

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

ROAD BUILDERS WILL KEEP OUT CRACKS IN CONCRETE

Wetting, Drying and Other Influences Studied by Specialists of the Office of Public Roads

Cracks in concrete pavements will likely be a less baffling problem to builders as the result of a seven-year study of their causes recently included by specialists in the Office of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. Observing particularly the expansion and contraction due to alternate wetting and drying of concrete, records were made of the values of these moisture and temperature movements under various conditions. A waterproof covering, such as coal tar, it was learned, prevents a rapid change in moisture content and greatly retards the expansion and contraction.

Other important results which should be of value to concrete workers, especially highway engineers, are contained in a recent report of the investigation, Bulletin 532 of the Department of Agriculture, which will be sent free on application.

The report makes no attempt to apply the results obtained to the practical side of road construction, although certain general conclusions drawn, it is said, may be capable of immediate utilization by engineers. These conclusions follow.

Conclusions Drawn from the Tests

1. Neat cement when allowed to dry, first contracts rapidly, then more slowly. The amount of contraction seems to vary with the cement, size of specimen, and condition of atmosphere in which drying takes place. The amount at 28 days is about 0.1 per cent and at 6 months about 0.2 per cent.

2. Mortar contracts is hardening in air and expands on hardening in water. The contraction in warm, dry air at 28 days is about 0.045 per cent for 1:2 and 1:3 mortar and at 6 months is 0.078 for 1:3 mortar and 0.085 for 1:2 mortar. The expansion in water is 0.01 per cent for 1:3 and 0.017 for 1:2 mortar at 28 days, and at 6 months 1.003 for 1:3 and 0.02 per cent for 1:2 mortar.

3. Both 1:2:4 and 1:3:6 contract on drying in warm, dry air from 0.02 to 0.04 per cent at 28 days and from 0.04 to 0.07 per cent at 6 months. When hardening in water an expansion of about 0.01 per cent takes place at 28 days and 6 months in 1:2:4 and 1:3:6 concrete.

4. The richness of the mix of concrete seems to exert a small influence on the contraction; the richer the mix the greater the change in length.

5. The concrete alternately wetted and dried may be made to expand and contract owing to these causes. The expansion due to wetting is more rapid than the contraction on drying. The thoroughly dried specimens of concrete do not recover their original wet length when immersed.

6. Concrete stored in the outer air and exposed to the weather does not contract to the same extent as the above described specimens except under very dry conditions.

7. A waterproof covering such as coal tar prevents the rapid change in moisture content and greatly retards the expansion and contraction.

8. Reinforcements decreases, but does not prevent, the shrinkage and expansion of concrete due to drying and has no effect on temperature changes. Reinforcement can not, therefore, entirely prevent cracks, but seems to distribute them and keep them small.

9. Concrete roads are effected by both temperature and moisture. When the drainage is good and the sub-base not wet, the temperature effects seem to be most important. A wet sub-base may add to the temperature expansion by about 0.01 to 0.02 per cent. The restraining effect of friction at the base seems to be almost negligible when figuring temperature and moisture expansion and contraction. In very dry climates shrinkage due to drying must be added to contraction due to fall in temperature. A shrinkage of 0.04 per cent (one quarter inch in 50 feet) is a safe allowance due to drying.

10. Temperature at time of construction of road should be considered in designing joints. Cool-water construction requires a full allowance for temperature expansion and, on wet sub-bases, for moisture expansion also. Hot-water construction theoretically requires no joints at all, even in wet sub-bases, as the temper-

ature contraction exceeds the moisture expansion. However, the difficulty of keeping the cracks clear probably renders joints imperative.

The Cost of War and Clerks

At the last special session of Congress there was appropriated a little over \$21,000,000,000. The amount so stated has no power to stir the imagination. But Senator Smoot a little while ago made a financial comparison which is not unhelpful. From 1789 to 1917, through and including the last session of the Sixty-fourth congress, appropriations for all purposes, including the Mexican war, the civil war and the Spanish war, as well as every cent for domestic improvements of every kind, the total appropriations for 128 years of government were \$26,000,000,000. That is to say, the special session in 1917 authorized the spending of almost exactly 80 per cent as much as all the previous sixty-four Congresses put together.

A considerable part of these appropriations has gone for material intended only to be destroyed. Another considerable part has been and will be spent productively. Seven billion dollars, or one-third of the 1918 appropriation, has been or will be loaned to our allies and will be returned. But if the present scale of expenditure continues for another year, as it must, two years of appropriations will come to over \$42,000,000,000, or 62 per cent more than was spent by the nation, for every purpose whatever, in the previous century and a quarter of its life.

In the face of these tremendous figures the stoppage of small leaks appears a ridiculously futile business. Yet a recent outburst by Congressman Maddeh seems wholly justified. There was a resolution to present the committee on the merchant marine and fisheries with an assistant clerk at \$6 a day.

"Six dollars a day," said Mr. Madden, "thirty or thirty-one days a month; and if by any chance there is a meeting of the committee, and there is any business done, they come in with a bill for extra pay for the clerk because he has done something. I protest against the rottenness of this practice of appointing clerks to positions where there are no duties to perform." The House grinned at Mr. Madden and went on appointing clerks.

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.

Ed Bartha was a visitor at Friley, Ill., Friday of last week.

Ten Wheat Fields in "Egypt" A Story in Figures

Only 8 bushels of wheat from the land itself, but 204 bushels from soil enrichment, making a total average yield of 284 bushels per acre,—this is the 1917 record of ten wheat fields on poor land in southern Illinois where the Illinois system of permanent fertility is practiced. The results given in the accompanying table represent the second year of soil enrichment at Sparta; the fifth year (that is, the first year in the second crop rotation) at Enfield, Pana, Toledo, and West Salem; the sixth at Newton and Oblong; the seventh at Unionville; the eighth at Raleigh; and the thirteenth at Fairfield.

The average increase of 5.2 bushels of wheat from 500 pounds of rock phosphate on these ten fields may be compared with 4.2 bushels from 200 pounds of bone meal on the Cutler and Odin fields, which are also located on southern Illinois soils. The increase of 4.2 bushels was obtained in sixty tests involving duplicate trials which extended over a period of fifteen years.

Ten Wheat Fields in "Egypt": A Story in Figures (Bushels per acre, 1917)

Soil treatment applied	Pana field	Toledo field	Newton field	Oblong field	West Salem field	Enfield field	Raleigh field	Unionville field	Sparta field	Fairfield field	Average
None (except crop rotation)	11.8	9.8	0	7.5	2.2	8.3	6.3	4.3	10.5	6.7	
Farm manure	13.2	12.8	3	19.9	6.8	6.2	7.8	8.7	15.0	10.2	
Manure and limestone	25.8	27.5	19.3	21.0	10.1	28.2	41.2	15.4	24.2	22.9	
Manure, limestone, and phosphate rock	32.8	33.6	30.5	39.1	16.8	23.2	39.2	19.3	37.2	31.4	27.4
None (except crop rotation)	13.0	7.6	3.3	14.4	11.2	4.2	11.2	4.9	18.8	8.8	
Crop residues	20.7	13.8	2.5	20.4	12.5	8.2	15.2	5.3	17.2	9.3	12.5
Residues and limestone	31.7	30.2	11.3	28.2	13.0	23.2	37.2	15.6	23.5	23.8	
Residues, limestone, and phosphate rock	44.2	33.2	18.5	35.3	21.6	32.1	40.5	17.0	25.3	28.8	29.7
Residues, limestone, phosphate, and kainit	38.7	35.8	9.5	31.4	23.3	31.3	45.4	19.6	23.5	29.9	
None (except crop rotation)	12.2	2.5	0	13.4		5.0	5.3	3.2	16.2		7.2

NOTES.—These experiment fields are operated by the University of Illinois. The farm manure is applied in proportion to previous crop yields. The crop residues include corn stalks, straw, clover chaff, and cover crops (as

Where Do You Live?

This is a question which cannot be answered by looking in the city directory alone. It is not a question of geographical boundaries. It cannot be determined by the meters and pounds of the surveyor's rod. It is a question which goes to the heart of the moral universe.

Here are two boys. Both live in the same house, they eat at the same table, they may sleep in the same bed. The city directory says they live at number so and so, blank street. But one boy loves the church and what it stands for, he keeps his appointments with Christ and loves the hour of prayer; the other boy is idle, shiftless, and of evil habits. He frequents the saloon, sows his wild oats, and forgets the house of God. Those boys may live in one house, eat at one table, and sleep in one bed but they occupy entirely different moral universes, they are as far apart as the poles. Where do you live, is therefore a moral question.

Someone chided Oliver Goldsmith with living in a garret. The great Englishman sent back this answer: Go and tell that man that his soul lives in a garret. The mind has its palaces and its dungeons; it has its prisons and its homes of pleasures; it has its valleys of humiliation and its peaks of inspiration and vision.

Belshazzar is sitting in his gorgeous palace on the banks of the Euphrates drinking his wine out of golden beakers. Wives and concubines surround him in that orgy of sensual indulgence; amid the sparkle of silver lights, he pours out his ruddy wine to the music of a hundred instruments, and lifts up his proud and boastful heart in cold indifference to God and heaven. Suddenly into that midnight scene there comes the light from another world. A hand is written upon the wall. "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. The king looks at the writing with pallid face, his knees shake and his confidence fails him. That king lived in a palace, but his mind lived in a dungeon.

A boy is lying on his stomach before a flickering candle light, writing with a piece of chalk on the back of a shovel. The snow drifts in through the crevices of the door; the boy knows the meaning of poverty and privation. He grows to manhood and faces the desolation and hardships of pioneer life, through it all manifests the spirit of courage and fearless honesty. His athletic prowess is acknowledged; he has acquired strength of body and mind in wrestling with the problems of the world. He wins the confidence of his fellows by his nobility of character and his unpurchasable integrity. He becomes the standard bearer of his party and is elected President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln lived in a log cabin, but his soul was too big, too erect to be boxed up in such small quarters; his mind lived in palaces of beauty; in castles of inspiration. His soul was a very temple of honor.

Do you want to know where the Christian lives? Listen: "He hath made us to sit down in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." "He that dwelleth in the secret place on the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "O Lord, thou art our dwelling place in all generations."

Where do you live?
IVER M. JOHNSON.

Baby Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dangler are the proud parents of an eight pound baby girl 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.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McCleary seriously scalded herself by spilling a hot bowl of milk on herself Saturday.

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

Hugo Auson of Chicago spent Sunday in this city visiting relatives.

Ivan Chauey who has been visiting here for the past week, has gone to Hammond Ind.

Baby John Andrew Worman, the ten month old son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Worman, died Wednesday morning after an illness of three weeks duration.

Funeral will be held Friday afternoon, Jan. 12.

Louis Fries is on the sick list, suffering with an attack of the heart.

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

Miss Anna J. Engle, who has been spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Fred Engle of this city, has returned to school at Normal, Ill.

Judge W. T. Carey is spending the week with relatives and friends in this city. The Judge has been spending the winter with relatives in Gary Ind.

Mrs. Obe Magruder spent Friday and Saturday with friends in Chicago.

E. S. Rosentrater of the Kroehler factory was a business visitor in Chicago Saturday.

Injured His Toe

Charles Keagle had the misfortune to mash his toe while working at the Mann factory Monday evening, necessitating the removal of a nail.

In Philadelphia

Irwin Magruder has located in Philadelphia, Pa., where he is engaged in carpenter work for U. S. Government and he writes that he likes the place.

A Serious Accident

Grandma Yando had the misfortune to fall from the lower step, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. S. Magruder, and broke the bones in her left limb, below the ankle. Dr. Goodwin was called and set the injured member, and no further bad results are looked for tho, Grandma must necessarily look for a long siege of confinement before she is well and strong again, on account of her advanced years. The accident happens at the time that Mrs. Magruder was packing up her goods, to be stored before getting ready to move to Philadelphia so Grandma Yando was removed to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Obediah Lancaster, where she is being cared for by Mrs. Magruder and Mrs. Lancaster.

From The Army

The following interesting letter has been received from Jack Sheehan who is with Co. L.

