the key in the



Penrod's Mouth Opened and His Eyes Bulged Fearsomely as He Wrote.

wrong direction, and for the second time within that half-hour Penrod's light went out. To a person in his condition it was a disaster, and, uttering an exclamation of horror, he stumbled and fell from the chair with a light crash.

He was up again in an instant, cutting the air in all directions with the carving knife; then he groped for the ax, found it, and stood still once more, on the defensive, listening intently, expecting the worst and panting, with an effect, upon that stillness, almost uproarious.

He moved about, and cautiously felt his way round the table and debauched to the mantelpiece, where matches were sometimes to be found in a small porcelain slipper, madly believed to be decorative.

A chill struck to his spine at a veritable sound behind him. This one was a faint creak, the result of some capillary action in the wooden floor, but so far as Penrod's nerves were concerned it might have been a shot.

Wheeling, he struck a frantic blow with the ax, which, completing a fine curve, miraculously failed to amputate the welder's left foot at the ankle, but, as an incident, permanently relieved all members of the household from troubling to put any more matches in the porcelain slipper.

Thereupon Penrod decided to go outdoors. The decision itself was a simple matter; action upon it was deferred because of extreme hesitation to move at all. But after a gruesome period of inertia he began to tiptoe backward in the direction of the door, keeping his eyes, ax and carving knife warily toward where the villainous creak had sounded. Thus retrogressing, he presently found himself in the side hall, which separated all the front part of the roomy, old-fashioned house from the dining room and kitchen. The doors leading to the forward rooms were closed, and the thought of opening them filled him with horror; in his mind's eye he saw them, gaunt, huge, full of black shapes of furniture, lurking places that might conceal anything!

An empty house in the night-time has few attractions for a boy. Inclosed darkness sickens his soul and likewise has a discouraging physical effect; climaxing in the pit of his stomach—which is the seat of courage,

This fabled point, in the case of Penrod, was becoming more and more sensitive every moment. He suffered from an unpleasant conviction that he was surrounded by vital dangers which became the deadlier for each slightest movement that he made. These dangers were all the more deadlier because they were undefined; the inscrutable darkness held Secrets—and, putting out his hand to feel the wall near the kitchen door, he encountered one of them. His fingers very, very briefly closed upon something that felt like a head of wet, cold hair. It sank from his touch, and there was a thick-sounding thud upon the floor.

"Oof!" moaned Penrod, the question of going out through the kitchen thus definitely settled, and when he became again conscious of his whereabouts he was on the second floor at the top of the back stairs.

Mops had driven greater than Penrod. He was sorely shaken, but not disposed to linger in the vicinity of stairs that led toward a kitchen inhabited by surprises of this kind. He fled into his father's bed chamber, bruising himself variously in the passage thereto, and, abandoning his weapons for the moment, slid his hand along the wall until it came to a forbidden object that hung there.

It was an Enfield rifle, a muzzle-loading relic, last put to use by Penrod's grandfather on a day in the year 1863, and it was truly unloaded. Penrod got it down, pointed the muzzle waveringly in the general direction of the door by which he had entered, and whispered feebly and tremulously:

"Now let's see wuu-what you were goin' to do so mum-much!"

He maintained this attitude until the weight of the extended rifle became insupportable; then he grounded arms and leaned against a bureau, breathing even more vehemently than before. His elbow touched a bottle; he seized upon it and smelled the contents—spirits of camphor. Suggestion was immediately roused by the memory of an

unpleasant experience in the past. He recorked the bottle, placed it under his arm, and muttered:

"You betcha! Guess they won't like this so much! Sprinkle it in their ole eyes!"

It now became his purpose to make his way cautiously to the front stairway, descend to the front hall, and thence, by the front door, reach the outer air. So, with slow and noiseless motions, he put himself once more in possession of his ax and carving knife, thrust the latter in the breast of his jacket, and, though encumbered to the point of difficulty by the ax, the gun and the camphor bottle, returned to the upper hall and began an advance in force.

He went forward a dozen steps with some confidence, then halted abruptly.

What stopped him was something altogether inside himself. In the darkness a green vapor appeared (though not at the other end of the hall, where he thought it did) and there emerged from it the shocking figure of an old man lying in the rain at the mouth of a wind-swept cavern. The vision of the sawdust box—spiteful, like all other visions—chose this particular moment to recur to the author of "Harold Ramorez."

He was standing by the portal of his own bedroom. Gasping, he hopped across the threshold, kicked the door shut, and maintained possession of his armory, though, perhaps, not of his faculties, huddled himself upon the bed and buried his face in the pillow.

It is not altogether discreditable to a boy in the dark that he sometimes imitates an ostrich. But it is unfortunate, because, when one is already in the dark, very little relief can be obtained by closing the eyes.

Penrod, burrowing into his pillow, could see the old man rather more plainly than if he had allowed his eyes to remain open. He saw him through the pillow and through the wall; it seemed that the old man was lying on the hall rug just outside the closed door, and that before long he would get up and come into the bedroom and bend over the bed and—But the imagination balked in ultimate horror.

Without lifting or turning his face Penrod managed to squirm inside the

bedclothes and to cover himself completely, as far as the top of his head, for the old man was but one of the monsters that threatened.

Burglars!
Burglars were creeping through the halls upstairs and downstairs; the air of the whole house became murmurous with the whispers and rustlings.

Penrod, still not moving his head, pulled the ax and the camphor bottle beneath the sheet; slid the gun off the coverlet, and pushed it as far under the bed as he could. Burglars might be more merciful if they believed him but a little lonely sleeping child intending no resistance.

He gulped lamentably, and a poignant bitterness began to form no inconsiderable part of his condition.

What kind of parents were they (he asked himself) who could go blithely off and leave a little lonely child to be found by burglars—and other things—in a great, horrible, hollow, empty house? Probably his father and mother were somewhere with a whole crowd of people, in brightly lighted rooms; no doubt at this very moment they were both talking and laughing.

Laughing!
His indignation extended to cover the cases of his nineteen-year-old sister Margaret, and of Della, the cook, and Katie, the housemaid. Most likely all three of these marble hearts were also somewhere, talking and laughing!

Big, strong, old grown people—every one of them—well, maybe they would be sorry to-morrow! Besides, he would get even with them—if he lived.

He was making up his mind in what manner a general revenge should be accomplished upon the household when the handle of his door clicked faintly, and yet distinctly; was softly turned, and the door opened a little way.

Penrod's heart did not stop, but his breath did. He lay motionless.

The door was closed again, gently. Then heart and breath both bounded. There was no doubt about it; something had certainly opened his door—and had looked at him. He had felt it.

