

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

TELLS THE COST OF EGG-PRODUCING FEEDS

In a Three-Year Experiment Specialists Learn Values of Rations Under Different Conditions

Feed to produce one dozen eggs costs 10 cents with pullets, 14 cents with 2-year-old hens, and 19 cents with 3-year-old hens, in a three-year feeding test recently reported by poultrymen of the United States Department of Agriculture. These were the cost figures of feed at the time of the experiment, which began in 1912, and must be corrected to present prices. Tables of rations and costs presented in the report enable poultrymen to make these corrections when compared to 1917 prices. In Bulletin 561 of the department "Feed Cost of Egg Production," the specialists describe in detail this test, which was undertaken to compare the costs of various rations fed under general farm conditions. Much information relating to feeding under various conditions also was learned in the experiment.

Test Included 366 Fowls.

Starting with 6 pens of 30 pullets each, the test was enlarged to include 16 pens containing 366 fowls. Most of the pens were made up of 30 standard-bred pullets, bred and reared under the same conditions and selected for vigor, standard shape, and color. Some flocks consisted of fowls of one breed, while others contained more than one kind of pure-bred fowls of the general-purpose type. Pens of cross-bred pullets also were used.

With the exception of three flocks which were confined to good-sized yards, all the fowls were allowed free range over several acres of rough land. Detailed records were kept of the feed used, the weight of the eggs, and careful observations were made of the conditions which affect egg production, such as molting and broodiness. The test was conducted on the experiment farm of the Bureau of Animal Industry, at Beltsville, Md. Summarizing the results of the tests the specialists draw these conclusions:

Average Egg Yields.

The average egg yield for the first laying year in all pens was 131 eggs, and the highest pen average yield was 169.5 eggs. In the second year the average egg yield of all pens was 92.7 eggs, which decreased to 78.2 eggs in the third laying year.

The average value of eggs over feed cost the first laying year was \$2.56 per hen, falling to \$1.41 the second year, and to \$0.79 the third year. The highest average value in any pen was \$3.41.

The general-purpose fowls consumed annually 72 pounds of feed, which cost \$1.13, while the Leghorns ate 55 pounds, which cost 87 cents.

Good results were obtained with rations both with and without oats. The use of this grain added variety to the ration without increasing the cost.

Effect of Feeding Beef Scrap.

Fowls not fed any beef scrap or other animal protein laid only 90 eggs during their pullet year compared with 137 eggs from the beef-scrap pens, and 84 compared with 83 in their second year. The eggs of the no-beef-scrap pens cost about 2.2 cents per dozen more to produce the first laying year, but these costs were about equal during the second year. The fowls not fed beef scrap laid very poorly in winter, thus materially reducing the value of their eggs.

Cottonseed meal used in place of beef scrap as a high-protein feed in the ration produced brown or greenish spots on the yolks of the eggs, especially in warm weather, making a considerable proportion of them unfit for market. Eggs were produced more cheaply and at a considerably greater profit on the beef-scrap ration.

Fish Meal as Source of Protein.

Fish meal at \$7 a ton less than beef scrap proved to be a good high-protein feed, which can be used to advantage to replace beef scrap. The fish meal did not in any way affect the flavor or quality of the eggs.

General purpose fowls allowed to select their own mash constituents ate a dry mash containing about 63 per cent corn meal, 19 per cent beef scrap, 9 per cent bran, and 9 per cent middlings. Leghorns ate a mash of about 66 per cent corn meal, 26 per cent beef scrap, and 4 per cent of each bran and middlings. No better results were obtained by this method of feeding than where the ground grains were mixed together in a mash.

Some Good Mash.

Good mash as indicated by these experiments, may be made of 66 per cent corn meal, 56 per cent beef scrap,

and 4 per cent each of bran and middlings, or 2 pounds of corn meal and 1 pound each of bran, middlings, and beef scrap, with a scratch feed in each ration of equal parts by weight of cracked corn, wheat, and oats, which is fed so that the hens receive about equal parts of scratch feed and of mash.

The Leghorns on free range gave a considerably greater egg yield than those confined to a fair-sized yard. This difference was less marked in the general purpose hens.

Cost of Green Feed.

Sprouted oats fed as green feed to hens confined to yards cost about 10 cents per hen a year and 1 cent per dozen eggs, not including any charges for labor and equipment. The hens ate an average in one year about 1.3 pounds of oyster shell and 0.7 of a pound of grit, which together cost about 1 cent per hen.

The Leghorns did not lay as well in the winter as the general-purpose breeds, especially during their second year, but the Leghorns produced eggs about 3 cents per dozen cheaper during their first year, 6.3 cents cheaper in their second year, and 9.8 cents cheaper in their third year than the general-purpose breeds. One pen of Leghorn pullets produced eggs in their first year at a feed cost of 6.7 cents per dozen, while the value of the eggs per hen for the year was \$3.41 over cost of feed.

Weight of Eggs.

The average weight of a dozen eggs from the general-purpose fowls during their pullet year was 1.53 pounds, 1.60 during their second year, and 1.63 during their third laying year. The eggs from the Leghorns averaged 1.45 pounds during their pullet year, and 1.49 during their second and third years.

The egg-production of the general-purpose fowls decreased 32 per cent in their second laying year. The decrease was considerably less in the Leghorns, their 2-year average egg production exceeding that of the general-purpose breeds by 19 eggs. The decrease in production from the second to the third year was only 4 per cent with the Leghorns, compared with 13 per cent in the general-purpose breeds.

The cheapest eggs are produced in the spring—during April, May, and June—while the greatest cost occurs in October, November, and December.

The lowest monthly feed cost of a dozen eggs in any of these experiments was 4 cents, while in some cases no eggs at all were produced during the month.

Help Uncle Sam Hunt For German Submarines

How many people in Illinois have field glasses, binoculars, telescopes or spyglasses?

The Navy needs such glasses badly. Many new ships are going into commission. A great many scout boats and submarine chasers are in commission now. The look-outs on all ships have been greatly increased.

Before the war lenses for field glasses and the like were nearly all imported. America is making such lenses now, but not fast enough to supply the demand. Therefore the Government is borrowing all it can, and as it does not take something for nothing, will pay a dollar for the use of each lens for the period of the war.

The Council of National Defense has called upon all State Councils to help make the collection.

Any one who desires may put a plate on his glasses, "After the war return to—" with the name and address of the lender. Tag them with name and address anyway, so the government may keep track of them.

Members of the State Council of Defense committees are urged to help in this work in their various neighborhoods.

Send your glasses to: Secor Cunningham, Chairman, Committee on Binoculars, Spy Glasses, etc., 120 W. Adams Street, Chicago.

Married

W. M. Coleman of Chicago and Mrs. Laura Knox Bellemor of this city were united in marriage by Judge Merrill at the Court House in Kankakee last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Coleman is electrician for the Illinois Central at Burnside, and is a young man of sterling worth. Mrs. Bellemor is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cabe Knox of this city and has many friends, who will be delighted to hear of her marriage. The young couple will make their future home in Chicago.

Baby Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Oral Durand are the proud parents of a baby boy who arrived at their home Sunday.

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.

Joe Marincech of Joliet, Ill., spent several days here the past week with relatives and friends.

Mrs. James McCue was called to Watseka, Ill., last week on account of the serious illness of her sister-in-law Mrs. Van Wilson.

Ivan Chaney of Flint Mich. is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Vic Sandstrom who has been on the sick list is able to be out again.

Joseph Gauthier has returned home from Aurora, Ill., where he has been visiting his son Arthur.

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

Mrs. C. D. Hart has returned home from Evansville, Ind., where she has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks.

Ed Tucker Jr. had the misfortune to mash his toe, while working at the Mann Corporation last Thursday.

Gene Peschang who is suffering with a broken limb is progressing slowly.

Miss Alma McCarthy of Chicago spent several days the past week with relatives and friends in this city.

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

Henry Paris and family spent New Years day in St. Anne, Ill., with relatives.

Mrs. F. H. Peddicord and children have returned home from Goodwin, Ill., where she has been visiting relatives.

Frank W. Hoehne was on the sick list several days last week.

Miss Daisy Courier of Pittsburg, Pa., is spending the week with relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Besette and daughters of Chicago are spending the week with relatives and friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Leidecher of Irwin spent New Years day at

the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cabe Knox.

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

Valuable Misinformation

DEAR FOLKS — Now I know why editors go mad. I been trying to run this paper while the editor is on his vakashun. For three days and nites I been reading questions and trying to answer them, and if I don't quit, I'll be going around talking to myself. I'm going to answer a few more than go the ball game. — (Jimmie, the office boy.)

1.—What is limberneck? (J. Jones)

Limberneck in the country is a strange disease of fowls and chickens. In the city it a disease of human persons caused by watching fowls and chickens.

2.—Do small cows give condensed milk? (Mable B.)

No, Mable. Condensed milk is made by trying to get a quart of milk into a "quart milk-bottle."

3.—Please tell me how hash is made. (Wm.)

Hash is not made. It accumulates.

4.—Is it all right to feed hogs corn-in-the-ear? (G. K.)

No. Put it in the trof and let them help themselves.

5.—I am in love with a homely girl who works for us, but she don't seem to care for me, while a pretty girl with lots of money wants to marry me. What shall I do?

Marry the one you love, and send me the name and address of the other one.

6.—My hair is beginning to fall out. What can I get to keep it in?

A sack.

7.—Please tell me how to raise a nice fat hog of about 500 pounds?

Get a derrick.

8.—How can I tell when the water is the right temperature for bathing baby? (Young Mother)

If the kid gets red and hollers the water is too hot. If he gets blue and shivers, it's too cold.

9.—I am 40 years old, have a nice little farm, and am thinking of taking a wife. What would you advise? (Old Batch)

I would advise you to be careful whose wife you take.

10.—Our old red bull is chasing me round a forty acre field. What shall I do? (Mike F.)

I don't know but don't give up, Mike.—L. L. DeBra.

From Camp Logan

The following interesting poem has been received from Edward Mulligan, who is with Co. L at Camp Logan.

"WE ARE GOING OVER, BOYS"

We're going across at last, boys: we are leaving for the front. We're going to join our comrades and for the Kaiser hunt. We're leaving home and friends, boys, but not for very long; We're coming back rejoicing, singing victory's song. We've answered our country's call, boys, and it's up to us to go: We're going "over there," boys, to "Bill Kaiser" justice show. We're in this for "Democracy," each and every one: We're going to teach those Germans "Sammiels" bullets they's better shun. We're Americans thru and thru, boys—know not the word of fear; We're strong in mind and body, and our eyesight's clear. We've had our months of training—each man has stood the test; We're ready for real business, and that's no merry jest. We've had grenade warfare, also the trench life, too; We've cooked in our "mess kits" and worn the hob-nailed shoe. We've hiked many a mile, boys, upon "Texas alkali"; We've even slept in gumbo and eaten "cactus pie." We've had plenty of guard duty, worked on the "picket line"; We've washed our clothes with "Government Liz"—then the sun refused to shine:

We've loaded and unloaded wagons day and night; We've let our whiskers grow for days, until we looked a sight; We've stood at attention hours at a time; We've gone down town with 30 cents—I'll swear it's been a crime. We've been upon the rifle range, made bull's eyes by the score; We've dug trenches in "Mother Earth" until our hands are sore. We've done our bit at "K. P." and learned the art of peeling; We've eaten our "mess" every way, in fact, including kneeling. We've washed our faces in mess cups without the use of soap; We've answered "Here" to every call—at times we've been the goat. We've heard the cook say, "There ain't no more," and left the table howling:

We've learned a new commandment: "There is no use a-growling." We've seen the boys pull the stunt of dippy in the "dome"; We've seen them free and on their way back to "home sweet home." We've been "shot" in the arm and back—fifty times, I guess; We've been painted up with iodine until we looked a mess. We've fallen in for every call, including "Feed the mules"; We've answered all formations and gone to "non-coms" school. We've heard the bugler blow at nights, "Get out and fight the fire"; We've heard the "Tops" whistle blow when there was no desire. We've eaten bacon and its gravy since the President called us out; We've worn uniforms that actually wouldn't fit a scout. We've made beds for mules and horses and stood for all their pranks; We've even ridden bronchos—it's been tough, I tell you frank. But with all these seeming hardships our hearts are light and true; We've only waited for the chance to defend the Red, White and Blue. And when our duty has been done across the deep blue sea, And every nation in this land recognizes Democracy, Then our work's done, and freedom's won—no useless bloodshed then— Everlasting peace, good will and rest to all of God's men.

WAR SAVING STAMPS

GOVERNMENT ADOPTS NOVEL METHOD

Small Investors Can Now Have Good Government Bonds Paying Interest

Continued from last week

War-Savings Stamps And Certificates

Q. I want to begin to save on the War-Savings Plan. What is the first thing to do?

A. Take \$4.12 to the post office or a bank or any other agent, buy a War-Savings Stamp, and ask for a War-Savings Certificate.

Q. What is a War-Savings Certificate?

A. It is a pocket-sized folder containing 20 spaces upon which to affix War-Savings Stamps.

Q. Is the War-Savings Certificate a Government obligation?

A. It becomes an obligation as soon as one or more War-Savings Stamps are affixed to it.

Q. Can I get a War-Savings Certificate without buying a Stamp?

A. No.

Q. Does the War-Savings Certificate cost anything?

A. No. The agent from whom you purchase the stamps will write your name and address on the certificate and will furnish you an envelope in which to keep it.

Q. What do I do after that?

A. Affix the War-Savings Stamp on your certificate in space No. 1 and take good care of it.

Q. What do I do next?

A. You have now become a war saver. Continue to buy War-Savings Stamps every week or month and put them on your certificate until you have filled all 20 spaces. When this is done you can buy another War-Savings Stamp, and you will receive free of cost another certificate to which you can attach new stamps as you buy them.

Q. When I have filled the 20 spaces on my certificate what do I do with it?

A. Keep the certificate until January 1, 1923, and the Government will pay you \$100 for it.

Q. How many War-Savings Certificates can I fill?

A. Ten. The law allows each person to own \$1,000 worth of War-Savings Certificates.

Q. What is the largest quantity that I can purchase at any one time?

A. \$100 worth, or 20 stamps.

The Price Of War-Savings Stamps

Q. Does the price of a War-Savings Stamp always remain the same?

A. No. The price for each month appears on the face of each stamp. Never pay either more or less than the amount shown for the month in which you make the purchase. The price is \$4.12 in December, 1917, and January, 1918, and increases 1 cent each month after January, 1918, until in December, 1918, when the price is \$4.23.

Q. What is the price of War-Savings Stamps for each month of 1918?

A. Jan.	\$4.12	July	\$4.18
Feb.	4.13	Aug.	4.19
Mar.	4.14	Sept.	4.20
Apr.	4.15	Oct.	4.21
May	4.16	Nov.	4.22
June	4.17	Dec.	4.23

Q. Why is the price higher each month?

A. Because the stamps are earning interest.

Thrift Stamps And Thrift Cards

Q. If I do not have enough money saved up to buy a War-Savings Stamp and can only save in small amounts, what should I do?

A. Buy a 25-cent Thrift Stamp at a post office, bank, or other authorized agency and ask for a Thrift Card, to which you can attach your Thrift Stamp.

