

PLUNGES IN QUARRY

AUTOMOBILE PLUNGES INTO CITY QUARRY

Kenneth Wilkinson, Seven Year Old Son Is Drowned Mother Is Injured

While driving in their Ford car on North Schuyler Ave. about 6:35 o'clock Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilkinson and son, Kenneth, were thrown into the old city quarry, when the car swerved from the road and plunged into the quarry. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson were saved but their son, Kenneth, was drowned.

In the accident, Mrs. Wilkinson received a fractured rib. The Ford was but slightly damaged but a pocketbook containing about \$40.00 was lost.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson live here on North Washington Ave. and were on their way to Kankakee when the accident occurred. Mrs. Wilkinson was driving the car. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson sat on the front seat while their son, Kenneth, sat in the back seat alone. Mr. Wilkinson had cautioned his wife just before the accident to straddle the street car track with the machine as the road is so narrow. Mrs. Wilkinson did so but suddenly one of the front wheels caught in a frog of the street car track. The Ford hesitated, wobbled and almost fell over. Mrs. Wilkinson attempted to steer it but the machine swerved going over the fence along the side of the road into the quarry.

Mrs. E. J. Schneider, who lives near the quarry, was eating supper at the time and just happened to look out of the window as she saw the rear of the machine going down into the water. She immediately ran down stairs calling that somebody had fell into the quarry. The neighbors were immediately upon the scene and ropes were thrown to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, who were pulled to the banks. As Mr. Wilkinson was being pulled into shore he exclaimed "Save my Child". This was the first knowledge that anyone had of there being someone besides Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson in the car.

At the inquest, Mr. Wilkinson stated that he had seen his son's body come up twice but was unable to swim where he was. Mrs. Wilkinson seized the boy by his clothes but was unable to keep hold of him. The body of the boy was found about 9 o'clock Saturday night.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. Church here last Tuesday afternoon. The family has the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

School Election

The election of officers of the School Board will be held Saturday, April 20th, 1918. Those running for office are Jos. Supernant for President of the Board and for members of the Board, George Richardson, George Seybert and Jos. Grill. As these men are well known here and capable of filling the office for which they are a candidate, it is unnecessary to go into detail introducing them to the voters of Bradley. As the Board of Education is at the head of our schools, and the future welfare of this community depends upon the children who are now in the schools and who will some day be at the head of the business affairs of this village, great interest and care should be taken in electing men to fill these offices who will see that the children will receive the training that is essential to making them men and women that we can feel proud of in years to come. Every voter in Bradley should turn out Saturday and show his colors by voting for the above mentioned men.

Auto Accident

Last Tuesday evening an automobile driven by James McCue of this city was run into at the intersection of Broadway and Center Avenue by an eastbound automobile. Owner unknown. Fortunately Mr. McCue handled his car quickly and escaped with no further damage than a badly bent fender.

Lake-Worman

Mrs. Louise Lake and L. B. Worman both of this city, were married about five o'clock Sunday afternoon at the home of the bride on Blaine Ave. Herman Worman, brother of the groom, officiating.

They were unattended and after the ceremony a six o'clock dinner was served to immediate friends and relatives. Mrs. Worman has lived in Kankakee practically all her life until a short time ago when she moved to Bradley. During her short residence here, she has made many friends.

Mr. Worman has been employed by the Economy for the past two years and is an industrious and highly esteemed young man. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Worman unite in wishing them much joy and happiness for a long and prosperous married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Worman will make their future home on North Blaine Ave.

Farewell Party

The Richard Boys were given a farewell party last Thursday night by a number of their friends. Games were played throughout the evening and a most enjoyable time was had by all present. At the close of the evening, dainty refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, candy and lemonade were served. Among those present were: Maribell Contois, Eloise Lambert, Ruth Dressler, Stella Landry, Bernice Brassard, Olive Richard, Irene Stoltz, Violet Savoie, Virgil Polen, Florence Wilson, Helen Lambert, Leary McAndrews, Levi Coyer, Raymond Riley, Harry McCue, Noah Montie, Eugene and Walter Montie and Raymond Wilson.

Pioneer of Bourbonnais Summoned

Mrs. Adesse Souligne, who has been a resident of Bourbonnais since she was a little girl, died Sunday at the home of her son Amie Souligne, four and a half miles from the village of Bourbonnais.

Mrs. Souligne was born in Canada Jan. 23 1832. Her marriage took place in 1855. Her husband died about twenty five years ago.

Funeral was held Monday morning at the Maternity Church of Bourbonnais and the remains were laid to rest in the Church cemetery.

Mrs. Souligne is survived by two daughters and four sons.

Ralph Voorhees, who has been attending school at Kansas City, Mo., has graduated and returned home.

Mrs. Lyman Topliff and son have returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sikes are the proud parents of a ten pound baby girl born Monday morning.

Mrs. Harvey McCleary is on the sick list.

The Misses Jeanette and Georgiana Marshall, who have been working in Pittsburg, Pa., for the past two months, have returned home to stay.

WANTED—Young women to enter training for graduate nurse. Board, room, laundry, books and uniforms furnished, also spending money. Robert Burns Hospital, 3807 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 8-7t.

Philip Delude is on the sick list.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid Society met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. John McCarthy spent Saturday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal McCleary spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evans in East Chicago, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grimes and children spent Sunday at the home of her parents in Mokenca.

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

F. W. Hoehn is on the sick list.

THE CITY ELECTION

THE CITIZEN TICKET WAS ELECTED

All Five Candidates On Citizens Ticket Elected To Office Tuesday

At the City Election which was held last Tuesday, the Citizen Ticket headed by E. F. McCoy for Clerk was carried straight every candidate on this ticket being elected. James McCue, present trustee, was re-elected by the largest vote, received by any candidate on both tickets his total vote being 414. Emil Hirt Sr., who has been the trustee for a number of years except the last two years, was elected to fill the vacancy existing on the Board receiving the second highest vote of all candidates, 401 votes. Peter Miller on the Citizen ticket received 383 votes while F. L. Martin received 363. The new Board of Trustees will be made up of Geo. Bertrand and Adolph Boch who hold over, James McCue, F. L. Martin, Peter Miller and Emil Hirt Sr., who were elected Tuesday.

On the Patriotic Ticket Hardebeck made a strong race for Clerk receiving the total of 342 votes only 44 less than the winner. Reed made the best race of the four trustees receiving the total of 311 votes while Ed. Wright Jr. received 292 votes and John Schraeder 286 votes. Ernest Bade, who has served as trustee for the past two years, was low man on both tickets receiving only 262 votes. Mr. Bade was elected two years ago and it was then considered that his election was an accident.

The past two years on the Board has not convinced any of the voters that he is to be taken seriously, as the vote he received at Tuesday's election plainly shows. Bade has been the joke of the Board for the past two years and the vote he received Tuesday seems to indicate that the people of Bradley are about ready to quit kidding.

We give below tabulated statement of the vote in full as cast.

CITIZEN TICKET—For Village Clerk E. F. McCoy 386, For Trustee James McCue 414, F. L. Martin 363, For Trustees to fill vacancy Emil Hirt Sr. 401;

PATRIOTIC TICKET—For Village Clerk, Lawrence Hardebeck 342, For Trustees, Earnest Bade 262, C. R. Reed 311, Edward Wright Jr. 292, For Trustee to fill vacancy John H. Schraeder 286;

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

Russell Yeates is just recovering from a siege of the measles.

NO EXEMPTION

BY STRICKLAND GILLILAN,

Author of "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin, Finnigin."

If you cannot launch a bullet at the "frend" across the sea,

Buy a bond!

It will reach its little target straighter than a homing bee—

Buy a bond!

If you've bought a lot before, Don't believe you've done your chore—

Buy a half a dozen more!

Buy a bond!

'Tisn't often helping others helps yourself so all-at-once—

Buy a bond!

Help your country, help your bankbook—every slacker is a dunce!

Buy a bond!

If your country's saved, all right!

There's your money good and tight.

If it isn't—well, good night!

Buy a bond!

If the bond should prove a flivver, all the money that you save

(Buy a bond!)

Isn't worth a single penny—what is money to a slave?

Buy a bond!

It will keep the kaiser's hordes

Back, as well as two-edged swords!

If your pocket book affords,

Buy a bond!

If you are a common tightwad, loving no one but yourself,

Buy a bond!

It's the surest and the sanest way to save your measly pelf—

Buy a bond!

If you are a decent critter,

'Gainst the foe of freedom bitter, God Almighty hates a quitter—

Buy a bond!

Mrs. Everett Butts has been called to North Judson, Ind., on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Miss Marie Hardebeck is able to be out again after being confined to her home for the past three weeks, on account of having an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Alice Strickland who took a Civil Service examination several weeks ago, received word this week that she was among the successful ones.

The Misses Jeanette and Georgiana Marshall spent several days this week in Kankakee visiting friends and relatives.

Sam McCarty of Chicago, who has been visiting Levi Coyer, has returned to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Coyer spent Sunday with relatives in Rockville.

Peter Longtin is moving his family to Buckley, where he intends to open up a garage.

Washington Asks Relief

The government at Washington is calling for help, or rather for relief. From the Committee on Public Information comes an appeal for the public in general to let up on letter writing to the various departments. The appeal says:

"Owing to the enormous increase of government war work, the governmental departments at Washington, are being flooded with letters of inquiry on every conceivable subject concerning the war, and it has been found a physical impossibility for the clerks, though they number an army in themselves now, to give many of these letters proper attention and reply.

"There is published daily at Washington, under authority of and by direction of the President, a government newspaper—The Official U. S. Bulletin. This paper prints every day all of the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., etc., as they are promulgated by the several departments and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the National Capital.

"This official journal is posted each day in every postoffice in the United States, more than 56,000 in number, and may also be found on file in all libraries, boards of trade and chambers of commerce, the offices of mayors, and governors and federal officials.

"By consulting these files most questions will be found readily answered; there will be little necessity for letter writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be appreciably relieved; the railroads will be called upon to move fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the government departments will be eased considerably. Hundreds of clerks now answering correspondence will be enabled to give their time to essentially important war-work, and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public."

But It's Never Shut,
The Secret Door—Woman's mouth—
Lippincott's Magazine.

Ways to Use Cottage Cheese

Cottage cheese is richer in protein than most meats and is very much cheaper. Every pound contains more than three ounces of protein, the chief material for body building. It is also a valuable source of energy, though not so high as foods with more fat. It follows that its value in this respect can be greatly increased by serving it with cream, as is so commonly done.

Cottage cheese alone is an appetizing and nutritious dish. It may also be served with sweet or sour cream, and some people add a little sugar, or chives, chopped onion, or caraway seed.

Cottage Cheese with Preserves and Jellies! Pour over cottage cheese any fruit preserves, such as strawberries, figs or cherries. Serve with bread or crackers. If preferred, cottage-cheese balls may be served separately and eaten with the preserves. A very dainty dish may be made by dropping a bit of jelly into a nest of the cottage cheese.

Cottage-cheese Salad. Mix thoroughly one pound of cheese one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and salt to taste. First, fill a rectangular mold with cold water to chill and wet the surface; line the bottom with waxed paper, then pack in three layers, putting two or three parallel strips of pimento between layers. Cover with waxed paper and set in a cool place until ready to serve; then run a knife around the sides and invert the mold. Cut in slices and add chopped nuts also may be added. Dressing and wafers. Minced olives may be used instead of the parsley, kinds, cowpeas, lentils, or peas), with cottage cheese, and adding bread crumbs to make the mixture thick enough to form into a roll. Beans are usually mashed, but peas or small lima beans may be combined whole with bread crumbs and cottage cheese and enough of the liquor in which the vegetables have been cooked may be added to get the right consistency; or, instead of beans or peas, chopped spinach, beet tops, or head lettuce may be added.

Boston Roast: One pound can of kidney beans or equivalent quantity of cooked beans. One-half pound of cottage cheese. Bread crumbs. Salt. Mash the beans or put them through a meat grinder. Add the cheese and bread crumbs enough to make the mixture sufficiently stiff to be formed into a roll. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with butter or other fat, and water. Serve with tomato sauce. This dish may be flavored with chopped onions, cooked in butter or other fat and a very little water until tender.

Pimento and Cottage Cheese Roast: 2 cupfuls of cooked lima beans. 1-4 pound of cottage cheese. 5 canned pimentos chopped. Bread crumbs. Salt. Put the first three ingredients through a meat chopper. Mix thoroughly and add bread crumbs until it is stiff enough to form into a roll. Brown in the oven, basting occasionally with butter or other fat, and water.

Cottage Cheese and Nut Roast: 1 cupful of cottage cheese. 1 cupful of chopped English walnuts. 1 cupful of bread crumbs. 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onion. 1 tablespoonful of butter. Juice of half a lemon. Salt and pepper. Cook the onion in the butter or other fat and a little water until tender. Mix the other ingredients and moisten with the water in which the onion has been cooked. Pour into a shallow baking dish and brown in the oven.

Cheese Sauce: (For use with eggs, milk toast, or other dishes.) One cupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of Cottage cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Thicken the milk with the flour and just before serving add the cheese, stirring until it is melted. This sauce may be used in preparing creamed eggs or for ordinary milk toast. The quantity of cheese in the recipe may be increased, making a sauce suitable for using with macaroni or rice.