It was too much for closed eyes! Penrose lifted himself on his elbow and stared whirlingly about him until his gaze became fixed in utter horror upon the threshold of the door. A thread of light glimmered wanly along that threshold.

Shaking to the verge of spasms, Penrod gathered his weapons again. Then the light disappeared, and there was darkness—and silence, and silence, and silence!

And whatever the color of the gleam beneath the door, the thread that remained upon the fixed retina of Penrod's eye, after the actual light had gone, was green.

Now, indeed, out of the darkness over the frenzied boy did Chimera peer and monster hover! The green thread broke and twisted into shapes, bodiless, faceless eyes came closer and closer and closer, while animals breathed hot upon his cheek.

The silence grew tenser with noises just about to burst forth; the darkness became charged with unthinkable visions just ready to make themselves visible; raw heads and bloody bones, bleaching phantasm and ravening vampire, bugbear, bugaboo, mummy and nightmare, ghastly thing that had ever got into Penrod's head was issued forth and now hung over him.

And outside the door were the burglars. There were burglars rampaging all through the house by this time, in

IMMENSE RED CROSS DEPOTS

Sixteen Large Warehouses Established in France to Serve Needs of American Troops and Hospitals.

To serve the American troops and the hundreds of war hospitals behind the French firing line and to reach the thousands of French refugees the Red Cross commission to France has established a system of 16 large warehouses throughout France.

Six of the new warehouses have been located in Paris, which serves as the center of the distribution system. Ten other warehouses are located outside the capital. Approximately 15,000 tons of materials are now being distributed monthly from these warehouses by the Red Cross commission.

Every kind of medical supplies, drugs and surgical instruments is carried in stock for the use of hospital staffs. Foodstuffs, clothing, building materials, plowing implements and tools are also being imported in large quantities for the assistance of French refugees.

American college men, many of whom formerly served as drivers in the American ambulance, are directing the work, while the force of workmen is recruited from veteran French soldiers and Belgian men no longer fit for military duty.

Exercise.

"Don't you think every man should devote some time to physical culture?"

"Not in my particular field of activity," replied Senator Sorghum. "If all legislators went in for physical culture as well as intellectual development some of these debates might end in a personal encounter that really hurt somebody."

Bad Marksman.

"What is the chief aim of Jobling's existence?"

"Making money."

"But he's always hard up."

"Quite true. His aim is poor."

all the empty rooms and vacant halls and passages. Burglars had opened the door and looked at him.

Stop! Had they only looked at him? Had one of them come in the room when the door opened? Was he there now?

Or was it the old man? That finished Penrod.

With a shattering yell of terror he sprang from the bed, clutching all his armory somehow and anyhow; got the door open, plunged blindly through the hall and down the front stairs to the landing, where he tripped over the stock of his gun and fell all the rest of the way, bellowing outrageously and accompanied by the rifle, the camphor bottle and the carving knife and the ax.

It sounded like the Eiffel tower falling downstairs.

He came to a pause in a sitting posture at the foot of the newel. The hall was brightly lighted. So were the rooms opening from it, and out of these rooms issued sounds of sudden confusion and disturbance. His mother rushed to him through the nearest door.

"Penrod! What on earth—"

Then through the open front door came Margaret and four young men who had been spending the evening with her on the front porch.

Then, following Penrod's mother, came three of Penrod's aunts, one uncle, and eleven other alarmed ladies and gentlemen, most of them holding cards in their hands.

Then through the door of another room came Penrod's father, three of Penrod's uncles, one aunt and the eleven remaining members of the Thursday Evening Bridge club, the hospitable superintendence of which organization had occupied most of Mrs. Schofield's time that evening after her return, with her husband and daughter, from dining with an elderly relative.

Over the banister above leaned Della (in extreme negligence), and Della likewise demanded to know, What on earth! Then, by means of the back hall and the back stairs, Katie and an alleged cousin, who had been sitting quietly on the back porch, joined Della. Katie also wanted to know, What on earth!

"What is the matter, Penrod?" his mother wailed.

Penrod coughed, gulped, and answered feebly:

"Just—playing!"

"But what made you get up?" his mother cried.

"Get up—where?"

"Out of bed! I slipped away and looked in your room awhile ago and you were sound asleep. What did you get up and dress for and—"

"I was just pretending!"

"Pretending what?"

"Just pretending."

He answered absently and in a pre-occupied tone, his mind having somewhat centered upon the number of human beings in the circle about him. As his mother remarked afterward, there were more people in the house that evening than she had entertained for years. Including the family and Margaret's callers there were 33, she said.

At that she forgot to count Penrod and Della and Katie, and Katie's cousin.

Altogether there were 37.

"Mom-muh?" Penrod began as he rose from the floor.

"You put those things away!" commanded his father.

"Mom-muh?"

"And then you go straight to bed!" his father concluded sternly.

"Mom-muh, aren't you going to have ice cream?"

GIRL RUNS "SHINE PARLOR"

Declares That She Has Lots of Customers, Likes the Work, and Makes Good Money.

As the man with the dust-covered shoes climbed into a chair in a shoe-shining "parlor" in Ft. Wayne avenue, relates the Indianapolis News, a neat, trim-looking colored girl came briskly out of a back room.

"Good morning," replied the prospective customer. "Where's the shoe shiner?"

"That's me. I'm the shiner."

"Is that so? Well, you are the first girl I ever saw shining shoes. Like the business?"

"Indeed, I do. It pays me well and we are all looking for the money these days."

"How did you happen to get into this kind of work?"

"Well, it was like this. My cousin, who owns this place, runs a transfer wagon. He is away so much he had to have somebody stay here and answer the telephone and look after the business. He tried boys for a while, but they are all gone to war or talking about it and it was hard to keep them, so he gave me the job. This used to be a shining parlor and so many men came in asking for shines that I decided to get into the business myself. It didn't take me long to get onto it, and now I have lots of customers."

War Economy.

Sandy and Pat were discussing the economies of their respective landladies. "Indade," said Pat, "the other day I saw that wumman O'Grady countin' the peas to put in the broth."

"Och," replied Sandy, "where I am the landlady melts the margarine an' paints it on yer bread w' a brush!"

Very Much So.

"That singer's voice has great carrying power, hasn't it?"

"It ought to have. He supports his own and his wife's family, too, on it."

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

H. H. Baker, mayor.
Edward F. McCoy, clerk.
Ovide L. Martin, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
T. R. McCoy, collector
T. J. Fahey, marshal
Jos. Supernant, night police
Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade James McCue, Adolph Bock, C. I. Magruder, and Geo. Bertrand, trustees.