Q. Is there any charge for a Thrift Card?

A. No. It is given you to hold Thrift Stamps and contains a place for your name and address.

Q. How many Thrift Stamps will this card hold?

A. Sixteen stamps, which represents a value of \$4.

Exchanging Thrift Cards For War-Savings Stamps

Q. When I have filled the

Thrift Card, what do I do?

A. Take it to the post office, bank, or other authorized agency, surrender the card and pay in cash the few cents difference between the \$4 worth of Thrift Stamps and the price of a War-Savings Stamp for the month in which the exchange is made.

Q. What do I do next?

A. You take the War-Savings Stamp given you in exchange for Thrift Card, ask for a War-Savings Certificate, if you haven't one already, and attach the stamp to the certificate.

Q. Should I continue to buy Thrift Stamps?

A. Yes. Ask for a new Thrift Card and begin again.

Q. Do Thrift Stamps bear interest?

A. No.

Q. Then why are they issued?

A. To make it convenient for you to save in small amounts so that you can purchase a War-Savings Stamp which does bear interest.

Q. May I exchange Thrift Stamps for War-Savings Stamps at any time?

A. No; only on or before December 31, 1918.

Q. What security is behind the War-Savings Stamp?

A. The United States Government promises to pay \$5 for each Stamp on January 1, 1923. This promise is backed by the faith and honor of the United States and by the taxing power of this country, which is the richest Nation in the world.

Q. Why does the United States borrow this money?

A. To pay the expenses of the war.

Q. When I lend my money to the Government, would it be safer to buy a government bond rather than these War-Savings Stamps?

A. When a War-Savings Stamp is attached to a War-Savings Certificate it becomes a government obligation with the same security as the Liberty bonds, now held by more than 10,000,000 Americans.

Q. Is the 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly, on War-Savings Certificates paid in the same way as the interest on Liberty bonds?

A. The Liberty bond interest is paid every six months, but the interest on the War-Savings Certificate accumulates and is paid to you in one sum, on January 1, 1923.

Q. Why isn't the interest paid in the same manner on both War-Savings Certificates and Liberty bonds?

A. It would be very complicated and expensive to pay interest every six months on \$5 stamps and for this reason the United States Government retains the interest until January 1, 1923, at which time it pays you the compound interest and the principal, amounting to \$5 the face value of the War-Savings Stamp.

Q. Shall I sell Liberty bonds to buy War-Savings Stamps?

A. No. The security behind Liberty bonds and War-Savings Certificates is the same. Keep your Liberty bonds, but buy War-Savings Stamps also.

Q. Is the money received from War-Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps used for the same purpose as the money received from Liberty bonds?

A. Yes.

Q. Should I take money out of the savings bank to buy War-Savings Stamps?

A. No. You should save as much as you can earn every day and buy Thrift Stamps and War-Savings Stamps with these savings.

Q. How did Congress authorize these War-Savings Certificates?

A. By act approved September 24, 1917.

Q. How large an amount of War-Savings Certificates can be issued under the present law?

A. \$2,000,009,000.

Q. Can I sell or transfer my War-Savings Certificate to anyone?

A. No. The certificate is not transferable and is of value to the owner only, except in case of death or disability.

Q. Should I sell my Thrift Card to anyone?

A. No. Your Thrift Card has

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The Initiation Ceremony

A New and Unwelcome Member Is Admitted to the In-or-Ins

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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But Georgie did. It is difficult to imagine how cause and effect could be more closely and patiently related. Inevitably, Georgie did come poking around. How was he to refrain when daily, up and down the neighborhood, the brothers strutted with mystic and important airs, when they whispered together and uttered words of strange import in his presence? Thus did they defeat their own object. They desired to keep Georgie at a distance, yet they could not refrain from posing before him. They wished to impress upon him the fact that he was an outsider, and they but succeeded in rousing his desire to be an insider, a desire which soon became a determination. For few were the days until he not only knew of the shack but had actually paid it a visit. That was upon a morning when the other boys were in school, Georgie having found himself indisposed until about ten o'clock, when he was able to take nourishment and subsequently to interest himself in this rather private errand. He climbed the Williams' alley fence, and having made a modest investigation of the exterior of the shack, which was padlocked, retired without having disturbed anything except his own peace of mind. His curiosity, merely piqued before, now became ravenous and painful. It was not allayed by the mystic manners of the members or by the unnecessary emphasis they laid upon their coldness toward himself; and when a committee informed him darkly that there were "secret orders" to prevent his coming within "a hundred and sixteen feet"—such was Penrod's arbitrary language—of the Williams' yard, "in any direction," Georgie could bear it no longer, but entered his own house, and, in burning words, laid the case before a woman higher up. Here the responsibility for things is directly traceable to grown people. Within that hour, Mrs. Bassett sat in Mrs. Williams' library to address her hostess upon the subject of Georgie's grievance.

"Of course, it isn't Sam's fault," she said, concluding her interpretation of the affair. "Georgie likes Sam, and didn't blame him at all. No; we both felt that Sam would always be a polite, nice boy—Georgie used those very words—but Penrod seems to have a very bad influence. Georgie felt that Sam would want him to come and play in the shack if Penrod didn't make Sam do everything he wants. What hurt Georgie most is that it's Sam's shack, and he felt for another boy to come and tell him that he mustn't even go near it—well, of course, it was very trying. And he's very much hurt with little Maurice Levy, too. He said that he was sure that even Penrod would be glad to have him for a member of their little club if it weren't for Maurice—and I think he spoke of Roddy Bitts, too."

The fact that the two remaining members were colored was omitted from this discourse—which leads to the deduction that Georgie had not mentioned it.

"Georgie said all the other boys liked him very much," Mrs. Bassett continued, "and that he felt it his duty to join the club, because most of them were so anxious to have him, and he is sure he would have a good influence over them. He really did speak of it in quite a touching way. Mrs. Williams. Of course, we mothers mustn't brag of our sons too much, but Georgie really isn't like other boys. He is so sensitive, you can't think how this little affair has hurt him, and I felt that it might even make him ill. You see, I had to respect his reason for wanting to join the club. And if I am his mother"—she gave a deprecating little laugh—"I must say that it seems noble to want to join not really for his own sake but for the good he felt his influence would have over the other boys. Don't you think so, Mrs. Williams?"

Mrs. Williams said that she did, indeed. And the result of this interview was another, which took place between Sam and his father that evening, for Mrs. Williams, after talking to Sam herself, felt that the matter needed a man to deal with it. The man did it man-fashion.

"You either invite Georgie Bassett to play in the shack all he wants to," said the man, "or the shack comes down."

"But—"

"Take your choice. I'm not going to have neighborhood quarrels over such—"

"But, papa—"

"That's enough! You said yourself you haven't anything against Georgie."

"I said—"

"You said you didn't like him, but you couldn't tell why. You couldn't state a single instance of bad behavior against him. You couldn't mention anything he ever did which wasn't what a gentleman should have done. It's no use, I tell you. Either you invite Georgie to play in the shack as much as he likes next Saturday, or the shack comes down."

"But, papa—"

been. If you want to keep it, be polite and invite him in."

"But—"

"That's all, I said!" Sam was crushed.

Next day he communicated the bitter substance of the edict to the other members, and gloom became unanimous. So serious an aspect did the affair present that it was felt necessary to call a special meeting of the order after school. The entire membership was in attendance; the door was closed, the window covered with a board, and the candle lighted. Then all of the brothers—except one—began to express their sorrowful apprehensions. The whole thing was spoiled, they agreed, if Georgie Bassett had to be taken in. On the other hand, if they didn't take him in, "there wouldn't be anything left." The one brother who failed to express any opinion was little Verman. He was otherwise occupied.

Verman had been the official paddler during the initiations of Roddy Bitts and Maurice Levy; his work had been conscientious, and it seemed to be taken by consent that he was to continue in office. An old shingle from the woodshed roof had been used for the exercise of his function in the cases of Roddy and Maurice, but this afternoon he had brought with him a new one, which he had picked up somewhere. It was broader and thicker than the old one, and during the melancholy prophecies of his fellows, he whittled the lesser end of it to the likeness of a handle. Thus engaged, he bore no appearance of despondency; on the contrary, his eyes, shining brightly in the candlelight, indicated that eager thoughts possessed him, while from time to time the sound of a chuckle issued from his simple African throat. Gradually the other brothers began to notice his preoccupation, and one by one they fell silent, regarding him thoughtfully. Slowly the darkness of their countenances lifted a little; something happier and brighter began to glimmer from each boyish face. All eyes remained fascinated upon Verman.

"Well, anyway," said Penrod, in a tone that was almost cheerful, "this is only Tuesday. We got pretty near all week to fix up the 'nishment for Saturday."

And Saturday brought sunshine to make the occasion more tolerable for both candidate and the society. Mrs. Williams, going to the window to watch Sam, when he left the house after lunch, marked with pleasure that his look and manner were sprightly as he skipped down the walk to the front gate. There he paused and yodeled for a time. An answering yodel came presently; Penrod Schofield appeared, and by his side walked Georgie Bassett. Georgie was always neat, but Mrs. Williams noticed that he exhibited unusual gloss and polish today. As for his expression, it was a shade too complacent under the circumstances, though, for that matter, perfect tact avoids an air of triumph under any circumstances. Mrs. Williams was pleased to observe that Sam and Penrod betrayed no resentment whatever; they seemed to have accepted defeat in a good spirit and to be inclined to make the best of Georgie. Indeed, they appeared to be genuinely excited about him—it was evident that their cordiality was eager and wholehearted.

The three boys conferred for a few moments; then Sam disappeared round the house and returned, waving his hand and nodding. Upon that, Penrod took Georgie's left arm, Sam took his right, and the three marched off to the backyard in a companionable way which made Mrs. Williams feel that it had been an excellent thing to interfere a little in Georgie's interest.

Experiencing the benevolent warmth that comes of assisting in a good action, she ascended to an apartment upstairs, and, for a couple of hours, employed herself with needle and thread in sartorial repairs on behalf of her husband and Sam. Then she was interrupted by the advent of a colored serving-maid.

"Miz Williams, I reckon the house goin' fall down!" said this pessimist, arriving out of breath. "That s'ety o' Mist Sam's suttently tryin' to pull the roof down on ow hoids!"

"The roof?" Mrs. Williams inquired mildly. "They aren't in the attic, are they?"

"No'm; they in the celuh, but they reachin' fer the roof! I nev' did hear no sech a rumpus an' squawkin' an' squawlin' an' fallin' an' whoopin' an' whackin' an' bangin'! They troop down by the outside celuh do', ne'en—bang!—they bus' loose, an' been goin' on ev' since, wuss'n Bedlam! Ef they anything down celuh ain' broke by this time, it cain' be only jes' the foundashun, an' I bet that ain't goin' stan' much longer! I'd gone down an' stop 'em, but I'm 'frald to. Hones, Miz Williams, I'm 'frald o' my life go down there, all that Bedlun goin' on. I thought I come see what you say."

Mrs. Williams laughed. "We'll have to stand a little noise in the house sometimes, Fanny, when there are boys. They're just playing, and a lot of noise is usually a pretty safe sign."

"Yes'm," said Fanny. "It's yo' house, Miz Williams, not mine. You want 'em tear it down, I'm willin'."

She departed, and Mrs. Williams continued to sew. The days were growing short, and at five o'clock she was obliged to put the work aside, as her eyes did not permit her to continue it by artificial light. Descending to the lower floor, she found the house silent, and when she opened the front door to see if the evening paper had come, she beheld Sam, Penrod and Maurice Levy standing near the gate engaged in quiet conversation. Penrod and Maurice departed while she was looking for the paper, and Sam came thoughtfully up the walk.

"Well, Sam," she said, "it wasn't such a bad thing, after all, to show a little politeness to Georgie Bassett, was it?"

Sam gave her a noncommittal look—expression of every kind had been wiped from his countenance. He presented a blank surface.

"No'm," he said meekly.

"Everything was just a little pleasanter because you'd been friendly, wasn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Has Georgie gone home?"

"Yes'm."

"I hear you made enough noise in the cellar—Did Georgie have a good time?"

"Ma'am?"

"Did Georgie Bassett have a good time?"

"Well"—Sam now had the air of a person trying to remember details with absolute accuracy—"well, he didn't say he did, and he didn't say he didn't."

"Did he thank the boys?"

"No'm."

"Didn't he even thank you?"

"No'm."

"Why, that's queer," she said. "He's always so polite. He seemed to be having a good time, didn't he, Sam?"

"Ma'am?"

"Didn't Georgie seem to be enjoying himself?"

This question, apparently so simple, was not answered with promptness. Sam looked at his mother in a puzzled way, and then found it necessary to



"Well, Then We Had the Rixual, and— and—Why, the Teeny Little Paddlin' He Got Wouldn't Hurt a Flea!"

rub each of his shins in turn with the palm of his right hand.

"I stumbled," he said, apologetically. "I stumbled on the cellar steps."

"Did you hurt yourself?" she asked quickly.

"No'm; but I guess maybe I better rub some arnica—"

"I'll get it," she said. "Come up to your father's bathroom, Sam. Does it hurt much?"

"No'm," he answered truthfully, "it hardly hurts at all."

And having followed her to the bathroom, he insisted, with unusual gentleness, that he be left to apply the arnica to the alleged injuries himself. He was so persuasive that she yielded, and descended to the library, where she found her husband once more at home after his day's work.

"Well?" he said. "Did Georgie show up, and were they decent to him?"

"Oh, yes; it's all right. Sam and Penrod were good as gold. I saw them being actually cordial to him."

"That's well," said Mr. Williams, settling into a chair with his paper. "I was a little apprehensive, but I suppose I was mistaken. I walked home, and just now, as I passed Mrs. Bassett's I saw Doctor Venny's car in front, and that barber from the corner shop on Second street was going in the door. I couldn't think what a widow would need a barber and a doctor for—especially at the same time. I couldn't think what Georgie'd need such a combination for, either, and then I got afraid that maybe—"

Mrs. Williams laughed. "Oh, no; it hasn't anything to do with his having been over there. I'm sure they were very nice to him."

gan, when Fanny appeared, summoning her to the telephone.

It is pathetically true that Mrs. Williams went to the telephone humming a little song. She was detained at the instrument not more than five minutes; then she made a plunging return into the library, a blanched and stricken woman. She made strange, sinister gestures at her husband.

He sprang up, miserably prophetic. "Mrs. Bassett?"

"Go to the telephone," Mrs. Williams said hoarsely. "She wants to talk to you, too. She can't talk much—she's hysterical. She says they lured Georgie into the cellar and had him beaten by negroes! That's not all—"

Mr. Williams was already on his way.

"You find Sam!" he commanded, over his shoulder.

Mrs. Williams stepped into the front hall.

"Sam!" she called, addressing the upper reaches of the stairway. "Sam!" Not even echo answered.

"Sam!"

A faint clearing of somebody's throat was heard behind her, a sound so modest and unobtrusive it was no more than just audible, and, turning, the mother beheld her son sitting upon the floor in the shadow of the stairs and gazing meditatively at the nitrack. His manner indicated that he wished to produce the impression that he had been sitting there, in this somewhat unusual place and occupation, for a considerable time, but without overhearing anything that went on in the library, so close by.