Sorrel can be destroyed by spraying with a solution of sulphate of iron (copperas) made at the rate of two pounds per gallon of water. The treatment will not permanently injure grass and will destroy the weed if repeated as often as the sorrel tries to send out new leaves. Iron sulphate is deadly to clovers and to many broad-leaved weeds, but is not injurious to animals or to the soil. The spraying method is useful where the sorrel occurs simply as patches in a good stand of grass, or for working around rocks and fences.

Everybody can! Put your spare time into cans and jars.

Genius is seldom mistaken for common sense.

Never judge what a woman thinks by what she says.

It takes a man of push to propel even a wheelbarrow.

A man isn't necessarily a failure because he has failed.

No man ever lost his self-respect by acting on the square.

Trying to keep from worrying is what worries some people.

Widowers, like tumbled-down houses, should be re-paired.

It is easier to renew a good resolution than a ninety-day note.

Misery may love company, but company never cares for misery.

A man sometimes makes money, but money never makes the man.

There are times when a woman imagines that she suffers in silence.

The man who is unable to live within his income must live without it.

If matrimony doesn't make a woman wise there isn't any hope for her.

Between two evils some folks have no choice, so they embrace them both.

Pedigrees and epitaphs are intended to perpetuate ready made reputations.

To many virtues in a man are apt to make his friends long for a few vices.

Knowledge may be power, but it takes gasoline to get anywhere these days.

There are no professional female divers. It is impossible to talk under water.

No man ever brings suit against the assessor for underrating his worth.

Fortunes await the inventor of a life-boat that will float in a sea of trouble.

A man with a cork leg may or may not be a member of the floating population.

Fortunate is the man who can eliminate the word revenge from his vocabulary.

It ought to be consoling to the widow to know that history often repeats itself.

If you find yourself in the right place at the right time don't quarrel with your luck.

A woman can make a fool of almost any man if nature doesn't get the start of her.

A woman doesn't necessarily prove her superiority when she puts herself before a mirror.

Love is a wonderful thing, yet there are people who would rather marry for money.

A man's deafness has reached the limit when he can no longer hear a noise like a skirt.

The belle in the church choir calls more young men to worship than the church bell in the steeple.

Even if a man does convince a woman, she is apt to forget it and he has to do it all over again.

Many a poor man might acquire wealth by utilizing the time he wastes in bemoaning his luck.

One trouble with fate is that it hands us corned beef and cabbage when we expect pie and ice cream.

The man who believes that two can live as cheaply as one never had to reckon with milliners and dressmakers.

No matter how loose the engagement ring may be, the diamond never slips around out of sight on a girl's finger.

Son, learn the wisdom from the tailor. When he transacts business with a man he starts by taking the man's measure.

Some people do not believe in the efficacy of prayer because they get what they deserve instead of what they ask for.

It is reported that an Ohio temperance advocate refused to have his portrait painted unless it was done in water colors.

An Arkansas man was recently bitten by a mule with fatal results. This merely shows that the mule is dangerous at both ends.

Had To Quit Work Gave Up Hope of Recovery, But Doan's Restored His Health. Has Been Well Since.

J. B. Ragless, carpenter, 210 W. 60th St., Chicago, Ill., says: "My back gave out completely and I had to quit work. I could hardly endure the pain in my back and nights I tossed and turned, unable to sleep. Often in the morning my back was as stiff as a board, so that I couldn't stoop to dress myself. When I did manage to bend over, everything before me turned black. My head seemed to be whirling and sometimes I was so dizzy I had to grasp something to keep from falling."

"The kidney secretions were irregular in passage, getting me up at night and the passages burned cruelly. I lost my appetite, was weak and listless and went down twenty-five pounds in weight. When I had almost given up hope, Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. Soon after, I passed an examination for life insurance and I'm glad to say my cure has lasted."

Sworn to before me,
GEO. W. DEMPSTER, Notary Public.

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

Pity the Neighbors.
"Is your daughter fond of the needle?"
"Very, if you refer to the gramophone needle."—Boston Transcript.

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

No Trouble.
"Have any trouble with your daughter's beaux?" "No; I use this 'Stop-go' signal in the parlor."

More Than One Way.
Jonah entered the whale.
"Another way of saving daylight," he remarked.

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.

In Holland a municipal gas plant is extracting illuminating gas from a peat and coal mixture.

Smoking is said to calm the nerves. In other words the more a man fumes the less he frets.

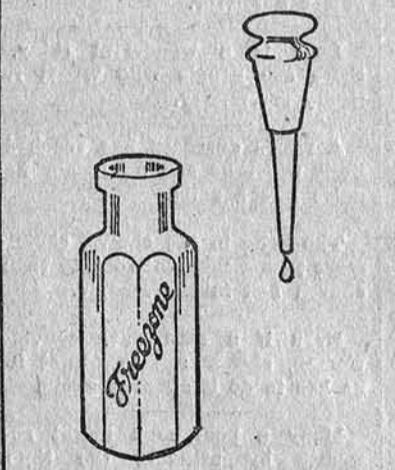
Many a man who has a reputation for talking too much doesn't talk enough at the right time.

Contentment consists in having a great deal to do and doing it.

Many a man's belief in his superior wisdom makes a fool of him.

CORNS LIFT OUT! COSTS FEW CENTS

Drops of magic! Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little Freezone on a touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain! Try it!



Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of discovery of the Cincinnati genius.

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART?

Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the friction from the shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.

The Plattsbury Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer to-day for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Estimates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
FERTILE EGGS CAUSE OF BIG LOSSES—SELL MALES.



After the Hatching Season Cook, Can, Sell or Confine All the Roosters—Infertile Eggs Keep Best.

INFERTILE EGGS MUCH PREFERRED

Loss in Careless Handling Estimated at \$45,000,000 Yearly in United States.

DISPOSE OF ALL MALE BIRDS

Warm Weather Will Soon Begin to Take Toll Unless Roosters Are Removed From Laying Pens—Not Needed for Eggs.

Forty-five million dollars every year is the estimated loss from improper methods of producing and handling eggs, according to specialists of the United States department of agriculture. About one-third of this loss is due to partial hatching of fertile eggs which have been allowed to become warm enough to incubate, and is preventable. Production of infertile eggs is the remedy.

Male Not Necessary.
An infertile egg is one that is laid by a hen that has not been allowed to run with a male bird. In most cases 14 days is long enough to wait for the eggs to become infertile after the male bird is removed from the females. The male bird in the flock has no influence on the number of eggs the hens lay. He merely fertilizes the germ of the egg, which is not necessary when the egg is to be sent to market or used for table purposes. It is impossible to hatch an infertile egg or to cause a blood ring to form in one. Infertile eggs keep in good condition in temperatures that will cause fertile eggs to rot. After the hatching season, cook, can, sell, or confine all of the male birds. Hens not running with a male

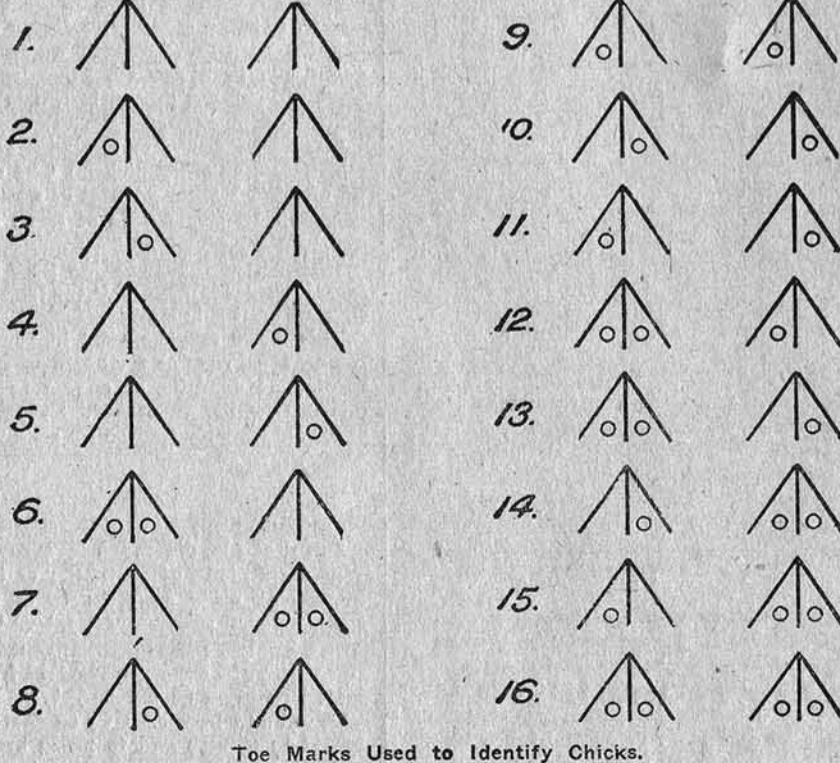
bird will produce infertile eggs—quality eggs that keep best and market best.

Fertile Egg Spoils Quickly.
A fertile egg is just the opposite of the infertile in many respects. It is the egg that is produced from hens that are running with male birds, although occasionally there are hens running with male birds that lay infertile eggs. This is often the case with hens that are confined in yards and runs, and birds that do not have green feed, or those that are overfat. The fertile egg should only be produced during the breeding season. The fertile egg is the one from which the chick is hatched, and that spoils so quickly when subjected to the ordinary methods of handling on the farm and when marketed in the hot summer months.

FERTILE EGGS SPOIL SOON—GET RID OF ROOSTERS.

After the hatching season, cook, sell, or pen your rooster. Hens not running with a male bird will produce infertile eggs—quality eggs that keep best and market best. Fertile eggs soon spoil for food and market in summer heat, just as they do under the sitting hen or in the incubator. Egg production is usually great in flocks from which roosters are excluded.

Coop Hens; Let Chicks Range.
It is best to confine the mother hens until the chicks are weaned. The mother hen that is allowed to range unrestricted with her chicks frequently takes her brood through wet grass and as a result some are chilled and die, especially the weaker ones which are likely to be left behind. The loss of young chicks which follows such practice is large and mainly preventable, specialists of the United States department of agriculture say.



Toe Marks Identify Chicks.
Poultry raisers frequently make the mistake of keeping old hens on their farms and killing the younger hens and pullets because they are unable to distinguish them after the pullets have matured. Marking the chicks when they are young with a toe punch will help to avoid this and will enable the poultryman to determine readily the age and breeding and to keep any other records desired. The chicks should be marked before they are transferred to the brooder or brood coop. The accompanying diagram shows 16 different marks that may be used.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

Democracy and Liberty Undergoing the Supreme Test.

Americans Face Great Duties in Providing Food Products and Aiding Our Soldiers and Our Allies in War.

(By HAPSBURG LIEBE of the Vigilantes.)

Democracy and Liberty are not always synonymous, perhaps, but they mean the same to us now, certainly. A military autocracy, after more than forty years of thorough and cunning preparation, a great part of it by means of weapons of our own invention, has thrust our Democracy and our Liberty into the crucible to test it out, to see whether it would hold good. They did not believe it would hold good, those Prussian militarists; they do not believe it yet. We believe it will, but our belief has been made up heretofore largely of egotism and blindness.

Democracy and Liberty, the world's with our own, is now undergoing the supreme test. Of course there is dross, and it is coming to the top rapidly. There is inefficiency, mismanagement, grave mistakes that even our national leaders have made; there has been some graft, no doubt; there has been some playing of politics; there has been profiteering, but all this is only the dross floating to the top of the crucible. We were never a military nation, you know. The biggest of our mistakes, I think, was in our shipbuilding program, but we were never a shipbuilding nation, either. However, this dross is all being cleared away.

Fully 60 per cent of the winning of this war depends upon us here at home. We have three great duties upon us now as we never had them upon us before—those of us who can grow food products must grow more than ever; we must all aid in the saving of foods, and especially wheat, meats, and sugar; and all of us who can, though it may necessitate some sacrifice, must buy these new Liberty bonds. Properly carried through, these three great duties will prove the overbalancing power in the winning of the war, beyond a doubt. The growing of great crops and the conservation of food, and the buying of Liberty bonds, quickly mean enough food for our soldiers and our allies, and enough ships to carry it. If we fail in this the die of destiny is quite likely to fall with its skull-and-crossbones upward for us; if we do not fail, then Democracy and Liberty will come out of the crucible covered with glory. The result is inevitable.

WHO FIGHTS AT HOME? SAY II!

(By ROLAND G. USHER, of the Vigilantes.)

We cannot fight a war and still do business as usual. This means you and not other people. You might as well come to it first as last. The war is unusual and we shall have to have unusual business to deal with it.

The gist of it is this: The nation has just so many hands and just so much energy—just so much raw material and labor. There are only 24 hours in the day and 365 days in the year. We can make only so many things in a given time with a given supply of time and material. If we make some things we cannot make others. If we put sugar into candy to stuff idle women we cannot have jam to feed the soldiers. If we make autos for pleasure only, we cannot use that material, labor and energy for tanks and airplanes. If we burn the gasoline on Sundays, the boys in France cannot use it in battle.

The whole truth is that we must stop business as usual. And this is where you come in—you must stop spending as usual. Do it now. Put your money into gunpowder and not face powder; into tanks and not limousines; into food for the trenches instead of spending it in hotels and restaurants. But you cannot buy directly for the army. The government must do it. Give the government the money and BUY A LIBERTY BOND.

Your Bond Buys Explosives.