Board of Education

Meets every first Friday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. E. J. Stelter, Pres., C. W. Reincke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmore, 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 Forresters.

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.

When a man has to invent an excuse for going downtown every night, it is doughnuts to fudge that he is wedded to the wrong woman.

When a cheap man drops a penny in the contribution plate he figures on getting a through ticket to glory in exchange.

The man who is too positive about things spends a lot of valuable time looking for small holes to crawl into.

If a mother chases her children out of the room when another woman calls, there is gossip in the air.

Call them white lies if you want to, but sooner or later they will come home to roost.

Occasionally the early bird makes a mistake in selecting a worm—and gets stung.

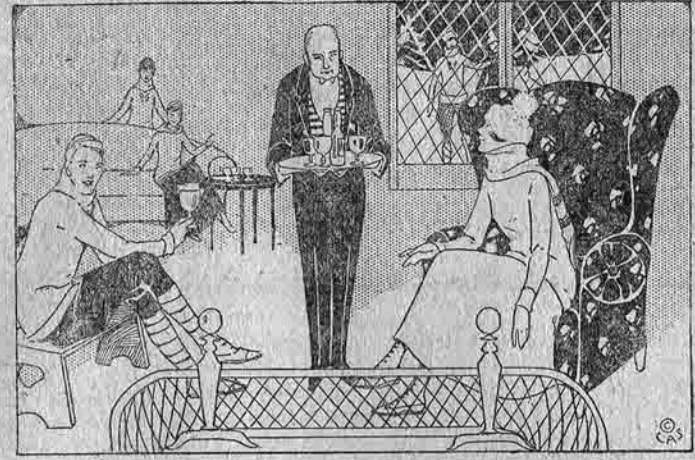
True charity consists of opening the purse and keeping the face closed.

The self-made man forgets to list himself when the assessor calls.

And the tightwad who has more money than friends is glad of it.

Most of the sin on exhibition is anything but original.

The coming man is seldom noticed until he arrives.



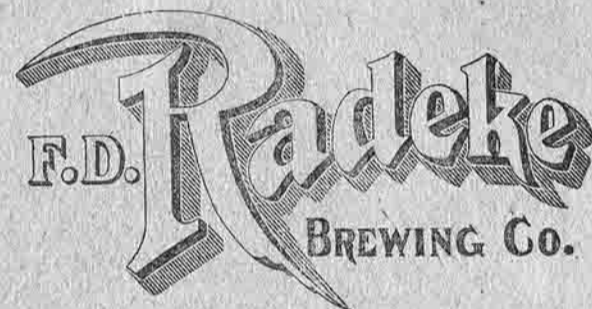
"Radeke Beer" after Winter Sports

After exercise in the open, this superb beer satisfies thirst, refreshes and revives. "Radeke Beer" is the most wholesome beverage after healthful play in the great outdoors. Its supreme quality insures its welcome from guests and reflects credit to the host. Every day, more and more people give the prestige of their preference to

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



(OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.)
**REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
BRADLEY STATE AND SAVINGS BANK**
located at Bradley, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 21st day of November, 1917, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES.	
1. LOANS:	
Loans on real estate.....	\$54,032.14
Loans on collateral security.....	8,750.00
Other loans and discounts.....	61,935.17
	\$124,718.31
2. OVERDRAFTS:	
United States bonds.....	2407.00
	43.69
	2407.00
4. MISCELLANEOUS RESOURCES:	
Furniture and fixtures.....	500.00
Other resources.....	827.91
	1,327.91
5. DUE FROM BANKS:	
State.....	17,857.81
National.....	3,183.13
	21,040.94
6. CASH ON HAND:	
Currency.....	4,311.00
Gold coin.....	72.50
Silver coin.....	548.05
Minor coin.....	94.40
	5,026.55
7. OTHER CASH RESOURCES:	
Checks and other cash items.....	1094.23
	1094.23
TOTAL RESOURCES.....	\$156,258.63
LIABILITIES.	
1. CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN.....	\$25,000.00
3. UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....	\$ 6,693.11
Less current interest expenses and taxes paid.....	2231.27
	4,461.84
4. DEPOSITS:	
Time certificates.....	21,966.81
Savings, subject to notice.....	57,006.43
Demand, subject to check.....	46,831.70
Demand certificates.....	391.85
	126,796.79
TOTAL LIABILITIES.....	\$156,258.63

I. E. C. Vandagriff, Cashier of the Bradley State and Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. C. VANDAGRIFT, Cashier
STATE OF ILLINOIS,)
COUNTY OF KANKAKEE,)
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of November 1917.
T. R. McCoy, Notary Public.

Important Red Cross Meeting

There will be a meeting of the Bradley Auxiliary of American Red Cross on Friday evening, November thirtieth, at 7:45 in the High School building.

At this meeting it is proposed to elect officers, and transact any other business that may effect a live auxiliary here.

The subject of Red Cross work, which ought to have an eminent place in the mind and heart of every one at this time, will be taken up by speakers from Kankakee and elsewhere who will be present.

Everyone is urged to come and cooperate in promoting the interests of Red Cross work. It is a great cause and worthy of the best efforts of all of us. Helping even in a small way is a great assistance.

ALEX J. POWELL
Attorney-at-Law

GENERAL LAW PRACTICE

Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

At Justice Worman's Court, Bradley, Ill., Saturday mornings.

DICK & HERTZ

UNDERTAKERS

380 East Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Res. Phone 888-1 Res. Phone 1257.
DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Room 6 and 7
City National Bank Building
BELL PHONE 377

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

In extreme climates
life is impossible

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

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

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

Anheuser-Busch Branch
Distributors Chicago, Ill.

Budweiser
Means Moderation





BECAUSE HER HUSBAND WILL NOT LET HER HELP TAKE CARE OF THE TWINS, AND BECAUSE SHE HATES IDLENESS, ROSE HAS A VERY SERIOUS DISAGREEMENT WITH RODNEY

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton marries Rodney Aldrich, a wealthy 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. Then Rose decides that her job as mother is a big one, and she looks eagerly forward to the great event, but she has twins and is unable to care for both the babies at once.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Dam Gives Way.

She began getting her strength back very fast in the next two or three days, but this queer kink in her emotions didn't straighten out. She came to see that it was absurd—monstrous almost, but that didn't help. Instead of a baby, she had given birth to two. They were hers, of course, as much as one would have been. Only, her soul, which had been waiting so ecstatically for its miracle—for the child which, by making her a mother, should supply what her life needed—her soul wouldn't—couldn't accept the substitution. Those two droll, thin-voiced, squirming little mites that were exhibited to her every morning, were as foreign to her, as if they had been brought into the house in a basket.