"Sam," she cried, "what have you done?"

"Well—I guess my legs are all right," he said, gently. "I got the arnica on, so probably they won't hurt any m—"

"Stand up!" she said.

"Ma'am?"

"March into the library!"

Sam marched—slow-time. In fact, no funeral march has been composed in a time so slow as to suit this march of Sam's. One might have suspected that he was in a state of apprehension.

"Well, he didn't exactly go in the cellar," said Sam reluctantly.

"Well, how did he get in the cellar, then?"

"He—he fell in," said Sam.

"How did he fall in?"

"Well, the door was open, and—well, he kept walkin' round there, and he hollered at him to keep away, but just then he kind of—well, the first I noticed was I couldn't see him, and so we went and looked down the steps, and he was sitting down there on the bottom step and kind of shouting, and—"

"See here!" Mr. Williams interrupted. "You're going to make a clean breast of this whole affair and take the consequences. You're going to tell it and tell it all. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell me how Georgie Bassett fell down the cellar steps—and tell me quick!"

"He—he was blindfolded."

"Aha! Now we're getting at it. You begin at the beginning and tell me just what you did to him from the time he got here. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go on, then!"

"Well, I'm goin' to," Sam protested. "We never hurt him at all. He wasn't even hurt when he fell down cellar. There's a lot of mud down there, because the cellar door leaks, and—"

"Sam!" Mr. Williams' tone was deadly. "Did you hear me tell you to begin at the beginning?"

Sam made an effort and was able to obey.

"Well, we had everything ready for the 'nishment before lunch," he said. "We wanted it all to be nice, because you said we had to have him, papa, and after lunch Penrod went to guard him—that's a new part in the ritual—and he brought him over, and we took him out to the shack and blindfolded him, and—well, he got kind of mad because we wanted him to lay down on his stummick and be tied up, and he said he wouldn't, because the floor was a little bit wet in there and he could feel it sort of squasy under his shoes, and he said his mother didn't want him ever to get dirty, and he just wouldn't do it; and we all kept telling him he had to, or else how would there be any 'nishment; and he kept gettin' madder, and said he wanted to have the 'nishment outdoors where it wasn't wet, and he wasn't goin' to lay down on his stummick, anyway." Sam paused for wind, then got under way again: "Well, some of the boys were tryin' to get him to lay down on his stummick, and he kind of fell up against the door and it came open and he ran out in the yard. He was tryin' to get the blindfold off his eyes, but he couldn't, because it was a towel in a pretty hard knot; and he went tearin' all around the backyard, and we didn't chase him, or anything. All we did was just watch him—and that's when he fell in the cellar. Well, it didn't hurt him any, but he was muddier than what he would have been if he'd just had sense enough to lay down in the shack. Well, so we thought, long as he was down in the cellar anyway, we might as well have the rest of the 'nishment down there. So we brought the things down and— and 'nished him—and that's all. That's every bit we did to him."

"Yes," said Mr. Williams sardonically; "I see. What were the details of the initiation?"

"Sir?"

"I want to know what else you did to him? What was the initiation?"

"It's—it's secret," Sam murmured piteously.

"Not any longer, I assure you! The society is a thing of the past, and you'll find your friend Penrod's parents agree with me in that. Mrs. Bassett had already telephoned them when she called us up. You go on with your story!"

Sam sighed deeply, and yet it may have been a consolation to know that his present misery was not altogether without its counterpart. Through the falling dusk his spirit may have crossed the intervening distance to catch a glimpse of his friend suffering simultaneously and standing within the same peril. And if Sam's spirit did thus behold Penrod in jeopardy, it was a true vision.

"Go on!" said Mr. Williams.

"Well, there wasn't any fire in the furnace because it's too warm yet, and we weren't goin' to do anything'd hurt him, so we put him in there—"

"In the furnace?"

"It was cold," protested Sam.

"There hadn't been any fire there since last spring. Course we told him there was fire in it. We had to do that," he continued earnestly, "because that was part of the 'nishment. We only kept him in it a little while and kind of hammered on the outside a little, and then we took him out and got him to lay down on his stummick, because he was all muddy anyway, where he fell down the cellar; and how could it matter to anybody that had any sense at all? Well, then we had the rixual, and—why, the teeny little paddlin' he got wouldn't hurt a flea!" It was that little colored boy lives in the alley did it—he isn't anyways near half Georgie's size—but Georgie got mad and said he didn't want any ole nigger to paddle him. That's what he said, and it was his own foolishness, because Verman won't let anybody call him 'nigger,' and if Georgie was goin' to call him that, he ought to had sense enough not to do it when he was layin' down that way and Verman all ready to be the paddler. And he needn't of been so mad at the rest of us, either, because it took us about twenty minutes to get the paddle away from Verman after that, and we had to lock Verman up in the laundry room and not let him out till it was all over. Well, and then

things were kind of spoiled anyway; so we didn't do but just a little more—and that's all."

"Go on! What was the 'just a little more'?"

"Well—we got him to swaller a little teeny bit of asafidity that Penrod ushed to have to wear in a bag around his neck. It wasn't enough to even make a person sneeze—it wasn't much more'n a half a spoonful—it wasn't hardly a quarter of a spoonful—"

"Ha!" said Mr. Williams. "That accounts for the doctor. What else?"

"Well—we—we had some paint left over from our flag, and we put a little teeny bit of it on his hair and—"

"Ha!" said Mr. Williams. "That accounts for the barber. What else?"

"That's all," said Sam, swallowing. "Then he got mad and went home."

Mr. Williams walked to the door, and sternly motioned to the culprit to precede him through it. But just before the pair passed from her sight, Mrs. Williams gave way to an uncontrollable impulse.

"Sam," she asked, "what does 'In-Or-In' stand for?"

The unfortunate boy had begun to snifle.

"It—it means—Innapent Order of Infadelaty," he moaned—and plodded onward to his doom.

Not his alone; at that very moment Master Roderick Magsworth Birts, Jr., was suffering also, consequent upon telephoning on the part of Mrs. Bassett, though Roderick's punishment was administered less on the ground of Georgie's troubles and more on that of Roddy's having affiliated with an order consisting so largely of Herman and Verman. As for Maurice Levy, he was no whit less unhappy. He fared as ill.

Simultaneously, two ex-members of the In-or-In were finding their lot fortunate. Something had prompted them to linger in the alley in the vicinity of the shack, and it was to this fated edifice that Mr. Williams, with demonaic justice, brought Sam for the deed he had in mind.

Herman and Verman listened—awestricken—to what went on within the shack. Then, before it was over, they crept away and down the alley toward their own home. This was directly across the alley from the Schofield's stable, and they were horrified at the sounds which issued from the interior of the stable storeroom. It was the St. Bartholomew's Eve of that neighborhood.

"Man, man!" said Herman, shaking his head. "Glad I ain't no white boy!"

Verman seemed gloomily to assent.

A Hindrance.

An army officer who served in the Spanish war tells of a New York regiment, many of whose members were recruited on the East side. They were spoiling for a fight, and it became necessary to post guards to preserve order.

A big husky Bowery recruit, of pugilistic proportions, was put on duty outside and given special orders to see that quiet reigned, and, above all things, if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle.

Soon a general row began, growing in proportions as the minutes passed. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interrupting, until the corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with re-enforcements.

"Why didn't you stop this row?" demanded the corporal.

The sentry balanced his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arm to the correct boxing position, and replied: "Shore, phwat could I do wid dis gun in me hands?"—Harper's.

Causes of Winds.

Winds are produced by a disturbance of the equilibrium in some part of the atmosphere; a disturbance always resulting from a difference in temperature between adjacent sections. Thus, if the temperature of a certain extent of ground becomes higher, the air in contact with it becomes heated, it expands and goes towards the colder or higher regions of the atmosphere; whence it flows, producing winds which blow from hot to cold countries. But at the same time the equilibrium is destroyed at the surface of the earth, for the pressure on the colder adjacent parts is greater than on that which has been heated, and hence a current will be produced with a velocity dependent on the difference between these pressures; thus two distinct winds will be produced—an upper one setting outwards from the heated region, and a lower one setting inwards towards it.

One Thing at a Time.

Perhaps because you have so many goals you wish to reach you are far away from any of them, observes an efficiency expert.

You are dividing your forces. You must have one real objective point if you would win success—the success which is worth winning.

It is quite impossible to have one major subject which you study and aim to excel in, and then fritter away part of your time on others.

Certain arts and studies are allied, 'tis true.

Then select one and study it thoroughly and well.

Concentrated thought, study and action in one direction will accomplish great things.

But a smattering of all and finish of nothing is time wasted.

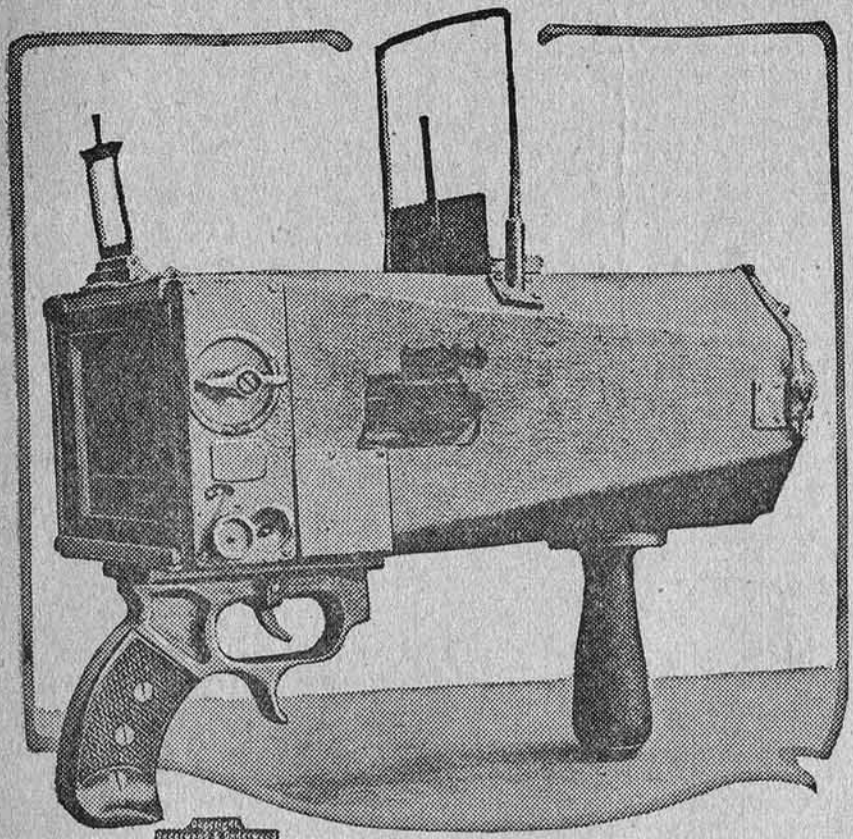
Choose wisely; then go to it, one thing at a time.

Mutual Understanding.

"How are you getting on with your French lessons?"

"First rate. I'm getting so I know what I'm talking about almost as well as the teacher."

PISTOL CAMERA FOR AERONAUTICAL OBSERVERS



The difficulties experienced by airplane cameramen in making photographs of enemy movements below has brought about the invention of a new device, the pistol-camera, which greatly facilitates their work. The German airmen originated the pistol-camera, and the one shown in this British official photograph was captured by a British aviator.

ALL BRITONS TO "DO THEIR BIT"

Government Begins Final "Comb Out" for Men to Swell Military Ranks.

WOMEN MUST DO SHARE

Those Unable to Fight Are Called for Other Necessary Service—Economy of Effort, Expense and Material Demanded.

London.—With 5,000,000 men in uniform, and with other millions, both men and women, engaged in occupations hardly less directly concerned with the war's prosecution, England is organizing one more "comb out" to find men for military service, and both men and women for other essential employments. The appeal for men to don uniforms and for workers is accompanied by a renewed insistence upon the utmost economy of every effort, expense and material. Economy is the watchword of the new national service campaign under the direction of Sir Auckland Geddes, minister of national service.

"Woman's clothes are the grave of an enormous amount of human energy," he said. "New hats alone absorb the work of millions of fingers, and whatever effect they may have that effect certainly does not include helping to beat the enemy."

"If we are to make the great effort that we should make, if we really are going to make the greatest effort in our history, our imagination must be quickened to understand the effect of our smallest actions. Everywhere, in practically every home, we are wasting something. I am sorry to say that we have great organizations which exist to encourage waste."

Only Necessities of War.
Sir Auckland insists, the government is beginning to insist, the people are beginning to understand, that consumption to a great extent has got to stop. The producing capacity of the country has got to be saved to turn out the absolute necessities of life and of war.

The case is being laid before the British people now in the very simplest terms. Not only is everybody urged to eat the least possible amount of food necessary to maintain good physical condition but everybody is told that he must wear his clothes longer, must be satisfied with patched boots, must cut down his expenditures for every kind of luxury, for amusement.

But that is only the beginning. The hands that would have been occupied in making the new dress that my lady

FOR UNIVERSAL DRILL

National Army at Camp Grant Favors Measure.

Vote 4,601 to 136 for the Military Training of All Boys of Nineteen.

Rockford, Ill.—The Eighty-sixth division of the National army emphatically advocates universal military training for young men. By the "division" is meant not its officers but its enlisted men—its privates, sergeants, and corporals—men taken from civil life in the last three months under the selective service act.

The first sergeants of 35 companies and batteries have polled their men on the question and have reported the results.

The question asked was: "Do you think all young men should have at least six months' military training when they reach nineteen years of age?"

is not going to buy and that therefore will not be made; the fingers that would have employed themselves preparing the confection of a hat that is going to be forsworn; the skill and handicraft that would have found occupation producing suits of clothes that are not going to be bought or worn; all these must find employment of another kind; employment at producing the things necessary, and absolutely necessary, to national life and national war.

Domestic Service a Problem.

Particular attention is being given to the problems of domestic service, which represent immense wastes of human energy. Nowadays a woman is likely to lose her social standing if she advertises for a servant, especially if she mentions in the advertisement, as many English housewives do, that her establishment is based on the butler and three maids model, or the butler, houseman and four maids model, or something of that sort. For her advertisement is likely to become the basis of derisive comment by folks who wonder why the butler is not in uniform and some of the maids at least in a munitions factory.

While the authorities who are hunting for man power and woman power insist that altogether too much of it is wasted in domestic service, householders declare that it is becoming practically impossible to get service at all. Moreover, it is likely to continue so for a long period, because women, young and old, who have tasted the satisfaction of that more independent existence that is vouchsafed to other workers are almost without exception determined that they will never go back into domestic service.

Here is the formula for the mobilization of national man power and national financial resources: Discharge your servants and see that they get enlisted in national service. Save the money that you would have paid them in wages and buy war bonds. The government will pay that money to your former servants as wages for making munitions. The rest of the money that you save by reason of discharging your domestic establishments will be deftly taken away from you by the government through its instrumentalities of taxation and used to maintain the armies in France and in almost all the other quarters of the world. Another energy that is being tapped is the great class of women who have never imagined that it was part of their life to engage in gainful occupation. There are fewer of them in England by a good many hundreds of thousands than there were before the war. But there are still many of them, and the effort is to enlist them for useful service.