Many farmers here in America have used giant powder or dynamite in blasting out stumps and rocks and in preparing a hillside for an orchard. Explosives are dangerous to handle and we all duck our heads and run when the charge is to be set off. Over in France today our sons are having the stuff hurled at them every minute of the day and night with an occasional volley of gas shells that choke and strangle to death and they don't dare run. With the boys looking death in the face over there, we can do no more than look the issue squarely in the face here at home and buy Liberty Bonds and see that they are provided with ammunition to return the kaiser just as good as he is sending across to our trenches.

We Are at War! Buy Bonds!

Do many farmers, far removed from the war, realize the seriousness of our present predicament? The very fact that the farmer is not immediately in touch with the war makes the danger more imminent. Russia is made up of farming population, probably three-fourths of which knew very little of what the war over there meant. As a result the army was not provisioned and money not kept in circulation and the military machine collapsed. Support our army by buying bonds.

Remember the Blind Man

Now—

For 8 long years Trachoma kept this boy in agony! Month after month he lived in inky blackness—shut out from the world. But he found the "light."

The
Haley Treatment
offered new hope! His dreams came true. And today friends and kin are constantly asking: "Spencer, is it really you?"

Then—

before he came to this institution, he couldn't attend school! Couldn't romp and play! Had to be led and fed! But look at him now!

Surely this is convincing evidence of what the Haley Treatment can do for you. Won't you come—or write today?

HALEY EYE INFIRMARY
CENTRALIA, ILL.

JUDGED BY THOSE OF TODAY

Undecipherable Papyrus Might Well Have Been What Librarian Would Catalogue It.

The librarian at a certain museum was engaged in cataloging and arranging some ancient books that had just arrived from Egypt, when he noticed a perplexed look on the face of his assistant.

"What's the matter, Brown?" he asked. "Is there anything that you don't understand?"

"Yes," answered Brown. "Here is a small papyrus on which the characters are not decipherable. How shall I class it?"

"Uh," thoughtfully returned the librarian, examining the papyrus. "Suppose you call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

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.

Stray Romance From the Front.

One of our stray romances came to light the other day when a soldier dashed back to England on leave from France to marry the girl of his heart. He had picked up a photograph of the lady on the battlefield (which seems to hint that she was the idol of some other soldier's heart previously), and a letter asking her whether she desired a return of the likeness led to correspondence and an engagement. But the couple did not meet until the day of their wedding. Talk about the risks at the front!—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Turkey Worth Buying.

F. J. Hardy of Chicago hungered for turkey, but because of the high prices asked for them he hesitated to spend the money. His appetite got the better of his frugality, however, and he drew from his slender savings enough to buy one. His prudence in selecting the bird brought him a greater reward than he had anticipated. When he dressed it he found in its crop a diamond worth about \$150.—Pathfinder.

Important to Mothers

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

No Other Testimony.

"If you are willing to accept hearsay evidence, the new \$10,000 bill bears General Grant's portrait.—Minneapolis Morning Tribune.

NEURALGIA
For quick results rub the Forehead and Temples with
VICK'S VAPORUB
Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

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

Greetings.

On New Year's eve in a Yorkshire town two men were carried to the hospital—victims of an explosion. One had the misfortune to have his nasal organ blown off; the other had lost one of his ears. The two men were placed in adjacent beds, and in the morning the one minus his nose shouted to his neighbor:

"Happy New Year to thee, mate!"

"Happy new nose to thee, and mind thine own business," growled the other.

Revenge is not vapor.



Building-up for the Spring Attack at the Front is a good deal like putting the body in condition for an invasion of the germs of grip, pneumonia or "Spring fever" here at home.

At this time of the year most people suffer from a condition often called Spring Fever. They feel tired, worn out, before the day is half thru. They may have frequent headaches and sometimes "pimply" or pale skin and white lips. The reason for this is that during the wintertime, shut up within doors, eating too much meat and too little green vegetables, one heaps fuel into the system which is not burned up and the clinkers remain to poison the system—a clogging up of the circulation—with inactive liver and kidneys. Time to put your house in order.

For an invigorating tonic which will clarify the blood, put new life in the body, sparkle to the eyes, and a wholesome skin, nothing does so well as a glyceric herb extract made from Golden Seal root, Blood and Stone root, Oregon grape root and Wild Cherry bark. This can be had in convenient, ready-to-use tablet form at all drug stores, sixty cents, and has been sold for the past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By reason of the nerves feeding on the blood, when the blood is pure the nerves feel the effect, and neuralgia or other nerve pains disappear because such pain is the cry of the starved nerves for food. When suffering from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired feeling, the simple way to overcome these disorders is merely to obtain Dr. Pierce's Anuric from your druggist. In tablets, sixty cents.

Heal Skin Troubles
That Itch and Burn with Cuticura.
The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Everywhere Soap 25c Ointment 25c 50c.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccines, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

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PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

The Story of a Houseful of Loveable Girls

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IN WHICH CAROL RECEIVES A MAD KISS IN THE DARK FROM A BOLD MAN—AND ENJOYS THE SENSATION

Synopsis.—The story concerns the household of Rev. Mr. Starr, a Methodist minister at Mount Mark, Ia., and the affairs of his five loveable daughters—Prudence, the eldest; Fairy, the next; Carol and Lark, twins; and Connie, the "baby." Prudence marries and goes away. Her place as "mother" in the home is taken by Aunt Grace. Fairy is engaged to wed. The twins and the "baby," just coming into womanhood, have the usual boy-and-girl love affairs, and the usual amazing adventures of adolescence.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Oh, no, I like to be out in the night air. I want to talk to you about being a preacher, you know. I think it is the most wonderful thing in the world, I certainly do." Her eyes were upon his face now seriously. "I didn't say much, I was surprised, and I was ashamed, too, professor, for I never could do it in the world. Never! It always makes me feel cheap and exasperated when I see how much nicer other folks are than I. But I do think it is wonderful. Really sometimes I have thought you ought to be a preacher, because you're so nice. So many preachers aren't, and that's the kind we need."

The professor put his other hand over Carol's, which was restlessly fingering the crease in his sleeve. He did not speak. Her girlish, impulsive words touched him very deeply.

"I wouldn't want the girls to know it, they'd think it was so funny, but—" She paused uncertainly, and looked questioning into his face. "Maybe you won't understand what I mean, but sometimes I'd like to be good myself. Awfully good, I mean." She smiled whimsically. "Wouldn't Connie scream if she heard that? Now you won't give me away, will you? But I mean it. I don't think of it very often, but sometimes, why, Professor, honestly, I wouldn't care if I were as good as Prudence!" She paused dramatically, and the professor pressed the slender hand more closely in his.

"Oh, I don't worry about it. I suppose one hasn't any business to expect a good complexion and just natural goodness, both at once, but—" She smiled again. "Five thousand dollars," she added dreamily. "Five thousand dollars! What shall I call you now? Professor is not appropriate any more, is it?"

"Call me David, won't you, Carol? Or Dave."

Carol gasped. "Oh, mercy! What would Prudence say?" She giggled merrily. "Oh, mercy!" She was silent a moment then. "I'll have to be contented with plain Mr. Duke, I suppose, until you get a D. D. Duckie, D. D.," she added laughingly. But in an instant she was sober again. "I do love our job. If I were a man I'd be a minister myself. Wouldn't I be a peach?"

He laughed, too, recovering his equanimity as her customary buoyant brightness returned to her.

"You are," he said, and Carol answered:

"Thanks," very dryly. "We must go back now," she added presently. And they turned at once, walking slowly back toward the parsonage.

"Can't you write to me a little oftener, Carol? I hate to be a bother, but my uncle never writes letters, and I like to know how my friends here are getting along, marriages, and deaths, and just plain gossip. I'll like it very much if you can. I do enjoy a good correspondence with—"

"Do you?" she asked sweetly. "How you have changed! When I was a freshman I remember you told me you received nothing but business letters, because you didn't want to take time to write letters, and—"

"Did I?" For a second he seemed a little confused. "Well, I'm not crazy about writing letters, as such. But I'll be so glad to get yours that I know I'll even enjoy answering them."

Inside the parsonage gate they stood a moment among the rose bushes. Once again she offered her hand, and he took it gravely, looking with sober intentness into her face, a little pale in the moonlight. He noted again the royal little head with its grown-up crown of hair, and the slender figure with its grown-up length of skirt.

Then he put his arms around her, and kissed her warmly upon the childish, unsuspecting lips.

A swift red flooded her face, and receding as swiftly, left her pale. Her lips quivered a little, and she caught her hands together. Then sturdily, and only slightly tremulous, she looked into his eyes and laughed. The professor was in nowise deceived by her attempt at light-heartedness, remembering as he did the quick quivering lips beneath his, and the unconscious yielding of the supple body in his arms. He condemned himself mentally in no uncertain terms for having yielded to the temptation of her young loveliness. Carol still laughed, determined by her merriment to set the seal of insignificance upon the act.

"Come and walk a little farther, Carol," he said in a low voice. "I want to say something else." Then after a

few minutes of silence, he began rather awkwardly, and David Arnold Duke was not usually awkward:

"Carol, you'll think I'm a cad to say what I'm going to, after doing what I have just done, but I'll have to risk that. You shouldn't let men kiss you. It isn't right. You're too pretty and sweet and fine for it. I know you don't allow it, commonly, but don't at all. I hate to think of anyone even touching a girl like you."

Carol leaned forward, tilting back her head, and looking up at him roguishly, her face a-sparkle.

He blushed more deeply. "Oh, I know it," he said. "I'm ashamed of myself. But I can't help what you think of me. I do think you shouldn't let them, and I hope you won't. They're sure to want to."

"Yes," she said quietly, very grown-up indeed just then, "yes, they do. Aren't men funny? They always want to. Sometimes we hear old women say, 'Men are all alike.' I never believe it. I hate old women who say it. But—are they all alike, professor?"

"No," he said grimly, "they are not. But I suppose any man would like to kiss a girl as sweet as you are. But men are not all alike. Don't you believe it. You won't, then, will you?"

"I mean," he said, almost stammering in his confusion, "I mean you won't let them touch you."

Carol smiled teasingly, but in a moment she spoke, and very quietly. "Professor, I'll tell you a blood-red secret if you swear up and down you'll never tell anybody. I've never told Lark—well, one night, when I was a sophomore—do you remember Bud Garvin?"

"Yes, the tall fellow with black hair and eyes, wasn't he? In the freshman zoology class."

"Yes, well, he took me home from a party. And Bud, well—he put his arm around me, and—maybe you don't know it, professor, but there's a big difference in girls, too. Now some girls are naturally good. Prudence is, and so's Lark. But Fairy and I—well, we've got a lot of the original Adam in us. Bud's rather nice and I let him—oh, just a little, but it made me nervous and excited. But I liked it. Prudence was away, and I hated to talk to Lark that night, so I sneaked in Fairy's room and asked if I might sleep with her. She said I could, and told me to turn on the light, it wouldn't disturb her. But I was so hot I didn't want any light, so I undressed as fast as I could and crept in. Somehow, from the way I snuggled up to Fairy, she caught on. I was out of breath, really I was ashamed of myself, but I wasn't just sure then whether I'd ever let him put his arm around me again or not. But Fairy turned over, and began to talk.

"She said that once, when she was fifteen, one of the boys at Exminster kissed her good night. And she didn't mind it a bit. But father was putting the horses in the barn, and he came out just in time to see it; it was a moonlight night. After the boys had gone, father hurried and took Fairy indoors for a little talk, just the two of them alone. He said that in all the years he and my mother were married, every time he kissed her he remembered that no man but he had ever touched her lips, and it made him happy. He said he was always sort of thanking God inside, whenever he held her in his arms. He said nothing else in the world made a man so proud, and glad and grateful, as to know his wife was all his own, and that even her lips had been reserved for him like a sacred treasure that no one else could share. He said it would take the meanest man on earth, and father thinks there aren't many as mean as that, to go back on a woman like that. Fairy said she burst out crying because her husband wouldn't ever be able to feel that way when he kissed her. But father said since she was so young and innocent, and it being the first time, it wouldn't really count. Fairy swore off that minute—never again! Of course, when I knew how father felt about mother, I wanted my husband to have as much pleasure in me as father did in her, and Fairy and I made a solemn resolve that we would never, even 'hold hands,' and that's very simple, until we got crazy enough about a man to think we'd like to marry him if we got a chance. And I never have since then, not once."

"Carol," he said in a low voice, "I wish I had known it. I wouldn't have kissed you for anything. God knows I wouldn't. I—I think I am man enough not to have done it anyhow if I had only thought a minute, but God knows

I wouldn't have done it if I had known about this. You don't know how contemptible—I feel."

"Oh, that's all right," she said comfortingly, her eyes glowing. "That's all right. We just meant beaux, you know. We didn't include uncles, and fathers, and old schoolteachers, and things like that. You don't count. That isn't breaking my pledge."

The professor smiled, but he remembered the quivering lips, and the relaxing of the lithe body, and the forced laughter, and was not deceived.

"You're such a strange girl, Carol. You're so honest, usually, so kind-hearted, so generous. But you always seem trying to make yourself look bad, not physically, that isn't what I mean." Carol smiled, and her loving fingers caressed her soft cheek. "But you try to make folks think you are vain and selfish, when you are not. Why do you do it? Everyone knows what you really are. All over Mount Mark they say you are the best little kid in town."