When Harriet came in for the first time to see her, Rose knew. Harriet was living here now, running the house for Rodney, while Rose was laid up. Doing it beautifully well, too, through all the confusion of nurses and all. Harriet said: "I think you're in great luck to have had two at once; get your duty to posterity done that much sooner. And, of course, you couldn't possibly be expected to nurse two great creatures like that."

Rose acquiesced. She would have struggled, though, she knew, but for that queer trick fate had played her. Her heart ached. When she found that struggling with herself, denouncing herself for a brute, didn't serve to bring up the feelings toward the twins that she knew any proper mother ought to have, she buried the dark fact as deep as she could, and pretended. It was only before Rodney that the pretense was really necessary. And with him, really, it was hardly a pretense at all. He was such a child himself, in his gleeful delight over the possession of a son and a daughter, that she felt for him, tenderly, mistily, luminously, the very emotion she was trying to capture for them—felt like cradling his head in her weak arms, kissing him, crying over him.

She wouldn't have been allowed to do that to the babies, anyway. They were going to be terribly well brought up, those twins; that was apparent from the beginning. They had two nurses all to themselves, quite apart from Miss Harris, who looked after Rose—Mrs. Ruston and Doris, the maid, who were destined, it appeared, to be as permanent as the babies. But Rose had the germ of an idea of her own about that.

They got them named with very little difficulty. The boy was Rodney, of course, after his father and grandfather before him. Rose was a little afraid Rodney would want the girl named after her, and was relieved to find he didn't. There'd never in the world be but one Rose for him, he said. So Rose named the girl Portia. They kept Rose in bed for three weeks; flat on her back as much as possible, which was terribly irksome to her, since her strength and vitality were coming back so fast. She might have rebelled, had it not been for that germinating idea of hers. It wouldn't do, she saw, in the light of that, to give them any excuse for calling her unreasonable.

One Sunday morning, Rodney carried her upstairs to the nursery to see her babies bathed. This was a big room at the top of the house which Florence McCrea had always vaguely intended to make into a studio. But, in the paralysis of indecision as to what sort of studio to make it, she had left the thing bare.

Rodney had given Harriet carte blanche to go ahead and fit it up before he and Rose came back from the seashore, and the layette was a moun-

ment to Harriet's practicality. There had been a wild day of supplementing, of course, when it was discovered that there were two babies instead of one.

The room, when they escorted Rose into it, was a terribly impressive place. The spirit of a barren, sterile efficiency brooded everywhere. And this appearance of bareness obtained despite the presence of an enormous number of articles—a pair of scales, a perfect battery of electric heaters of various sorts; rows of vacuum jars for keeping things cold or hot; a small sterilizing oven; instruments and appliances that Rose couldn't guess the uses or the names of. Mrs. Ruston, of course, was master of them all, and Doris flew about to do her bidding, under a watchful eye.

Rose surveyed this scene, just as she would have surveyed a laboratory, or a factory where they make something complicated, like watches. That's what it was, really. Those two pink little objects, in their two severely sanitary baskets, were factory products. At precise and unalterable intervals, a highly scientific compound of fats and proteids was put into them. They were inspected, weighed, submitted to a routine of other processes. And in all the routine, there was nothing that their mother, now they were fairly born, was wanted for.

Rose kept those ideas to herself and kept an eye on young Doris, listened to the orders she got, and studied alertly what she did in the execution of them.

Rodney had a lovely time watching the twins bathed. He stood about in everybody's way, made what he con-



Rose Surveyed This Scene.

ceived to be alluring noises, and finally turned suddenly to his wife and said: "Don't you want to—hold them, Rose?" A stab of pain went through her and tears came up into her eyes. "Yes, give them to me," she started to say. But Mrs. Ruston spoke before she could frame the words. It was their feeding hour, a bad time for them to be excited, and the bottles were heated exactly right.

By that time Rose's idea had flowered into resolution. But she mustn't jeopardize the success of her plan by trying to put it into effect too soon.

She waited patiently, reasonably, for another fortnight. Harriet, by that time, had gone off to Washington on a visit, taking Rodney's heartfelt thanks with her. Rose expressed hers

just as warmly, and felt ashamed that they were so unreal. She simply mustn't let herself get to resenting Harriet! At the end of the fortnight, the doctor made his final visit. Rose had especially asked Rodney to be on hand to hear his report when the examination was over.

"He says," Rose told her husband, "that I'm perfectly well." She turned to the doctor for confirmation. "Don't you?"

The doctor smiled. "As far as my diagnostic resources go, Mrs. Aldrich, you are perfectly well."

Rose smiled widely and contentedly upon them. "That's delightful," she said to the doctor. "Thanks very much."

But after he had gone she found Mrs. Ruston in the nursery and had a talk with that lady, which was destined to produce seismic upheavals.

"I've decided to make a little change in our arrangements, Mrs. Ruston," she said. "But I don't think it's one that will disturb you very much. I'm going to let Doris go—I'll get her another place, of course—and do her work myself."

Mrs. Ruston compressed her lips, and went on for a minute with what she was doing to one of the twins, as if she hadn't heard. "Doris is quite satisfactory, madam," she said at last. "I'd not advise making a change. She's a dependable young woman, as such go. Of course I watch her very close."

"I think I can promise to be dependable," Rose said. "I don't know much about babies, but I think I can learn as well as Doris. Anyway, I can wheel them about and wash their clothes and boil their bottles and things as well as she does. And you can tell me what to do just as you tell her."

To this last observation it became evident that Mrs. Ruston meant to make no reply at all. She gave Rose some statistical information about the twins instead, in which Rose showed herself politely interested, and presently withdrew.

Rodney wore a queer expression all through dinner, and when he got Rose alone in the library afterward, he explained it. Mrs. Ruston had given him notice, contingently. Rose had informed her of her intention to dispense with the service of the nursemaid. If Rose adhered to this intention, Mrs. Ruston must leave.

It was some sort of absurd misunderstanding, of course, Rodney concluded, and wanted to know what it was all about.

"I did say I meant to let Doris go," Rose explained, "but I told her I meant to take Doris' job myself. I said I thought I could be just as good a nursemaid as she was. And I meant it."

He was prowling about the room in a worried sort of way, before she got as far as that. "I don't see, child," he exclaimed, "why you couldn't leave well enough alone! If it's that old economy bug of yours again, it's nonsense. You, to spend all your time doing menial work to save me ten dollars a week!"

"It isn't menial work," Rose insisted. "It's apprentice work. After I've been at it six months, learning as fast as I can, I'll be able to let Mrs. Ruston go and take her job—I'll be really competent to take care of my own children. I don't pretend I am now."