DEAR FRIENDS—Just a few lines to let you know that all the boys of Co. L. are in fine shape, every one a man in every way. We have been on the rifle range for a week, and just got back a few days ago. We had a splendid dinner for Christmas, 24 turkeys for each company 1 turkey to each squad. I was selected as the carver of the turkey for our squad, so I raised my sleeves and went to it. I had the stuffing on the floor and the olives rolling like pool balls on the floor, and the old tom turkey seemed to say to me, "Why don't you go and carve The Kaiser and leave me alone". We have received 64 drafted men into our company making us 250 strong. We have all men officers, and the men are drilling nicely. We have a new captain, who succeeded Captain Burns, his name is Quilleen, and he has the face of Ireland, and is a prince and every man in the company likes him. He is a gentleman in every way.

We have been having a cold wave here, and you can always know that when you have a cold wave up there, we can feel it here.

I think I have said my share, and my pencil is nearly worn out so will close wishing every body in Bradley A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Your Friend
JACK SHEEHAN

Officers Installed

The Odd Fellows installed their officers at their regular meeting last Thursday evening. The following officers were installed.

Noble Grand, Harvey McCleary
Vice Grand, Wm. T. Smiley
Secretary, A. A. Miner
Treasurer, Geo. H. Bell
Warden, Henry Paus
Conductor, Robt. G. Bell
R. S. N. G., Lyman E. Topleff
L. S. N. G., Earl Barrone
Chaplain, Thos. Lind
Right S. S., Elmer Taylor
Left S. S., Alech Johnson
I. G., Ray Truitt
O. G., Claude Skruner
R. S. U. G., A. P. Gellen
L. S. U. G., J. E. Hatterman

Board Proceedings

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

Meeting called to order by President and all members were present.

Minutes of the regular meeting of December 3rd, 1917, were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read and referred to the finance committee for their approval:

Adam Heidenrich.....\$ 350 00
T. R. McCoy..... 30
Central Union Tel. Co... 3 00
Wm Spivey..... 5 50
Adolph Bock..... 50
Joe Surprenant..... 37 50
J. T. Fahey..... 37 00
Joe Vorport..... 3 30
John Beland..... 5 00
Arthur Baldwin..... 5 00
J. D. Kelley..... 75
Nick Lambert..... 7 50
Martin & Son..... 3 00
Bradley Fire Department. 42 25

After due consideration the finance committee reported that they found all bills to be correct. Moved by McCue, seconded by Bade, that report of finance committee be accepted and all bills paid. Carried.

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

E. F. McCoy,
Village Clerk.

Farm Lands

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

Training Places of Our Boys

Since America entered the war a lot of new words and terms have come into every day use. Few people are familiar with them yet. Here are some that all should learn:

Selected men for the National Army are getting their training in "Cantonments," although they are named Camp Logan, etc.

National Guard regiments of Illinois and the other states are getting their preparation for foreign service in "Camps."

The level headed young men who are to be the eyes of the Army by learning to fly, are getting their schooling at "Fields."

The boys who are going to hunt the Huns in ships are being broken in at permanent "Stations" and temporary "Camp."

There are sixteen cantonments in America for the training of the National Army. They are as follows:

Arkansas—Camp Pike, near Little Rock.
Georgia—Camp Gordon, Atlanta
Illinois—Camp Grant, Rockford
Iowa—Camp Dodge, Des Moines
Kentucky—Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville.
Kansas—Camp Funston, Fort Riley.
Maryland—Camp Meade, Annapolis Junction.
Massachusetts—Camp Devens, Ayer.
Michigan—Camp Custer, Battle Creek.
New Jersey—Camp Dix, Wrightstown.
New York—Camp Upton, Yaphank.
Ohio—Camp Sherman, Chillicothe.
South Carolina—Camp Jackson, Columbia.
Texas—Camp Travis, San Antonio.
Virginia—Camp Lee, Petersburg.
Washington—Camp Lewis American Lake.

Likewise there are sixteen camps for National Guardsmen, namely:

Alabama—Camp McClellan, near Annistown.
Alabama—Camp Sheridan, Montgomery.
California—Camp Kearney, Linda Vista.
Georgia—Camp Wheeler, Macon.
Georgia—Camp Hancock, Augusta.
Louisiana—Camp Beauregard, Alexandria.
Mississippi—Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg.
North Carolina—Camp Greene, Charlotte.
New Mexico—Camp Cody, Deming.
New York—Camp Mills, Mineola.
Oklahoma—Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill.
South Carolina—Camp Sevier Greenville.
South Carolina—Camp Wadsworth, Spartauburg.
Texas—Camp Logan, Houston.
Texas—Camp McArthur, Waco.
Texas—Camp Bowie, Fort Worth.

There are seventeen aviation fields, where flying is taught, as follows:

California—Rockwell Field, near San Diego.
Florida—Navy Aviation Training Camp, Pensacola.
Illinois—Chanute Field, Rantoul.
Illinois—Scott Field, Belleville.
Michigan—Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.
Nebraska—U. S. Army Balloon School, Omaha.
New York—Hazelhurst Field, Mineola.
Ohio—Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton.
Oklahoma—Post Field, Fort Sill.
Pennsylvania—Chandler Field, Essington.
Tennessee—Park Field, Memphis.
Texas—Kelly Field, San Antonio.
Texas—Taliaferro Field, Fort Worth.
Texas—Love Field, Dallas.
Texas—Rich Field, Waco.
Texas—Call Field, Wichita Falls.
Virginia—Langley Field, Newport News.

To make sailors of landmen, there are twelve principal stations and camps, and several smaller ones; the twelve are:

California—Navy Yard Camp, Mare Island near San Francisco.
Florida—Camp Key West.
Illinois—Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Chicago.
Mississippi—Exposition Grounds Camp, Gulfport.
New Jersey—Cape May Camp.
New York—City Park Camp, Brooklyn.
New York—Camp Pelham Park.
Pennsylvania—Philadelphia Navy Yard Camp, Philadelphia.
Rhode Island—Camp Newport.
South Carolina—Navy Yard Camp, Charleston.
Virginia—Training Station at old Exposition Site, Jamestown.
Washington—Navy Yard Camp, Puget Sound.

Illinois men in training for the National Army are divided between Camp Grant, Camp Dodge and Camp Zachary Taylor. Illinois National Guard regiments are at Camp Logan.

The HUMBLE BEAN IS HELPING to WIN the WAR

By Robert H. Moulton

THE humble bean is helping to win the war. So says Prof. L. C. Corbett, a bean expert in the department of agriculture. But the bean is no longer cheap. For planting, they cost the farmer this season from \$10 to \$12 a bushel. The food price at retail is considerably higher. Therefore, it becomes no man to refer irreverently to the bean, whether it be red, white, black or mottled, or whether it be baked, boiled or made into soup.

Professor Corbett, although a horticulturist by profession, knows more about beans than anyone else in the country. We may accept his statement, therefore, that the bean, which grows practically everywhere except at the North pole, is going to play a large part in helping to bring Germany to terms. He says it was the bean that put down the Civil war, and then whipped Spain in 1898. So why shouldn't it make as fine a record in the present conflict?

Previous to 1861, according to Professor Corbett, beans were not much used in this country on the table—barley, perhaps, the city of Boston. At that time our railroads were very crude and they found it almost impossible to keep the federal armies supplied with guns, ammunition and clothing, so in the matter of food bulk was eliminated as far as possible. Beans, being light in weight, and, moreover, very nourishing, made an ideal food under the conditions prevailing, so the Northern quartermasters began to buy them in large quantities and ship them to the soldiers at the front.

The soldiers waxed strong on beans; likewise their taste for them grew amazingly, so that when the war was over and they returned to their homes, they asked for beans. Thus a market was created, where no market existed before, and farmers began to grow them. The bean industry, therefore, may be said to have been created by the Civil war. While beans made no millionaires, they increased the prosperity of farmers in the North and in time became a valuable crop throughout the South.

For years beans have formed one of the principal articles of food for the soldiers in our regular army. During the Spanish war they ate great quantities of them, down on the Mexican border they did the same thing, and now in France the story is being repeated. It is not only our troops, however, that are being fed on beans. British and French soldiers are living on them, and the American product, at that. When autocracy has been conquered and democracy rules the world, credit should be given to the bean for the part it has played in bringing about such a condition.

Fifty years ago the acreage in beans in this country was small, but it has been growing steadily. Last year 950,000 acres were planted to beans, the yield being 8,900,000 bushels. The 1915 crop did better, 928,000 acres yielding something like 10,000,000 bushels. Last year there were a good many foreign buyers in the market, and this fact, coupled with the smaller crop, caused the farm price of beans to jump from \$2.50 a bushel in 1915 to \$5.06 a bushel in 1916.

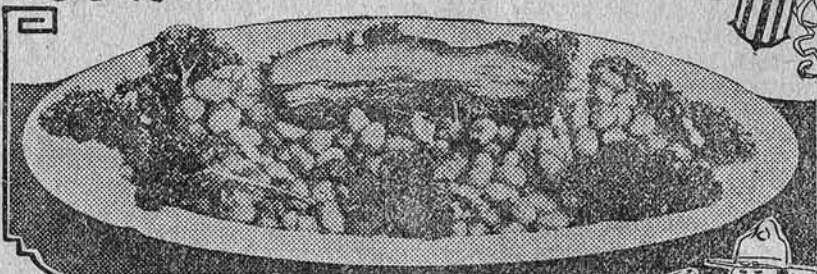
Farm value means the price that the grower receives. Very few, if any, consumers bought beans even for \$6 a bushel. As the stock disappeared from the market the price mounted higher and higher. It might be supposed, then, that the acreage this year would break all previous records. But with seed selling as high as \$12 a bushel, or 20 cents a pound, and mighty little at even such unheard-of prices, farmers preferred to take a chance on some other crop with which they were more familiar.

Beans are planted late in the spring after the ground gets warm. The crop is easily cultivated and readily shipped and stored. Under average conditions, a yield of ten to fifteen bushels per acre can be expected in most states. The greatest amount of labor is needed at harvest time. On account of the lack of special bean machinery, experience in handling the crop and the labor market, it is probably a desirable policy for many to grow small acreages rather than for a few to attempt large acreages.

The navy or pea bean is the leading commercial variety of dry beans. It is also called the soup bean. The demand for this variety is well established, a point which is much in the grower's favor. It is also probably the most prolific variety under most conditions. It is listed under various trade names.

Just Shucks.

A great deal has been said and written regarding the numerous by-products of the Indian corn plant. Something new in that line, however, has just come to light, says the Christian Science Monitor. A Western farmer reports that he is getting his corn shucked for nothing, while the man who is doing the work gratuitously is, nevertheless, making a good thing out of it. The latter, that is, is shucking to supply a concern that pays him well for perfect and clean shuckings



The small-seeded type of navy called the pea bean is in greatest demand.

An increased acreage of beans will be an important contribution to the nation's food supply. But to make this increased acreage most prolific, we must standardize our varieties. Plant only the navy bean, preferably the small pea variety. This will assist the grower in finding a market for his surplus. Buy seed from reliable seed dealers if possible. Should this supply be exhausted, the beans sold at stores for cooking purposes can be drawn upon. First buy a small amount, or secure a sample for germination. Test between blotters, and if the test shows 85 per cent germination or better they will be safe.

A sandy loam is best for beans. In many places the soil may be too fertile, causing overluxuriant growth of vines so that the plants bloom but sparingly and but little seed sets. Bottom lands are not adapted to bean growing for this reason, and also because of diseases, some of which are more prevalent under conditions where heavy dews and lack of air drainage are found, as on such lands. For this reason a location is to be preferred where there is good air drainage. Newly turned sod may be used for beans with good results. Such land is apt to be a little dry, which tends to check vine growth. Land which is somewhat impoverished is better than a rich soil.

The land should be prepared in the spring, because if this is deferred until planting time much of the moisture which should be conserved for the summer period will have been lost by evaporation or used by weeds. The seed bed should be prepared after plowing and followed at occasional intervals with the harrow. This will kill the young weeds and conserve the moisture. In this way much of the weed fighting can be done before the crop is planted. From 18 to 20 quarts of pea beans are required per acre. Larger varieties require more seed, ranging from the quantities named, to one bushel per acre, according to size.

The bean is distinctly a warm-season crop and should not be planted until the soil becomes thoroughly warmed. If planted too early the seed is likely to rot in a cold soil and will not germinate uniformly, making uneven ripening. The vine growth is more likely to be excessive than when planted later and checked by the hot, dry weather. Generally speaking, the first half of June is ample time for planting shell beans, and in several instances fair yields have been secured from plantings made as late as the first of July. The limitation on late planting is the ability of the crop to mature before frost and unsettled weather for harvesting.