"They do!" she said indignantly. "Well, they'd better not. Here I've spent years building up my reputation to suit myself, and then they go and shatter it like that. They'd better leave me alone."

"But what's the object?"

"Why, now, professor," she said, carefully choosing her words, "you know, it's a pretty hard job living up to a good reputation. Look at Prudence and Fairy and Lark. Everyone just naturally expects them to be angelically and dishearteningly good. And if they aren't, folks talk. But take me now. No one expects anything of me, and if once in a while I do happen to turn out all right by accident, it's a sort of joyful surprise to the whole community. It's lots more fun surprising folks by being better than they expect, than shocking them by turning out worse than they think you will."

"But it doesn't do you any good," he assured her. "You can't fool them. Mount Mark knows its Carol."

"You're not going?" she said, as he released her hand and straightened the collar of his coat.

"Yes, your father will chase me off if I don't go now. How about the letters, Carol? Think you can manage a little oftener?"

"I'd love to. It's so inspiring to get a letter from a five-thousand-dollar-a-year scientist; I mean, a was-once. Do my letters sound all right? I don't want to get too chummy, you know."

"Get as chummy as you can," he urged her. "I enjoy it."

"I'll have to be more dignified if you're going to McCormick. Presbyterian! The Presbyterians are very dignified. I'll have to be formal from this on. Dear sir: Respectfully yours. Is that proper?"

He took her hands in his. "Goodby, little pal. Thank you for coming out, and for telling me the things you have. You have done me good. You are a breath of fresh, sweet air."

She moved her fingers slightly in his hand, and he looked down at them. Then he lifted them and looked again, admiring the slender fingers and the pink nails.

"Don't look," she entreated. "They're teaching me things. I can't help it. This spot on my thumb is fried egg, here are three doughnuts on my arm—see them? And here's a regular pancake." She pointed out the pancake in her palm, sorrowfully.

"Teaching you things, are they?"

"Yes, I have to darn. Look at the tips of my fingers, that's where the needle rusted off on me. Here's where I cut a slice of bread out of my thumb! Isn't life serious?"

"Yes, very serious." He looked thoughtfully down at her hands again as they lay curled up in his own.

"Very, very serious."

"Goodby."

"Goodby." He held her hand a moment longer, and then turned suddenly away. She watched until he was out of sight, and then slipped upstairs, undressed in the dark and crept between the covers. Lark apparently was sound asleep. Carol giggled softly to herself a few times, and Lark opened one eye, asking, "What's amatter?"

"Oh, such a good joke on professor," whispered Carol, squeezing her twin with rapture. "He doesn't know it yet, but he'll be so disgusted with himself when he finds it out."

"What in the world is it?" Lark was more coherent now.

"I can't tell you, but you'll certainly scream if you ever do know it."

"You can't tell me?" Lark was wide awake, and quite agast.

"No, I truly can't."

Lark drew away from the encircling arm with as much dignity as could be expressed in the dark and in bed, and sent out a series of deep breaths, as if to indicate that snores were close at hand.

Carol laughed to herself for a while, until Lark really slept, then she buried her head in the pillow and her throat swelled with sobs that were heavy but soundless.

The next morning was Lark's turn for making the bed. And when she shook up Carol's pillow she found it very damp.

"Why, the little goose," she said to herself, smiling, "she laughed until she cried, all by herself. And then she

turned the pillow over, thinking I wouldn't see it. The little goose! And what on earth was she laughing at?"

CHAPTER IX.

Jerry Junior.

For some time the twins ignored the atmosphere of solemn mystery which pervaded their once so cheerful home. But when it finally reached the limit of their endurance they marched in upon their aunt and Fairy with an admirable admixture of dignity and indignation in their attitude.

"Who's haunted?" inquired Carol abruptly.

"Where's the criminal?" demanded Lark.

"Yes, little twins, talk English and maybe you'll learn something."

"Then, in common vernacular, though it is really beneath us, what's up?"

Fairy turned innocently inquiring eyes toward the ceiling. "What, indeed?"

"Oh, don't try to be dramatic, Fairy," counseled Lark. "You're too fat for a star-Starr."

The twins beamed at each other approvingly at this, and Fairy smiled. But Carol returned promptly to the charge. "Are Jerry and Prudence having domestic difficulties? There's something going on, and we want to know. Father looks like a fallen Samson, and—"

"A fallen Samson, Carol! Mercy! where did you get it?"

"Yes, kind of sheepish, and ashamed, and yet hopeful of returning strength. Prudence writes every day, and you hide the letters. And Aunt Grace sneaks around like a convict with her hand under her apron. And you look as heavy-laden as if you were carrying Connie's conscience around with you."

Aunt Grace raised her eyebrows. Fairy hesitated, nodded, smiled. Slowly then Aunt Grace drew one hand from beneath her apron and showed to the eagerly watching twins a tiny, hand-embroidered dress. They stared at it, fascinated, half frightened, and then looked into the serious faces of their aunt and sister.

"I—I don't believe it," whispered Carol. "She's not old enough."

Aunt Grace smiled.

"She's older than mother was," said Fairy.

Lark took the little dress and examined it critically. "The neck's too small," she announced critically. "Nothing could wear that."

"We're using this for a pattern," said Fairy, lifting a yellowed, much-



The Next Morning Was Lark's Turn For Making Up the Bed.

worn garment from the sewing basket. "I wore this, and so did you and so did Connie—my lovely child."

Carol rubbed her hand about her throat in a puzzled way. "I can't seem to realize that we ever grew out of that," she said slowly. "Is Prudence all right?"

"Yes, just fine."

The twins looked at each other bashfully. Then, "I'll bet there'll be no living with Jerry after this," said Lark.

"Oh, papa," lisped Carol, in a high-pitched voice supposed to represent the tone of a little child. They both giggled, and blinked hard to crowd back the tears that wouldn't stay choked down. Prudence! And that!

"And see here, twins, Prudence has a crazy notion that she wants to come home for it. She says she'll be scared in a hospital, and Jerry's willing to come here with her. What do you think about it?"

The twins looked doubtful. "They say it ought to be done in a hospital," announced Carol gravely. "Jerry could afford it."

The Starr family is setting much store by Jerry Junior, to be, but Mother Nature doesn't tell all her secrets—she enjoys a joke on human beings now and then.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Keep Your House Sweet.

An excellent deodorizer is a little pan of cloves which have been sprinkled with a few drops of spirits of lavender. Put a few bits of charcoal into the bottom of the pan. If charcoal is not convenient some bits of orange peel will do, as they soon turn into charcoal. Sprinkle the cloves liberally on these, and when wanted to perfume the house place on the stove until they begin to smoke. The fumes soon will penetrate the house, and the odor is much like that of the carnation. It will effectively cover the odors of fish, cabbage, turnips and the like.

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Cautious.
"Have you been taken, too, with these arguments about the excitement of aviation?"
"Well, I wouldn't so to speak, care to fall for it."

The child who cries for cake may live to cry for bread.

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You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.
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"I suppose life on the front broadens one."
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Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than May 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR ST. LOUIS, MO.; QUINCY, ILL.; ALTON, ILL.; ST. CHARLES, MO.

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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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under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Visitors welcome.

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

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Meet at Woodman's Hall, Broadway,
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Meets the second and fourth Monday
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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.

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Highmass, 10:00 a. m.
Vespers, 2 p. m.

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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.
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REV. IVER JOHNSON, Pastor.

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High mass, 9:00 a. m.
Sunday school, 2:15 p. m.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 p. m.
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Pastor.

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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, Patrich Lamontagne,
George Courville, Oscar Byron, Trust-
tees.

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 Sun-
day 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 Sun-
day 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 won-
ders for the liver, kidneys and
bladders. A trial 35c bottle of
Sanol will convince you. Get it
at the drug store. 6-18.

INSIST ON MATES OF MORAL HABITS

MAJORITY OF GIRLS MAKE THIS FIRST REQUIREMENT

Students at University of Missouri
Give Views on Matrimony
in Symposium.

Kansas City, Mo.—What are your
requirements of the person whom you
would marry? That question was asked
of the students in connection with
a discussion on "convention" by Prof.
L. L. Bernard in his sociology class of
the University of Missouri the other
day. Sixty-eight students—forty-one
women and twenty-seven men—placed
on the professor's desk anonymous
statements in reply.

The tabulated opinions show the
women consider moral habits as the
prime requisite. Nineteen women
make it the first requirement, six the
second requirement, eight the third
requirement, sixth the fourth require-
ment, one the fifth requirement and
one does not mention it.

Good social position is considered
most important by seven women while
the average place this requirement in
fourth place.

Good income is held to be of prime
importance by five women, while
seventeen hold it to be of secondary
and ten of tertiary importance.

Congeniality and good treatment is
placed among the first four requisites
by thirty-one women, three of whom
make it the first requirement.

One signifies her willingness to
abide with a middle-aged man, while
thirteen place youth as fifth in im-
portance.

One insists that good looks is the
first essential in a husband, while the
majority seem willing to waive this
quality after putting in requests for
a good income, congeniality and a
good social position.

Just as the women require good
moral habits as the prime essential, so
the men insist on good character, and
twenty demand it as the first require-
ment.

While the women are more insistent
for intellectual ability, the men base
their faith on physical beauty. Five
men make it a first requirement, while
no one places it below the fourth
place.

"All except five of the men express
an opinion on congeniality, but they
do not hold it as a high requirement,
and indicate their trust in character,
youth and beauty to include that
quality.

The men are generally interested in
the training for home making, making
this requirement average fourth in im-
portance. The men are decidedly in-
terested in good heredity, while the
women make no mention of it.

Two women and two men desire
their mates to be religious. One man
yearns for mutual infatuation, and
places it as a third requirement in his
scheme of things for martial bliss.
One woman longs for sympathy and
assigns it in fifth place. One man in-
sists on sincerity and common sense,
while another requires musical talent
in his wife-to-be and a third demands
his wife must be economical.

INFANT'S BODY BECOMES MUMMY IN 20 YEARS

Negro Baby Embalmed Long Ago Is
Preserved by a Chester, Pa.,
Undertaker.

Chester, Pa.—A real mummy, a lit-
tle colored baby, born some twenty
years ago, who died after living sev-
eral weeks, was viewed with interest
the other day at an undertaking estab-
lishment here.

There is no record of the parentage
of the infant, and, in brief, its history
is that it was found dead twenty years
ago, and the body was turned over to
the late Thomas Minshall, then an un-
dertaker and deputy coroner.

As the body was never claimed, he
decided to use it for experimental pur-
poses in embalming, and prepared a
special mixture of embalming fluid,
a portion of which he injected into
the little body.

The result proved successful, and
in a short time there were evidences
of mummification, and after being an
object of curiosity and a "ten days'
wonder," the mummy, characterized
"Izzie," was taken to an unused room
in the building and tucked away on
the top shelf of a closet.

During all these years the infant
body has lain there undisturbed, ex-
cept when some curious person has
called at the establishment and re-
quested permission to see it. The
mummy is twenty inches long, weighs
two pounds, and resembles in every
way a real colored baby.

TRAMP DOG ATTENDS FUNERALS

Nesquehoning, Pa.—This commu-
nity has a dog which manifests a fond-
ness for attending funerals. Since at-
tention was drawn to his habit he has
never been known to miss one. He
usually walks beside the hearse and
will go into the church if permitted.
He has frequently been driven out,
but when this happens he will loiter
outside until services are over and
then accompany the cortege to the
grave. He is only a common tramp
dog, but since he has shown humane
instinct people are taking more kindly
to him, and instead of being kicked
about he is now being treated with
the utmost consideration.

COUPLE TRY MARRIAGE ON FIFTY-FIFTY PLAN

'Individual' Wedlock, They Call It,
but It Differs Very Little From
"A Dutch Treat."

New York, N. Y.,—Pretty 21-year-
old Eleanor Taylor, as attractive a
girl as ever helped carry the daisy
chain at Vassar College, has given
Greenwich village a great shock. And
that is going some, for Greenwich
village is a district populated chiefly
by persons, connected with the arts
who live the so-called Bohemian life.
From the quiet of the halls of the
ancient seat of learning pretty Elea-
nor has walked with bold and un-
daunted step into the very center of
the "village" Bohemians. What has
she done? She has entered into the
queerest of marital contracts with
Benjamin Marsh, war correspondent,
radical and seventeen years her
senior, in what now becomes famous
as the "individual marriage."

The "individual" clause of the con-
tract was added when Miss Taylor
and Mr. Marsh—not Mr. and Mrs.
Marsh—found themselves sipping tea
in the cheerful home they had previ-
ously fixed up in the environs of
Washington Square.

In a word, the clause that makes
a marriage an "individual" one is
nothing to be scoffed at by the strug-
gling artist who finds both ends hard
to meet. True, it robs him of what
many men glory in—dominion over
his spouse—but it makes life less
worrysome.

It seems that the wife is to retain
her individual rights, including every-
thing. She does not even have to give
up her name, her position, her
thought, her work; nor does such a
marriage permit a husband to support
his wife. She supports herself, and
Miss Eleanor Taylor and Benjamin C.
Marsh are carrying their contract out
to the letter. Each contributes an
equal amount toward the morning
meal. Each has a job in New York.

At night they wend their respective
ways home to 11 Vandam street. After
comparing expenses for the day they
go over to the Greenwich Settlement
House, where they dine sumptuously
for 35 cents each. As they stop at
the cashier's desk on the way out,
Miss Taylor pays her own check, Mr.
Marsh his. To the movies, a lecture
or the theater, Miss Taylor pays for
her ticket, Mr. Marsh pays for his.