The return cards show these totals: Number of men favorable, 4,601. Number of men opposed, 136.

One side of the card was left blank for "further information or remarks." What was written there showed the reasons for the vote. The emphasis was about equally divided between the benefits to the men receiving the training and the protection of the nation. The geographical source of the unit—whether it came from the congested areas of Chicago or the open hills of Wisconsin—seemed to make no difference.

The question was put before the men on its own merits and without argument.

Old People Elope.
Minneapolis, Minn.—To escape what they characterized as "the small town gossip," Charles F. Mayo, seventy years old, and Mrs. Louise Young, fifty-eight years old, eloped from Nevada, Ia., and were married here.

The Alabama output of graphite during the present year will double that of the previous record.

HOW TO BUY POULTRY

Government Warns Against Ice-Packed Chickens.

Worth 10 to 13 Per Cent Per Pound Less Than Those Properly Handled.

Washington.—Paying the same price for wet-packed chickens as for dry-packed involves heavy money loss to the consumer, according to the dressed poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture. Government experiments have shown that wet-packing a broiler and sending it to market on ice causes it to lose 13 per cent of its value and fowls lose about 10 per cent. If dry-packed broilers are worth 40 cents, wet-packed are not worth more than 35 cents; if dry-packed fowls cost 30 cents, wet-packed one should not cost over 27 cents.

A chicken thrown into ice water to remove animal heat and sent to market in a barrel in direct contact with cracked ice, it is pointed out, absorbs water for which the consumer has to pay chicken prices. The water also dissolves out from the chicken valuable flavoring and nutritive substances. These go into the water at the bottom of the barrel along with filth that is washed from dirty feet and bloody heads, and trickles downward over the poultry.

With a dry-packed chicken the animal heat is removed by hanging the bird in an artificially cooled room maintained at nearly freezing temperature. The chicken is then packed into a box containing 12 birds and sent to market. The box is hauled in refrigerator cars and is kept by good retailers in good ice boxes until sold. The bird is never wet, has no chance to absorb water or becomes washed out. A bird should never be wet until it gets a final quick rinsing off in the housewife's kitchen. The practice of some housewives of soaking a chicken after it is dressed, in a pan of water, even for an hour or two, helps to leach out valuable qualities.

HUMAN DOLL COSTUME



This great big human doll is most successful as an agency of gathering funds for relief organizations. The costume is most unique and attractive and will prove to be of the same good purpose everywhere if young ladies in the many cities will take to wearing it at the many bazaars throughout the United States to raise funds for the soldiers and for many other worthy purposes.

The costume is made on full lines and is something on the style of a riding habit, except for the curiously shaped hat.

ASKS STATUES FOR LONDON

Harvard Professor Would Make Britons Familiar With Great Americans.

London.—A plea for the erection of more statues of great Americans in London was made here recently by Professor Sumichrast of Harvard, speaking before the American Luncheon club.

"We who have the chance," he said, "must do all in our power to make England better known to Americans and America and its people better known in England. Any misunderstanding that may exist between the two countries is purely the result of ignorance of one another. I would have statues of every great American set up in London, so that every Englishman as he walks through these streets may learn to know the features and story of Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and many others who stood up for liberty and made it possible for Great Britain, France and the United States to stand together today in the battle for humanity."

HOW TO BUILD RESERVOIRS FOR FARM



EARTHEN RESERVOIR IN WYOMING FED BY WINDMILLS.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farm reservoirs are rather difficult to classify for the reason that they are dependent on a number of unlike factors. The materials used, the methods of construction, locality, cost, source of water supply, and purpose which they are intended to serve, all exert more or less influence. Such being the governing conditions, any attempt to present types of such structures cannot well be made without due consideration of the most influential factors. Thus an earthen reservoir planned and built to store water for irrigation may be unsuitable to provide water for stock. Similarly, the materials and methods of construction which may be used for a reservoir fed by a pumping plant may not be well adapted to a reservoir located in the bed of a stream. Furthermore, a cost which is justifiable in the citrus orchards of southern California may be prohibitive in the Great Plains area.

Reservoirs Considered.

Reservoirs used with pumping plants will be considered in this article. The following description is intended to be typical of a large number of small earthen reservoirs recently built in central California to store water furnished by small pumping plants and thus secure a large and more effective head for irrigation. The net capacities of the reservoirs examined ranged from one-fifth to seven acre-feet and the average cost per acre-foot of storage capacity was \$97.

The crops irrigated consisted of alfalfa, fruit trees, grapevines, nursery stock and gardens.

This type of farm reservoir in reality is an adjunct to a pumping plant and the proper relationship between the two should be studied carefully. The main purpose of both is to secure at the lowest rates, water from wells in sufficient quantities for successful irrigation. This can be done by installing a pumping plant of large enough capacity and dispensing with the reservoir. This, however, would be likely to entail a greater first cost for equipment, a higher annual rate for power, and a shorter operating time. Where there is no reservoir the capacity of the pumping plant would have to be increased at least 60 per cent and since electric current often is sold at a flat rate per horsepower based on the horsepower of the motor, it follows that a pumping plant driven by a ten-horsepower motor working ten hours a day would cost twice as much for current as a five-horsepower motor working twenty hours a day.

Rectangular in Form.

This type of reservoir usually is rectangular in form but it may be circular. The former is more apt to conform to fence lines, roads, fields, etc., is more readily laid out and built, but the latter requires less material and usually presents a better appearance. Before a site is selected it is well to find out the nature of the subsoil beneath it. This may be done by boring a hole with an auger or post-hole digger, or by digging a pit to the required depth. If the examination shows the subsoil to be porous to considerable depths, the selection of another site may be advisable, but if the porous material is confined to a single stratum it often is possible to lower the floor of the reservoir to a more impervious foundation by excavating the upper stratum. Such a course is followed often for the purpose of reducing the cost, as the most economical method of building an embankment around a reservoir is to take part of the material from within the site.

The site should be cleared of all brush, weeds or other matter subject to decay, plowed and ridged and a trench dug along the center line of the embankment. One of the cheapest and best methods of puddling the material placed in the trench as well as that in the lower and central part of the embankment, provided the material is other than clay, is to fill the trench about two-thirds full of water and in a dump good puddling material into it. The puddled center core should be carried up into the embankment for some distance.

Typical Reservoir.

On a farm near Madera, Cal., there is a reservoir somewhat typical of this class. It is about 210 feet square, the banks are 7 feet high with slopes of 2 to 1 inside and 1 1/2 to 1 outside, and the top width 3 feet. The reservoir covers 1 acre of land and has a capacity of 4.3 acre-feet. After the banks were formed by means of four-horse Fresno scrapers, the bottom of the reservoir was covered with clay and puddled by cattle. The water is raised from a well by a 15-horsepower motor operating a six-inch centrifugal pump, and discharged into the reservoir through a

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



HIS SENSIBLE QUESTION.

"Mamma—" "Now, sonnie, don't ask me any more foolish questions." "I just want to ask one little, teeny question, mamma." "Well, you may ask it if it is a sensible one, but I am tired of the silly ones you generally ask." "Well, mamma, is papa your husband?" "I don't call that a sensible question. You ought to know that without asking. Of course he is." "Well, mamma, I know, but I just wanted to ask a really sensible question. If papa should die and go to heaven, what relation would you be to God?"

Inspired Respect.

"How did Mrs. Grabcoinc succeed in getting Mr. Grabcoinc to attend church regularly?" "She persuaded the new rector to play Mr. Grabcoinc a game of golf. The rector beat Mr. Grabcoinc so badly the old gentleman said any man who could play golf like that ought to be able to preach a smashing sermon, so he went to church."

CAN YOU BEAT IT?



"So you and Fred don't speak? What's the trouble?" "We had a dreadful quarrel about which loved the other most."

She Won't.
Though fortune waits,
'Tis very wrong
To think that she
Will wait for long.

Favorite Topics.
"Did you ever stop to think how little conversation there would be if people never talked about themselves?" "Oh, yes. But if people never talked about themselves or other people, either, we wouldn't need a universal language. We could get along well by making signs."

Time to Learn.
Mrs. Dashaway—She doesn't know how to manage a husband.
Mrs. Wedalot—Oh, give her time. She'll learn. You know she has only had three.—Judge.

A Natural Proceeding.
"When you were talking to the actress in her dressing-room I noticed she changed countenance." "She had to when she took off her makeup."

A Reason.
He—It seems to me that many women prefer their dogs to their husbands. She—Why shouldn't they? The dogs are not growling all the time.

One Disadvantage.
"My dear girl, modest worth is far better than mere beauty."
"Yes, but it doesn't go so far in catching millionaires."

A Lucky Man.
Wife—I can't find words to express my contempt for you.
Husband—Good! Now perhaps I shall have some peace.

Do Not.
Do not be a quitter
With fear within your heart;
And do not be a starter
Of things that should not start.
—Judge.

Literally Understood.
"It's a cold world!" sighed the melancholy citizen.
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But don't you think that now and then we ought to talk about something besides the weather and the cost of fuel?"

She Explains.
"You never wind your wrist watch."
"Well, what of it?"
"What's the use of wearing a wrist watch that keeps no time?"
"I wear it as a bracelet as well as a watch," said the girl.

CURRYING HORSES IS EXCELLENT PRACTICE

Aside From Giving Animal Clean, Glossy Appearance, Brushing Stirs Circulation.

Frequent currying and brushing will insure a healthy condition of the horse. A few minutes spent daily in currying and brushing a horse is time well spent. Aside from giving the animal a clean, glossy appearance, this daily brushing stimulates circulation. The skin is an important excretory organ, and must be kept clean and free to do its work.

It is especially important to give the legs daily care. If it is necessary to wash them in cold weather, they should be thoroughly dried before being exposed to the open air. Mud should not be allowed to collect on the fetlocks, as it causes scratches and sores on the heels and about the feet. Sores, scratches and unsightly spots are often caused by mud and manure settling in the hair. When the mud dries it causes the skin to crack open.

In the spring the horses should be kept especially clean, as the long hours of work, dust, sweat and heat all combine to make proper care of the skin a necessity. Sore shoulders and other afflictions, due to lack of care on the part of the owner, have often caused great loss of time and money.

PROPER FEEDING TO REMEDY PIG EATING

Any Deviation From All-Corn Ration for Sows Usually Gives the Best Results.

Pig eating usually occurs in the spring and in the early litters that are farrowed before grass or other green stuff is at hand. As a rule there is but one remedy, and that is to feed the sow properly during the winter months. While protein is the food that the sow usually craves, yet any deviation from the all-corn ration usually gives satisfactory results.

Sows fed corn, only, throughout the winter become feverish and restless, and at farrowing time are careless for their young, and are very apt to kill a part or all of their litter.

The addition of pumpkins, various root crops, alfalfa, clover hay, or protein in any form to the corn, will bring the brood sow through in a much better condition to farrow a strong litter of pigs, and she will also be in condition to care for them. By all means do not have the sow corn-fat, or corn-sick, as is so often the case when put through the winter on corn alone. Slop made up of the kitchen waste to which is added some digester tankage, makes an appetizing addition to your all-corn ration, if given twice a week or oftener, as this carries the necessary protein. Salt and wood ashes should also be given each week or ten days at most, and slack coal may also be used with profit. Lice will also bother the brood sow; use crude road oil for these, full strength. A few planks, any old kind, under the bunk will give the sow a better nest with half the bedding used on a ground floor.

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 Book, 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 Belmont, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

W. O. W. Camp No. 69 Bradley, Ill. meets 1st and 3rd Monday of each month at Woodman's Hall.

St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of Forerrestors.

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, 8 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.

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladders. A trial 35c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at the drug store. 6-18.

Bunny's Slide

Bunny Kemble's Aunt Lucy is going to marry Mr. Erick, announced Caroline, casually, at the family dinner table.

"Goodness me!" shrieked Caroline's mother. "Why, Mrs. Kemble never said a word to me about it when she was here. Lucy only met him a month ago when she came to visit. Tell me this minute, Caroline, who told you?"

"Oh, nobody told me," Caroline explained in surprise. "I just know."

"Uh, huh," agreed Caroline's brother. "They are going to be married!"

"Be calm, darling," Caroline's father advised his wife. "Life is full of these maddening moments! Now, my child, if you will be so good, kindly enlighten us as to your source of information in regard to this amazing news!"

"Huh?" questioned Caroline, vaguely. "Oh—about Bunny's Aunt Lucy? Why, Bunny had the dandiest slide made from the front steps clear down to the gate—the walk slopes, you know. He—"

"Caroline!" begged her mother. "I don't care about Bunny's slide! I want to know who told you Lucy was going to marry—"

"Hush!" admonished Caroline's mother's husband. "You should realize that Caroline will get there presently after she has told you what kind of collar button the khedive of Egypt wears!"

"Who's he?" demanded Caroline, with interest. "Say, you ought to have slid on Bunny's slide! Once the gate was open and he shot clear out under an automobile. Wasn't it lucky it wasn't a horse standing there? The horse might have kicked Bunny to death!"

"Yes, I should always pick out an automobile as a safe thing to slide under," agreed her father. "Of course an auto couchant is calmer than an auto rampant—"

"You're trying to be funny!" suspiciously broke in Caroline's brother. "Gee! It was lucky Bunny got there in time to stop the furnace man from putting ashes all down that walk! Bunny knew, of course that his mother would like to have him happy and enjoy himself, and so he just told the furnace man she had said he could have a slide there. You see, his mother wasn't home to ask. Anyhow, it saves time to ask afterward. We had a bully time sliding, except that people kept coming along the front walk and getting in the way—"

"I expected that was where Mrs. Erick got knocked down!" interrupted his mother. "I wondered why she kept telling me about it, and expatiating on the rudeness of the small boy who—"

"Aw, I did yell at her!" defended her son hotly. "Just as loud! If she didn't get out of the way it wasn't my fault was it? It would 'a' been easier for her to walk on the other side of the street, anyway! When we got tired of sliding it was getting dusk, and we went and sat on the side fence, and then Bunny's Aunt Lucy and Mr. Erick they come along walking slow and kind of interested like!"

"We heard her just as plain," broke in Caroline. "She stopped with one hand on the gate and looked back over her shoulder and smiled in that wavy ladies have of smiling and said, 'Till tomorrow, then!' and started up the walk. And when she sat down her feet went up in the air. So did Mr. Erick's. Huh? Why, he was hanging on to her hand even if she had said good-by and he didn't let go. So when she fell he fell, too. His eyeglasses shot off and he was feeling around for 'em and saying, 'Are you much hurt?' and she said, 'Oh, not at all, David.' And then they tried to get up and they tumbled down again. 'Be very careful,' Mr. Erick said, 'and I will help you. Those wretched children have made a slide!'"

"Well, they got as far as the steps and then she slipped and he slipped and when they quit going they were back at the gate. And he swore one word and she said, 'Oh, David!' and he put his arm around her.

"When that child is really my nephew," he said, awful fierce, "I'll pay him up for this, the young imp!" And then she laughed so she fell down again, and he said kind of shaky, 'You will, won't you, Lucy?' and she said she guessed if she wanted to be re-venge on Bunny she'd have to, and he picked her up.