Unlike most plants, the bean brings its seed leaves to the surface when germinating. If planted too deeply, this is made difficult. On the other hand, a crop planted shallow may suffer from moisture. From 1 1/2 to 2 inches is a good average depth. For a small acreage a hand drill is satisfactory, the rows being commonly spaced 28 to 30 inches apart, with the plants

about 2 inches apart in the row. In field planting a corn planter with bean plates is the most desirable. A grain drill with a portion of the opening stopped may also be used. The crop is sometimes planted in hills, using five to seven seed to the hill. Experiments indicate that the drilled crop yields the heavier.

A final harrowing may be given just before the seed comes up. Level cultivation should be practiced after planting. The bean is a shallow-rooted plant, hence care should be exercised to avoid injury by cultivating deep near the plant. Following the appearance of the blossoms, and after the vines begin to run, cultivation should be done at less frequent intervals, except in case of severe drought. This has a tendency to check vine growth and to encourage seed production. Beans should not be cultivated when the foliage is wet because it has a tendency to encourage anthracnose. A one-horse cultivator or a two-row truck crop cultivator are excellent tools for this work. A surface corn cultivator can also be adjusted to this purpose.

The crop should be harvested as soon as the pods mature and before they begin to shell. On a field basis a cutting tool is required. A special bean harvester can be secured or a surface corn cultivator may be adapted for this work by removing the two inside blades and the rakes. Set the two outside blades to form a "V" with the inside point just touching so as to shave the plants off at the surface of the ground. Growers report the use of an ordinary plow with a long shear and the mold board removed for cutting the vines. On small patches the vines may be pulled by hand.

The pulled beans, while still damp, are forked into small piles or they may be bunched with a side-delivery rake. The piles should not be over 2 1/2 feet in diameter, and 4 to 5 feet in height. If the shocks get wet, they should be opened and turned as one would hay. As soon as the shocks become fairly dry, the crop may be stacked under shelter or threshed. The threshing should not be done until the beans become bone dry.

The vines, which have gone through a sweat and are properly cured, have a tougher seed, and hence there is less damage from split beans in threshing. A grain separator may be used for threshing beans. Take out all but one row of concave teeth and alternate rows of the cylinder teeth. The beans should not pass back over the cylinder a second time. The machine should be operated at low speed, from 300 to 400 revolutions per minute. A limited acreage can be threshed with a flail or beat out with a stick. In this way, there is very little loss and at the present high prices hand cleaning can be done at a profit, as a winter job.

MARCH OF THE PAPER DOLLAR

In the old days when we didn't have much money, but had muscular shoulders and wore stout jeans, we had no quarrel with the silver dollar, says the St. Paul Dispatch. When we possessed money it was a comfort to hear it jingle, to feel it weighing on our galls. But since we have become prosperous we have put away our desire for the physical evidence of money. We want something that does not wear holes in our modern effete pockets. We want something which does not make us round-shouldered to carry about.

And so has spread the custom of the one-dollar bill. The cartwheel was first banished from the East. Now it is possible to trade almost anywhere in St. Paul and get your five-dollar bill changed with paper ones. In the smaller towns, the towns of the frontier and the West, the ponderous coin, supported by the muscular shoulders, the stout jeans and the galls, is still tolerated.

But the demand for paper dollars is

gradually carrying all before it. That is why the treasury department has decided to circulate a new issue of one-dollar and two-dollar greenbacks similar to those of Civil war days. And the day is coming when even the small boy will look with contempt upon the money that jingles but doesn't burn, the money that weighs on the shoulders and tests the fiber of the galls.

As the Posies Live.

The month of roses, we call it. Why? Because the roses themselves marry in June, states a botanist. Every bursting bud is a drama of love and longing. Every brilliant color, every sweet perfume, is a plea for mating. This is not mere poetry or romance. It is cold scientific fact.

New Fireproof Varnish.

A quick-drying fireproof varnish that can be applied by machinery as well as by hand has been invented for textiles by a New York man.

to be used as wrappers for hot tamales. The volunteer shucker, it is said, makes as much as \$6 a day. Thus, "he doesn't amount to shucks," is another old saying destined for the scrap heap.

Return of the Primitive.

A peculiar instance brought about by war conditions is the revival of a number of old-fashioned manufacturing methods abroad which have been dormant for centuries. This is especially true of the paper industry in

France. The French press has been so hard put to it to procure newspaper that several paper mills, some of which date back to the sixteenth century, have been again put in operation. The mechanical pulp is simply made by grinding wood with a millstone, which is set in rotation by water power. The mixing and drying out process is carried on by hand. Up-to-date paper mills in France have had their operations curtailed owing to lack of raw materials and motive power.

21 BILLION IS VALUE OF U. S. CROPS THIS YEAR

Nearly 1,000,000,000 Bushels More Grain Was Raised Than in 1916.

CORN LEADS ALL THE REST

Production of Grain and Other Farm Products Far Exceeds Any Other Year in History of Country—Weather Ruins Flax.

Washington.—Farmers contributed approximately \$21,000,000,000 to the wealth of the nation this year in the production of grain and other farm products, far exceeding any other year in the history of the country. Of this immense total the corn crop leads with an estimated value of \$4,053,672,000. The oats crop is valued at \$1,061,427,000; wheat at \$848,372,000, and potatoes at \$543,865,000.

Final report on the crops has just been issued by the department of agriculture, and it showed that with the exception of wheat the leading grains established records in production. A big wheat area was planted, but severe winter killing cut down the crop heavily. Cotton was caught by an early frost and suffered a sensational loss of approximately 1,000,000 bales from early estimates. A late season and early frosts hurt the corn crop, but more in point of quality than quantity, and there is more soft corn in the country this year than ever before.

1,000,000,000 Bushels in Excess. Nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels more grain was raised than in 1916. The final estimate shows a total production of 5,868,728,000 bushels of the five leading grains. This compares with 4,686,253,000 bushels last year, and is close to the record aggregate production in 1915.

The total wheat yield is given as 650,828,000 bushels, compared with 636,318,000 bushels last year, and 506,361,000 bushels, the 1911-15 average.

Corn production is estimated at 3,159,494,000 bushels, about 31,000,000 bushels under the preliminary figure and compared with 2,566,927,000 bushels raised in 1916. The five-year average was 2,754,104,000 bushels and the previous bumper crop in 1912 was 3,124,746,000 bushels.

The yield of oats was also a record one and is given as 1,587,286,000 bushels, compared with 1,251,837,000 bushels last year. The five-year average was 1,230,499,000 bushels.

Production of rye is placed at 60,145,000 bushels, against 48,862,000 bushels last year and five-year average of 41,399,000 bushels.

The barley crop is finally estimated at 208,975,000 bushels, against 182,309,000 bushels last year.

The bumper potato crop is maintained in the final report; in fact the figure of 442,336,000 bushels is a little in excess of the preliminary estimate and compares with 286,953,000 bushels last year.

Weather Ruins Flax. Unfavorable weather conditions ruined the flax crop and the yield is estimated at only 8,473,000 bushels, against 14,296,000 bushels last year. Production of hay was 79,528,000 tons of tame and 15,402,000 tons of wild, compared with 91,192,000 tons and 19,800,000 tons respectively last year. The rice crop totaled 36,278,000 bushels, against 41,982,000 bushels last year. Buckwheat production was 17,460,000 bushels, compared with 11,840,000 bushels in 1916. The kafir corn crop was 75,866,000 bushels, against 50,340,000 bushels last year.

Following shows area, yield per acre and production in bushels of the leading crops:

	Area, acre.	Yield per acre.	Production.
Winter wheat.....	21,490,000	30.2	418,070,000
Spring wheat.....	18,511,000	22.6	232,758,000
Corn.....	119,755,000	26.4	3,159,494,000
Oats.....	48,572,000	32.4	1,587,286,000
Rye.....	4,102,000	14.7	60,145,000
Barley.....	8,825,000	23.7	208,975,000
Kafir corn.....	5,153,000	14.7	75,866,000
Potatoes.....	4,490,000	100.8	442,336,000
Sweet potatoes.....	983,000	91.4	87,141,000
Hay, tame.....	53,615,000	1.49	79,528,000
Hay, wild.....	16,472,000	.94	15,402,000
Flaxseed.....	1,809,000	4.7	8,473,000

*Tons.
Cotton production this year is estimated at 10,949,000 equivalent 500-

pound bales. Tobacco yield is given as 1,196,451,000 pounds; sugar beets, 6,237,000 tons; beans, 15,701,000 pounds; onions, 13,544,000 bushels, and cabbage, 502,700 tons. The apple crop was 58,203,000 barrels; peaches, 45,066,000 barrels; pears, 13,281,000 bushels; cranberries, 245,000 barrels, and oranges, 12,832,000 boxes.

Midget a Mother. Savannah, Ga.—Mrs. Estis, a midget, weighing only 30 pounds, is the mother of a six-pound baby boy. A Caesarian operation was performed. Both mother and child will live. The father is six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds.

COMFORT IN NATIONAL ARMY BARRACKS



The National army's "single men in barracks" don't find wintry days and nights unpleasant so long as they have letters from home, newspapers and music.

ROY GOT HIS DESIRED RAISIN COOKIES

Naval Paymaster Helps Out Grandmother in Distress.

She Stole Away From Home to Take Boy Goodies and Was Barred by the Guard.

Great Lakes, Ill.—One morning an old-fashioned grandmother from Chicago carefully climbed off a train at Great Lakes. She might have stepped from the daguerrotype pictorial page of an old magazine. A black bonnet crowned her silver hair and was tied with black ribbons under her chin. She gripped a large paper bag. The guard stopped her.

"You can't come in today," he told her. "Wednesday is visitors' day." Her eyes filled with tears. "But Roy is going to sea today," she said. "I came to give Roy his cookies. I had to run away from home to get here. My daughter won't let me go out of the house much. She thinks I am too old."

She took a letter from a handbag. It was from Roy and it read in part: "Grandmother: I leave for sea on Friday and all that I lack to make me happy is some of your raisin cookies. The food here is good, but I had to leave without again tasting the cookies that I loved so much."

"I baked cookies for that boy since he was big enough to eat them, and he always had my cookies until he enlisted," she resumed. "His mother is dead. He is in Camp Ross. I must see him before he goes away."

The guard was iron. Paymaster J. D. Doyle is a busy man. But Paymaster Doyle was not too busy to stop and hear her story. He is not a young man and his hair is gray, but he likes raisin cookies and has a heart as big as the administration building.

TRIED TO SPUR HIS AUTO

Cowpuncher Could Not Get Used to Kicking Forward to Make Car Go.

Portland, Ore.—Rawley Meecham, the buckaroo of Roaring Springs, can now make his flivver get up and git as well as any sagebrush shover in these parts. Rawley used to head a jerky course and stall on every grade. The trouble was he couldn't get used to kicking forward to make the critter go, and whenever he wanted speed he always kicked back as he did when he rode the piebald cayuse. He just would try to dig in his spurs.

The ingenuity of Slim Crowley, who lately turned the Skullspring Saddlery into the Palace Garage, solved the problem. Slim fixed up an auxiliary accelerator just under the front seat. When Rawley kicks back now she sure goes.

AMERICAN BABIES ARE IN NEED OF MILK

Without It Growth Ceases and Health Is Impaired.

United States Children's Bureau Sees Danger in Situation Caused by High Prices.

Washington.—The news that many American babies are now going without milk because of its high price is a matter of grave alarm to the United States children's bureau. "Milk is one food that all young children must have if they are to be strong and healthy," the bureau warns. "Whole milk is rich in the elements without which the child's growth ceases and his health is impaired; indeed, there is no food which can supply as well the needs of the growing child. There is no substitute for

that American babies and children receive the proper amount of milk. American men are leaving by the thousands to fight and protect their women and children, but of what avail is it if in the meantime the children are allowed to starve at home?

Metal Coffins In Junk.

Grass Valley, Cal.—A stack of old metal coffins that have not seen the light of day for many years adorn a vacant lot adjoining the business portion of the city that is used as a junk yard. These gruesome specters lying about on the ground have been the cause of a great deal of interest. One of these is a bronze affair that is worth several times as much for junk now as it cost when new 30 years ago.

Decks German Carp With Flag.

St. Louis, Mo.—When the patriotism of Chris Roumellote, a Greek restaurateur here, was questioned because of his window display of German carp, Chris, who is a veteran of Balkan wars, wrapped a small American flag around each fish. The apparent advertising value of his window display was immediately doubled.