He stared at her in perfectly honest bewilderment. "You're talking rather wild I think, Rose," he said very quietly.

"I'm talking what I've learned from you," she said. "Oh, Rodney, please try to forget that I'm your wife and that you're in love with me. Can't you just say: 'Here's A, or B, or X, a perfectly healthy woman, twenty-two years old, and a little real work would be good for her?'"

She won, with much pleading, a sort of troubled half-assent from him. The matter could be taken up again with Mrs. Ruston.

Given a fair field, Rose might have won a victory here. But, as Portia had said once, the pattern was cut differently. There was a sudden alarm one night, when her little namesake was found strangling with the croup. There were seven terrifying hours—almost unendurable hours, while the young life swung and balanced over the ultimate abyss. The heroine of those hours was Mrs. Ruston. That the child lived was clearly creditable to her.

Rose made another effort even after that, though she knew she was beaten in advance. She waited until the old calm routine was re-established. Then, once more, she asked for her chance.

But Rodney exploded before she got the words fairly out of her mouth. "No," he shouted, "I won't consider it! She's saved that baby's life. You'll have to find some way of satisfying your whims that won't jeopardize those babies' lives. After that night—good heavens, Rose, have you forgotten that night?—I'm going to play it safe."

Rose paled a little and sat ivory still in her chair. There were no miracles any more. The great dam was swept away.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Only Remedy.

She was in the grip of an appalling realization. This moment—this actually present moment that was going to last only until she should speak for the next time—was the critical moment of her life.

"Roddy . . ." she said.

He was slumped down in a big easy chair at the other side of the table, swinging a restless foot; drumming now and then with his fingers. Some

sort of scene was inevitable, he knew. And he sat there waiting for it.

He thought he was ready for anything. But just the way she spoke his name startled—almost frightened him, she said it so quietly, so—tenderly.

"Roddy," she said, "I want you to come over here and kiss me, and then go back and sit down in that chair again."

He went a little pale at that. The swing of his foot was arrested suddenly. But, for a moment, he made no move—just looked wonderingly into her great, grave eyes.

"Something's going to happen," she went on, "and before it's over, I'm afraid it's going to hurt you terribly—and me. And I want the kiss for us to remember. So that we'll always know, whatever happens afterward, that we loved each other." She held out her arms to him. "Won't you come?"

He came—a man bewildered, bent down over her, and found her lips; but almost absent, out of a daze.

"No, not like that," she murmured. "In the old way."

There was a long embrace.

"I don't believe I'd have the courage to do it," she said, "if it were just me. But there's someone else—I've made someone a promise. I can't tell you about that. Now please go back and sit over there where you were, where we can talk quietly. Oh, Roddy, I love you so!—No, please go back, old man! And—and light your pipe. Oh, don't tremble like that! It isn't a tragedy. It's—for us, it's the greatest hope in the world."

He went back to his chair. He even lighted his pipe as she asked him to, and waited as steadily as he could for her to begin.

"Do you remember . . ." she began, and it was remarkable how quiet and steady her voice was. There was even the trace of a smile about her wonderful mouth. "Do you remember that afternoon of ours, the very first of them, when you brought home my notebooks and found me asleep on the couch in our old back parlor? Do you remember how you told me that one's desires were the only motive power he had? Well, it was a funny thing—I got to wondering afterward what my desires were, and it seemed I hadn't any. Everything had, somehow, come to me before I knew I wanted it. Everything in the world, even your love for me, came like that."

"But I've got a passion now, Rodney. I've had it for a long while. It's a desire I can't satisfy. The thing I want—and there's nothing in the world I wouldn't give to get it—is, well, your friendship, Roddy; that's a way of saying it."

Rodney started and stared at her. The thing struck him, it seemed, as a sort of grotesquely irritating anticlimax.

"Gracious heaven!" he said. "My friendship! Why, I'm in love with you! That's certainly a bigger thing."

"I don't know whether it's a bigger thing or not," she said. "But it doesn't include the other."

He was tramping up and down the room by now. "You've got my friendship!" he cried out. "It's grotesque perversion of the facts to say you haven't."

She smiled at him as she shook her head. "I've spent too many months trying to get it and seeing myself fail—oh, so ridiculously!—not to know what I'm talking about, Roddy."

And then, still smiling rather sadly, she told him what some of the experiments had been—some of her attempts to break into the life he kept locked away from her. "I was angry at first when I found you keeping me out," she said, "angry and hurt. I used to cry about it. And then I saw it wasn't your fault. That's how I discovered friendship had to be earned."

But her power to maintain that attitude of grave detachment was about spent. The passion mounted in her voice and in her eyes as she went on. "You thought my mind had got full of wild ideas—the wild idea I was pulling you down from something free and fine that you had been, to something that you despised yourself for being and had to try to deny you were. You were wrong about that, Roddy."

"I did have an obsession, but it wasn't the thing you thought. It was an obsession that kept me quiet, and contented and happy, and willing to wait in spite of everything. The obsession was that none of those things mattered because a big miracle was coming that was going to change it all. I was going to have a job at last—a job that was just as real as yours—the job of being a mother."

Her voice broke in a fierce, sharp little laugh over the word, but she got it back in control again.

"I was going to have a baby to keep alive with my own care. There was going to be responsibility and hard work, things that demanded courage and endurance and sacrifice. I could earn your friendship with that, I said. That was the real obsession, Roddy, and it never really died until tonight. Well, I suppose I can't complain. It's over, that's the main thing."

"And now, here I am perfectly normal and well again—as good as ever. I could wear pretty clothes again and start going out just as I did a year ago. People would admire me, and you'd be pleased, and you'd love me as much as ever, and it would all be like the paradise it was last year, except for one thing. The one thing is that if I do that, I'll know this time what I really am."

With a dangerous light of anger in his eyes, he said quietly: "It's perfectly outrageous that you should talk like that, and I'll ask you never to do it again."

After ten seconds of silence, she went on: "Why, Roddy, I've heard you

describe me a hundred times. Not the you that's my lover. The other you—talking all over the universe to Barry Lake. You've described the woman who's never been trained nor taught nor disciplined; who's been brought up soft, with the bloom on, for the purpose of making her marriageable; who's never found her job in marriage, who doesn't cook, nor sew, nor spin, nor even take care of her own children; the woman who uses her charm to save her from having to do hard, ugly things, and keep her in luxury. Do you remember what you've called her, Roddy?"