"I don't know what she meant, but if Bunny was Mr. Erick's nephew he couldn't be without Mr. Erick was his uncle, could he? And he couldn't be Bunny's uncle unless he married Bunny's aunt, so—"

"There's no getting around it," mourned Caroline's father, gazing open-mouthed at his fair young daughter. "We have a female detective in the family!"

His Little Scheme.

Roderick—"Great Scot! Has Bilkins lost his mind?"
Van Albert—"I don't think so. Why?"
Roderick—"Just look at the illumination in his house. He has had every gas jet burning all day long."
Van Albert—"Oh, that's just a little scheme Bilkins has to increase his gas bill this month. His wife is coming back tomorrow, and he told her he had been remaining at home and reading every night since she went away."

Evil of Parties

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But Johnny Swattle tore her hair ribbons off."

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

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

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

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

Not Missed

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

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

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

"I was piqued, angry in fact. I walked back to the stove and got right in front of my old friend, so that he had to look upon me in all my glory. 'Slowly, casually, he looked up from under the flap of his old white hat, and remarked:

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

His Suggestion

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

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

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

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

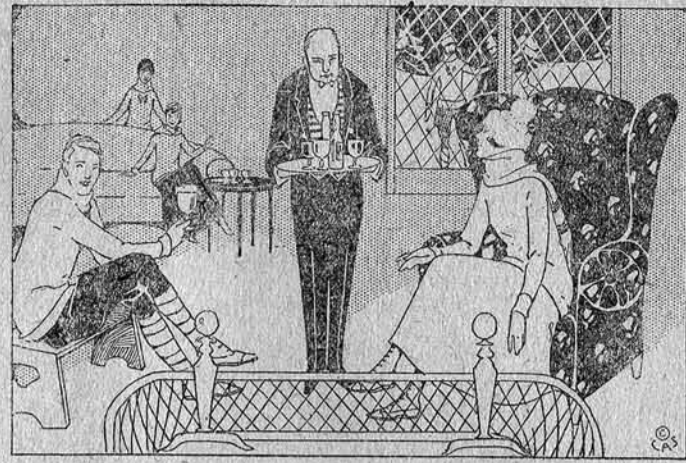
First Steps

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

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

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

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



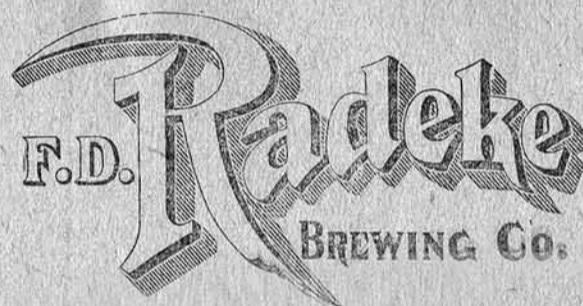
"Radeke Beer" after Winter Sports

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.



To the Business Men of Kankakee County

The writer has been assigned to your county for the purpose of assisting the tax payers in the preparation of their income tax returns for the year ending December 31, 1917. Your assistance is earnestly requested in advising your patrons and your employees of the importance of making their income tax returns immediately. Advise your patrons and employes that they must bring with them a complete and detailed statement of their Total Gross Income and Total Business Expenses. This is very important.

The Act of October 3rd, 1917, provides that:

- (1) Every single person whose net income amounts to \$1,000.00 a year, or over, must file a return with the Collector of Internal Revenue and pay a tax on such part of the net income which exceeds, \$1,000.00,—and
- (2) Every married person, or head of a family, whose net income amounts to \$2,000.00 a year or more, must file a return with the Collector of Internal Revenue and pay a tax on such part of the net income which exceeds \$2,000.00.

Heavy penalties, fines and additional tax imposed for failure to file income tax return by March 1st, 1918.

I will be stationed at the places named below on the dates specified:

- Kankakee Court House, Jan. 2-Jan 30
- Reddick Post office, Jan. 31-Feb. 2
- St. Anne 1st Nat. Bank, Feb. 4-Feb. 6
- Momence 1st Nat. Bank, Feb. 7-Feb. 9
- Manteno Post office, Feb. 11-Feb. 14
- Kankakee Court House, Feb. 15-Mar. 2

CHARLES M. CALLNER
Income Tax Inspector

**ALEX J. POWELL
Attorney-at-Law**

GENERAL LAW PRACTICE

Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

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

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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

Do YOU Know About OUR Prices ?

We are anxious to have you find out about them

They will interest you when you're in need of printing

His Dramatic Gifts

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Visitor

"I've had an urgent letter from my married daughter out West asking me to go there and visit the family for two or three weeks at the Christmas season," said the retired merchant, "and I guess I'll go. They have three or four children and I've never seen some of them. I hope to make a great hit as a grandfather."

"Well, of course it's a good thing to visit your daughter at Christmas time," remarked the hotelkeeper, "but if you take my advice you won't stay more than twenty-four hours. If you just blow in on her family and shake hands all around, and give the kids some candy and picture books, and then blow out again, those young ones will always look upon you as a sort of fairy godfather, and will speak your name reverently, but if you loaf around there two or three weeks they'll size you up as a stuffed prophet and make life a burden to you.

"I have a married daughter of my own, and, by a singular coincidence, she has several children, and three or four years ago she insisted that I should go to her place and make a good long visit. So I went at Christmas time. My daughter had educated her children in the belief that I was a great and good man, and when I first got there they looked upon me with awe. They listened to every word of mine as tho a doggone oracle was speaking, and I thought I had never seen such nice kids. Had I gone away after staying one day all would have been well, but I stayed on, and pretty soon those children began to lose their respect for me. They saw that I was merely human. It beats all how quick kids can size you up and govern themselves accordingly.

"I always lie down after the midday banquet and take a nap, and my daughter provided a sofa in the sitting-room for this function. Well, I must admit that my snoring is out of tune, but when I'm at home nobody pays any attention to it. The second day I was at my daughter's I woke up after a few hours of refreshing slumber and found those kids standing around looking at me as a man might look at a pink ostrich in a menagerie. They insisted that I should snore some more. It reminded them of their Uncle Andrew's sawmill, they said. Later in the day some visitor dropped in, and I was posing as a distinguished old gentleman of culture and refinement, and those kids began clamoring to have me snore again, so the company could hear. I never was up against anything more embarrassing.

"When I first went there they had the idea that a grandfather was a gorgeous sort of individual, superior to ordinary human weaknesses, but my stock slumped like thunder when I had an attack of rheumatism and had to sit around anointing fetlocks with liniment. That reminded them that old Gaffer Gooseman used to have rheumatism, and used to soak himself with liniment, and he went to the poorhouse. Children always associate ideas together in a queer way, doggone them, and those kids came to the conclusion that I was destined for the poorhouse. They expressed their convictions to other children, and those children passed the story along, and so it got to be the talk of the town that I was just stopping at my daughter's temporarily before taking up permanent quarters at the poor farm, and my daughter came in for a lot of criticism.

"Well, inside of a week those kids had me sized up as a false alarm, and they began playing tricks on me, which is a thing I despise. When I was taking my afternoon nap they tied a string to my shoe and then fastened it to the chairs and things, and when I got up I upset all the furniture in the room and made such a racket that my daughter came with her seven-league boots on. When I explained to her what the kids had done she flew up and said I must be in my dotage, for her little darlings wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, she said. I must have tied that string myself.

"I saw that it was time to do a vanishing stunt, so I packed my kit of burglar's tools and left for home on the first train. Had I stayed just one day I'd still be the high man with those kids."

Dinah Consented.

A young colored man asked permission of his employer to use the telephone, as he wished to speak to a colored girl employed at another residence. Upon receiving consent he explained:

"You see, it's dis way. I loves dat gal an' wants to ask her to marry me, but I ain't got de grit to ask her 'word out of mouth,' an' so I wants to use de phone. I'll jest call her up. Hello! Is dat Dinah?"

"No. Will call her."

"Hello! Dat you, Dinah?"

"Ye-as."

"Dinah, you knows I think a heap of you."

"Ye-as."

"An' I bin tryin' to make you think a heap of me."

"Ye-as."

"I more den thinks a heap of you. I loves you, Dinah."

"Ye-as."

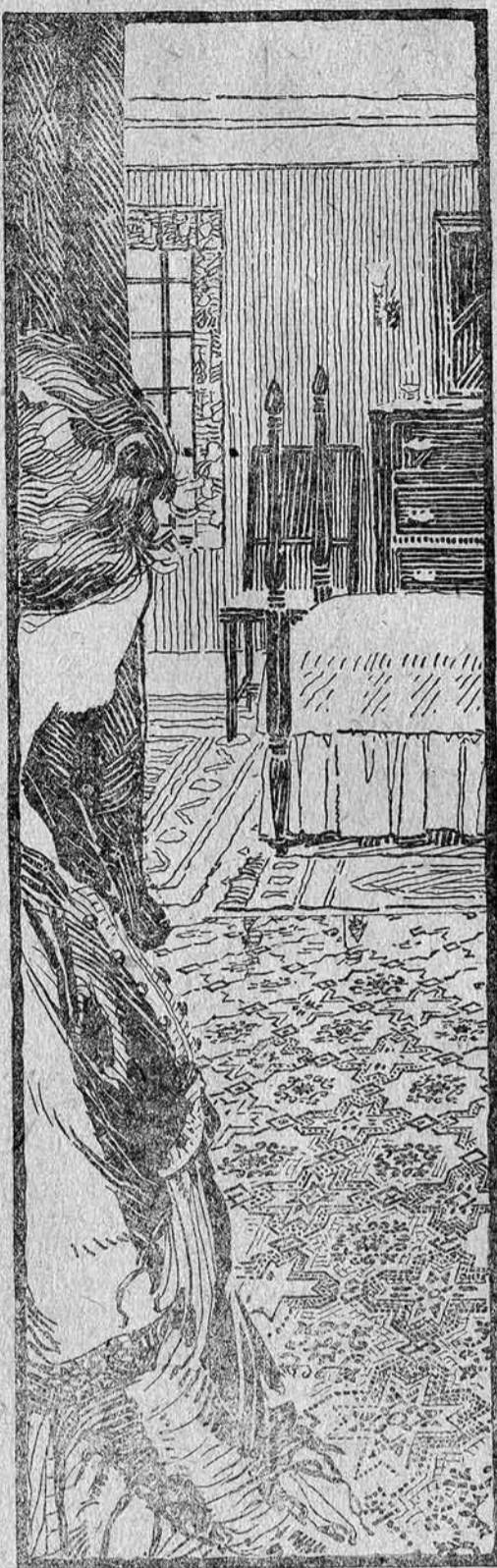
"Now, Dinah—I—er—wants to ask you if you will marry me."

"Ye-as, indeedy! Who is dis what's talkin' to me?"

A Family Talk.

"See here, Jones, you've had that telephone receiver at your ear for ten minutes and haven't uttered a word."

"S-sh! I'm having a typical conversation with my wife."



The Home Is No Cozier Than Its Floors

Bare floors make a home as uninviting as bare walls or windows. Pleasant warmth and cheer enter a room as soon as you install

NEPONSET Floor Covering

Made in agreeable color designs specially suitable for bed-rooms, kitchen, sewing-room, nursery, porch, halls, closets and bath-rooms. Many special patterns for every room.

Sanitary, easily washed; waterproof and enduring. A tough, thick, resilient fabric that takes the jar and noise out of walking. Lies flat without tacking and won't curl. Product of the century-old manufacturing experience of one of New England's oldest firms. Come in and pick your pattern today.

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



The ECONOMY

Pastor In Thrift Crusade

The pastor of one of the large churches of Chicago recently confessed to his banker, after purchasing a war savings certificate, that he had been converted to the thrift movement while hunting a text for a sermon.

"My wife and I have always tried to live as economically as possible," he explained, "and, in truth, we have always found it necessary to think carefully when it was a question of the expenditure of my modest salary. We observed meatless days frequently before Mr. Hoover advised them and have never squandered much money on frivolities, for the simple reason that we could not afford to do so.

"We had succeeded in accumulating a little bank account against a rainy day and my inevitable retirement—every minister must look forward to that—and at times in my study I was just a trifle inclined to be cynical when reading about the thrift movement in the daily papers and the periodicals. Had not I and my good wife and our little family lived as carefully as possible? What more could we do?"

"It was while leafing my bible that I came across Mathew XXV., wherein is related the parable of the man who, on going into another country, called his servants to him and delivered into their keeping the five and the two and the one talents to use in the course of his absence.

"I fell to debating with myself as to which servant I would have proven to be, had I been one of the three intrusted with the gold. Financially, here I was in a class with the servant who had been given the one talent. I had only a few hundred dollars, a mere mite, and apparently of no great value in this war where millions are spent daily. Then, too, like the servant, I might have complained that I knew the master was a hard man, reaping where he did not sow and gathering where he did not scatter, for I was far from being a millionaire, although I had always voted and paid my small taxes and tried to live an upright life as a citizen of the United States and a loyal American.

"Suddenly it dawned upon me that, in keeping my little hoard in the bank when it might be invested in war bonds or thrift certificates, I was placing myself actually in a class with the wicked and slothful servant who digged a hole and hid his talent instead of taking it, as his master had suggested, to those who would have paid interest while using it to advantage.

"It was that parable of the talents that converted me to the thrift movement, and I realize now that had I kept my little store hid I would have deserved to have it taken away from me by some German soldier, for it is absolutely certain that the Prussians will collect an indemnity from the United States and all of us if they are not decisively beaten in this war, and they can't be beaten if we don't lend our Government money to finance the war.

"I am, as the boys say, 'strong for' thrift now and am building a sermon on the text. And cast ye out the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth."

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We are fixed for turning out work of this kind in double-quick time.

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kittell Webster

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Presently she came. A buffet of wind struck her as she closed the door behind her, and whipped her unbuttoned ulster about; but she did not lower under it, nor turn away—stood there, finely erect, confronting it. There was something alert about her pose—she couldn't see her face distinctly—that suggested she was expecting somebody. And then, not aloud, but very distinctly:

"Roddy," she said. He tried to speak her name, but his dry throat denied it utterance. He began suddenly to tremble. He came forward out of the shadow and she saw him and came to meet him, and spoke his name again.

"I saw you when you went out," she said. "I was afraid you mightn't wait. I hurried as fast as I could. I've—waited so long. Longer than you."

He managed at last to speak, and, as he did so, reached out and took her by the shoulders. "Come home," he said. "You must come home."

At that she stepped back and shook her head. But he had discovered, while his hands held her, that she was trembling too.

The stage door opened again to emit a group of three of the "ponies."

They stared curiously at Dane and the big man who stood there with her, then scurried away down the alley.

"We can't talk here," he said. "We must go somewhere."

She nodded assent, and they moved off side by side after the three little girls, but slower. In an accumulation of shadows, half way down the alley, he gripped her arm tight and they both stood still. The next moment, and without a word, they moved on again.

"Really—'Are you all right Roddy? And the babies?' she managed to say. 'It's a good many days since I've heard from Portia.' And then, suddenly: 'Was it because anything had gone wrong that you came?'"

"I didn't know you were here until I saw you on the stage," he said.

This was all, in words, that passed until he looked about him in a sort of dazed bewilderment when she stopped, at last, at the stoop before her door.

"Here's where I live," she said.

"Where you live!" he echoed blankly.