In a Far Country

The Gold Seekers Who Journeyed Into the Silence and Peace of the Arctic and Who Never Came Back
By JACK LONDON

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WHEN a man journeys into a far country he must be prepared to forget many of the things he has learned and to acquire such customs as are inherent with existence in the new land. He must abandon the old ideals and the old gods, and oftentimes he must reverse the very code by which his conduct has hitherto been shaped. To those who have the protean faculty of adaptability the novelty of such change may even be a source of pleasure, but to those who happen to be hardened to the ruts in which they were created the pressure of the altered environment is unbearable, and they chafe in body and in spirit under the new restrictions which they do not understand. This chafing is bound to act and react, producing divers evils and leading to various misfortunes. It were better for the man who cannot fit himself to the new groove to return to his own country. If he delay too long he will surely die.

When the world rang with the tale of arctic gold and the lure of the north gripped the heartstrings of men Carter Weatherbee threw up his snug clerkship, turned half of his savings over to his wife and with the remainder bought an outfit. There was no romance in his nature. The bondage of commerce had crushed all that. He was simply tired of the ceaseless grind and wished to risk great hazards in view of corresponding returns. Like many another fool, disdaining the old trails used by the northland pioneers for a score of years, he hurried to Edmonton in the spring of the year, and there, unluckily for his soul's welfare, he allied himself with a party of men.

There was nothing unusual about this party, except its plans. Even its goal, like that of all other parties, was the Klondike. But the route it had mapped out to attain that goal took away the breath of the hardest native, born and bred to the vicissitudes of the northwest. Even Jacques Baptiste, born of a Chippewa woman and a renegade voyageur (having raised his first whippers in a deerskin lodge north of the sixty-fifth parallel and had the same hushed by blissful sucks of raw tallow), was surprised. Though he sold his services to them and agreed to travel even to the never opening sea, he shook his head ominously whenever his advice was asked.

Percy Cuthfert's evil star must have been in the ascendant, for he, too, joined this country of argonauts. He was an ordinary man, with a bank account as deep as his culture, which is saying a good deal. He had no reason to embark on such a venture—no reason in the world, save that he suffered from an abnormal development of sentimentality. He mistook this for the true spirit of romance and adventure. Many another man has done the like and made as fatal a mistake.

The first breakup of spring found the party following the ice run of Elk river. It was an imposing feet, for the outfit was large, and they were accompanied by a disreputable contingent of half breed voyageurs with their women and children. Day in and day out they labored with the bateaux and canoes, fought mosquitoes and other kindred pests or sweated and swore at the portages. Severe toil like this lays a man naked to the very roots of his soul, and ere Lake Athabasca was lost in the south each member of the party had hoisted his true colors.

The two shirks and chronic grumblers were Carter Weatherbee and Percy Cuthfert. The whole party complained less of its aches and pains than did either of them. Not once did they volunteer for the thousand and one petty duties of the camp. They thought nobody noticed, but their comrades swore under their breaths and grew to hate them, while Jacques Baptiste sneered openly and damned them from morning till night. But Jacques Baptiste was no gentleman.

At the Great Slave Hudson bay dogs were purchased, and the feet sank to the guards with its added burden of dried fish and pemmican. Then canoe and bateau answered to the swift current of the Mackenzie, and they plunged into the Great Barren Ground. Every likely looking "feeder" was prospected, but the elusive "pay dirt" danced ever to the north. At the Great Bear, overcome by the common dread of the unknown lands, their voyageurs began to desert, and Fort of Good Hope saw the last and bravest bending to the tow lines as they bucked the current down which they had so treacherously glided. Jacques Baptiste alone remained. Had he not sworn to travel even to the never opening ice?

Abandoning their river craft at the headwaters of the Little Peel, they consumed the rest of the summer in the great portage over the Mackenzie watershed to the West Rat. This little stream fed the Porcupine, which in turn joined the Yukon where that mighty highway of the north counter-marches on the Arctic Circle. But they had lost in the race with winter, and one day they tied their rafts to the

thick eddy ice and hurried their goods ashore. That night the river jammed and broke several times. The following morning it had fallen asleep for good.

"We can't be more'n 400 miles from the Yukon," concluded Sloper, multiplying his thumb nails by the scale of the map. The council, in which the two incapables had whined to excellent disadvantage, was drawing to a close.

"Hudson bay post, long time ago. No use um now." Jacques Baptiste's father had made the trip for the Fur company in the old days, incidentally marking the trail with a couple of frozen toes.

"Sufferin' cracky!" cried another of the party. "No whites?"

"Nary white," Sloper sententiously affirmed. "But it's only 500 more up the Yukon to Dawson. Call it a rough thousand from here."

Weatherbee and Cuthfert groaned in chorus.

"How long'll that take, Baptiste?"

The half breed figured for a moment. "Workum like h—, no man play out ten, twenty, forty, fifty days. Um babies come" (designating the incapables), "no can tell. Mebbe when h— freeze over; mebbe not then."

The manufacture of snowshoes and moccasins ceased. Somebody called the name of an absent member, who came out of an ancient cabin at the edge of the campfire and joined them. The cabin was one of the many mysteries which lurk in the vast recesses of the north. Built when and by whom no man could tell. Two graves in the open, piled high with stones, perhaps contained the secret of those early wanderers. But whose hand had piled the stones?

The moment had come. Jacques Baptiste paused in the fitting of a harness and pinned the struggling dog in the snow. The cook made mute protest for delay, threw a handful of bacon into a noisy pot of beans, then came to attention. Sloper rose to his feet. His body was a ludicrous contrast to the healthy physiques of the incapables. Yellow and weak, fleeing from a South American fever hole, he had not broken his flight across the zones and was still able to toil with men. His weight was probably ninety pounds with the heavy hunting knife thrown in, and his grizzled hair told of a prime which had ceased to be. The fresh young muscles of either Weatherbee or Cuthfert were equal to ten times the endeavor of his, yet he could walk them into the earth in a day's journey. And all this day he had whipped his stronger comrades into venturing a thousand miles of the stiffest hardship man can conceive. He was the incarnation of the unrest of his race, and the old Teutonic stubbornness, dashed with the quick grasp and action of the Yankee, held the flesh in the bondage of the spirit.

"All those in favor of going on with the dogs as soon as the ice sets say aye."

"Aye!" rang out eight voices—voices destined to string a trail of oaths along many a hundred miles of pain.

"Contrary minded?"

"No!" For the first time the incapables were united without some compromise of personal interests.

"And what are you going to do about it?" Weatherbee added belligerently.

"Majority rule! Major'y rule!" clamored the rest of the party.

"I know the expedition is liable to fall through if you don't come," Sloper replied sweetly, "but I guess, if we try real hard, we can manage to do without you. What do you say, boys?"

The sentiment was cheered to the echo.

"But I say, you know," Cuthfert ventured apprehensively, "what's a chap like me to do?"

"Ain't you coming with us?"

"No-o."

"Then do as you please. We won't have nothing to say."

"Kind o' kalkilate yuh might settle it with that canoodin' partner of yours," suggested a heavy going westerner from the Dakotas, at the same time pointing out Weatherbee. "He'll be shore to ask yuh what yur a-goin' to do when it comes to cookin' an' gatherin' the wood."

"Then we'll consider it all arranged," concluded Sloper. "We'll pull out to-morrow, if we camp within five miles, just to get everything in running order and remember if we've forgotten anything."

The sleds groaned by on their steel shod runners, and the dogs strained low in the harnesses in which they were born to die. Jacques Baptiste paused by the side of Sloper to get a last glimpse of the cabin. The smoke curled up pathetically from the Yukon stovepipe. The two incapables were watching them from the doorway.

Sloper laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Jacques Baptiste, did you ever hear of the Kilkenny cats?"

"The half breed shook his head.

"Well, my friend and good comrade, the Kilkenny cats fought till neither hide nor hair nor yowl was left. You understand—till nothing was left. Very

good. Now, these two men don't like work. They won't work. We know that. They'll be all alone in that cabin all winter—a mighty long, dark winter. Kilkenny cats—well?"

The Frenchman in Baptiste shrugged his shoulders, but the Indian in him was silent. Nevertheless it was an eloquent shrug, pregnant with prophecy.

Things prospered in the little cabin at first. The rough badinage of their comrades had made Weatherbee and Cuthfert conscious of the mutual responsibility which had devolved upon them. Besides, there was not so much work, after all, for two healthy men. And the removal of the cruel whip hand, or, in other words, the bulldozing half breed, had brought with it a joyous reaction. At first each strove to outdo the other, and they performed petty tasks with an unctious which would have opened the eyes of their comrades who were now wearing out bodies and souls on the long trail.

All care was banished. The forest, which shouldered in upon them from three sides, was an inexhaustible wood yard. A few yards from their door slept the porcupine, and a hole through its winter robe formed a bubbling spring of water, crystal clear and painfully cold. But they soon grew to find fault with even that. The hole would persist in freezing up and thus gave them many a miserable hour of ice chopping. The unknown builders of the cabin had extended the side logs so as to support a cache at the rear. In this was stored the bulk of the party's provisions. Food there was, without stint, for three times the men who were fated to live upon it. But the most of it was of the kind which built

ignore wholly each other during these mute periods. And a great wonder sprang up in the breast of each as to how God had ever come to create the other.

As the sugar pile and other little luxuries dwindled they began to be afraid they were not getting their proper shares, and in order that they might not be robbed they fell to gorging themselves. The luxuries suffered in this gluttonous contest; as did also the men. In the absence of fresh vegetables and exercise their blood became impoverished, and a loathsome, purplish rash crept over their bodies. Yet they refused to heed the warning. Next their muscles and joints began to swell, the flesh turning black, while their mouths, gums and lips took on the color of rich cream. Instead of being drawn together by their misery, each gloated over the other's symptoms as the scurvy took its course.

They lost all regard for personal appearance and, for that matter, common decency. The cabin became a pigpen, and never once were the beds made or fresh pine boughs laid underneath. Yet they could not keep to their blankets, as they would have wished, for the frost was inexorable, and the fire box consumed much fuel. The hair of their heads and faces grew long and shaggy, while their garments would have disgusted a ragpicker. But they did not care. They were sick, and there was no one to see. Besides, it was very painful to move about.

To all this was added a new trouble—the fear of the north. This fear was the joint child of the great cold and the great silence and was born in the darkness of December, when the sun dipped below the southern horizon for good. It affected them according to



Sprang to Their Feet, Shrieking With Terror.

up brain and sinew, but did not tickle the palate. True, there was sugar in plenty for two ordinary men, but these two were little else than children. They early discovered the virtues of hot water judiciously saturated with sugar, and they prodigally swam their flapjacks and soaked their crusts in the rich, white sirup. Then coffee and tea, and especially the dried fruits, made disastrous inroads upon it. The first words they had were over the sugar question. And it is a really serious thing when two men wholly dependent upon each other for company begin to quarrel.

Weatherbee loved to discourse blantly on politics, while Cuthfert, who had been prone to clip his coupons and let the commonwealth jog on as best it might, either ignored the subject or delivered himself of startling epigrams. But the clerk was too obtuse to appreciate the clever shaping of thought, and this waste of ammunition irritated Cuthfert. He had been used to blinding people by his brilliancy, and it worked him quite a hardship, this loss of an audience. He felt personally aggrieved and unconsciously held his muttonhead companion responsible for it.

Save existence, they had nothing in common—came in touch on no single point. Weatherbee was a clerk who had known naught but clerking all his life; Cuthfert was a master of arts, a dabbler in oils and had written not a little. The one was a lower class man who considered himself a gentleman, and the other was a gentleman who knew himself to be such. From this it may be remarked that a man can be a gentleman without possessing the first instinct of true comradeship. The very presence of either became a personal affront to the other, and they lapsed into sullen silences which increased in length and strength as the days went by. Occasionally the flash of an eye or the curl of a lip got the better of them, though they strove to

during one of these sane intervals the chief bone of contention, the sugar, had been divided equally between them. They guarded their separate sacks, stored up in the cache, with jealous eyes, for there were but a few cupfuls left, and they were totally devoid of faith in each other. But one day Cuthfert made a mistake. Hardly able to move, sick with pain, with his head swimming and eyes blinded, he crept into the cache, sugar canister in hand, and mistook Weatherbee's sack for his own.

January had been born but a few days when this occurred. The sun had some time since passed its lowest southern declination and at meridian now threw fainting streaks of yellow light upon the northern sky. On the day following his mistake with the sugar bag Cuthfert found himself feeling better both in body and in spirit. As noontime drew near and the day brightened he dragged himself outside to feast on the evanescent glow, which was to him an earnest of the sun's future intentions. Weatherbee was also feeling somewhat better and crawled out beside him. They propped themselves in the snow beneath the moveless wind vane and waited.