"I didn't understand any of that when you married me, Roddy; it was just like a dream to me—like a fairy story come true. But I understand now. How can you be sure, knowing that my position in the world, my friends, oh, the very clothes on my back, and the roof over my head, are dependent on your love—how are you going to be sure that my love for you is honest and disinterested? What's to keep you from wondering—asking questions? Love's got to be free, Roddy."



"Roddy," She Said, "I Want You to Come Over Here and Kiss Me."

The only way to make it free is to have friendship growing alongside it. So when I can be your partner and your friend, I'll be your wife too. But not—not, Roddy, till I can find a way. I'll have to find it for myself. I'll have to go off . . ." She broke down over a word she couldn't at first say, buried her face in her arms, and let a deep, racking sob or two have their way with her. But presently she sat erect again and, with a supreme effort of will, forced her voice to utter the word: "I've got to go off alone—away from you, and stay until I find it. If I ever do, and you want me, I'll come back."

The struggle between them lasted a week—a ghastly week, during which, so far as the surface of things showed, their life flowed along in its accustomed channels. But at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of places, when they were alone together, the great battle was renewed.

The hardest thing about it all for Rose—the thing that came nearest to breaking down her courage—was to see how slowly Rodney came to realize it at all. He was like a trapped animal pacing the four sides of his cage, confident that in a moment or two he would find the way out, and then, incredulously, dazedly, coming to the surmise that there was no way out. She really meant to go away and leave him—leave the babies; go somewhere where his care and protection could not reach her! She was actually planning the details of doing it! By the end of one of their long talks, it would seem to her that he had grasped this monstrous intention and accepted it. But before the beginning of the next one, he seemed to manage, somehow, to dismiss the thing as a nightmare.

Somehow or other, during the calmer moments toward the end, practical details managed to get talked about—settled after a fashion, without the admission really being made on his part that the thing was going to happen at all.

"I'd do everything I could, of course, to make it easier," she said. "We could have a story for people that I'd gone to California to make mother a long visit. We could bring Harriet home from Washington to keep house while I was gone. I'd take my trunks, you see, and really go. People would suspect, of course, after a while, but they'll always pretend to believe anything that's comfortable."

"Where would you go, really?" he demanded. "Have you any plan at all?"

"I have a sort of plan," she said. "I think I know of a way of earning a living."

But she didn't offer to go on and tell him what it was, and, after a little silence, he commented bitterly upon this omission.

Rose's point of view may seem foolish to old-fashioned women. How do you feel about it? Important developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To all Men of draft age

DON'T let Trachoma stand between you and the one big chance to do your duty fighting for the "Stars and Stripes" in France.

Examining Physicians Ordered to Make Strict Tests for Trachoma, Eye Disease

Gen. Crowder also sent this additional caution to examining physicians of the local boards: "Surgeon general advises that in order to prevent the terrible ravages which result from the introduction into the army of that dread disease of the eyes known as trachoma, the lids of every recruit be examined to insure the absence of this disease, and that any border line or suspicious cases be referred to an ophthalmic surgeon especially qualified in this line."

Read the above clippings from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of Aug. 9.

If you are afflicted with Trachoma decide now to have it cured, in order to do your duty for your country.

People of all ages suffering with Trachoma, granulated lids and chronic sore eyes, come from all parts of the country to take the remarkable, inexpensive

Haley Treatment

Just write a letter today and ask for complete information and also learn how you can be treated 10 days before paying a penny.

Write now—today!

HALEY EYE INFIRMARY

CENTRALIA, ILL.

Remember the Blind Man



Submerged Forest. A submerged oak forest, covering several square miles, from which logs more than 100 feet in length have been taken, was discovered by Russian engineers while dredging a river.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household panacea all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming of up food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Aqv.

Would Be Fewer Whippings.

If some parents knew as much as they whip their children for not knowing there would be fewer whipped children in the land.

Those Whom You Need.

Friends are the people who go ahead and pave the road they know you'll be wanting to travel.

And the more you are willing to do for your friends the less time you will have to do things for yourself.

One way to acquire popularity is to keep your troubles to yourself.

Nerves All Unstrung?

Nervousness and nerve pains often come from weak kidneys. Many a person who worries over trifles and is troubled with neuralgia, rheumatic pains and backache would find relief through a good kidney remedy. If you have nervous attacks, with headaches, backaches, dizzy spells and sharp, shooting pains, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have brought quick benefit in thousands of such cases.

An Illinois Case

Mrs. E. O. Allen, Flora, Ill., says: "Falls in the small of my back drove me almost frantic. I had dizzy spells and sick headaches, with my arms and limbs were badly swollen. I got worse steadily and didn't know what to do. Finally I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. Four or five boxes entirely cured me." *"Booby Pictures Tells a Story"*



Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for
Simulating the Food by Regulating
the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion
Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains
neither Opium, Morphine nor
Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Aloe Senna
Rhubarb Sulfate
Aster Sulfate
Syrup of Marshmallows
Syrup of Gum Arabic
Syrup of Marshmallows
Syrup of Marshmallows

A helpful Remedy for
Constipation and Diarrhoea,
and Feverishness and
LOSS OF SLEEP
resulting therefrom in infancy.

Facsimile Signature of
Chas. H. Hutchins

THE GENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

**Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria**

Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Hutchins

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

MAY CHANGE ROUTE

Engineer Has Plan to Stop Floods on Mississippi River.

Would Provide Shorter Outlet to Sea by Using Atchafalaya to Carry Silt-Bearing Water.

The levee system on the Mississippi river from Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico was intended to protect the cultivated lands adjacent to the river. This system has resulted in building up the bed of the river from year to year by reason of the fact that all of the tributary streams running into the Mississippi river have greater velocity, and consequently sediment brought into the main river, whose current is slower, is deposited in the river between Cairo and the Gulf. This is the main cause of the flood line going higher each year with a given rainfall.

Now, the most practical and cheapest remedy for this is to make a shorter outlet to the sea for this vast volume of silt-bearing water, and this outlet is via the Atchafalaya river, the source of which is near the mouth of the Red river, where it empties into the Mississippi, writes M. F. Jerferdo in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The Atchafalaya river runs straight to the tidewater of the Gulf, a distance of about 100 miles, whereas, via the Mississippi river the distance from the mouth of the Red river to the Gulf is 200 miles. The fall of the Mississippi river from the mouth of the Red river to the Gulf is about one-tenth of a foot per mile; of the Atchafalaya about three-tenths of a foot to the mile.

The increase in velocity from the mouth of the Red river to the Gulf via the Atchafalaya would probably lower the grade line of high water to two-tenths of a foot per mile, which would reduce the high-water line for that point (mouth of Red river), 20 feet or more. This reduction in high-water mark would probably extend as far north as Memphis, or even Cairo; thus it can be seen that the levee as now built from Memphis to the Gulf would be of ample height and strength to give safety to the adjacent country for probably 100 years or more.