"Ever since I went away—to California. I've been right here—where I could almost see the smoke of your chimneys. I've a queer little room—I only pay three dollars a week for it—but it's big enough to be alone in."

"Rose . . ." he said, hoarsely.

A drunken man came lurching pitifully down the street. She shrank into the angle of the steps, and Rodney followed her, found her with his hands, and heard her voice speaking breathlessly, in gasps. He hardly knew what she was saying.

"It's been wonderful . . . I know we haven't talked; we'll do that some other time, somewhere where we can . . . But tonight, walking along like that, just as . . . Tomorrow, I shall think it was all a dream."

"Rose . . ."

The only sound that came in answer was a long, tremulously indrawn breath. But presently her hand took her one of his that had been clutching her shoulder and led him up the steps. He opened the door with a latchkey, and then, behind her, he made his way up two flights of narrow stairs, whose faint creak made all the sound there was. In the black little corridor at the top she unlocked another door.

"Wait till I light the gas," she breathed.

She turned and looked into his face, her eyes searching it as his were searching hers, luminously and with a swiftly kindling fire. Her lips parted a little, trembling. There was a sort of bloom on her skin that became more visible as the blood, wave on wave, came flushing in behind it.

As for Rodney, he was the same man who, an hour ago, in the theater, had raged and writhed under what he felt to be an invasion of his proprietary rights in her.

He wouldn't have defined it that way, to be sure, in a talk with Barry Lake; would have denied, with the best of them, that a husband had any proprietary rights in his wife. But the intolerable sense of having become an object of derision or contemptuous pity, of being disgraced and of her being degraded, couldn't derive from anything else but just that.

"Have you anything here?" he asked her dully, "besides what will go in that trunk?"

It was the surliness of his tone, rather than the words themselves, that startled her.

"No," she said, puzzled. "Of course not."

"Then throw them into it quickly," he said, "and we'll look the thing up. Do you owe any rent?"

"Roddy!" she said. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you're going to get out of

this beastly place now—tonight. We're going home. We can leave an address for the trunk. If it never comes, so much the better."

"Again all she could do was to ask him, with a bewildered stammer, what he meant."

"Because," she added, "I can't go home yet. I've only started."

"Started!" he echoed. "Do you think I'm going to let this beastly farce go any further?"

And with that he told her what had happened in his office that afternoon, told her of the attitude of his friends, how they'd all known about it—undoubtedly had come to see for themselves, and, out of pity or contempt, hadn't told him. He told her how he'd felt, sitting there in the theater. He accused her as his wrath burned brighter, of having selected the thing to do that would hurt him worst, of having borne a grudge against him and avenged it.

It was the ignoblest moment of his life, and he knew it. The accusations he was making against her were nothing to those that were storing up in his mind against himself.

He didn't look at her as he talked, and she didn't interrupt; said no word of denial or defense. The big outburst spent itself. He lapsed into an uneasy silence, got himself together again, and went on trying to restate his grievance—this time more reasonably, retracting a little. But under her continued silence he grew weakly irritated again.

When at last she spoke, he turned his eyes toward her and saw a sort of frozen look in her dull white face that he had never seen in it before. Her intonation was monotonous, her voice scarcely audible.

"I guess I understand," she said. "I don't know whether I wish I were dead or not. If I'd died when the babies were born . . . But I'm glad I came away when I did. And I'm glad," she gave a faint shudder there at the alternative, "I'm glad I've got a job and that I can pay back that hundred dollars I owe you. I've had it quite a while. But I've kept it, hoping you might find out where I was and come to me, as you did, and that we might have a chance to talk. I thought I'd tell you how I'd earned it, and that you'd be a little—proud with me about it, proud that I could pay it back so soon."

She smiled a little over that, a smile he had to turn away from. "I suppose I'll be glad, some day, that it all happened; that I met you and loved you and had the babies, even though it's all had to end," she shuddered again, "like this."

It wasn't till he tried to speak that her apparent calm was broken. Then, with a sudden frantic terror in her

eyes, she begged him not to—begged him to go away, if he had any mercy for her at all, quickly and without a word. In a sort of daze he obeyed her.

The tardy winter morning, looking through her grimy window, found her sitting there, just as she'd been when he closed the door.

CHAPTER XXI.

Frederica's Paradox.

Two days later Rodney walked in on Frederica at breakfast, alone.

"Hello!" Frederica said, holding out a hand to him, but not rising. "Just in time."

"Don't ring," he said quickly. "I've had all I want. My train got in an hour ago and I had a try at the station restaurant."

"Well, sit down, anyway," said Frederica. She reached out a cool, soft hand and laid it on one of Rodney's which rested limply on the table. There was rather a long silence—ten seconds, perhaps. Then:

"How did you find out about it?" Rodney asked.

They were both too well accustomed to these telepathic short-cuts to take any note of this one. She'd seen that he knew, just with her first glance at him there in the doorway; and something a little tenderer and gentler than most of her caresses about this one, told him that she did.

"Harriet's back," she said. "She got in day before yesterday. Constance said something to her about it, thinking she knew. They've thought all along that you and I knew, too." And

then: "How did you find out about it, Roddy? Who told you?"

"No one," he said, in a voice unnaturally level and dry. "I went to see the show on the recommendation of a country client, and there she was on the stage."

"Oh!" cried Frederica—a muffled, barely audible cry of passionate sympathy. Then: "You've seen her off the stage—talked with her?"

"I didn't ask her to explain," said Rodney. "I asked her to come home and she wouldn't."

"Oh, it's wicked!" she cried. "It's the most abominably selfish thing I ever heard of!"

"Pull up, Freddy!" he said. Rather gently, though, for him. "There's no good going on like that. And besides . . . You were saying Harriet would do anything in the world for me. Well, there's something you can do. You're the only person I know who can."

Her answer was to come around behind his chair, put her cheek down beside his, and reach for his hands. "Let's get away from this miserable breakfast table," she said. "Come up to where I live, where we can be safely by ourselves; then tell me about it."

In front of her boudoir fire, looking down on her as she sat in her flowered wing chair, an enormously distended rug-covered pillow beside her knees waiting for him to drop down on when he felt like it, he began rather cautiously to tell her what he wanted.

"I'll tell you the reason why I've come to you," he began, "and then you'll see. Do you remember nearly two years ago, the night I got wet coming here to dinner—the night you were going to marry me off to Hermione Woodruff? We had a long talk afterward, and you said, speaking of the chances people took getting married, that it wasn't me you worried about, but the girl, whoever she might be, who married me."

The little gesture she made admitted the recollection, but denied its relevancy. She'd have said something to that effect, but he prevented her.

"No," he insisted, "it wasn't just talk. There was something in it. Afterward, when we were engaged, two or three times, you gave me tips about things. And since we've been married . . . Well, somehow, I've had the feeling that you were on her side; that you saw things her way—things that I didn't see."

"Little things," she protested; "little tiny things that couldn't possibly matter—things that any woman would be on another woman's side, as you say, about."

But she contradicted this statement at once. "Oh, I did love her!" she said fiercely. "Not just because she loved you, but because I thought she was altogether adorable. I couldn't help it. And of course that's what makes me so perfectly furious now—that she should have done a thing like this to you."

"All right," he said. "Never mind about that. This is what I want you to do. I want you to go to see her, and I want you to ask her, in the first place, to try to forgive me."

"What for?" Frederica demanded.

"I want you to tell her," he went on, "that it's impossible that she should be more horrified at the thing I did, than I am myself. I want you to ask her, whatever she thinks my deserts are, to do just one thing for me, and that is to let me take her out of that perfectly hideous place. I don't ask anything else but that. She can make any terms she likes. She can live where or how she likes. Only—not like that. Maybe it's a deserved punishment, but I can't stand it!"

There was the crystallization of what little thinking he had managed to do in the two purgatorial days he'd spent in a down-state hotel—in the intervals of fighting off the memory of the dull, frozen agony he'd seen in Rose's face as he left her.

Frederica, naturally, was mystified. "That's absurd, of course, Roddy," she said gently. "You haven't done anything to Rose to be forgiven for."

"You'll just have to take my word for it," he said shortly. "I'm not exaggerating."

"But, Roddy!" she persisted. "You must be sensible. Oh, it's no wonder! You're all worn out. You look as if you hadn't slept for nights. What if you were angry and lost your temper and hurt her feelings? Heavens! Weren't you entitled to, after what she'd done? And when she'd left you to find it out like that?"

"I tell you, you don't know the first thing about it."

"I don't suppose you—beat her, did you?"

It was too infuriating, having him meek like this!

His reply was barely audible: "I might better have done it."

Frederica sprang to her feet. "Well, then, I'll tell you!" she said. "I won't go to her. I'll go if you'll give me a free hand. If you'll let me tell her what I think of what she's done and the way she's done it—not letting you know—not giving you a chance. But go and beg her to forgive you, I won't."

"All right," he said dully. "You're within your rights, of course."

The miserable scene dragged on a little longer. Frederica cried and pleaded and stormed without moving him at all. He seemed distressed at her grief, urged her to treat his request as if he hadn't made it; but he explained nothing, answered none of her questions.

It was an enormous relief to her, and she fancied, to him, for that matter, when, after a premonitory knock at the door, Harriet walked in upon them.

The situation didn't need much ex-

plaining, but Frederica summed it up while the others exchanged their coolly friendly greetings, with the statement:

"Rod's been trying to get me to go to Rose and say that it was all his fault, and I won't."

"Why not?" said Harriet. "What earthly thing does it matter whose fault it is? He can have it his fault if he likes."

"You know it isn't," Frederica muttered rebelliously.

Harriet seated herself delicately and deliberately in one of the curving ends of a little Victorian sofa, and stretched her slim legs out in front of her.

"Certainly I don't care whose fault it is," she said. "You never get anywhere by trying to decide a question like that. What I'm interested in is what can be done about it. It's not a very nice situation. Nobody likes it—at least I should think Rose would be pretty sick of it by now. She may have been crazy for a stage career, but she's probably seen that the chorus of a third-rate musical comedy won't take her anywhere. The thing's simply a mess, and the only thing to do is to clear it up as quickly and as decently as we can—and it can be cleared up if we go at it right. Of course the thing to do is to get her out of that horrible place as soon as we can. And I suppose the best way of doing it will be to get her into something else—take her down to New York and work her into a small part in some good company. Almost anything, if it came to that, so long as it wasn't music. Oh, and have her use her own name, and let us make as much of it as we can. Face it out. Pretend we like it. I don't say it's ideal, but it's better than this."

"Her own name?" he echoed blankly. "Do you mean she made one up?"

Harriet nodded. "Constance mentioned it," she said, "but that was before I knew what she was talking about. And of course I couldn't go back and ask. Daphne something, I think. It sounded exactly like a chorus name, anyhow." And then: "Well, how about it? Will you play the game?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a docility that surprised Frederica. "I'll play it. It comes to exactly the same thing, what we both want done, and our reasons for doing it are important to nobody but ourselves."

She turned to Frederica. "You, too, Freddy?" she asked. "Will you give your moral principles a vacation and take Rod's message to Rose, even though you may think it's Quixotic nonsense?"

"I'll see Rose myself," said Rodney quietly.

He was standing near the foot of the stairs when she came down, with a raincoat on and a newspaper twisted up in his hand, and at sight of her, he took off his soft, wet hat, and crushed it up along with the newspaper. He moved over toward her, but stopped two or three feet away. "It's very good of you to come," he said, his voice lacking a little of the ridiculous stiffness of his words, not much. "Is there some place where we can talk a little more—privately than here? I shan't keep you long."

"There's a room here somewhere," she said.

The room she led him to was an appropriately preposterous setting for the altogether preposterous talk that ensued between them. It had a mosaic floor with a red plush carpet on it, two stained-glass windows in yellow and green, flanking an oak mantel which framed an enormous expanse of mottled purple tile, with a diminutive gas-log in the middle. A glassy-looking oak table occupied most of the room, and the chairs that were crowded in around it were upholstered in highly polished coffee-colored horse-hide, with very ornate nails.

"It's dreadfully hot in here," Rose said. "You'd better take off your coat." She squeezed in between the table and one of the chairs and seated herself.

Rodney threw down his wet hat, his newspaper, and then his raincoat, on the table, and slid into a chair opposite her.

"I want to tell you first," Rodney said, and his manner was that of a schoolboy reciting to his teacher an apology which has been rehearsed at home under the sanction of paternal authority—"I want to tell you how deeply sorry I am for . . ."

He had his newspaper in his hands again and was twisting it up. His eyes didn't once seek her face. But they might have done so in perfect safety, because her own were fixed on his hands and the newspaper they crumpled.

He didn't presume to ask her forgiveness, he told her. He couldn't expect that; at least not at present. He went on lamely, in broken sentences, repeating what he'd said already in still more inadequate words. He was unable to stop talking until she should say something, it hardly mattered what. And she was unable to say anything.

The formality of his phrases got stiffer and finally congealed into a blank silence.

Finally she said, with a gasp: "I have something to ask you to—forgive me for. That's for leaving you to find out—where I was, the way you did. You see, I thought at first that no one would know me, made up and all. And when I found out I would be recognizable, it was too late to stop—or at least it seemed so. Besides, I thought you knew. I saw Jimmy Wallace out there the opening night, and saw he recognized me, and—I thought he'd tell you. And then I kept seeing other people out in front after that, people we knew, who'd come to see for themselves, and I thought, of course, you knew. And—I suppose I was a cow-

ard—I waited for you to come. I wasn't, as you thought, trying to hurt you. But I can see how it must have looked like that."

He said quickly: "You're not to blame at all. I remember how you offered to tell me what you intended to do before you went away, and that I wouldn't let you."

Silence froze down upon them again.

"I can't forgive myself," he said at last. "I want to take back the things I said that night—about being disgraced and all. I was angry over not having known when the other people did. It wasn't your being on the stage. We're not as bigoted as that."

"I've come to ask a favor of you, though, and that is that you'll let me—let us all—help you. I can't—bear having you live like this, knocking about like this, where all sorts of things can happen to you. And going under an assumed name, I've no right to ask a favor, I know, but I do. I ask you to take your own name again—Rose Aldrich. And I want you to let us help you to get a better position than this, that is, if you haven't changed your mind about being on the stage; a position that will have more hope and promise in it. I want you to feel that we're—with you."

"Who are 'we'?" She accompanied that question with a straight look into his eyes.

"Why," he said, "the only two people I've talked with about it—Frederica and Harriet. I thought you'd be glad to know that they felt as I did."

The first flash of real feeling she had shown, was the one that broke through on her repetition of the name "Harriet!"

"Yes," he said, and he had, for about ten seconds, the misguided sense of dialectical triumph. "I know a little how you feel toward her, and maybe she's justified it. But not in this case. Because it was Harriet who made me see that there wasn't anything—disgraceful about your going on the stage. It was her own idea that you ought to use your own name and give us a chance to help you. She'll be only too glad to help."

During the short while she let elapse before she spoke, his conviction-carrying power of this statement ebbed somewhat, though he hadn't seen yet what was wrong with it.