The stillness of death was about them. In other climes when nature falls into such moods there is a subdued air of expectancy, a waiting for some small voice to take up the broken strain. Not so in the north. The two men had lived seeming aeons in this ghostly peace. They could remember no song of the past; they could conjure no song of the future. This unearthly calm had always been—the tranquil silence of eternity.

Their eyes were fixed upon the north. Unseen, behind their backs, behind the towering mountains to the south, the sun swept toward the zenith of another sky than theirs. Sole spectators of the mighty canvas, they watched the false dawn slowly grow. A faint flame began to glow and smoulder. It deepened in intensity, ringing the changes of reddish yellow, purple and saffron. So bright did it become that Cuthfert thought the sun must surely be behind it—a miracle, the sun rising in the north! Suddenly, without warning and without fading, the canvas was swept clean. There was no color in the sky. The light had gone out of the day. They caught their breaths in half sobs. But, lo, the air was aglint with particles of scintillating frost, and there, to the north, the wind vane lay in vague outline on the snow! A shadow! A shadow! It was exactly midday. They jerked their heads hurriedly to the south. A golden rim peeped over the mountain's snowy shoulder, smiled upon them an instant, then dipped from sight again.

There were tears in their eyes as they sought each other. A strange softening came over them. They felt irresistibly drawn toward each other. The sun was coming back again. It would be with them tomorrow and the next day and the next. And it would stay longer every visit, and a time would come when it would ride their heaven day and night, never once dropping below the sky line. There would be no night. The ice locked winter would be broken; the winds would blow and the forests answer; the land would bathe in the blessed sunshine and life renew. Hand in hand they would quit this horrid dream and journey back to the southland. They lurched blindly forward, and their hands met—their poor maimed hands, swollen and distorted beneath their mittens.

But the promise was destined to remain unfulfilled. The northland is the northland, and men work out their souls by strange rules, which other men who have not journeyed into far countries cannot come to understand.

An hour later Cuthfert put a pan of bread into the oven and fell to speculating on what the surgeons could do with his feet when he got back. Home did not seem so very far away now. Weatherbee was rummaging in the cache. Of a sudden he raised a whirlwind of blasphemy, which in turn ceased with startling abruptness. The other man had robbed his sugar sack. Still, things might have happened differently had not the two dead men come out from under the stones and hushed the hot words in his throat. They led him quite gently from the cache, which he forgot to close. That consummation was reached; that something they had whispered to him in his dreams was about to happen. They guided him gently, very gently, to the woodpile, where they put the ax in his hands. Then they helped him shove open the cabin door, and he felt sure they shut it after him—at least he heard it slam and the latch fall sharply into place. And he knew they were waiting just without, waiting for him to do his task.

"Carter! I say, Carter!"

Percy Cuthfert was frightened at the look on the clerk's face, and he made haste to put the table between them.

Carter Weatherbee followed without haste and without enthusiasm. There was neither pity nor passion in his face, but rather the patient, stolid look of one who has certain work to do and goes about it methodically.

"I say, what's the matter?"

The clerk dodged back, cutting off his retreat to the door, but never opening his mouth.

"I say, Carter, I say, let's talk. There's a good chap."

The master of arts was thinking rapidly now, shaping a skillful flank movement on the bed where his Smith & Wesson lay. Keeping his eyes on the madman, he rolled backward on the bunk, at the same time clutching the pistol.

"Carter!"

The powder flashed full in Weather-

bee's face, but he swung his weapon and leaped forward. The ax bit deeply at the base of the spine, and Percy Cuthfert felt all consciousness of his lower limbs leave him. Then the clerk fell heavily upon him, clutching him by the throat with feeble fingers. The sharp bite of the ax had caused Cuthfert to drop the pistol, and as his lungs panted for release he fumbled aimlessly for it among the blankets. Then he remembered. He slid a hand up the clerk's belt to the sheath knife, and they drew very close to each other in that last clench.

Percy Cuthfert felt his strength leave him. The lower portion of his body was useless. The inert weight of Weatherbee crushed him—crushed him and pinned him there like a bear under a trap. The cabin became filled with a familiar odor, and he knew the bread to be burning. Yet what did it matter? He would never need it. And there were all of six cupfuls of sugar in the cache. If he had foreseen this he would not have been so saving the last several days. Would the wind vane ever move? It might even be veering now. Why not? Had he not seen the sun today? He would go and see. No; it was impossible to move. He had not thought the clerk so heavy, a man.

How quickly the cabin cooled! The fire must be out. The cold was forcing in. It must be below zero already, and the ice creeping up the inside of the door. He could not see it, but his past experience enabled him to gauge its progress by the cabin's temperature. The lower hinge must be white ere now. Would the tale of this ever reach the world? How would his friends take it? They would read it over their coffee, most likely, and talk it over at the clubs. He could see them very clearly. "Poor old Cuthfert!" they murmured. "Not such a bad sort of chap, after all." He smiled at their eulogies and passed on in search of a Turkish bath. It was the same old crowd upon the streets. Strange they did not notice his moose hide moccasins and tattered German socks! He would take a cab. And after the bath a shave would not be bad. No; he would eat first. Steak and potatoes and green things—how fresh it all was! And what was that? Squares of honey, streaming liquid amber! But why did they bring so much? Ha, ha! He could never eat it all. Shine? Why, certainly. He put his foot on the box. The bootblack looked curiously up at him, and he remembered his moose hide moccasins and went away hastily.

Hark! The wind vane must be surely spinning. No; a mere singing in his ears; that was all—a mere singing. The ice must have passed the latch by now. More likely the upper hinge was covered. Between the moss chinked roof poles little points of frost began to appear. How slowly they grew! No, not so slowly. There was a new one, and there another—two—three—four—they were coming too fast to count. There were two growing together, and there—a third had joined them. Why, there were no more spots! They had run together and formed a sheet.

Well, he would have company. If Gabriel ever broke the silence of the north they would stand together, hand in hand, before the great white throne. And God would judge them, God would judge them!

Then Percy Cuthfert closed his eyes and dropped off to sleep.

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BELIEVE BRAIN IN STOMACH

Chinese Ignorant of the Anatomy of Human Body—Subject of Microbes Difficult to Teach.

Ignorance is responsible for the guesswork of the Chinese about the anatomy of the human body, Jean Price writes in World Outlook. "Nothing is known of the nervous system or of the circulation of the blood, and every organ except the brain is said to have a pulse. The heart is considered to be the center of being, and therefore it must also be in the center of the body." The Chinese also believe that the brain is in the stomach. Perhaps that is the reason that more than half the thought and conversation of the common people relates to food!

It is ignorance which makes a mother chew her child's food, before putting it in the little one's mouth. It is ignorance which allows a mother to wash the clothes in a green, stagnant pool while the child at her side eagerly drinks the same water. It is ignorance which our mission doctors have to fight when they suggest that women should not use poisonous face paint, should bathe the baby at least once before it is grown, should wash the dishes once a month in clean water. This ignorance makes the subject of microbes more difficult to teach than the English in which it is taught.

And, though it's hard to say, it is ignorance which causes a lover to take water in which his body is washed and secretly mix it in the drink of his loved one. But, then, that is romance and we musn't mention germs in the same breath.

Correct.

Little Jim, did not know quite so much about scriptural history as he ought to have known, but when his sister asked him, "Where was Solomon's temple?" he was rather angry that she should think him unable to answer a simple question like that.

"Don't you think I know anything?" he asked.

"Well, where was it, then?" his sister repeated.

And then he informed her: "On the side of his forehead, of course, the same as other folks! Do you think I am a dunce?"

Occasionally they lapsed normal, and

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.

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at the post office at Bradley, Illinois
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

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

Board of Education

Meets every first Friday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. E. J. Stelter, Pres., C. W. Reincke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmont, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller and George Bertrand, Members.

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

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

FATHER CHARLEBOIS, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon.
Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.
REV. IVER JOHNSON, Pastor.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Low mass, 7:00 a. m.
High mass, 9:00 a. m.
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.
REV. WM. A. GRANGER, Pastor.

U. B. Church, Bradley.

Sunday School at 10 a. m., Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Y. P. C. E. meeting 6:30 p. m., Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
REV. FRED W. ENGLE, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

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

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

Meets first Friday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I.O.O.F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

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

Children of Mary Society.

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

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.

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 marlinspikes 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 worn 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 soon 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."

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

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

"Willie, you mustn't scratch the piano with that pin. Mother means what she says, darling, and I expect you to obey. Not another scratch after that one you are making! I've no doubt if your furniture polish is the right kind, Mrs. James, 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. James, 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. James, 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. James, 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. James, 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. James?"

"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.



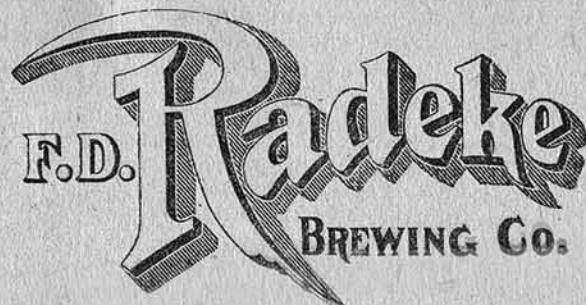
A Picture of Solid Comfort

A good sweet pipe and an easy chair; a breezy book and a bubbling bottle of "Radeke Beer." Then you are booked for a restful, refreshing hour before bedtime—an hour that relieves fatigue and assures a good night's sleep. Put yourself into such a picture tonight with a bottle of pure, wholesome satisfying

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 Nat. Bank, Feb. 4-Feb. 6
- Momence 1st Nat. Bank, Feb. 7-Feb. 9
- Manteny 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**

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Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

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

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
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BELL PHONE 377

DR. E. G. WILSON

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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

INVENT LIFEBOAT FOR SUBMARINES

TWO IOWA MEN SAY THEY HAVE SOLVED MARINE PROBLEM

Craft Carries Crew to Surface When Accidents Happens to Diver Under Water.

A lifeboat for submarines has been invented by two Iowa men, E. W. Appleman of Clermont and Willard Daubenberger of Postville. They claim the craft furnishes a certain means of escape to crews in case of mishaps under the water. Patents are now pending in the United States and will be applied for in all countries operating or building submarines.

The lifeboat is designed by its inventors to be carried in an outer cavity in the hull of the submarine and add nothing to the weight of the under-sea craft. At times of danger the crew on the submarine, thru a trap door in the bottom, can enter the lifeboat quickly. The craft with its refugees on board then may be automatically released and my its buoyancy rise like a cork to the surface of the sea bearing the crew to safety.

As submarines are equipped at present their crews are lost whenever a serious accident befalls them while submerged. The tragic fate of all aboard the United States submarine F-4 in Hawaiian waters is an example and demonstrated the great need for some safety device which will give the crew a chance to escape destruction when the submarine meets disaster.

Mr. Appleman and Mr. Daubenberger say the problem of lifeboats for submarines has engrossed the attention of inventors for a long time, but nothing practical has resulted until now, the great difficulty having been to design a craft not requiring a change in the general plan of the hull of the submarine. The Iowa inventors say they have so completely overcome this obstacle that their lifeboat easily can be installed on any kind of submarine.

DISCOVER NEW METHOD OF STOPPING PARESIS

Medical Men Inject Salvarsan Into Brain—Get Good Results.

Salvarsan, administered directly into the inner cavity of the brain, may be regarded as one of the most advanced and hopeful methods of arresting the destructive progress of paresis, officials of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital announce in a formal statement. Their conclusion, they say, was based on a number of experiments made at the hospital.

By the method used at the hospital, it was said, an opening is made thru the skull and the dura of the brain and then, with a blunt, hollow needle that is passed directly thru the tissue of the brain to the main central cavity, salvarsan is conveyed directly to the cerebro-spinal fluid in the main cavity of the brain.

From there it is carried by the circulation of the cerebro-spinal fluid thruout the entire cerebro-spinal system. By thus reaching every cell of the brain with the salvarsan a uniform effect is produced.

Out of fourteen patients who have undergone the operation, four have been able to resume their occupations, according to the hospital authorities.

HOW ARROWS WERE POISONED

Indian Says They Used to Rob Rattlesnakes of Their Virus.

An old Cherokee Indian recently told how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrowheads for war purposes or for killing bears. According to the Denver Field and Farm, they took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole, and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance.