"I met Mr. Marsh a year ago at the
Greenwich Settlement House," she
said. "Neither of us wanted to im-
pose his belief on the other. We
agreed in purpose, tho. We decided
on our mode of living, because we
knew it would make us happier; all
the more because each has his own
work. We decided that each contrib-
ute to the support of the household.
We figure out the cost of breakfast—
just now it is 15 cents—and we divide
the amount. We pay our laundry
and other bills separately.

"No man, husband nor anybody else,
could make me change my individual
thinking, and why my name? On our
doorbell we have Mr. Marsh and Miss
Taylor."

LACE SHROUD PUT ON POISONED DOG

Owner Offers \$500 Reward for Arrest
of Those Responsible for
Death of Pet.

Greenwich, Conn.—Wrapped in a
lace shroud and sealed in a pine box,
the body of Krazia, Mrs. Frank L.
Brittain's Russian wolfhound, a vic-
tim of poisoners, was buried here on
the grounds of the Brittain estate.
While members of the household were
directing burial of the animal, the
countryside was being searched for
the person who administered the
poison.

Krazia was found dead by Mrs. Brit-
tain. A veterinarian found that
strychnine had killed the animal.

A grave was dug near the swim-
ming pool, one of the picturesque
spots on the estate, and the coffin
containing Krazia's body was lowered
into it. Later Mrs. Brittain said that
she would have a headstone placed
over the grave.

Krazia was valued at \$2,000 and
since puppyhood had been the pet
and almost constant companion of
Mrs. Brittain. The dog was 4 years
old.

Henry L. Brittain, president of the
Empire Metal Products Corporation,
when seen by a reporter, seemed to
be deeply perturbed over the loss of
the dog Krazia. He said the dog had
been the companion and protector of
his wife.

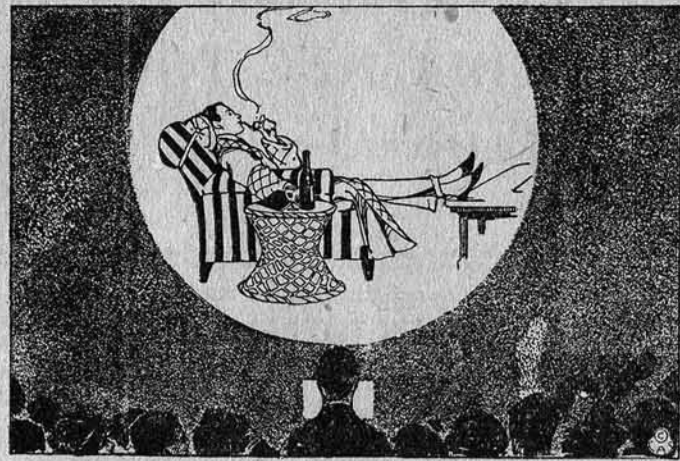
"I have offered a reward of \$500 for
the identification of those responsible
for poisoning Krazia," said Mr. Brit-
tain, "but up to date nothing has hap-
pened to bring us nearer the culprits.
Krazia was of purest breed and, altho
she possessed high money value,
money could not buy the affection we
had for the animal. Mrs. Brittain par-
ticularly feels the loss of the dog."

BIRTH RESTORES HER SIGHT

Woman Begins to See After Twins
Are Born.

Burlington, Kan.—Birth of twins to
her restored the sight of Mrs. Floyd
McCullough of this city.
Two weeks ago while at her house-
work Mrs. McCullough was stricken
totally blind. She was taken to the
State University Hospital at Rosedale
and a few days later twins were born.
A few hours later Mrs. McCullough,
waking from a sound sleep, was able
to distinguish a light and gradually to
dimly distinguish objects.

Her sight is gradually growing bet-
ter and the doctors believe she will
entirely recover it in a few days.



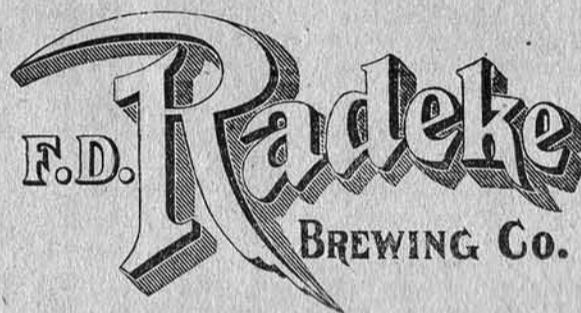
A Picture of Solid Comfort

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, re-
freshing hour before bedtime—an hour that relieves fatigue and as-
sures 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.



ALEX J. POWELL

Attorney-at-Law

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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

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

TRY US

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



PERMA-LAC
"Makes old things new"

AS a matter of fact, things
don't grow "old"—they get
scratched and chipped and
battered—the finish wears
off. So—the recipe for mak-
ing them "new"—is—put the finish
back on—

Do it with PERMA-LAC and
you'll find many a seemingly worth-
less thing a treasure once more.

Perma-Lac can be used on any-
thing made of wood, metal or
plaster. The line of finishes under
this trademark offers the most ex-
tensive uses ever comprised in a
paint assortment. And no skill is
required to use "Perma-Lac"—the
knack is all in the can.

See our color-cards
and make the test

Paint for Sale by

The Economy

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store
Broadway and Grand Ave.
Bradley - - - Illinois.

Mrs. Nopoleon LeCuyer, who
has been sick for some time, is
very low at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Erwin of
Kankakee, are moving in the
Magruder house on North Grand
Ave. Mr. Erwin has accepted a
position with the Mann Corpora-
tion.

REMEMBER



That we have every facility for turning out neat printing of all kinds. Letter heads, bill heads, office stationery, etc., furnished at the lowest prices first class work will permit.

Advertise

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
Want a Servant Girl
Want to Sell a Piano
Want to Sell a Carriage
Want to Sell Town Property
Want to Sell Your Groceries
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Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
Advertising Is the Way to Success
Advertising Brings Customers
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Advertising Insures Success
Advertising Shows Energy
Advertising Shows Pluck
Advertising Is "Biz"
Advertise or Bust
Advertise Long
Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

In This Paper



We're Shouting

about the excellent quality of our printing. We don't care what the job may be, we are equipped to turn it out to your satisfaction. If we can't, we'll tell you so frankly.

Let Us Convince You

MOUSE IN GINGER ALE UPSETS MAN FOR DAYS

After His Recovery He Sues Cafe Where He, and Girl Companion as Well, Were Shocked.

Buffalo, N. Y.—A mouse in a bottle of ginger ale served at the Old Teck Cafe so upset the stomach of Frederick McGregor, a salesman, that for a long period, he says, he was unable to work or eat. He is suing the Vartay Water Company, manufacturers of the ginger ale, and Hans Guy Geyer, proprietor of the cafe, in the city court for \$475 damages.

McGregor told Judge Noonan that he went to the cafe one night accompanied by Miss Grace Hickley. They had a little supper and after a few dances ordered cooling drinks. McGregor took a Porto Rican rickey, one of the ingredients of which is ginger ale. A waiter poured the drink and left the ginger ale bottle on the table.

Looking up from a grapejuice highball, Miss Hickley saw, she testified, what she thought was a string protruding from the neck of the ginger ale bottle. McGregor called a waiter, who gave the supposed string a tug. Out of the bottle he pulled a small house mouse by the tail.

McGregor and Miss Hickley became nauseated, they testified. McGregor took his companion home. He went to work two days later, he said, and then became so sick that he had to go to his home in Canada, where he spent two weeks recuperating.

But the mouse was still on his mind when he came back, he declared, and the mental picture of it soaking in his ginger ale so upset him, he testified, that he was able to work only half the time for three weeks after he came back. McGregor said his illness cost him \$96 in income.

Dr. James E. Sullivan testified that he had attended McGregor and that McGregor had stomach cramps for four days.

Mr. Geyer and Edward P. Pattison of Mount Morris, president of the Vartay Water Company, admitted the presence of the mouse in the ginger ale bottle, but said they hadn't any idea how it got there.

COULDN'T TEMPT CUPID, NOT EVEN WITH MONEY

Romeo Keeps Shoving Bills Under Girl's Door Until He Lands in the "Nut" Section.

New York, N. Y.—Warning to young men in love! Read and profit thereby.

William F. Davis, 20 of Jersey City, madly loved Flora Paeltz of Waverly Place, and that is why William is in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. Flora's father, Max A. Paeltz, had caused Patrolman Shevlin to arrest William.

In the night court Paeltz said he was tired of having Davis shove money under the front door of his abode. Flora said she was too. And she was tired of receiving four letters a day from the young man, she said; and her father objected to his pensive habit of sleeping on the front doorstep.

Every morning, he said, the youth was on the spot as Flora went out to her school teaching, and fell upon his knees to protest his love. When he could not think of other things to do he tucked good U. S. bills under the Paeltz front door.

The last night he came around he shoved in a five and a ten, and that action led Paeltz to ask the young man's arrest.

Davis admitted it all, but said he was madly in love with the girl and could not help it.

"That's not the way to win a girl," said Magistrate Murphy.

"I thought it was the only way," Davis answered sadly.

"Try staying away," advised the magistrate. "If I let you go, will you promise to stay away?"

"No, I can't do that," replied Davis. Henry W. Hodge, Public Service Commissioner, said he knew Davis and thought that he had been studying too hard and that his mind was unbalanced.

Magistrate Murphy dismissed the charge of disorderly conduct and sent Davis to Bellevue for observation.

WOMAN 93, SMOKES PIPE DAY AND NIGHT

"Smoke All the Time If You'd Live Long," Might Be Her Motto.

St. Paul, Minn.—Mrs. Johanna Olson of this city, hale and spry in her 94th year, appears to believe that tobacco is a sure promoter of longevity, and her motto, if she should choose one, would probably be, "Smoke all the time if you'd live long."

Mrs. Olson has smoked a pipe for fifty-two years, not just once in a while, but all the time. Not only in the daytime, but she even gets up a half dozen times at night to enjoy her favorite weed.

Being deaf and unable to speak English with fluency, Mrs. Olson made no reply to the query as to whether she liked to smoke, but filling and lighting her pipe with a dexterity that would have turned the average smoker green with envy, she proceeded to give a demonstration of the picture of contentment seen only in tobacco advertisements.

Mrs. Olson was born in Guttenburg, Sweden, and has lived in St. Paul for forty-one years. She feels young enough to dance with her grandchildren now and then.

French authorities have opened 135 miles of a railroad in Algeria which eventually will cross the Sahara desert.



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**

The Gyroscope.

When the movement of the gyroscope attains a high degree of speed it is very difficult to displace the plane of the top, which balances itself in the most unlikely positions. An attachment of this kind, but of very large dimensions, if placed on a wagon or a boat, gives the vehicle extraordinary stability. Trains resting on a single line of wheels set under the middle of the car have attained high speed during recent experiments in Germany and have proved perfectly stable.—Harper's Weekly.

GOAT DEVOURS FLAGS; LOCKED UP AS SPY

Animal Gives Battle When Women Try to Drive It Away.

Los Angeles, Cal. — A spy suspect, loitering around the home of Mrs. W. C. Burke of Halldale avenue, is still imprisoned in Mrs. Burke's garage.

The subject is a stray goat that appeared at the Burke residence and, after attempting to demolish the garden, attacked and ate two American flags.

Mrs. Burke became aware of the goat first when she heard a loud commotion on the front porch. It proved to be the goat lunging on a young peach tree at the edge of the porch.

Mrs. Burke endeavored to coax it away. As a protest it tore around the garden till it spied the two American flags on the garage. Without hesitation it began to eat the flags.

The daughter made a dash to rescue the Stars and Stripes and it was then that the goat became a spy suspect. For at her appearance it charged in and finally butted her so far away from the garage that it managed to swallow the last bit of flag before she could counter-charge.

Finally, however, with the aid of neighbors, the goat was driven into the garage and firmly tied. But Mrs. Burke and her daughter hope the allies of the goat will come and get it.

Hard to Drop

The art of prevarication vulgarly known as lying, is, when once well cultivated a most difficult accomplishment to drop.

It was so that a young fellow who was pushed into a business to keep him out of mischief had found it.

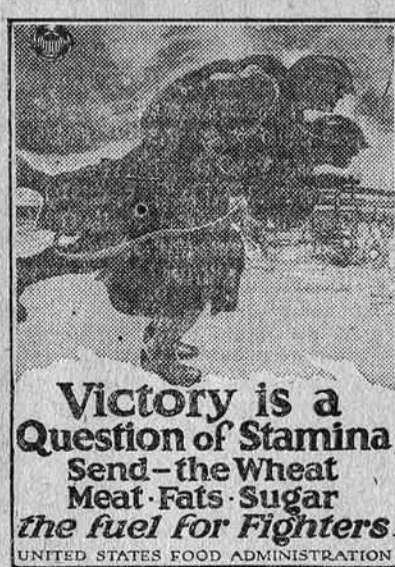
His employer had also found it out, and he was severely admonishing him as to the evils that resulted from such wickedness as lying.

"It is very bad," he was concluding. "Sir," said the young man indignantly, "I would have you know that I am a gentleman."

"Pon my word, I never knew such a chap! There you go again."

The Sum and Substance

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.