Would this improvement leave New Orleans an inland city? No. For the slowing down of the velocity of the water in the Mississippi from the mouth of the Red river to the Gulf via the old channels would result in all the sediment being carried to sea via the Atchafalaya, leaving the old channel a clear-water channel, which could be maintained at all times by a little dredging such as is necessary now at the jetties. The railroads entering New Orleans could then bridge the Mississippi river there and would profit in the long run by avoiding the flooding of their tracks.

The jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi could be dredged to a depth of 40 to 50 feet and remain so, for no sediment would be going out that way to fill them up. The high-water line at New Orleans would hardly exceed ten feet above low water.

The low-water line at New Orleans being only one foot above sea level, with a depth of 50 to 60 feet of water, it can be seen that not only would New Orleans be secure from floods in the future, but that the largest vessels in the world could enter its harbor.

The Mississippi river, from the jetties to the mouth of the Red river, would be a canal, navigable at all times, with a little dredging, perhaps, between Baton Rouge and the Red river, and all that rich country on either side of the river from the mouth of the Red river to the Gulf would be absolutely secure from floods.

Some Cow!

"She's an awfully good cow. Our children think the world of her. You'll like her immensely."

"And how much milk does she give?"

"Don't know exactly, but she's a nice cow—first class."

"Well, you must have some idea—does she give a gallon at a milking?"

"Never kept very much track."

"But you have a rough notion about it. Does she give as much as half a gallon a day?"

"Couldn't say definitely. She's an awfully good, kind old cow, though. If she's got any milk she'll give it to you."—Exchange.

Paddy Was Sore.

'Twas somewhere in France, and the trenches looked like some river not on the map. Paddy was on guard in the communication trenches and was up to his chest in water. Along came a Tommy, who inquired of Paddy if he would direct him to a Company in the First Blankshires. Paddy's temper was not the best, for he had had a long, weary guard, and was not in form for being questioned. "Holy smoke!" he replied, viewing his surroundings. "Chuck it! I'm not a bloomin' harbor master!"

Appreciate the Honors.

Some of the French soldier-police-men, veterans of the Marne, of the Yser and of Verdun, have made their appearance in the streets of Paris, after having done their share at making war, and they are showing themselves quite capable of doing their bit in the keeping of the peace, says a Paris correspondent. All are more or less decorated with the war crosses, military medals or other ribbons. The ribbons and chevrons seem to have a great calming influence upon turbulent spirits.

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.

Some Excuse.

Johnny was a typical boy, and full of excuses for any wrongdoing. One day he whistled aloud in school and his teacher asked how he happened to do it.

Johnny said: "I—I—didn't mean to. I had a little hair in my mouth and I wanted to push it out; I didn't know it was going to make any noise."

SOFT, CLEAR SKINS

Made So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The last thing at night and the first in the morning, bathe the face freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water. If there are pimples or dandruff smear them with Cuticura Ointment before bathing. Nothing better than Cuticura for daily toilet preparations.

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

Cantonment Road Building.

A record breaking piece of road building recently was completed in connection with the army cantonment at Louisville, says an exchange, which continues:

"This is one of the few military establishments that have built permanent roads. In 63 working days the contractor completed 63,360 square yards of Trinidad asphaltic concrete highway laid on a concrete base, or about six miles of road 18 feet wide. A mile of the road was over a four-foot fill, and immediately upon its completion a traffic count showed that 4,000 vehicles passed over it within the first hour. Most of these vehicles were motor trucks and wagons carrying loads from one to five tons. The record . . . is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that it was necessary to haul and crush all the stone used in the work."

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh 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 Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Bridget's Answer.

Although not overparticular about her work, Mrs. Brownstone's new maid, fresh from the Evergreen Isle, was somewhat of a stickler for precision in language.

"Is it after eight yet?" asked Mrs. B— of her one morning as she came in from the kitchen on some errand.

"'Yis, mum," replied Bridget carefully weighing her words. "It is after it all right, but it hasn't got there yet! It has five minutes yet to travel!"

COVETED BY ALL

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

Knew It Was Coming.

Wife (reading letter)—Well, I declare! Here's Jim Brown that I used to know come back from the West with a fortune.

Hub—Well, go on! I'm waiting.

Wife—Waiting for what?

Hub—For you to throw up to me that you might have married him.

The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt; but it weakens his father's religion so.

Holland makes 10,000,000 pounds of soap a year.

High Ambition.
Some people that can't get admitted into ordinary society are sure they'll get into heaven.
Better late than never—except at the railway station.

CHILDREN
Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—
Keep a little body-guard in the house.
VICK'S VAPORUB

You're Foolish To Suffer With Kidney Trouble



No one need be subject to constant pain and sickness from this cause.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

A REMEDY

Save yourself from constant aches and pains, from long-continued debility, from eventual Bright's Disease and possible death. Don't despair. Don't neglect the warnings found in backache, pain in loins, stiffness, swollen joints, dizziness, sediment in secretion. They indicate surely the ATTACKS OF DISEASE.

Get immediately the great Kidney and Bladder Remedy, DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Start now to check the ravages of the coemias to health. Be one of the thousands who rejoice in regained strength, vigor and happiness. But be sure to get the genuine—the box with DODD'S on the cover—the name with three D's.

Every Druggist Sells Them Under a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back GUARANTEE.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Genuine bears signature
Brewster

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

Every Woman Wants

Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. See all druggists, or postal by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for manking, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores. Always Pains. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE AND HOME PROTECTION

The men on the firing line represent the pick of our American youth. One in four of our boys at home was sick, rejected because of physical deficiency. Many times the kidneys were to blame.

If we wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if we want to increase our chances for a long life, Dr. Pierce of the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., says that you should drink plenty of water daily between meals. Then procure at your nearest drug store Anuric (double strength). This An-uric drives the uric acid out and cures backache and rheumatism.

If we wish to keep our kidneys in the best condition a diet of milk and vegetables, with only little meat once a day, is the most suitable. Drink plenty of pure water, take Anuric three times a day for a month.

Step into the drug store and ask for Anuric (99 cents a package) or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. Anuric, many times more potent than lithia, often eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you.

Easy to Rid Home of Rats and Mice

There is no need of suffering from the depredations of rats and mice now that Stearns' Paste is readily obtainable at nearly every store. A small box of this effective exterminator costs only 35 cents and is usually sufficient to completely rid the house, store or barn of rats and mice. The U. S. Government has bought thousands of pounds of Stearns' Paste for use in cities where rats and mice are plentiful. The Paste is also efficient in destroying cockroaches and waterbugs. Adv.