About midday the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the sunshine. The bucks would poke the first rattler with the liver on the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping.

The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison.

Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upright position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was pounded to a fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface.

Wanted Help.

As the motorist turned a corner in a quiet country road he saw a brother of the wheel just ahead, evidently in trouble. Immediately he slowed down. "Want any help?" he asked genially. The other motorist looked gratefully at him as he wiped the perspiration off his brow.

"I do," he whispered. "See that lady in the car? She's my wife, and I'd be much obliged if you'd answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm seeing to this burst tire."

Bunny's Slide

"Bunny Kemble's Aunt Lucy is going to marry Mr. Errick," 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. Kickem 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. Errick 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 way up in the air. So did Mr. Errick's. Huh? Why, he was hanging on to her hand even if he 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. Errick 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 revenged on Bunny she'd have to, and he picked her up.

"I don't know what she meant, but if Bunny was Mr. Errick's nephew he couldn't be without Mr. Errick 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!"

First Steps

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

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

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

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

Installed Officers

The Bradley Encampment installed their officers for the ensuing term at their meeting last Friday evening. The following officers were installed:

- Chief Patriach Adolph Bock.
- High Priest D. C. Wikoff.
- Senior Warden R. G. Bell.
- Junior Warden A. A. Muier.
- First Watch C. A. Voorhees.
- Second Watch Alonzo Gordon.
- Third Watch A. R. Wibb.
- Fourth Watch J. Hattermann.
- Guards of Tent John Nelson.
- Guards of Tent Lyman Topleff.
- Trustees D. C. Wikoff, Henri Vallat, A. Bock, J. W. Nelson.
- Deputy Robt Erskine.
- Scribe C. F. Skinner.
- Treasurer Max Heinze.

Obituary

Mr. John J. Evans was born in Elliott Co. Kentucky June 20 1865, died Jan. 4th. 1918. Aged 52 years 6 months and 14 days. Mr. Evans leaves a wife and three daughters. Mrs. Crayle. Mrs. Craig and Miss Virgie Evans and two sons Frank and Wesley Evans all of Bradley Ill.

Methodist Church News

Dr. John H. Ryan, District Superintendent of the Kankakee District, will preach Sunday night in the Methodist Church. Dr. Ryan is an eloquent and very forceful speaker, and should be given a large hearing.

IVER M. JOHNSON, Pastor.

Hints To Farmers

The partial open-front poultry house is conceded to be the best type for most sections.

Feed the cull potatoes to hogs. Cook the potatoes thoroly and mix with corn meal, shorts, or brand. Skim milk is a good addition.

The mixing of warm, fresh cream with cold cream is never advisable, as the whole mass is warmed thereby, and souring will follow more quickly.

Pantry shelves should be washed clean and then dried. The undue use of water should be avoided, as moisture encourages molding.

The colony plan of housing poultry

may be adopted to good advantage on many farms. This system does away with the danger of tainted soil.

Good chicken roosts may be made of 2 by 2 inch material with upper edges rounded. They should be built on the same level, about 2 or 3 feet from the floor. If a dropping board is used it should be placed about 8 inches below them.

Some food may become dangerous even before it shows outward signs of decomposition. Always keep food in clean utensils and use it without unnecessary delay.

White Grubs Coming In 1918.

Large flights of May beetles, well known as the parents of the white grubs, destructive cereal and forage insects, occurred in June, 1917, throughout Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and parts of other States. These flights mean, says a report of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, that throughout the area affected the white grubs will be destructively abundant in 1918, which will be the second year in the life of the resultant progeny.

Among First Who Will Go

Washington, D. C., Jan. 3.—The bulk of the national guard will be hurried to France at once or as soon as it can be shipped, and the Prairie division, including the Illinois regiments now at Houston, will be one of the first three divisions sent forward.

The administration is endeavoring to speed up the dispatch of troops to France, as urgently recommended in Col. E. M. House's report on the achievements of the American war missions, which was made public yesterday.

The Germans, who are greatly strengthened by the collapse of Russia, are certain to attempt another great drive toward Paris in the spring.

Gave Name to All.

"The Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which Pindar gives to the narrow isthmus which separates the Gulf of Corinth from the Aegean sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is the isthmus of all the world; for from its Greek name Isthmia, every other isthmus has been named.



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

Promptness By Co-Operation

We are under government regulation and we must co-operate with one another. Our prices are set by the government in many articles. Jobbers are limiting their credits and we are in duty bound to do the same. All bills MUST be paid in full each pay day. Co-operating with one another in this way we can succeed, otherwise not. Co-Operation is Our By-Word

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, Cranberries. Prices Right at all times.

Wishing You A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

Sale Bills PRINTED

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

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



CHAPTER XXII.

Jimmy Wallace Throws a Bomb.

It was about eleven months after Rose had watched Rodney walking dejectedly away into the rain that Jimmy Wallace threw his bomb.

Every year he made two professional visits to New York; one in autumn, one in the spring, in order that he might have interesting matters to write about when the local theatrical doings had been exhausted. From his first spring pilgrimage after Rose's disappearance he came back wearing a deep-lying and contented smile, and a few days later, after a talk over the telephone with Rodney, he headed a column of gossip about the theater with the following paragraph:

"Come On In," as the latest of the New York reviews is called, is much like all the others. It contains the same procession of specialty mangers, the same ecophony of rag-time, the same gangway out into the audience which refreshes tired business men with a thrilling worm's-eye view of dancing girls' knees as natural. And up and down this straight and narrow pathway of the chorus there is the customary parade of the same haughty beauties of Broadway. Only in one item is there deviation from the usual formula: the costumes. For several years past the revues at the theater (the Columbian have been caparisoned with the decadent colors and bizarre designs of the exotic Mr. Grenville Melton. I knew there had been a change for the better as soon as I saw the first number, for these dresses have the stimulating quality of a healthy and vigorous imagination, as well as a vivid decorative value. They are exceedingly smart, of course, or else they would never do for a Broadway revue, but they are also alive, while those of Mr. Melton were invariably stolid. Curiously enough the name of the new costume designer has a special interest for Chicago. She is Doris Dane, who participated in "The Girl Upstairs" at the Globe. Miss Dane's stage experience here was brief, but nevertheless her striking success in her new profession will probably cause the formation of a large and enthusiastic "I-knew-her-when" club.

Jimmy expected to produce an effect with it. But what he did produce exceeded his wildest anticipations. The thing came out in the three o'clock edition, and before he left the office that afternoon he had received over the telephone six invitations to dinner; three of them for that night. He declined the first two on the ground of an enormous press of work incident to his fresh return from a fortnight in New York. But when Violet Williamson called up and said, with a reference to a previous engagement that was shamefully fictitious: "Jimmy, you haven't forgotten you're dining with us tonight, have you? It's just us, so you needn't dress," he answered:

"Oh, no, I've got it down on my calendar all right. Seven-thirty?"

Violet snickered and said: "You wait!—Or rather, don't wait. Make it seven."

Jimmy was glad to be let off that extra half hour of waiting. He was impatient for the encounter with Violet—a state of mind most rare with him. He meant to wring all the pleasure out of it he could by way of revenge for Violet's attitude toward Rose after her presence in the Globe chorus had become known—for that biting contempt which was the typical attitude of her class.

Violet said, the moment he appeared in the drawing room doorway: "John made me swear not to let you tell me a word until he came in. He's simply bubbling. But there's one thing he won't mind your telling me, and that's her address. I'm simply perishing to write her a note and tell her how glad we were."

Jimmy made a little gesture of regret. He'd have spoken too, but she didn't give him time.

"You don't mean," she cried, "that you didn't find out where she lived while you were right there in New York?"

John came in just then, and Violet, turning to him tragically, repeated, "He doesn't even know where she lives!"

"Oh, I'm a boob, I know," said Jimmy. "But, as I told the other five..."

Violet frowned as she echoed, "The other five—what?"

Jimmy turned to John Williamson with a perfectly electric grin.

"The other five of Rose Aldrich's friends—and yours," he said, "who called me up this afternoon and invited me to dinner, and asked for her address so that they could write her notes and tell her how glad they were."

John said "Whoosh!"—all but upset a chair, and slammed it out of the way in order to jubilate properly.

Violet stood looking at them thoughtfully. A little flush of color was coming up into her face.

"You two men," she said, "are trying to act as if I weren't in this; as if I weren't just as glad as you are, and hadn't as good a right to be. John here," this was to Jimmy, "has been gloating ever since he came home with the paper. And you... did you mean me by that snippy little thing you said about the 'I-knew-her-when' club? Well,

you'll get your punishment. There's dinner! But you won't be allowed to eat. You'll have to begin at the beginning and tell us all about her."

Jimmy, his effect produced, his long-meditated vengeance completed by the flare of color he'd seen come up in Violet's cheeks, settled down seriously to the telling of his tale, stopping occasionally to bolt a little food just before his plate was snatched away from him, but otherwise without intermission.

He'd suspected nothing about the costumes on that opening night of "Come On In," until a realization of how amazingly good they were made him search his program. The line "Costumes by Dane" had lighted up in his mind a wild surmise of the truth, though he admitted it had seemed almost too good to be true. Because the costumes were really wonderful.

He cast about, he said, for some way of finding out who Dane really was. And, having learned that Galbraith was putting on the show at the Casino he looked him up.

Galbraith proved a mine of information—no, he was more like one of those oil wells technically known as a gusher. He simply spouted facts about Rose, and couldn't be stopped. She was his own discovery. He'd seen her possibilities when she designed and executed those twelve costumes for the sextette in "The Girl Upstairs." He'd brought her down to New York to act as his assistant. She worked for Galbraith the greater part of last season. Jimmy had never known of anybody having just that sort of job before. Galbraith, busy with two or three productions at once, had put over a lot of the work of conducting rehearsals on her shoulders. He'd get a number started, having figured out the maneuvers the chorus were to go through, the steps they'd use, and so on, and Rose would actually take his place; would be in complete charge of the rehearsals as the director's representative.

The costuming last season had been a side issue, at the beginning at least, but she'd done part of the costumes for one of his productions, and they were so strikingly successful that Abe Shuman had snatched her away from him.

"The funny thing is the way she does them," Jimmy said. "Everybody else who designs costumes just draws them: dinky little water colored plates, and the plates are sent out to a company like the Star Costume company and they execute them. But Rose can't draw a bit. She got a mannequin—not an ordinary dressmaker's form, but a regular painter's mannequin—without legs and made her costumes on the thing; or at least cut out a sort of pattern of them in cloth. But somehow or other, the designing of them and the execution are more mixed up together by Rose's method than by the orthodox one. She wanted to get some women in to sew for her, and see the whole job through herself; deliver the costumes complete, and get paid for them. But it seems that the Shumans, on the side, owned the Star company and raked off a big profit on the costumes that way. I don't know all the details. I don't know that Galbraith did. But anyhow, the first thing anybody knew, Rose had financed herself. She got one of those rich young bachelor women in New York to go into the thing with her, and organized a company, and made Abe Shuman an offer on all the costumes for 'Come On In.' Galbraith thinks that Abe Shuman thought she was sure to lose a lot of money on it and go broke, and that then he could put her to work at a salary, so he gave her the job. But she didn't lose. She evidently made a chunk out of it, and her reputation at the same time."

Violet was immensely thrilled by this recital. "Won't she be perfectly wonderful," she exclaimed, "for the Junior league show, when she comes back!"

Jimmy found an enormous satisfaction in saying: "Oh, she'll be too expensive for you. She's a regular robber, she says."

"She says!" cried Violet. "Do you mean you've talked with her?"

"Do you think I'd have come back from New York without?" said Jimmy. "Galbraith told me to drop in at the Casino that same afternoon. Some of the costumes were to be tried on, and 'Miss Dane' would be there."

"Well, and she came. I almost fell over her out there in the dark, because of course the auditorium wasn't lighted at all. I'll admit she rather took my breath, just glancing up at me, and then peering to make out who I was, and then her face going all alight with that smile of hers. I didn't know what to call her, and was stammering over a mixture of Miss Dane and Mrs. Aldrich, when she laughed and held out a hand to me and said she didn't remember whether I'd ever called her

Rose or not, but she'd like to hear someone call her that, and wouldn't I begin?"