Victory is a Question of Stamina
Send—the Wheat
Meat·Fats·Sugar
the fuel for Fighters
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Buy Early; Use Springly

The State Fuel Administration has issued the following appeal to every coal user in the state:

"The Federal Fuel Administration has fixed coal prices and has announced that they will not be disturbed during the coming coal year. It is also making a determined effort to insure a better grade of coal, in this way insuring more economical fuel for the consumer, and relieving the railroads of the burden of carrying useless material.

"The Zone System has been definitely decided on and people know now exactly where they can get their coal. Therefore, knowing the price, the market in which coal can be bought, and the necessity for buying at an

early date, it is plainly the patriotic duty of every person to store his next winter's coal promptly.

"In laying in the store for next winter, the fact should be borne in mind that the supply will probably be short, and each one should expect to bear his proportion of the shortage, and to use the coal in such a way as to make the available supply go as far as possible.

"Every shovelful saved helps industries to turn out supplies for the troops abroad, and thus assists in the ultimate victory."

Lend, Or Germany Will Take

Governor Frank O. Lowden has issued the following official appeal to the people for the Third Liberty Loan: "Can anyone now doubt that if we do not loan our money to the Government the German Empire will take it

from us? "It is no longer a question of what we ought to lend, but what we can lend.

"We are the richest nation on the globe, but our title to every dollar of our wealth is challenged by our enemies.

"Better, far better, that we should pour it out to the last dollar in defense of our liberties than that it should remain to become the spoil of German conquest.

"At this moment, maybe, many of our boys are offering their all in the greatest battle of history. Shall we not loan our money to the cause for which they give their lives?"

The appeal of the State Council of Defense is to subscribe the full amount of the loan in the shortest possible time and have the job finished so that the man on it may be released for other work.



PATRIOTS

Mr. Farmer:
Why should you leave your farm work for one or two days at the busiest season, hitch up and go personally to look for help?
Telephone a want ad to this office, and the next day you may choose from among several applicants the man you want.
Try it.

Long Live The King

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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THE COUNTESS, TRAPPED BY TERRORISTS, FACES CRUCIAL TEST OF HER LIFE

Synopsis.—The crown prince of Livonia, Ferdinand William Otto, ten years old, taken to the opera by his aunt, tires of the singing and slips away to the park, where he makes the acquaintance of Bobby Thorpe, a little American boy. Returning to the palace at night, he finds everything in an uproar as a result of the search which has been made for him. The same night the chancellor calls to consult the boy's grandfather, the old king, who is very ill. The chancellor suggests that to preserve the kingdom, the friendship of the neighboring kingdom of Karnia be secured by giving the Princess Hedwig in marriage to King Karl of that country. Countess Loschek, lady-in-waiting to Princess Annunziata, Hedwig's mother, is in love with King Karl and plots to prevent his marriage to Hedwig. Hedwig, who loves Nikky Larisch, Otto's aid de camp, is dismayed when told of the plans for her marriage. Countess Loschek sends a secret message to King Karl. The messenger is attacked by agents of the terrorists and a dummy letter substituted. Captain Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's chauffeur and secures the envelope. The captain impersonates Karl's chauffeur and exchanges the sheet within the envelope for some cigarette papers. On delivering the envelope to King Karl, Larisch is made prisoner when the deception is discovered. Mettlich, chancellor of Livonia, goes to Karnia and arranges with Karl for his marriage to Hedwig. Karl thereupon releases Captain Larisch. Countess Loschek finds her room in the palace searched and incriminating documents stolen.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

A glance about showed her that her code book was gone. In the tray above, her jewels remained untouched; her pearl collar, the diamond knick-knacks the archduchess had given her on successive Christmases, even a handful of gold coins, all were safe enough. But the code book was gone.

Then indeed did the countess look death in the face—and found it terrible. For a moment she could not so much as stand without support. It was then that she saw a paper folded under her jewels and took it out with shaking fingers. In fine, copperplate script she read:

Madame—Tonight at one o'clock a closed carriage will await you in the Street of the Wise Virgins, near the church. You will go in it, without fail, to wherever it takes you.

(Signed) The Committee of Ten.

The committee of ten! This thing had happened to her. Then it was true that the half mythical committee of ten existed, that this terror of Livonia was a real terror, which had her by the throat. For there was no escape. None. Now indeed she knew that rumor spoke the truth, and that the terrorists were everywhere. In daylight they had entered her room. They had known of the safe, known of the code. Known how much else?

Wild ideas of flight crossed her mind, to be as instantly abandoned for their futility. Where could she go that they would not follow her? When she had reacted from her first shock she fell to pondering the matter, pro and con. What could they want of her? If she was an enemy to the country, so were they. But even that led nowhere, for after all the terrorists were not enemies to Livonia. They claimed indeed to be its friends, to hold in their hands its future and its betterment. Enemies of the royal house they were, of course.

She was nearly distracted by that time. She was a brave woman, physically and mentally of hard fiber, but the very name signed to the paper set her nerves to twitching. It was the committee of ten which had murdered Prince Hubert and his young wife; the committee of ten which had exploded a bomb in the very palace itself, and killed old Breidau, of the king's council; the committee of ten which had burned the government house, and had led the mob in the student riots a year or so before.

In this dread presence, then, she would find herself that night! For the would go. There was no way out. The countess rang for her maid. She was cool enough now, and white, with a cruel line about her mouth that Minna knew well. She went to the door into the corridor, and locked it. Then she turned on the maid. "I am ready for you, now."

"Madame will retire?"

"You little fool! You know what I am ready for!"

The maid stood still. Her wide, bovine eyes, filled with alarm, watched the countess as she moved swiftly across the room to her wardrobe. When she turned about again, she held in her hand a thin black riding crop. Minna's ruddy color faded. She knew the Loscheks, knew their furies.

"Madame!" she cried, and fell on her knees. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

"That is what you will tell me," said the countess, and brought down the crop. A livid stripe across the girl's face turned slowly to red.

"I have done nothing, I swear it. Mother of pity, help me! I have done nothing."

The crop descended again, this time on one of the great sleeves of her peasant costume. So thin it was, so brutal the blow, that it cut into the

muslin. Groaning, the girl fell forward on her face. The countess continued to strike pitiless blows into which she put all her fury, her terror, her frayed and ragged nerves.

The girl on the floor, from whimpering, fell to crying hard, with great noiseless sobs of pain and bewilderment. When at last the blows ceased, she lay still.

The countess prodded her with her foot. "Get up," she commanded.

But she was startled when she saw the girl's face. It was she who was the fool. The wail would tell its own story, and the other servants would talk. It was already a deep purple, and swollen. Both women were trembling. The countess, still holding the whip, sat down.

"Now!" she said. "You will tell me to whom you gave a certain small book of which you know."

"I, madame?"

"You."

"But what book? I have given nothing, madame. I swear it."

"Then you admitted some one to this room?"

"No one, madame, except—" She hesitated.

"Well?"

"There came this afternoon the men who clean madame's windows. No one else, madame."

She put her hand to her cheek, and looked furtively to see if her fingers were stained with blood. The countess, muttering, fell to furious pacing of



"I Have Done Nothing, I Swear It."

the room. So that was it, of course. The girl was telling the truth. She was too stupid to lie. Then the committee of ten indeed knew everything—had known that she would be away, had known of the window cleaners, had known of the safe, and her possession of the code.

She dismissed the girl and put away the riding crop, then she smoothed the disorder of her hair and dress. The court physician, calling a half hour later, found her reading on a chaise longue in her boudoir, looking pale and handsome, and spent what he considered a pleasant half hour with her.

Then at last he was gone, and she went about her heavy-hearted preparations for the night. From a corner of her wardrobe she drew a long peasant's cape, such a cape as Minna might wear. Over her head, instead

of a hat, she threw a gray veil. A careless disguise, but all that was necessary. The sentries through and about the palace were not unaccustomed to such shrouded figures slipping out from its gloom to light, and perhaps to love.

Before she left, she looked about the room. What assurance had she that this very excursion was not a trap, and that in her absence the vault would not be looted again? It contained now something infinitely valuable and incriminating—the roll of film. She glanced about, and seeing a silver vase of roses, hurriedly emptied the water out, wrapped the film in oiled paper, and dropped it down among the stems.

The Street of the Wise Virgins was not near the palace. Even by walking briskly she was in danger of being late. The wind kept her back, too. Then, at last, the Street of the Wise Virgins and the facade, standing at the curb, with a driver wrapped in rugs against the cold of the February night, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. The countess stopped beside him.

"You are expecting a passenger?"

"Yes, madame."

With her hand on the door, the countess realized that the facade was already occupied. As she peered into its darkened interior, the shadow resolved itself into a cloaked and masked figure. She shrank back.

"Enter, madame," said a voice.

The figure appalled her. It was not sufficient to know that behind the horrifying mask which covered the entire face and head, there was a human figure, human pulses that beat, human eyes that appraised her. She hesitated.

"Quickly," said the voice.

She got in, shrinking into a corner of the carriage. Her lips were dry, the roaring of terror was in her ears. The door closed.

Then commenced a drive of which afterward the countess dared not think. The figure neither moved nor spoke. Inside the carriage reigned the most complete silence. Then the carriage stopped, and at last the shrouded figure moved and spoke.

"I regret, countess, that my orders are to blindfold you."

She submitted ungracefully, while he bound a black cloth over her eyes. He drew it very close and knotted it behind. In the act his fingers touched her face, and she felt them cold and clammy. The contact sickened her.

"Your hand, madame."

She was led out of the carriage, and across soft earth, a devious course again, as though they avoided small obstacles. Once her foot touched something low and hard, like marble. Again, in the darkness, they stumbled over a mound. She knew where she was, then—in a graveyard. But which? There were many about the

city.

At a great space, the opening of a gate or door that squeaked softly, a flight of steps that led downward, and a breath of musty, cold air, damp and cellarlike.

At last, still in unbroken silence, she knew that they had entered a large space. Their footsteps no longer echoed and reechoed. Her guide walked more slowly, and at last paused, releasing her hand. She felt again the touch of his clammy fingers as he untied the knots of her bandages. He took it off.

At first she could see little. When her eyes grew accustomed, she made out the scene slowly.

A great stone vault, its walls broken into crypts which had contained caskets of the dead. But the caskets had been removed, and were piled in a corner, and in the niches were rifles. In the center was a pine table, curiously incongruous, and on it writing materials, a cheap clock, and a pile of documents. There were two candles only, and these were stuck in skulls—old brown skulls so infinitely removed from all semblance to the human that they were not even horrible. It was as if they had been used, not to inspire terror, but because they were at hand and convenient for the purpose. In the shadow, ranged in a semicircle, were nine figures, all motionless, all masked, and cloaked in black. They sat, another incongruity, on plain wooden chairs. But in spite of that they were figures of dread. The one who had brought her made the tenth.

Had she not known the past record of the men before her, the rather opera bouffe setting with which they rose to surround themselves might have aroused her scorn. But Olga Loschek knew too much. She guessed shrewdly that, with the class of men with whom they dealt, it was not enough that their name spelled terror. They must visualize it. They had taken their cue from that very church, indeed, beneath which they hid. The church, with its shrines and images, appealed to the eye. They, too, appealed to the eye. Their masks, the carefully constructed and upheld mystery of their identity, the trappings of death about them—it was skillfully done.

Still no one spoke. The countess faced them. Only her eyes showed her nervousness; she stood haughtily, her head held high. But like most women, she could not endure silence for long, at least the silence of shrouded figures and intent eyes.

"Now that I am here," she demanded, "may I ask why I have been summoned?"

It was Number Seven who replied. It was Number Seven who, during the hour that followed, spoke for the others. None moved, or but slightly. Evidently all had been carefully prearranged.

"Look on the table, countess. You will find there some papers you will perhaps recognize."

She took a step toward the table

and glanced down. The code book lay there. Also the letter she had sent by Peter Niburg. She made no effort to disclaim them.

"I recognize them," she said clearly.

"Do you realize what will happen, madame, if these papers are turned over to the authorities?"

She shrugged her shoulders. And now Number Seven rose, a tall figure of mystery, and spoke at length in a cultivated, softly intoned voice. The countess, listening, felt the voice vaguely familiar, as were the burning eyes behind the mask.

"It is our hope, madame," he said, "that you will make it unnecessary for the committee of ten to use those papers. We have no quarrel with women. We wish rather a friend than an enemy. The committee of ten, to those who know its motives, has the highest and most loyal of ideals—to the country."

His voice took on a new, almost a fanatic note. They had watched the gradual decay of the country, he said. Its burden of taxation grew greater each year. The masses sweated and toiled, to carry on their backs the dead weight of the aristocracy and the throne. The iron hand of the chancellor held everything; an old king who would die, was dying now, and after that a boy, nominal ruler only, while the chancellor continued his hard rule.



The Countess Faced Them.

And now, as if that were not enough, there was talk of an alliance with Karnia, an alliance which, carried through, would destroy the hope of a republic.

The countess stared.

"The price of the alliance, madame, is the Princess Hedwig in marriage. The committee, which knows all things, believes that you have reason to dislike this marriage."

Save that she clutched her cloak more closely, the countess made no move. But there was a soft stir among the figures. Perhaps, after all, the committee as a whole did not know all things.

"To prevent this alliance, madame, is our first aim. There are others to follow. But"—he bent forward—"the king will not live many days. It is our hope that that marriage will not occur before his death."