"Yes," she said at last, "I think I can see Harriet's view of it. 'As long as Rose had run away and joined a fifth-rate musical comedy in order to be on the stage, and as long as everybody knew it, the only thing to do was to get her into something respectable so that you could all pretend you liked it. It was all pretty shabby, of course, for the Aldriches, and, in a way, what you deserved for marrying a person like that. Still, that was no reason for not putting the best face on it you could.' And that's why you came to find me!"

"No, it isn't," he said furiously. His elaborately assumed manner had broken down anyway. "I wanted you to know that I'd assent to anything, any sort of terms you wanted to make that didn't involve—this. If it's the stage, all right. Or if you'd come home—to the babies. I wouldn't ask anything for myself. You could be as independent of me as you are here. . . ."

He'd have gone on elaborating this program further, but that the look of blank incredulity in her face stopped him.

"I say things wrong," he concluded with a sudden humility that quenched the spark of anger in her eyes. "I was a fool to quote Harriet, and I haven't done much better in speaking for myself. I can't make you see. . . ."

"Oh, I can see plainly enough, Roddy," she said with a tired little grimace that was a sorry reminder of her old smile. "I guess I see too well. I'm sorry to have hurt you and made you miserable. I knew I was going to do that, of course, when I went away, but I hoped that, after a while, you'd come to see my side of it. You can't at all. You couldn't believe that I was happy, that I thought I was doing something worth doing; something that was making me more nearly a person you could respect and be friends with. . . ."

"So I guess," she concluded after a silence, "that the only thing for you to do is to go home and forget about me as well as you can and be as little miserable about me as possible. I'll tell you this, that may make it a little easier; you're not to think of me as starving or miserable, or even uncomfortable for want of money. I'm earning plenty to live on, and I've got over two hundred dollars in the bank."

There was a long silence while he sat there twisting the newspaper in his hands, his eyes downcast, his face dull with the look of defeat that had settled over it.

In the security of his averted gaze, she took a long look at him. Then, with a wrench, she looked away.

"You will let me go now, won't you?" she asked. "This is—hard for us both, and it isn't getting us anywhere. And—and I've got to ask you not to come back. Because it's impossible, I guess, for you to see the thing my way. You've done your best to, I can see that."

He got up out of his chair, heavily, put on his raincoat, and stood, for a moment, crumpling his soft hat in his hands, looking down at her. She hadn't risen. She'd gone limp all at once, and was leaning over the table.

"Good-by," he said at last.

"Good-by, Roddy." She watched him walking out into the rain. He'd left his newspaper. She took it, gripped it in both hands, just as he'd done; then, with an effort, got up and mounted the stairs to her room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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GERMANS RESENT NAME HUN

Kaiser's Government Sentences Member of Royal Flying Corps to Prison for Applying the Insult.

How bitterly the German resents the appellation "Hun" is illustrated by the news that Flight Sergeant Alexander Boyd of the Royal Flying Corps has been sentenced by his German captors to one year imprisonment for applying this "insult" to his guards.

The Cologne Gazette learns from its Berlin correspondent that this aviator was shot down in the North sea by a German torpedo boat and forced to sit idly in his ruined but floating machine while the Prussian row boat came to take him off. He sought to dispatch a carrier pigeon from his plane, hearing the message, "Shot down at 6:42. Picked up by the Huns."

The Germans captured the pigeon before it could escape and read the message. Boyd was immediately charged with insulting the German character and given one year to repent.

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Aluminum. Germany and Austria are said to use more aluminum for war purposes than all the other belligerents combined. It is known, in fact, that Germany has for some years been collecting and storing the metal for war uses, and the majority of the drinking mugs, cans, and cups of the German soldier are made of the light metal. The frames for Zeppelins and the fuses for shells are also made from aluminum.

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Humanity is more extravagant with anathemas than with praise.

CROUP Spasmodic croup is usually relieved with one application of VICK'S VAPORUB. Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home.

BLACK LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTNER'S BLACKLEG PILLS. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; prepared by western stockmen, because they know their own horses. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00. 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of speciality. VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTNER'S. If unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

SHIP YOUR CATTLE, HOGS and SHEEP to CARR SMITH & SONS. Live Stock Commission Agents. National Stock Yards, Ill. Write, wire or phone for special information.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring Color and Beauty to Greasy or Thinned Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U

AGRICULTURE THE MAINSTAY OF THE NATION

The United States and Canada Have a Great Responsibility.

This is the day when the farmer has his innings. The time was when he was dubbed the "farmer," the "mossback," and in a tone that could never have been called derisive, but still there was in it the inflection that he was occupying an inferior position. The stiff upper lip that the farmer carried, warded off any reproach that his occupation was a degrading one. His hour arrived, though, and for some years past he has been looked up to as occupying a high position.

Agriculture, by a natural trend of economic conditions, stands out today in strong relief, as the leader in the world's pursuits. Never in the nation's history have the eyes of the world been so universally focused on the farm. The farmer is the man of importance; the manufacturer of its most necessary product, and he now enjoys the dual satisfaction of reaping a maximum of profit, as a result of his operations, while he also becomes a strong factor in molding the world's destinies.

Manufacturers, business men professional men and bankers realize the importance of agriculture, and gladly acknowledge it as the twin sister to commerce. In commercial, financial and political crises, the tiller of the soil takes the most important place. Maximum prices, the highest in many decades, show the world's recognition of the necessary requirement for more farm stuffs. The time was coming when this would have been brought about automatically, but war time conditions urged it forward, while the farmer was able to secure land at reasonable prices. Throughout several of the Western states this condition exists, as also in Western Canada.

Never has such a condition been known in commercial life. It is truly an opportunity of a lifetime. Large and small manufacturing concerns and practically every other line of business have been limited in their profits to the point of almost heroic sacrifice, while it is possible today to reap dividends in farming unequalled in any other line.

Thirty, and as high as fifty bushels of wheat per acre at \$2.20 per bushel and all other farm produce on a similar basis, grown and produced on land available at from \$15 to \$40 per acre, represents a return of profit despite higher cost of labor and machinery, that, in many cases runs even higher than 100% of an annual return on the amount invested. Such is the present day condition in Western Canada. How long it will last, no one can foretell. Prices for farm produce will likely remain high for many years. Certainly, the low prices of past years will not come again in this generation. The lands referred to, are low in price at present, but they will certainly increase to their naturally productive value as soon as the demand for them necessitates this increase, and this day is not far distant. This demand is growing daily; the farmer now on the ground is adding to his holdings while prices are low; the agriculturist on high priced lands is realizing that he is not getting all the profit that his neighbor in Western Canada is securing; the tenant farmer is seeking a home of his own, which he can buy on what he was paying out for rent, and many are forsaking the crowded cities to grasp these unprecedented opportunities.

The tenant farmer, and the owner of high priced land, is now awakening to the realization that he is not getting the return for his labor and investment that it is possible to secure in Western Canada. Thousands are making trips of inspection to personally investigate conditions and to acquaint themselves with the broadening benefits derived by visiting Western Canada. Such trips awaken in a progressive man that natural desire to do bigger things, to accomplish as much as his neighbor, and frequently result in convincing and satisfying him that God's most fertile outdoors, with a big supply of nature's best climatic and health-giving conditions lies in Western Canada.

The days of pioneering are over; the seeker after a new home travels through all parts of the country on the same good railway trains as he has been accustomed to at home, but on which he has been accorded a special railway rate of about one cent a mile. He finds good roads for automobiling and other traffic; rural telephone lines owned by the provincial governments; rural schools and churches situated conveniently to all; well appointed and homelike buildings, and everywhere an indication of general prosperity; cities and towns with all modern improvements, and what is the most convincing factor in his decision, a satisfied and prosperous people, with a whole hearted welcome to that country of a larger life and greater opportunities.

To Western Canada belongs the distinguished honor of being the holder of all world's championships in wheat and oats for both quality and quantity. For many years in succession Western Canada has proven her claim for su-

premacny in the most keenly contested National exhibitions and to her is credited the largest wheat and oat yields America has known. The natural conditions peculiar to Western Canada and so adaptable to grain growing, has been an insurmountable barrier for her competitors to overcome. In the last few years the yields of wheat and oats per acre have surprised the agricultural world. As much as sixty bushels of wheat per acre has been grown on some farms, while others have furnished affidavits showing over fifty bushels of wheat per acre, and oats as high as one hundred and twenty bushels per acre. One reputable farmer makes affidavit to a crop return of over fifty-four thousand bushels of wheat from a thousand acres. While this is rather the exception than the rule, these yields serve to illustrate the fertility of the soil and the possibilities of the country, when good farming methods are adopted. Western Canada can surely lay undisputed claim to being "The World's natural bread basket."—Advertisement.

A Costly Joke.

I was the new manager of a small hotel which was "bidding" to obtain as guests twenty railroad men who were to be in town for some time, writes T. W. K., in the Chicago Herald. As the water in the town was not of the best I thought I would "put one over" on my rival and get some water by a private pumping system from a small stream near by. The dinner—the first meal, which was to decide whether they would stay at my hotel—was done to a turn just as the men came trooping in. They were served. As the girls went to pour out the extra fine mountain stream water they found three or four minnows in each water bottle. Afterward I found out it was the work of a practical joker, but it was too late to save my reputation.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

All Druggists &c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Halo for Satan.

Certainly most of us would be surprised to see a picture of the devil with a halo above his head. We have become accustomed to recognize the halo as a perquisite of sacred persons, most of whom are painted with this aura around their head, states a writer. But in the olden times the devil also was painted with a halo of his own, as medieval pictures will bear witness, and long before his satanic majesty came to be a figure in Christian religion, other men were represented by paintings and mosaic workers as having a halo over their heads.

In fact, this custom antedates Christianity itself. The halo, sacred now, was a pagan invention. Roman emperors and other personages were always accorded a halo by painters. It was a symbol of power, and what more natural than to invest Satan with a halo when Christianity took hold of men's souls? For he was the supreme embodiment of wickedness, of power diverted to bad ends.

CUTICURA HEALS SORE HANDS

That Itch, Burn, Crack, Chap and Bleed—Trial Free.

In a wonderfully short time in most cases these fragrant, super-creamy emollients succeed. Soak hands on retting in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub Cuticura Ointment into the hands for some time. Remove surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper.

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

Justifiable Adoption.

The big, flat-footed hungry man was up for theft.

"I caught him 'nippin' a fresh-made pumpkin pie from the MacGregor house on Marguerite street," explained Officer Casey.

"Did you?" demanded the judge. "Dat's a rough word, yo' honah—sayin' Ah done stole hit. Now as ter de turf—dat pumpkin pie was settin' dar on de winder ledge, abandoned, jedge. Nobody nowhar nigh hit, jedge. Hit wuz a case of 'justifiable adoption brought on by de wintar speerit.'" —Philadelphia Star.

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.

Described.

"What sort of a fellow is he?" "The kind that is always so sorry for your ignorance."

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Drug Store or mail order. Price 50c. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 20c.

A cold is a good deal like a street car. A man can always catch it when he doesn't want it.

At least, the stingy man isn't stingy with his time.

Cheats easily believe others as bad as themselves.—La Bruyere.

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



Two Types of Tailored Suits.

Two different types of suits are represented by the conservative models shown in the picture given here. The next offerings of designers will be made for wear in the spring, and the chances are, will show little variation from these, especially in the case of the plainest suits. These two models are not presented as novel, but as representative of the styles that have won approval and are worn by the active and busy women of today during their usual rounds.

In line with the conservation of woollens, women are depending upon tailored suits for two or three seasons' wear, and for this reason the plainest models are the safest choice. Coats for these work-a-day suits are of medium lengths and skirts somewhat narrower than those introduced for fall. Bone buttons provide the finishing touch and fabrics are selected with an eye to their fitness for withstanding wear. The rough finished worsteds, chevots, twills and serges, gaberdine and glove-finish cloths, stand up well under the hardest usage.

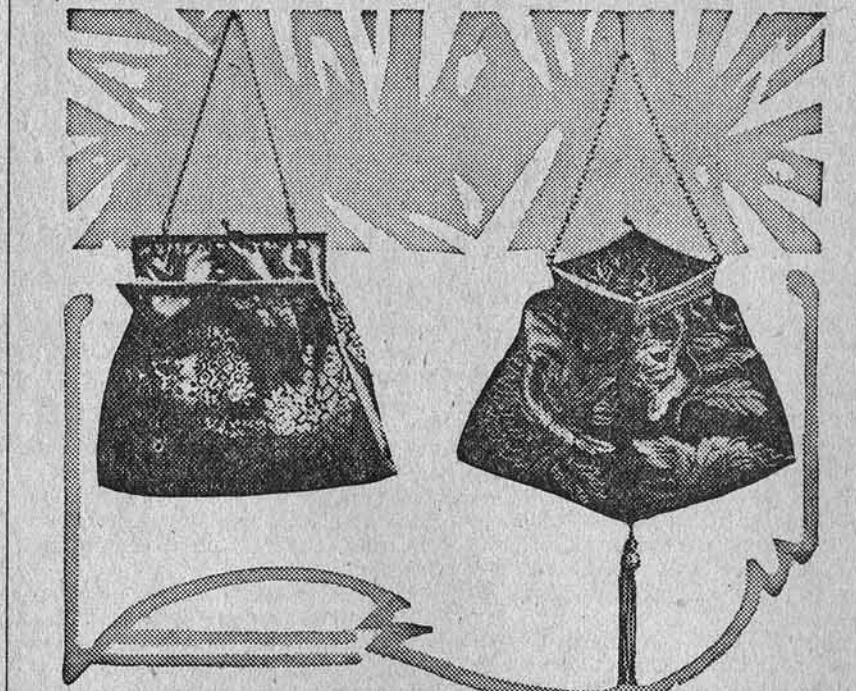
A model of simplicity appears in

the suit of chic, unfinished worsted, with straight belted coat and plain skirt. It has one of those high, muffer collars that may be buttoned up about the throat for warmth, at the same time adding a touch of smart-style. The big patch pockets are practical if the wearer chooses to use them, but are really placed to carry out the severe style of the coat with a masculine detail.

Such a suit, with a little variation in the collar, will pass without criticism from season to season.

For dressier wear a suit is shown made of Poiret twill. The coat shows ingenious cutting, but hangs almost straight at the back. The convertible collar is edged with embroidery in several subdued colors, and has an inset of kolinsky fur. Cuffs of fur and lines of buttons elaborate the sleeves.

A more or less dressy hat worn with a suit of this kind, will emphasize its character. In the picture a small hat with crown of stitched silk and brim of velvet contrives to look military by means of its shape and its trimming of cords.



Aristocrats Among Shopping Bags.

Bags made of ribbon continue to flourish and they account for immeasurable yards of ribbons that flow in a glowing pageant of colors across the busy ribbon counters. Beginning with the most popular of all, the knitting bag, ribbons contribute their beauty and elegance to shopping bags, sewing bags, opera bags, and every other sort of bag—and there is no end to the variety. From the little powder bag up to the capacious knitting bag there are all sorts and sizes. The knitting bag appears to have reached the limit in size and facetious men declare it will carry anything to be found in a furnished flat, except the piano. Like the flivver, it thrives on jokes.

The most elegant-looking shopping bags are shown made of heavy brocaded ribbons hued with the richest satins and mounted on silver or gilt mountings. The body of the richest brocades makes them available for bags of this kind as a substitute for leather. A pair of aristocrats in this particular bag family appear in the illustration. Heavy black satin ribbon brocaded with gold, is used for them. The bag at the left is made like a leather bag, with piped seams and a lining of gold-colored plain satin. It has a gilt frame prettily chased suspended by a gilt chain.