Jimmy explained there hadn't been any chance to talk much. "The costumes began coming up on the stage just then (on chorus girls, of course), and she was up over the runway in a minute, talking them over with Galbraith. When she'd finished, she came down to me again for a minute, but it was hardly longer than that really. She said she wished she might see me again, but that she couldn't ask me to come to the studio, because it was a perfect bedlam, and that there was no use asking me to come to her apartment, because she was never there herself these days, except for about seven hours a night of the hardest kind of sleep. If I could stay around till her rush was over... But then, of course, she knew I couldn't."

"And you never thought of asking her," Violet wailed, "where the apartment was, so that the rest of us, if we were in New York, could look her up, or write to her from here?"

"No," Jimmy said. "I never thought of asking for her address. But it's the easiest thing in the world to get. Call up Rodney. He knows."

"What makes you think he knows?" Violet demanded.

"Well, for one thing," said Jimmy, "when Rose was asking for news of all of you, she said: 'I hear from Rodney regularly. Only he doesn't tell me much gossip.'"

"Hears from him!" gasped Violet. "Regularly!" She was staring at Jimmy in a dazed sort of way. "Well, does she write to him? Has she made it up with him? Is she coming back?"

"I suppose you can just hear me asking her all those questions? Casually, in the aisle of a theater, while she was getting ready for a running jump into a taxi?"

The color came up into Violet's face again. There was a maddening sort of jubilant jocularity about these men, the looks and almost winks they exchanged, the distinctly saucy quality of the things they said to her.

"Of course," she said coolly, "if Rose had told me that she heard from Rodney regularly, although he didn't send her much of the gossip, I shouldn't have had to ask her those questions. I'd have known from the way she looked and the way her voice sounded,



"You Two Men . . . Are Trying to Act as if I Weren't in This."

whether she was writing to Rodney or not, and whether she meant to come back to him or not; whether she was ready to make it up if he was—all that. Any woman who knew her at all would. Only a man, perfectly infatuated, grinning... See if you can't tell what she looked like and how she said it."

Jimmy, meek again, attempted the task.

"Well," he said, "she didn't look me in the eye and register deep meanings or anything like that. I don't know where she looked. As far as the inflection of her voice went, it was just as casual as if she'd been telling me what she'd had for lunch. But the quality of her voice just richened up a bit, as if the words tasted good to her. And she smiled, just barely, as if she knew I'd be staggered and didn't care. There you are! Now interpret unto me this dream, oh, Joseph!"

Violet's eyes were shining. "Why, it's as plain," she said. "Can't you see that she's just waiting for him; that she'll come like a shot the minute he says the word? And there he is eating his heart out for her, and in his rage charging poor John perfectly terrific prices for his legal services, when all he's got to do is to say 'please,' in order to be happy."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rodney Gets a Clear View of Himself.

It was Rose herself who began this correspondence with Rodney, within a month of her arrival in New York.

If Rodney had done an unthinkable thing; if he had kept copies of his letters to Rose, along with her answers, in a chronological file, he would have made the discovery that the stiffness of those letters had gradually worn away and that they were now a good deal more than mere pro forma bulletins. There had crept into them, so subtly and so gently that between one of them and the next no striking difference was to be observed, a friend-

liness, quite cool, but wonderfully firm. She was frankly jubilant over the success of her costumes in "Come On In," and she inclosed with her letter a complete set of newspaper reviews of the piece.

It was a week later that she wrote: "I met James Randolph coming up Broadway yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock. He's changed, somehow, since I saw him last; as brilliant as ever, but rather—lucid. Do you suppose things are going badly between him and Eleanor? He told me he hadn't seen you forever. Why don't you drop in on him?"

It was quite true that Rodney had seen very little of the Randolphs since Rose went away. When it came to confronting his friends, in the knowledge that they knew that Rose had left him for the Globe chorus, he found that James Randolph was one he didn't care to face. He knew too much. He'd be too infernally curious, too full of surmises, eager for experiments.

But Rose's letter put a different face on the matter. The fact that she'd put him, partly at least, in possession of what she had observed and what she guessed, gave him a sort of shield against the doctor. So one evening about nine o'clock he slipped out and walked around to the new house which Bertie Willis had built for Eleanor.

Rodney reflected, as he stood at the door after ringing the bell, that his own house was quite meek and conventional alongside this. Bertie had gone his limit.

The grin which his reflection afforded him was still on Rodney's lips when, a servant having opened the door, he found himself face to face with the architect. Bertie, top-coated and hat in hand, was waiting for Eleanor, who was coming down the stairs followed by a maid with her carriage-coat. He returned Rodney's nod pretty stiffly, as was natural enough, since Rodney's grin had distinctly brightened up at sight of him.

Eleanor said, rather negligently: "Hello, Rod. We're just dashing off to the Palace to see a perfectly exquisite little dancer Bertie's discovered down there. She comes on at half past nine, so we've got to fly. Want to come?"

"No," Rodney said. "I came over to see Jim. Is he at home?"

The maid was holding out the coat for Eleanor's arms. But Eleanor, at Rodney's question, just stood for a second quite still. She wasn't looking at anybody, but the expression in her eyes was sullen. "Yes, he's at home," she said at last.

"Busy, I suppose," said Rodney. Her inflection had dictated this reply.

"Yes, he's busy," she repeated absently and in a tone still more coldly hostile, though Rodney perceived that the hostility was not meant for him. She looked around at Bertie.

"Wait two minutes," she said, "if you don't mind." Then, to Rodney, "Come along." And she led the way up the lustrous, velvety teakwood stair.

He followed her. But, arrived at the drawing room floor, he stopped. "Look here," he said. "If Jim's busy..."

"Oh, don't be too dense, Rodney!" she said. "A man has to be 'busy' when he's known to be in the house and won't entertain his wife's guests. Go up, sing out who you are, and go right in." She gave him a nod and a hard little smile, and went downstairs again to Bertie.

Rodney found the door Eleanor had indicated, knocked smartly on it, and sang out at the same time, "This is Rodney Aldrich. May I come in?"

"Come in, of course," Randolph called. "I'm glad to see you," he added, coming to meet his guest, "but do you mind telling me how you got in here? Some poor wretch will lose his job, you know, if Eleanor finds out about this. When I'm in this room, sacred to reflection and research, it's a first-class crime to let me be disturbed." It didn't need his sardonic grin to point the satire of his words.

Rodney said curtly: "Eleanor sent me up herself. I didn't much want to come, to tell the truth, when I heard you were busy."

"Eleanor!" her husband repeated, "I thought she'd gone out—with her poodle."

Rodney said, with unconcealed distaste: "They were on the point of going out when I came in. That's how Eleanor happened to see me."

With a visible effort Randolph recovered a more normal manner. "I'm glad it happened that way," he said. "Get yourself a drink. You'll find anything you want over there, I guess, and something to smoke; then we'll sit down and have an old-fashioned talk."

The source of drinks he indicated was a well-stocked cellarette at the other side of the room. But Rodney's eye fell first on a decanter and siphon on the table, within reach of the chair Randolph had been sitting in.

"I don't believe I want anything more to drink just now," Rodney said. And, as he followed Rodney's glance, Randolph allowed himself another sardonic grin.

The preliminaries were gone through rather elaborately; chairs drawn up and adjusted, ash-trays put within reach; cigars got going satisfactorily. But the talk they were supposed to prepare the way for, didn't at once begin.

Rodney took another stiffish drink and settled back into a dull, sullen abstraction. Finally, for the sake of saying something, Rodney remarked: "This is a wonderful room, isn't it?"

Rodney roused himself. "Never been in here before?" he asked. "Well then, here's two more rooms you must see."

The first one, opening from the study, explained its purpose at a glance, with

a desk and typewriter, and flung cabinets around the walls. "Rubber floor," Randolph pointed out, "felt ceiling; absolutely sound-proof. Here's where my stenographer sits all day, ready—like a freeman. And this," he concluded, leading the way to the other room, "is the holy of holies."

It had a rubber floor, too, and, Rodney supposed, a felt ceiling. But its only furniture was one chair and a canvas cot.

"Sound-proof too," said Randolph. "But sounding boards or something in all the walls. I press this button, start a dictaphone, and talk in any direction, anywhere. It's all taken down. Here's where I'm supposed to think, make discoveries and things. I tried it for a while."

They went back into the study. "Clever beasts, though—poodles," he remarked, as he nodded Rodney to his chair and poured himself another drink. "Learn their tricks very nicely. But, good heavens, Aldrich, think of him as a man! Think what our American married women are up against, when they want somebody to play off against their husbands and have to fall back on tired little beasts like that. Eleanor doesn't mean anything. She's trying to make me jealous. That's her newest experiment. But it's downright pitiful, I say."

Rodney got up out of his chair. It wasn't a possible conversation. "I'll be running along, I think," he said. "I've a lot of proof to correct tonight, and you've got work of your own, I expect."

"Sit down again," said Randolph sharply. "I'm just getting drunk. But that can wait. I'm going to talk. I've got to talk. And if you go, I swear I'll call up Eleanor's butler and talk to him. You'll keep it to yourself, anyway." He added, as Rodney hesitated, "I want to tell you about Rose. I saw her in New York, you know."

Rodney sat down again. "Yes," he said, "so she wrote. Tell me how she looked. She's been working tremendously hard, and I'm a little afraid she's overdoing it."

"She looks," Randolph said very deliberately, "a thousand years old." He laughed at the sharp contraction of Rodney's brows. "Oh, not like that! She's as beautiful as ever. Her skin's still got that bloom on it, and she still flushes up when she smiles. She's lost five pounds, perhaps, but that's just condition. And vitality! But a thousand years old, just the same."

"I'd like to know what you mean by that," said Rodney.

"Why, look here," Randolph said. "You know what a kid she was when you married her. Schoolgirl! I used to tell her things and she'd listen, all eyes—holding her breath! Until I felt almost as wise as she thought I was. She was always game, even then. If she started a thing, she saw it through. If she said, 'Tell it to me straight,' why, she took it, whatever it might be, standing up. She wasn't afraid of anything. Courage of innocence. Because she didn't know. Well, she's courageous now, because she knows. She understands—I tell you—everything."

"Why, look here! We all but ran into each other on the corner, there, of Broadway and Forty-second street; shook hands, said howdy-do. If I had a spare half-hour, would I come and have tea with her here at the Knickerbocker? She'd nodded at two or three passing people while we stood there. And then somebody said, 'Hello, Dane,' and stopped. A miserable, shabby, shivering little painted thing. Rose said 'Hello' and asked how she was getting along. Was she working now? She said no; did Rose know of anything? Rose said, 'Give me your address, and if I can find anything I'll let you know.' The horrible little beast told her where she lived and went away. Rose didn't say anything to me, except that she was somebody who'd been out in a road company with... But there was a look in her eyes... Oh, she knew—everything. Knew what the kid was headed for. Knew there was nothing to be done about it. She had no flutters about it, didn't pull a long face, didn't, as I told you, say a word. But there was a look in her eyes, somehow, that understood and faced—everything. And then we went in and had our tea."

"I had a thousand curiosities about her. I'd have found out anything I could. But it was she who did the finding out. Beyond inquiring about you, how lately I'd seen you, and so on, she hardly asked a question; but pretty soon I saw that she understood me. She knew what was the matter with me; knew what I'd made of myself. And she didn't even despise me!"

"I came back here to kick this thing to pieces, give myself a fresh start. And when I got here, I hadn't the sand. I got drunk instead." He poured himself another long drink and sipped slowly.

"Everybody knows," he said at last, "that down-and-outs almost invariably take to drugs or drink. But I know why they do."

That remark stung Rodney out of his long silence. During the whole of Randolph's recital of his encounter with Rose he'd never once lifted his eyes from the gray ash of his cigar. He didn't want to look at Randolph, nor think about him. Just wanted to remember every word he said, so that he could carry the picture away intact.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pay Her to Wait. Shoe Salesman—But, my dear Madam, you had better purchase a pair while they are only twelve dollars. The price will soon go to twenty-five dollars.

Complacent Customer—Oh, then I won't take any just now. If they go that high I'll just wait for my second childhood and then I can go bare-foot.

Kill That Cold and Save Health

CASCARA QUININE

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

Cuticura Heals Skin Troubles

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Didn't Matter. Passenger (loudly)—Man overboard. Cholly Piffle (who is seasick)—Oh, splash.

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

His Intention. "Rastus," inquired the colonel, "aren't you ready to die for your country?"

"No, sah, Ah ain't studyin' to die foh mah country. Ah's studyin' to make some German die foh his country."

Dangerous Remedy. Policeman (holding down a tramp on the sidewalk)—No danger, ma'am, he's merely having a fit.