By this time Olga Loschek knew very well where she stood. The committee was propitiatory. She was not in danger, save as it might develop. They were, in a measure, putting their case.

"King Karl has broken faith before. He will not support Livonia until he has received his price. He is determined on the marriage."

"A marriage of expediency," said the countess impatiently.

The speaker for the committee shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he replied. "Although there are those of us who think that in this matter of expediency, Karl gives more than he receives."

"The matter lies thus, madame. The chancellor is now in Karnia. Doubtless he will return with the agreement signed. We shall learn that in a day or so. We do not approve of this alliance for various reasons, and we intend to take steps to prevent it. The paper itself is nothing. But plainly, countess, we need a friend in the palace, one who is in the confidence of the royal family."

"And for such friendship, I am to secure safety?"

"Yes, madame. But that is not all. Let me tell you briefly how things stand with us. We have, supporting us, certain bodies, workmen's guilds, a part of the student body, not so much of the army as we would wish. Dissatisfied folk, madame, who would exchange the emblem of tyranny for freedom. On the announcement of the king's death, in every part of the kingdom will go up the cry of liberty. But the movement must start here. The city must rise against the throne. And against that there are two obstacles." He paused. The clock ticked, and water dripped into the tin pail with metallic splashes. "The first is this marriage. The second—is the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto."

The countess recoiled. "No!"

"A moment, madame. You think badly of us." Under his mask the

countess divined a cold smile. "It is not necessary to contemplate violence. There are other methods. The boy could be taken over the border, and hidden until the republic is firmly established. After that, he is unimportant."

The countess, still pale, looked at him scornfully. "You do my intelligence small honor."

"Where peaceful methods will avail, our methods are peaceful, madame."

"It was, then, in peace that you murdered Prince Hubert?"

"The errors of the past are past." Then, with a new sternness: "Make no mistake. Whether through your agency or another, countess, when the cathedral bell rouses the city to the king's death, and the people wait in the place for their new king to come out on the balcony, he will not come."

The countess was not entirely bad. Standing swaying and white-faced before the tribunal, she saw suddenly the golden head of the little crown prince, saw him smiling as he had smiled that day in the sunlight, saw him troubled and forlorn as he had been when, that very evening, he had left them to go to his lonely rooms. Perhaps she reached the biggest moment of her life then, when she folded her arms and stared proudly at the shrouded figures before her.

"I will not do it," she said.

But Number Seven remained impassive. "A new idea, countess!" he said suavely. "I can understand that your heart recoils. But this thing is inevitable, as I have said. Whether you or another—but perhaps with time to think you may come to another conclusion. We make no threats. Our position is, however, one of responsibility. We are compelled to place the future of the republic before every other consideration."

"That is a threat."

"We remember both our friends and our enemies, madame. And we have only friends and enemies. There is no middle course. If you would like time to think it over—"

"How much time?" She clutched at the words.

"Women vary," said Number Seven mockingly. "Some determine quickly. Others—"

"May I have a month?"

"During which the king may die! Alas, madame, it is now you who do us too little honor!"

"A week?" begged the countess desperately.

The leader glanced along the line. One head after another nodded slowly.

"A week it is, madame. Comrade Five!"

The one who had brought her came forward with the bandage.

"At the end of one week, madame, a fiacre will, as tonight, be waiting in the Street of the Wise Virgins."

"And these papers?"

"On the day the republic of Livonia is established, madame, they will be returned to you."

He bowed, and returned to his chair. Save for the movements of the man who placed the bandage over her eyes, there was absolute silence in the room.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was supremely happy. Three quite delightful things had happened. First, Nikky had returned. He said he felt perfectly well, but the crown prince thought he looked as though he had been ill, and glanced frequently at Nikky's cigarette during the riding hour. Second, Hedwig did not come to the riding lesson, and he had Nikky to himself. Third, he, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, was on the eve of a birthday.

This last, however, was not unmixed happiness. For the one day the sentence of exile was to be removed so that he might lunch with the king, and he was to have strawberry jam with his tea, some that Miss Braithwaite's sister had sent from England. But to offset all this, he was to receive a delegation of citizens.

Hedwig was not at the riding school that morning. This relieved Prince Ferdinand William Otto, whose views as to Nikky were entirely selfish, but Nikky himself had unaccountably lost his high spirit of the morning. He played, of course, as he always did. And even taught the crown prince how to hang over the edge of his saddle, while his horse was cantering, so that bullets would not strike him.

They rode and frolicked, yelled a bit, got two ponies and whacked a polo ball over the tan bark, until the crown prince was sweating royally and was gloriously flushed.

"I don't know when I have been so happy," he said, dragging out his handkerchief and mopping his face. "It's a great deal pleasanter without Hedwig, isn't it?"

While they played, overhead the great hearse was ready at last. Its woodwork shone. Its gold crosses gleamed. No flock of dust disturbed its austere magnificence.

The man and the boy who had been working on it stood back and surveyed it.

"All ready," said the man, leaning on the handle of his long brush. "Now it may happen any time."

"It is very handsome. But I am glad I am not the old king." The boy picked up palls and brushes. "Nothing to look forward to but—that."

"But much to look back on," the man observed grimly, "and little that is good."

The boy glanced through a window, below which the riding ring stretched its brown surface, scarred by nervous hoofs. "I would change places with the crown prince," he said enviously. "Listen to him! Always laughing. Never to labor, nor worry, nor think of the next day's food—"

"Young fool!" The man came to his shoulder and glanced down also. "Would like to be a princeling, then? No worry. No trouble. Always play, play!" He gripped the boy's shoulder. "Look, lad, at the windows about. That is what it is to be a prince. Wherever you look, what do you see? Stablemen? Grooms? Bah, secret agents, watching that no assassin, such perhaps as you and I, lurk about."

He stopped and stared, wiping the glass clear that he might see better. Nikky without his cap, disheveled and flushed with exertion, was making a frantic shot at the white ball, rolling past him. Where had he seen such a head, such a flying mop of hair? Ah! He remembered. It was the flying young devil who had attacked him and the others that night in the by-street, when Peter Niburg lay stunned!

Miss Braithwaite had a bad headache that afternoon, and the crown prince drove out with his aunt. The Archduchess Annunziata went shopping. The crown prince sat in the carriage and watched the people. The man beside the coachman sat with alert eyes, and there were others who scanned the crowd intently. But it was a quiet, almost an adoring crowd, and there was even a dog, to Prince Ferdinand William Otto's huge delight.

The man who owned the dog, seeing the child's eyes on him, put him through his tricks. Truly a wonderful dog, that would catch things on its nose and lie dead, rousing only to a whistle which its owner called Gabriel's trumpet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, growing excited, leaned quite out of the window. "What is your dog's name?" he inquired, in his clear treble.

The man took off his hat and bowed. "Toto, highness. He is of French origin."

"He is a very nice dog. I have always wanted a dog like that. He must be a great friend."

"A great friend, highness." He would have expatiated on the dog, but he was uncertain of the etiquette of the procedure. His face beamed with pleasure, however. Then a splendid impulse came to him. This dog, his boon companion, he would present to the crown prince. It was all he had, and he would give it, freely, even though it left him friendless.

But here again he was at a loss. Was it the proper thing? Did one do such things in this fashion, or was there a procedure? He cocked an eye at the box of the carriage, but the two men sat impressive, immobile.

Finally he made up his mind. Hat in hand, he stepped forward. "Highness," he said nervously, "since the dog pleases you, I—I would present him to you."

"To me?" The crown prince's voice was full of incredulous joy.

"Yes, highness. If such a thing be permissible."

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"He is the best I have, highness. I wish to offer my best."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto almost choked with excitement. "I have always wanted one," he cried. "If you are certain you can spare him, I'll be very good to him. No one," he said, "ever gave me a dog before. I'd like to have him now, if I may."

The crowd was growing. It pressed closer, pleased at the boy's delight. Truly they were participating in great things. A small cheer and many smiles followed the lifting of the dog through the open window of the carriage. And the dog was surely a dog to be proud of. Already it shook hands with the crown prince.

Perhaps, in that motley gathering, there were some who viewed the scene with hostile eyes, some who saw, not a child glowing with delight over a gift, but one of the hated ruling family, a barrier, an obstacle in the way of freedom. But if such there were, they were few. It was, indeed, as the terrorists feared. The city loved the boy.

Annunziata, followed by an irritated Hilda, came out of the shop. Hilda's wardrobe had been purchased, and was not to her taste.

"Good heavens," cried the archduchess, and stared into the carriage. "Otto!"

"He is mine," said the crown prince fondly. "He is the cleverest dog. He can do all sorts of things."

"Put him out."

"But he is mine," protested Ferdinand William Otto. "He is a gift. That gentleman there, in the corduroy jacket—"

"Put him out," said the Archduchess Annunziata.

There was nothing else to do. The crown prince did not cry. He was much too proud. He thanked the donor again carefully, and regretted that he could not accept the dog. He said it was a wonderful dog, and just the sort he liked. And the carriage drove away.

He went back to the palace, and finding that the governess still had a headache, settled down to the burnt wood frame. Once he glanced up at the woolen dog on its shelf at the top of the cabinet. "Well, anyhow," he said sturdily, "I still have you."

If you were a princess and loved a brave soldier, who, bound by tradition and loyalty to his king, dared not speak the words which crowded to his lips, what would you do? Hedwig faced this problem and was forced to make a decision. The next installment tells how she met the situation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Animals Admitted to Heaven.
According to the Mohammedan religion, ten animals were worthy of admission to heaven. They were:
The dog Kratim of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. These martyrs were walled in a cave and slept 230 years, the dog sleeping with them.
Balaam's ass which reproved the prophet.
Solomon's ant which reproved the sluggard.
The ram of Israel which was offered in sacrifice by Abraham in place of Isaac.
The camel of Saleb.
The cuckoo of Belkis.
The ox of Moses.
Al Borak, the marvelous steed which Jonah's whale, carried Mohammed to heaven.
The ass on which Jesus rode into Jerusalem.—People's Home Journal.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Resented the Snub.

An Irishman was at work on a hoisting machine that carried hods of bricks to the top of a building, and brought them down empty. Happening to get caught, he was carried to the top floor, and in the orderly but rapid progress of the machine was brought to the ground rather suddenly. A fellow-workman leaned from the second story scaffolding and cried:
"Are you hurt, Pat?"
"You go to the divvle!" shouted Pat. "I passed you twice and ye never spoke to me."

Cuticura Kills Dandruff.

Anoint spots of dandruff with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap, if a man; next morning if a woman. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Her Paradoxical Position.

"A vessel is different in one way from anything else."
"What is that?"
"It is when she is tied up that she can't make any knots."

To Drive Out Malaria and Build Up The System.

Take the Old Standard GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a Tasteless form. 8c.

Only One Road to Freedom.

Know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow? By their right arms the conquest must be wrought.—Byron.

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.

When you bury an old animosity never mind the gravestone.

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

In Such Cases

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



About the Two-in-One Frock.

It has become popular to economize—or, at least, to persuade ourselves that we are economizing. You cannot make observation of the new modes without coming to the conclusion that designers have taken this spirit of the times into consideration and that it has brought grist to their mills. They have made combinations of materials and combinations of garments almost unheard of before. These combinations are novel and unusual—and alluring.

In tailored suits, for example, we have wool fabrics combined with silk or cotton. Since wool must be conserved and life is not worth living without a tunic skirt, the tailor provides a tunic of crepe georgette over a skirt of serge or other wool fabric. Coats are no longer uncompromisingly plain, but modified just enough to look exactly right with this new order of

things in skirts. The result is so fetching that many an unsuspecting tailored skirt of wool is destined to find itself joined for life to a tunic of georgette or some other silk. Paris goes even farther and sponsors a union of serge and organdie in dresses that are too chic to need excuse for being illogical.

Among these aspirants for the favor of the economically inclined there appears the two-in-one dress. A fine example of this design is shown in the picture and is made of silk in two garments. It is a suit as pictured, with an unusually graceful coat. When the coat is removed a pretty, simple evening dress is disclosed—hence the "two-in-one" title. There are several lovely new silks in highly lustrous and somewhat heavy weaves, in which a two-in-one dress will play its versatile part and never become tiresome.



This Summer's Sports Coat.

Sport apparel, now having become a settled and accepted institution in the business of outfitting for the seasons, has reached new developments. These are in the directions of new refinements. Fabrics that were not in the running for sports wear a season or two ago, hold the center of the stage today, without displacing the older favorites.

In sports coats the spring brought in sleeveless models in silk and in velvet along with new long-sleeved coats in both these materials. Velvet in sports coats is an innovation, but it appears made up in designs that leave no room to doubt the purpose of the garment. Wide girdles, very big patch pockets, large, flat pearl buttons and parallel rows of stitching in white or colored silks or in the color of the coat, stamp its character very certainly upon it. These velvet coats, sleeveless or otherwise,

are worn with the several sorts of sports skirts. Quite equal to associating with them, to their mutual advantage, there are skirts of satin glaze, of khaki kool and some new heavy and lustrous weaves of silk, but velvet coats will be worn with wool or cotton skirts as well.

In the picture a very practical sport coat of knitted silk has lengthwise stripes in fancy stitch and a collar and cuffs of plain knitting. The sash is knitted like the coat and finished with a knotted fringe of the silk. It has patch pockets with tops turned back and fastened down with a large button. Two of these buttons with loops of silk cord manage the fastening at the front and two others in a smaller size hold the sash to the coat at the sides.