The frame used for the bag at the

right is of gilt and hinged so that it opens in a square. It is also lined with gold satin in a dark shade and suspended by a gilt chain. A long, slender gilt tassel hangs from the bottom edge of this handsome example of ribbon artistry.

Similar bags, made of silver brocade, are lined with satins in bright green or deep rose or vivid cerise, and are as splendid as those in black and gold. They are more gay in color and therefore more youthful. Then there are the dark brocades in satin with raised velvet flowers. Considering the richness of appearance of these bags they may be considered inexpensive for it takes only short lengths of wide ribbons to make them. Sometimes a shell shirring of narrow satin ribbon makes a finish for the lining at the top of the bag.

Julius Bottomley

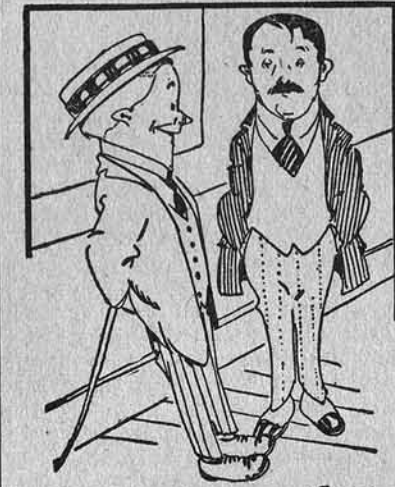
Mink Is Liked.

Mink takes a special prominence in this winter's furs. It is worked with so much silk and comes in such wonderful colorings that the wraps and scarfs of this fur are of unusual beauty.

CAP and BELLS



ENJOYABLE



"Did you have a good time at the banquet?" "Great. We had a good story-teller at our table, and so we didn't have to listen to any of the speeches."

Discontent.

Every wish unsatisfied. Leaves human nature sore. Every wish that's gratified. Gives rise to several more.

Tit for Tat.

A showily dressed woman was sitting in a car when a quiet looking soldier in getting in accidentally trod on her dress.

She talked at him for about ten minutes and wound up by saying:

"A gentleman would have apologized."

Saluting the young man, bowed and said:

"A lady would have given me a chance."

A Phenomenon.

Mr. Braggleday had once been on a tour to Egypt and couldn't forget it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place on that memorable trip. His friend Johnson was admiring a beautiful sunset one evening.

"Ah," said Braggleday, "you should just see the sunset in the East!"

"I should like to!" said Johnson.

"The sun always sets in the west in this ordinary old country!"

Too Weak by Far.

Catherine had requested, as a special birthday treat, that she be allowed to have coffee for breakfast. Her mother, not at all pleased with the idea, was diluting it generously.

Catherine peered over into the cup, and then exclaimed in great disappointment:

"Goodness! Don't I get any of the brown?"

Easy Enough.

"Why on earth did you give your play such a name as 'The Mustard Plaster'?"

"Because I wanted it to draw, stupid."

HASTE NOT



First Doctor—Did that last case get well?

Second Doctor—Not yet! He's well off, and I believe in letting well enough alone.

Seldom.

I do not like Alexis Delf, He rather pains and pricks me, For when I underrate myself He seldom contradicts me.

True Love.

Edna—Oh, George, do you really, truly love me?

George—Yes, dearest. By the way, have you the memorandum book I gave you?

Edna—Yes, love.

George—Well, then, just make a note of it, so that you won't need to ask me two dozen times a day.



MONEY, NECESSITY OF LIFE

Cash Only Can Provide the Things That Are Needed for Contentment and Progress of People.

Money is no more the "root of evil" than are the good things that it represents, whether these take the form of personal service, labor, or the material products; it means the things that have been made by men's brains and hands, asserts Physical Culture. It not only stands for the things we eat, the clothes we wear and the houses we live in, but it stands for works of art and for the services of artists. It means the services of the entertaining writer in the form of books. It means the pleasure-giving efforts of the musician in the opera or concert. It means musical instruments for the home, educational opportunities in the schools, publicity in the press, inspiration in the church, fun and emotional relaxation in the theater, police protection on our streets and justice in our courts.

Money means cleanliness, good appearance, self-respect. Money is the source of good just as it may be the source of evil, but in either case only because of what it stands for. And so, as somebody's great grandfather used to say, "If money is the root of all evil, give us plenty of the root!"

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

U-Boat Was Briton's Tomb.

A captain engaged on British admiralty service, discussing the fate of the men of the Belgian Prince—left to drown when the submarine submerged—told me, writes George Harding in Harper's Magazine, that the same week the Belgian Prince outrage occurred he was in an English naval base where a German submarine was towed in, after being caught out at sea in a net. On opening it they found not only the German crew dead, but also six English captains, captured when their vessels were torpedoed. "I wonder," he said, "if there is any new way left an allied seaman can meet his fate."

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.

Russo-German Princesses.

Some light on the absolute German penetration of state and society in Russia under the old regime is thrown by the fact that ex-Czar Nicholas has 64-65 of German blood in his veins, and that all empresses of Russia throughout the nineteenth century, with the exception of the wife of Alexander III, were German princesses.

To Drive Out Malaria

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

Another Case of Spurious Versenkt.

We are very much afraid that before long now there are going to be some more neighbors' cats' kittens that will have to be spurious versenkt, as they say in Swedish diplomatic circles.—Ohio State Journal.

Anticipated Promise.

Donald, who had run away, was being led home in disgrace. Thinking to avert threatening retribution, he glanced up into the irate face of his mother and said: "Aren't you glad I'm never going to run away any more?"

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.

Do Not Make Sacrifice.

Human life is more important than property. Don't sacrifice the one to get the other.

Do Your Cows Fail to Clean?

This is a serious condition and requires prompt attention. Dr. David Roberts' Cow Cleaner gives quick relief. Keep it on hand and prevent the pain of your cow. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Abortion in Cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

MONTHLY INCOME PAID names writing lists of spare time; no money to purchase; no investment; expense or other work required. Postal orders payable. National Exchange, Box 1401, New York City.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy No Smearing—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Drugists or mail order. Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Managing Willie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAPTAIN TELLS OF DANCING WHALES

RELATES HOW THEY TANGOED TO CANNED MUSIC

And How the Big Haul Continued Until Ship's Supply of Grog Gave Out.

"Ever heard of a whale dance?" queried Captain Ben. "Ever heard of a whale tail tango? See these white hairs? Well, I have seen one, and one will do.

"Our ship, 'Old Barnstable,' left New Bedford two years ago. A few days before we sailed the Admiral said: 'Ben' said he, 'you're going on a long trip, and while I'm going to give you a lot of canned stuff' at the same time I'm going to give you some canned music, a good, reliable talking machine and a tin horn as big as a cannon. I don't want your men to get lonesome, Captain Ben, for I'm a believer in the old adage. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'

"That's what he did, too, and a better crew was never signed up," continued Captain Ben. "They were all Cape Codders except the Portuguese cook (and he has sailed with me nigh on ten years), and all old whalers.

"We arrived in the southern waters along in December and commenced looking for whalers. We didn't find any.

"Along in January about eight bells one evening the men wanted some canned music, so I had the mate get the box and horn on deck and start the dance.

"Well, the men danced and horn-piped and were all enjoying themselves, when of a sudden-like the whole sea was alive with sperm whales, and the way they made the waters foam with their flukes was a caution. The mate stopped the music, and the whales seemed to disappear.

"We had a long talk and called in the crew for their ideas about keeping the whales near us for a few days. There were enough of them to fill all the whalers in the States. Old man Crosby piped up that we start the music again and see what would happen, and perhaps we could keep the whales around us for a couple of days by playing every hour or so.

"We put on a new pie plate and started the merry-go-round, and it wasn't more than ten minutes before the whales were all around us and seemed to be enjoying the music. 'Say, did you ever see a sperm open his mouth? Well, you can drive a wagon in and turn around, and he has got the greatest lot of ivory marlin-spikes you ever saw for teeth. It made us kinder shaky to see those jaws, and we didn't know but they might get foolish and try to come on deck.

"But old Portuguese, the cook, said he had seen 'em do that before, and the captains had always given them a ration of grog and they were good-natured and would lay around the ship just as long as they got their grog regular.

"It only took for a few minutes for the bo's'n and a couple of hands to get a cask or red eye and some pails and every blasted sperm was winking; his port eye. Well, we gave each one a half-bucket of red juice down his throat. A few coughed, but most of them just smacked their jaws and disappeared. No sooner had one bunch dropped out of sight before another came up for grog, and at the end of an hour we were nigh wore out—and that's when my hair turned gray.

"We started the orchestra again with the new stove lid on, a ragtime tune, and you should have seen that sea. I guess all the sperms in the South Sea were there. They dived, came up and blowed, turned over on their backs and snapped their jaws.

"Then all of a sudden they all paired off and seemed to hold each other with their forward flippers and rolled over and over in time with the music, and all of a sudden there were all of 500 tails in pairs sticking up in the air, and they kept waving and twisting in time with the ragtime music.

"It was the greatest sight I ever seen. They would wave and twist their tails for about ten minutes and then would come up to blow and roll over and over and go over the same performance with their tails.

"The next morning we didn't have to pipe them to grog. They were already there. We decided we would give them one more concert that night, with refreshments, and then the next day we would commence killing, slowly and carefully, for fear they might get mad and butt the ship, for if they did it would be good-by Sunday school for us.

"Well, that night we had another tango dance, only more so and faster fun, and it lasted until two bells in the morning. They must have learned some new twists. I think it must have been the corkscrew twine.

"The next day we commenced killing, and it was a shame—they were so tame. After we had killed two old cows we noticed that the whole school were pushing one big old bull whale toward the ship and we killed him. After that we had all old bulls—looked like the school wanted to get rid of the old duffers—and we soor filled every cask with oil, and with the teeth, bone and two lucky finds of ambergris we had the banner catch of the past ten years.

"Say, Jake, my hand gets shaky when I think of those nights."

Continued from page 1

your name on it and should be filled with sixteen 25-cent Thrift Stamps and exchanged at a post office, bank, other authorized agency for a War-Savings Stamp.

Registration

Q. Should I register a War-Savings Certificate?

A. Yes, if you wish to secure payment in case the certificate is lost.

Q. Am I required to register it?

A. No.

Q. Where can I register it?

A. At any post office of the first, second, or third class, subject to such regulations as the Postmaster General may prescribe.

Q. When can I register?

A. At the time of purchase or any later time.

Q. Is there any charge for registration?

A. No.

Q. Can I register Thrift Stamps or my Thrift Card?

A. No.

Q. Can I register a War-Savings Stamp that is not attached to a War-Savings Certificate?

A. No.

Q. Can I register a War-Savings Certificate for anyone else?

A. No.

Q. Should a married woman use her own or her husband's name when registering?

A. Her own—Mrs. Mary Brown, not Mrs. John Brown.

Q. Suppose a married woman wishes to surrender her War-Savings Certificate which is registered in her maiden name?

A. She should sign herself Mary Jones, now by marriage Mary Brown.

Q. If I have five War-Savings Stamps on my War-Savings Certificate and have it registered and I put one more stamp on, must I have it registered again to have protection on my sixth stamp?

A. Yes. Each stamp must be registered.

Loss

Q. If I lose some detached Thrift Stamps, can I get my money back?

A. No. These stamps are of value to the bearer, just as postage stamps are.

Q. If I lose my Thrift Card, what can I do?

A. Be sure to put your name and address on the Thrift Card, so that if the finder drops it in any post office box without postage it may be returned to you.

Q. Is an unattached War-Savings Stamp of value to anyone who finds it?

A. Yes. For this reason you should attach it to your War-Savings Certificate at the time of purchase. You should write across the face of the stamp your name and the number of your certificate.

Q. If a registered War-Savings Certificate is lost or destroyed, what should I do?

A. If it is not returned to you within a reasonable time, report it to your Postmaster where you had the certificate registered.

Q. How do I get my money back if my registered War-Savings Certificate is lost.

A. By applying at the post office where you registered it.

Payment At Maturity

Q. Where does the United States Government pay the \$5 on January 1, 1923, for each War-Savings Stamp attached to a War-Savings Certificate?

A. At either the Treasury Department in Washington or at any money-order post office after ten (10) days' notice.

Q. Where is payment made if the certificate is registered?

A. At the post office where the certificate is registered.

Payment Before Maturity

Q. If it is necessary before January 1, 1923, to have money for my War-Savings Certificate, how can I get it?

A. If it is not registered, take it to any money-order post office and it will be redeemed, after ten days' written demand, as prescribed by the rules of the Post Office Department. If registered, take it to the post office where registered.

Q. What do I get in cash for each War-Savings Stamp attached to my War-Savings Certificate if I surrender it?

A. The amount is indicated on the table, which is printed on the back of each War-Savings Certificate.

Q. Can I surrender my Thrift Card for Cash?

A. No.

Q. If I must have money on my Thrift Card and Thrift Stamps, how can I obtain it?

A. By filling the Thrift Card and exchanging it for a War-Savings Stamp which has a re-

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deemable value.
Q. Is the post office the only place where I can surrender my War-Savings Certificate before its maturity and get my money back?

A. Yes.

Q. How much notice must I give the post office?

A. Ten days' notice.

Q. If I should find it necessary to surrender my War-Savings Certificate for cash, what rate of interest would I receive on my investment?

A. A little less than 3 per cent. The value of a stamp for each month is shown in the following table:

Month	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922
January	\$4.12	\$4.24	\$4.36	\$4.48	\$4.60
February	4.13	4.25	4.37	4.49	4.61
March	4.14	4.26	4.38	4.50	4.62
April	4.15	4.27	4.39	4.51	4.63
May	4.16	4.28	4.40	4.52	4.64
June	4.17	4.29	4.41	4.53	4.65
July	4.18	4.30	4.42	4.54	4.66
August	4.19	4.31	4.43	4.55	4.67
September	4.20	4.32	4.44	4.56	4.68
October	4.21	4.33	4.45	4.57	4.69
November	4.22	4.34	4.46	4.58	4.70
December	4.23	4.35	4.47	4.59	4.71

January 1, 1923, \$5.00

Q. If I have registered a War-Savings Certificate in one city and I move to another, do I have to go back to the city where registered to get my money?

A. No. You may, by applying to the postmaster where your certificate was registered, have your registration card transferred to any post office you may designate.

Q. Can I write my name on a stamp to identify it?

A. Yes.

Information

Q. How large is a Thrift Stamp?

A. It is slightly larger than a 2-cent postage stamp and green in color.

Q. What size is a Thrift Card?

A. Contains spaces for 16 Thrift Stamps and, when folded, fits the pocket. It is 4 by 8 inches in size.

Q. How large is a War-Savings Stamp?

A. It is about the size of four postage stamps and green in color.

Q. How large is a War-Savings Certificate?

A. It is a folder, size 4 by 8 inches, containing 20 spaces for War-Savings Stamps.

Q. Where can information be obtained regarding War-Savings Certificates and Thrift Stamps?

A. At post offices, banks, or other agencies, or by addressing the National War-Savings Committee, Washington, D. C.

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