Natural Mistake.
Customer—This is vegetable soup. I ordered chicken.
Waiter (examining soup)—Quite right, sir. My mistake; I thought these celery tops were feathers.

A good many men who get credit for being close mouthed are in reality too lazy to talk.

China has 200 inhabitants to the square mile in one-third of its area.

MURINE Granulated Eyelids,
Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sand, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes.

YOUR EYES
No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by Mail, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye—Free. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Not in It Often, Anyhow.

Tom—Well, darling, I have seen your father and he has given his consent.

Grace—He approves of love in a cottage, then?

Tom—N but he says that a girl who spends as much time golfing and motoring as you do really has not much need of a home.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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

A stringent order has been issued in Berlin forbidding all chauffeurs to smoke while on duty.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

In time of peace the Transvaal mines are the largest consumers of explosives in the world.

SUFFERED SEVERELY

Quincy, Ill.—"Some years ago I had nervous indigestion. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and was cured.

"For the last twelve years my kidneys have been causing me a great deal of misery and of late it became almost unbearable. My back would ache so bad at times that I could scarcely move. I had scalding urine, could not control my bladder. I tried various remedies with little or no relief. Just recently I learned of Dr. Pierce's Anuric. Knowing how much benefit I had received from the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I concluded to try Anuric Tablets. I have not finished my first bottle, but it has stopped the scalding urine, I have complete control of my bladder, my back is better than it has been in years, and I can get around without distress and pain.—J. A. GRAY, 406 S. Third St.—Adv.

Guess So!

Hugo Stennis, the Dutch publicist, said at a Holland society dinner in New York:

"The Germans are demonstrating in all sorts of ways that America's intervention in the war won't amount to anything. They're scared, you see."

"The Cologne Gazette said the other day that when the American armies arrive in France, they'll be hampered by their ignorance of the various languages. Well, my wife laughed when she read that.

"I guess," she said, "the Americans can shoot in any language."

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.

To Check German Trade.
Edgar Wallace of London wants a five-year prohibition tariff to check German trade after the war in all entente countries.

There would be less trouble in this world if people were permitted to be happy in their own way.

The more sunshine there is in some men's lives the less they make.

COUGHING
annoys others and hurts you. Relieve throat irritation and tickling, and get rid of coughs, colds and hoarseness by taking at once

PISO'S

Young Women

Are Told How to Find Relief from Pain.

Nashua, N. H.—"I am nineteen years old and every month for two years I had such pains that I would often faint and have to leave school. I had such pain I did not know what to do with myself and tried so many remedies that were of no use. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and decided to try it, and that is how I found relief from pain and feel so much better than I used to. When I hear of any girl suffering as I did I tell them how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me."—DELINA MARTIN, 29 Bowers Street, Nashua, N. H.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and is, therefore,

THE PERFECTLY SAFE REMEDY

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Chicago Dentists

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

High Class Dentistry

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

Located over

Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

Daily 8:30 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sunday 10 to 1

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184

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. I 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 beaded 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 lirk 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 frowzy 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 fellers 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."

What Interested Him.

Sir Arthur Pinero, the famous dramatist, who as chairman of the United Arts Corps, is doing a great deal of hard work just now, tells an amusing story of a conversation he once heard while watching one of his own plays in the stall at a west end theater.

A lady and her little boy were sitting near him, and, as the curtain went down on the second act, the fond mother turned to her son and said: "Well, dear, are you enjoying it?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied the youngster, gleefully. "You know, there are sixty-nine men in this theater who have bald spots on the top of their heads! I have counted them five times."

After that the lady enjoyed the rest of the play without asking her young hopeful any more questions.

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

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

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

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



OFFICERS OF THE SAVINGS BANK

H. M. STONE, President,
H. A. MAGRUDER, Vice-Pres.,
W. S. VANDERWATER, Vice-Pres.,
A. M. SHOVEN, Ass't Cashier.

City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

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

SERVE BY SAVING

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



FARM SALES A SPECIALTY

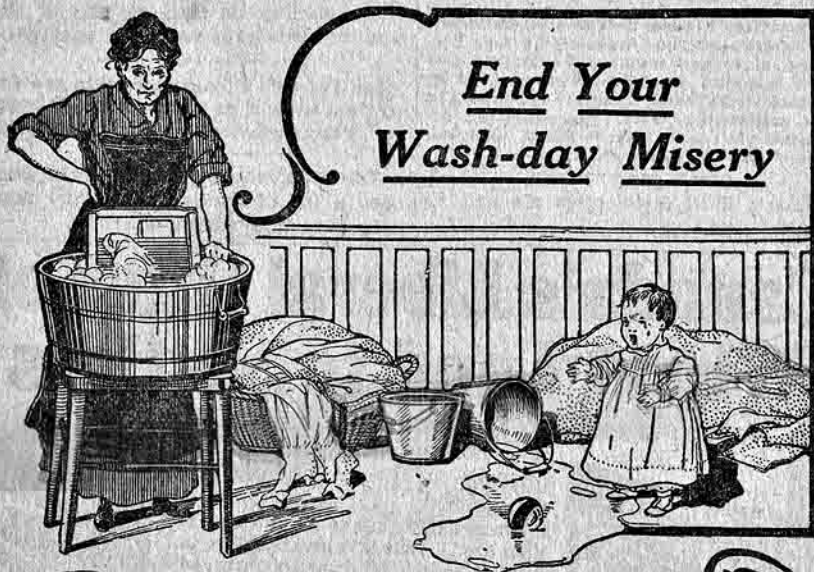
Col. L. R. Weakley

A NATURAL BORN AUCTIONEER

MAKE ALL DATES WITH BRADLEY BANK

BRADLEY, ILLINOIS.

End Your Wash-day Misery



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

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

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



See this great time and labor saver demonstrated TODAY!

\$12.75 THE ECONOMY

"The 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.

Neposet 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

NEPOSET FLOOR COVERING

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

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 reverted in United States. Land, by act of Congress, ordered to be opened under homestead laws for settlement and sale. Two million three hundred thousand Acres. Containing some of the 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.

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."

French Veal Souffle

Mix two tablespoons of butter with two tablespoons of flour to a smooth paste; allow one cup of milk to heat, then thicken it with the paste, season it and add to it one cup of minced veal, a teaspoon of chopped parsley and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly, then remove from the fire and let the mixture cool. When cold, add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and fill well buttered ramekins with the mixture. Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

The Name of It.

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

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

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