Kind Lady—Gracious! Shall I get some water to throw in his face? Policeman—Do you want to kill him?

Question of Shape. Brazen Co-ed—What shape is a kiss? Unsophisticated Fresh—Why—uh—I never noticed.

B. C.—Well, give me one and we'll call it square.

Not the Same. A fledgling author at the Century club in New York drew forth a manuscript and volunteered to read it to Robert W. Chambers.

"You know how Poe," the young man said, "read his stories to an old colored mammy, don't you? He believed that what pleased the old mammy would please the public, and he killed the scenes the old girl didn't like, and built up those she did. Well, Bob, I want—ha, ha, ha—I want to use you in the same way. Have a drink and a cigar, and then—"

"Excuse me, my boy," said Mr. Chambers, and he rose and took his hat and stick.

"You don't happen to be Poe, and therefore I don't feel called on to be your old colored mammy."

Bringing Home the Germs. When our soldier boys mingle with the soldiers of all nationalities and fight over strange and disease-soaked soil they may acquire many strange disease germs and, returning to America, bring them along, warns World Outlook. Pestilence has generally been a camp follower of war. But science is dealing with this problem with unprecedented vigor. Sir William Osler said: "Never before in history has so great a host been assembled; never before in war time have armies been so healthy."

Yet we are warned as to the danger of indiscriminate immigration after the war and of the great need of careful medical and sanitary preparation to combat the unfamiliar diseases that Sammies will bring home.

When Coffee Disagrees

quick results for the better follow a change to

Instant Postum

A delicious, drug-free drink, tasting much like high-grade coffee, comforting and satisfying to the former coffee user.

Ideal for children.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Sold by Grocers.

COLIC IN HORSES

demands PROMPT attention. Keep one or two bottles of Dr. David Roberts' Colic Drench Price 75c

Off on Hash. Jack's mother had made hash for supper. His father asked him if he cared for a second helping, and Jack replied: "No, thanks; my stomach don't appreciate that hash."

LIONS CHANGE IN CAPTIVITY

King of the Jungle Grows Darker in Color, Skull Broader, Shorter and More Massive.

Captivity proves to have a marked effect on both the external appearance and the head-shape of lions. Observations have been made on five specimens of Fells leo massaica that had died after several years of life in the Zoological park in Washington, states a correspondent, and 54 specimens of the same species that were killed in the wild state in East Africa.

The chief external differences noted are much darker color, more luxuriant mane, and longer tufts of hair on the elbows in the park animals as compared with wild ones of the same age. Confinement in a damp atmosphere has been shown to increase pigmentation in birds, and it is assumed that at atmospheric humidity greater in Washington than in Africa has produced the same effect in lions. The bones were even more strikingly affected.

The skulls of the captive lions are broader and shorter, more massive and bulky, and indicate that the powerful muscles of the jaws and neck that are so much exercised by the prey-seizing of wild lions have had little effect on bone-shaping in the confined animals.

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 reduced 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.

A Difference. "I understand your daughter is taking music lessons." "Not at all. She's just learning to play the ukulele."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of H. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 50c.

Glass and Wire. Much more efficient than metal mirrors and almost as durable is a new English one for military purposes which is made of glass in which wire netting is imbedded.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

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

Has Faith, Too. Benny—She's got religion all of a sudden. Jenny—Yes, all the flattery the young men heap on her she takes as gospel truth.—Town Topics.

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.

On Which Side? "Is he a credit to his family, then?" "No," said the other; "I fancy he is a debit."

Dipping in a strong solution of alum will give new life to old hair brushes. Reason is the key of knowledge.

A FEW LITTLE SMILES



PEDIGREED.

Bushrod was establishing a pigeon coop of his own, emulating his neighbor, Bill Hite. In arranging the financial promotion of this venture he went to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I want a dollar to buy a pigeon." Mother thought a dollar a rather high price for a pigeon, with common-birds averaging ten cents.

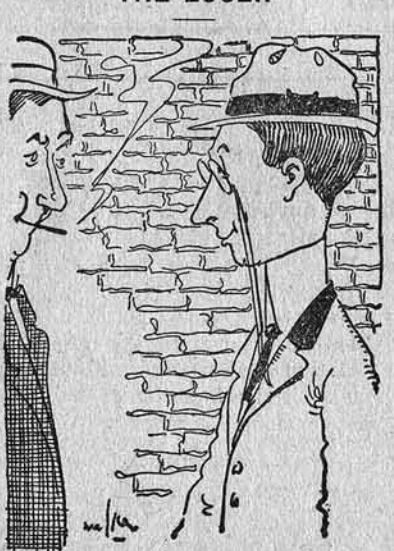
"But, mother," Bushrod said, earnestly, "you don't understand. This is a pedigreed pigeon. With its pedigree it's cheap at a dollar."

Bushrod finally wheedled his mother out of the dollar and left to buy his blooded bird. He returned with the pigeon and a scrap of crumpled paper in his pocket.

"Mother," he said, "this is the pedigree."

"On the crumpled scrap of paper was written: "Grandfather unknown. Grandmother, unknown. Father, unknown. Mother, Bill Hite's pigeon."

THE LOSER



"So you went to Reno?" "Yes; to get a separation." "From your wife?" "No; from my money."

The Plotter. The ostrich covered up his head in a conspicuous spot. "Do not disturb me, please," he said; "I'm hatching out a plot."

An Interesting Topic. "Junior" is an only child and naturally appreciates the attention bestowed upon him. But his mother had hoped he was innocently unconscious of his popularity until one evening when a neighbor had happened in for a chat, "Junior" had gone to bed, but presently his shrill little pipe broke into their conversation: "Mother!" "Yes, Junior." "Talking 'bout me?"

One Resemblance. "Here you have scattered bullets all over the range. Thought you said you were like lightning with a rifle." "Well, I never hit twice in the same place."

Unattended. "There's one good thing about neighborhood picture shows." "What's that?" "The women folks will pick up and go to them, themselves."

All Off. Flance—Yes, dearest, I have loved before, but let's not talk of the past. She—Oh, all right, then; if you don't want to talk of the past, we won't talk of the future, either.

The Idea. Mrs. A.—I want you to keep your dog out of my house. It's full of fleas. Mrs. B.—Your house is? Mercy! I won't let Fido go in there again.

Charged. "The world owes me a living." "The world is conserving its food supply nowadays and you'd better get out and hustle for your meals."

Put His Foot in It. He told her that she was a brick. She left him standing there—And then there flashed upon his mind The color of her hair.

Hubby Loses. Mrs. Dobbs—My husband lost his umbrella the other day, but it gave him an idea for a joke which he wrote and sent off. Mrs. Wobbs—Then he came out about even? Mrs. Dobbs—Hardly; the joke came back, but the umbrella didn't.

His Business. "The man I met with you has a very leaden style of conversation." "Why shouldn't he have? He's a plumber."

ATTENTION! Sick Women To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health. HELLAM, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMLING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa. Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HEIM, R. No. 6, Box 88, Lowell, Mich. Why Not Try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



SOAP AND POSSIBLE FAMINE

Youngsters Have No Worry Over Impending Danger—Conservation of the Present Supply.

Probably all the youngsters, particularly the boys, believe that while there's life there's soap. The millennial dream of their childhood years would come could they but escape the daily requisition of soap and water.

Apparently there will never be a water shortage. But, according to advices from Washington, indicating possible failure of the soap supply unless everyone conserves carefully, there is a faint hope for the youngsters of relief from a part of the daily sanitary ordeal. Oh, joy!

If all the fathers of the country will carefully leave the soap in their bath water enough times, and all the mothers will carefully wrap their wet wash-rags around the cakes, and all the kids will blow a sufficient number of soap bubbles, observes a writer in the Milwaukee Journal, there will not be any more of the hateful stuff that the Germans first introduced for cleansing purposes and to the discomfort of billions of happy boys and girls. Folks did not use soap in Biblical days. They had only ashes and grease to scrub with. The early Greeks and Romans got along without it. Why should it be a necessity today?

The old folks may look forward with fear to a soap famine. They may deprecate the lessened production of fats and the inability to transport vegetable oils from over the seas. They may call those who waste soap citizen slackers, nonpatriots and all that. But the youngsters have their own opinion. On with the soap. Let it all be bathed up quickly. Then a long, long rest from the daily soap annoyance.

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.

The Proper Place. The other morning Willie's mother came in the room to find Willie sitting on a high stool beside the bed, with his feet on the pillow tenderly covered with his bedclothes.

"Willie," said mamma, "are you crazy?" "Oh, no," replied Willie; "my feet have gone to sleep."

Cuticura Is So Soothing To itching, burning skins. It not only soothes but heals. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

At the Fireside. Blizzard comin' nigher—chimney's rumblin' sound; but thank the Lord for fire, and room to stand around! Troubles seem to leave us—from the light they race; Joy is all the sweeter 'round the old-time fireplace. That's where winter's sunny, though lost to skies o' blue. (Here's your chair, my honey, and here's your knitting, too!)—Frank L. Stanton in the Atlantic Constitution.

Colds Cause Headache and Grip LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." H. W. GROVE'S signature is on box. 50c.

Fatal Chagrin. "What did the old miser die of?" "I guess he died when he found he had to spend his breath."

Canton (O.) workhouse inmates are knitting for soldiers. Patience is a virtue found very often in lazy people.

After the Movies Murine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Redness—Bleeding—Itchiness—Stinging—Tearing—Swelling—All these troubles are caused by irritation of the eye. Murine is a favorite treatment for eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY REAL MURINE. Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Hurling Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

Scenes of Prosperity Are Common in Western Canada

The thousands of U. S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre—get \$2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta you can get a HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE and other land at very low prices.

During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley, and Flax. Mixed Farming is as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

G. A. Cook, 2012 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.; C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Government Agents



60 ACRES FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Versatile Barber. Some years ago there was a boom town, Blessing, on the gulf coast of Texas, relates the New York Evening Sun. A newcomer built a shack there near the railway station. On one side he had a barber chair and necessary equipment, and on the other a forge and anvil. Between the two trades he managed to make a living.

One day a traveling salesman went into the shack, threw himself into the barber chair and asked that he be shaved so he could catch a train that was due in fifteen minutes. The proprietor looked across the shack and shook his head. "Sorry, mister," he said, "but there's a plowshare ahead of you."

Hungry or Thirsty? I heard George Tully, the well-known actor, tell a good story of a chance meeting with a breakdown performer, observes a writer in the Chicago American. While feeling in his pocket for the customary coin, it occurred to him to ask the derelict: "Have you had breakfast yet?" A hungry—or was it a thirsty?—look came into the latter's eyes. "Not a drop," he replied earnestly. "Not a drop, George, on my honor!"

Proving It. "I noticed that when he was at the punchbowl last night." "Jaggs boasts he is a man who always goes to the bottom of things."

Good Reason. "Pop, why do people call jolly soft soap?" "Because there is so much lie about it, son."

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.

Cunning is not sufficient protection. Even the fox often is shot at his habitual "crossing."

Anyway, some thirty men lay up a store of canned righteousness.

PNEUMONIA First call a physician. Then begin hot applications of— VICK'S VAPORUB

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

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with ABSORBINE also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 M free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 and \$2.50 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 1-1918.

After Treatment Before— 1917 1918 Double Your Crops All agricultural authorities agree that to get the greatest good out of manure and fertilizers you must also have or put LIME IN THE SOIL. Your land needs LIME. You most likely have limestone on or near your farm. Use it. Reduce it to dust and not only will you have a land tonic that will double your crops but you can also sell it at attractive profit to your neighbors. The Jeffrey LIME PULVER A complete lime grinding plant on four wheels. Can be moved as easily as a farm wagon. Simply belt it to your engine and feed the rock. Will handle rock weighing from 50 to 80 pounds. Will also crush rock for road or concrete work. Write for literature and special proposition—Cash or Easy Terms—on how to turn your rocks into dollars. Be sure to give h. p. of your engine. THE JEFFREY MFG. CO. 909 N. Fourth St. Columbus, Ohio. Live Dealer Agents Write (1)

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

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 fail 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.

Helping the Bashful

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

She replied promptly:

"I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand."

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

Family Trees.

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

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, as he looked up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Atwood.

"What's that?"

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

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

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

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably.

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

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

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

Still she hesitated.

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

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

A Youthful Diplomat.

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

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

Worse.

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

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

A Family Talk.

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

"Sh! I'm having a typical conversation with my wife."

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."

"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, indeed! Who is dis what's talkin' to me?"

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