Julia Bottomley

Gets Big Wolf.

J. W. Fountain, a rancher of the McKenzie valley, living near Waltherville, Ore., recently brought to Eugene the pelt of a huge black wolf trapped by him.

He caught it in two traps, set close to each other, and the animal had both broken and would have escaped soon had Mr. Fountain not arrived when he did. There are several of these animals in that vicinity, and the ranchers have been losing cattle and sheep as a result of their depredations.

This wolf was one of the largest ever seen in this county, measuring over eight feet from tip to tip.

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today eases the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from washing, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1896 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

A spring gun has been invented for casting fishing lines farther than can be done by hand.

No, Herbert, you cannot have your boss arrested because he fires you.

Carter's Little Liver Pills
You Cannot be Constipated and Happy
A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living
Genuine bears signature
Carter's Little Liver Pills
Absence of iron in the blood is the reason for many colorless faces but Carter's Iron Pills will greatly help most pale-faced people

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.
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Proceeds from the sale of the hide, fat, and other by-products covered all expense of dressing, refrigeration, freight, selling expense and the profit of \$1.29 per steer as shown by Swift & Company's 1917 figures as follows:

Average price paid for live cattle per steer	\$84.45
Average price received for meat	68.97
Average price received for by-products	24.09
Total received	93.06
This leaves for expenses and profit	8.61
Of which the profit per steer was	1.29

There are many other interesting and instructive facts and figures in the Year Book.
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LAST PORT MADE BY PELORUS JACK

FAITHFUL DOLPHIN SUCCUMBS TO INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

After Piloting Ships 35 Years, He Grieved for Absent Friends and About War.

Sydney, Australia. — Pelorus Jack is dead. The famous New Zealand pilot fish had conveyed steamships from Wellington to Nelson at a point near French Pass for the last thirty-five years. According to Ben Ruddles, the tarry-handed, bronzed, and bearded bo' sun of a British freighter, the finny pilot died from the infirmities of old age aggravated by grief of the war.

"I knew Pelorus Jack back in 1886," said Ben Ruddles, "when I was bo'sun of the old Wanagatiki, running between Australia and New Zealand, and he was a smart, young dolphin dazzling blue and white in color and about fourteen feet long.

"In those days Jack, as the fish was known by all men in the coasting and deep-water trade to New Zealand, could swim like a streak, and moved so fast that when the sun was shining strong all the officers on the bridge and lookout forward could see was a flash as he jumped out of the water ahead to show his dexterity.

"Jack always kept on the starboard bow as he knew that was the Captain's side of the ship, and was a regular nautical aristocrat in manner. Skippers who followed Pelorus Jack never grounded on any shoals or hit rocks, and this became so well known that many of the older mariners would not go thru French Pass unless he was ready to pilot them.

"They all took a delight in feeding him with pieces of beef and small fresh loaves, which Jack had a great fondness for. One of his best friends was Captain Inman R. Sealby, of the White Star Line, who afterward had the Republic, and the two were so chummy that Jack would miss two or three vessels when he knew that Sealby was about to leave Wellington for Nelson.

"In 1904 some young landlubber, with more money than sense, came along in his yacht and fired a shot at the old pilot fish as he came under the bow and knocked a chunk off his starboard fin. This cruel act upset Pelorus Jack so much he swam away and was not seen for three months, and many of the coast skippers believed that he had given up his job.

"Finally the New Zealand government sent a dispatch boat to look for him, and Jack was discovered hiding up a small inlet in a lonesome state and brought back to French Pass. To protect him from further attacks the governor of New Zealand issued a special order in council establishing a fine of \$500 for any person who attempted to injure Pelorus Jack.

"Just before the war began it was noticed that the famous dolphin was turning gray and was showing his age in other ways. He took on a shovel-nosed whistling grampus called Billy to teach him the pilot business, but Billy had lost his port headlight, and had to carry so much starboard helm that he was continually going aground. Then Jack got hold of a frisky young dugong named Wiffin which indulged in so much skylarking around the helms that the officers would not trust him, and the sailors used to chuck coal at him to chase him away.

"What with his age and scitica, in the part which wagged his tail, and missing all his old friends who had been called away to the Atlantic trade by the war, Pelorus Jack just pined away and died. His body was found on the sandy shore near French Pass, and out of respect for his long and faithful services the crew of a coast steamer dug a trench and put the body of the old finny pilot in it on a bed of seaweed and planted a blue gum tree at the head and tail to mark the spot."

Ben Ruddles, who seemed much affected by the death of Pelorus Jack, said that after the war the officers and men in the Australian and New Zealand coast trade would take up a collection for a monument to the only fish ever known to have been honored by a special order in council.

BOY CLIMBS LOFTY TREE TO FREE TRAPPED BIRD

Ten-year-old Lad is Awarded a Medal for His Daring and Heroic Act.

Hartford, Conn. — The Connecticut Humane Society has informed 10-year-old Michael Ravoce of East Hartford he is to have a medal for rescuing an imprisoned robin.

Little Michael had to climb an elm tree 75 feet high to effect the rescue. The robin had flown to one of the top-most branches with a long string in its bill for nest-building. The string caught in a stout twig, and as the robin worked to get it free, the string tangled about one of its legs. It was thus held prisoner.

It took the boy more than half an hour to work his way to the top of the tree. But he managed to reach the twig to which the string had fastened itself and snapped it off. With this hanging to its leg the robin fluttered to the ground, was released and flew off chirping at its restored freedom.

An up-to-date woman is seldom up to date with her age.

ALASKAN WOLF DOG KILLS MOTHER BEAR

Master From Whom Animal Recently Was Stolen Tells of "Timber Devil's" Savage Nature.

Seattle, Wash. — "Wolf" is Alaska's savage outlaw dog. The blood of many creatures is on his hardened conscience, and the brand of his fang on man and beast.

Son of the wild, he is, by virtue of what he has learned from his human associates, a super-brute. Many call him the "Timber Devil."

The story of his battle to the death with a she bear near here probably is unmatched for dog courage and loyalty to master. It was told by Paul Buckley, widely known Alaskan, from whom this remarkable dog recently was stolen.

Wolf's mother was a husky, his father a timber wolf. From puppyhood he has been a killer. Battle scars cover him. One ear is gone. A tuft under his jaw, like a beard, gives the broad, wolfish head a particularly sinister look. And he hates a bear with all the inherited venom of his breed.

When Buckley, his master, hunting up Valdez creek, jumped a large she bear and two cubs in the blueberry bushes, Wolf leaped to the attack to protect the man.

Circling for advantage, slashing and snapping warily, the two arch enemies bore off up a slope. Buckley, fearing for his dog, tried to whistle him back. Once or twice Wolf attempted to return, but the bear outflanked him.

Then Wolf, with all his cunning, began a deadly maneuver that ended only when the two had gone deep into the solitudes. Just as the she bear had forgotten her cubs, so the wolf dog had now forgotten his master until this wilderness feud had been settled.

Running with tireless ease, Wolf drew the black bear on until fatigue had sapped her terrible energy, until her slashing charges had begun to abate. She was fat, and he was lean—the resilient leanness of fighting fitness. And they closed, in a whirl of fury.

It must have been magnificent, that finish of cardinal hate, but no man saw it. Buckley, who had watched the beginning from a tree top, and who waited many hours for his dog's return, had finally made temporary camp and had shot the two whining, deserted cubs.

Hours later Wolf dragged himself into Buckley's permanent camp six miles distant where his master's partner was getting dinner. His tongue was out. He was badly mangled. With supreme effort he got upon Buckley's bunk, calling weakly for his master.

But there was bear's blood on his muzzle, and a gleam of victory in the baleful eyes. Next day, too, prospectors told of having found a dead she bear not far away in the timber—with her throat ripped open.

MESCAL-EATING HABIT GROWS AMONG INDIANS

Becoming a Menace, Says Secret Service Agent Fighting Evil.

Winnipeg, Neb. — The mescal evil among the Indians is becoming a menace, according to F. T. Thunder, an Indian employed in the Government secret service. In addition to his regular work Mr. Thunder is fighting the mescal traffic. Indians of the Winnipeg reservation are especially given to the use of the drug, Thunder declares.

The mescal plant bears small brown pellets about the size of the average overcoat button. These when eaten in quantities of a dozen or more leave the user in a temporary state of mental derangement, during which, the Indians believe, they are communicating with the holy spirit.

"While you are under the influence of this drug you do not see things as they really are," said Thunder. "I used the drug for a long time, and I thought as some of them do now. I could hear bells ringing and could see visions of heaven. I had a hard time quitting, but I did so. I am trying to persuade others to quit."

"But we are powerless to stop the evil except thru gentle means. When I come upon a number of men using mescal, each has a Bible, and they say they are holding a religious meeting. If I try to interfere they can have me arrested for disturbing the peace."

"There is no law I know of against the use of the mescal plant, but we hope the Legislature will take it up soon. It is killing many red men. Some of them feed it to their babies to quiet them."

FIND WOOD IN HORSE'S HEAD

Animal is Relieved of Oak Splinters After Ten Years.

Covington, Ind. — Two pieces of oak wood, one two and three quarter inches long, and the other slightly shorter, were removed by a veterinarian from the head of a horse belonging to Julius Loeb. The wood had been in the animal's head for more than ten years.

John Bowers, who used the horse while on Loeb's farm, says the accident took place about eleven years ago. In striking its head against a projecting piece of oak, the left eye had been destroyed. The two pieces of wood, which were removed from a place a little below the other eye, were well preserved.

The horse had worked until a year or so ago when Charles Howard, its present caretaker, turned it out to pasture.

It is hoped soon to make all of Yosemite National Park accessible throughout the year.

CONVICT TELLS OF HIDDEN FORTUNE

JOILET INMATE RELATES AN AMAZING TALE

Chance-given Riches are His, but He Despairs of Ever Using the Buried "Swag."

Joilet, Ill. — Within the penitentiary walls here is a man serving his fourth prison sentence for crime. Blind chance has made him the master of a fortune, which, were he free, he could hardly spend during his lifetime. The only evidence of its existence is a key that dangles from his neck.

The thought of death—death in a prison cell—has brought the remarkable story of Convict No. 4725 to light. He recently told it for the first time in the private office of the warden of the penitentiary.

And this is the story, which—if it is true—rivals in weirdness of detail the most bizarre imaginings of a Dumas or Poe.

In December of 1915, No. 4725 was released from the penitentiary and began working to regain a place in society. For a time his efforts were rewarded. He began saving and made arrangements to marry and live down the past.

On his way home from work one night he was accosted by a man whom he had known in the past. The man, with a good deal of secrecy, gave him a sealed envelope, which he told him not to open until he had reached home.

The envelope contained a key, a \$2 bill, and a paper of instructions. The paper directed him to a certain place where he would find a strong box wrapped in paper. This he was to keep with the key until a newspaper should tell him where to dispose of it.

Number 4725—his name is William Mansfield Williams—waited until the advertisement appeared. He kept the appointment. The advertiser did not. For some days he waited. Then he opened the box.

Within it were several thousands of dollars in Government bonds, and necklaces and rings he could set no value upon. Frightened, he hid the box.

Another advertisement appeared. This time Williams did not respond. A few days later he was arrested on a charge of highway robbery. He was tried and sentenced to fourteen years. The chief witness against him in the trial was a fellow convict, with whom he had formed an acquaintance on leaving the prison. The case, Williams says, was a "frame."

From time to time since his imprisonment, Williams declares that he has received threatening letters. Death upon the expiration of his sentence is predicted unless the box is restored.

"I hope it comes sooner than that," said Williams when questioned recently. "My soul already is dead. Long years of imprisonment have made me indifferent. Three years more and I will die and be buried over near the prison quarry without their trouble."

"But when I go, the box and its contents will go with me, because it is hidden so safely that it never can be found. If it should chance that I live thru the eight years more of my imprisonment, my first act as a free man will be to throw it into Lake Michigan."

"Turn it over to the State? Why should I? Twelve years of my life behind prison bars have dissipated any impression that the State has any regard for me. I have nothing to live for. Society has branded me as an undesirable. The only way to efface that stain is to die. I used to amuse myself in the early years of my imprisonment writing to representatives of society for help that never came. I'm thru with that now."

Investigation revealed that Williams' story, in so far as it relates to his imprisonment, is true.

COUPLE MEET AFTER 23 YEARS

They Promptly Renew Old Quarrel Where It Left Off.

New York, N. Y. — Twenty-three years ago, after twelve years of happy married life, Thomas Hanley and his wife, Elizabeth, had a quarrel. Thomas left home, declaring he never would return.

This week Mrs. Hanley saw her husband on the street and immediately had him arrested.

"Won't you return to your wife now?" Magistrate Harris asked him. "She is sorry she quarreled with you."

"No, she isn't either," retorted Thomas. "I stayed away for twenty-three years and yesterday when I saw her she started quarreling again right where she left off about the same thing."

Magistrate Harris advised Hanley to pay his wife \$2 a week.

The Brazilian state of Bahia produces one-third of the world's cacao and as much tobacco as all of Cuba.

BLINDS BULL AND ESCAPES

Man Jams Fingers Into Its Eyes When Animal Charges Him.

Leith, N. D. — Louis Lokhammer, attacked by a bull and pinned by the animal against a barn yard fence, saved his life by jamming his fingers into the bull's eyes, and with the beast blinded he was enabled to escape.

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