

A PATRIOTIC PARADE

WILL TAKE PLACE HERE SATURDAY EVENING

Schools, Lodges, Factories, Floats. Band To Be In Line, Starts At 6:30

Rev. Johnson and his helpers have been busy the past week getting ready for the Grand Patriotic Parade that will take place here tomorrow evening at 6:30 and promises to be one of the grandest affairs ever staged here. The parade is for the purpose of boosting the work of the Red Cross and it will start at the corner of West Avenue and Broadway, march west on Broadway to Prairie, then north on Prairie one block to Perry, and east on Perry to the Bradley Mfg. Co. park, where the Bradley Girls' Gymnasium class will give a performance at 7:30 for the benefit of the Red Cross. Get in line; help boost a good cause, and be on time so that the parade will go off smoothly.

The order of march is as follows:

1. Band
2. Girls' Float
3. Village Board
4. Ministers
5. G. A. R.
6. Spanish American War Veterans
7. Boy Scouts
8. Band of little children
9. The school
10. Kroehler Mfg. Co.
11. Odd Fellows
12. Rebekahs
13. Bradley Mfg. Co.
14. Woodmen of America
15. Royal Neighbors
16. Turk Mfg. Co.
17. Mystic Workers of World
18. Woodmen of World
19. Mann Corporation
20. Watson & Co.
21. Slovanian Society, St. Peter & Paul No. 62

Numbers 1 to 9 inclusive meet on West Avenue north of Broadway, numbers 10 to 12 inclusive meet on West Avenue south of Broadway, numbers 13 to 15 inclusive meet on Washington north of Broadway, and numbers 16 to 21 meet on Washington south of Broadway.

Parade should start at 6:30 if possible, so organizations should get lined up a little earlier in order that everything may proceed according to schedule.

The school children will take a prominent part in the parade and the principal and teachers have been busy for the past week getting them groomed for the affair. They will introduce several novel features, such as Uncle Sam, Red Cross Nurses, Sailors, Soldiers, Boy Scouts etc.

Be sure to turn out to see this big demonstration and help boost the Bradley Branch of the Red Cross.

Building Moved

John Cosino has purchased the building in which he is conducting a Grocery and has had the building moved on to the lot next to where it stood and is having it remodeled

Kicked by Horse

Willis Goodwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. A. J. Goodwin, was kicked by a horse Friday evening. It was thought that he was injured but upon examination it was found that he was not injured in the least.

Red Cross Entertainment

The Bradley Branch of the Red Cross will give an entertainment at the Orpheum Theatre tonight Friday May 17th, that promises to surpass anything that has ever been seen here. The committees in charge of the affair have been working hard to make this a success and from what we learn, that labors will be well repaid as they have one of the finest programs ever shown here arranged for tonight.

Besides the local talent taking part in the entertainment tonight there will be talent from Kankakee and Chicago. The play entitled the Red Cross

Nurse will be repeated, besides there will be a Band and Orchestra, Drills, Boy Scout drills a dancer, tableaux reading and other features.

If you have not already bought your tickets be sure to do so tonight and help the cause along.

Initiation

The Irene Rebecca lodge initiated a class of eight candidates last Tuesday evening at their regular business meeting. Those taken in were: Mrs. Harvey McCleary Miss Nellie McCleary, Miss Sadie Moffit, Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Nick Gillen, Mrs. Ed Gillen, Mrs. Iver Johnson and Miss Hilda Heinze.

After lodge a delicious lunch was served and a general good time was enjoyed by all present. A number of visitors from the Kankakee lodge were present.

Storm Damage

The Storm last Thursday night did considerable damage North here and the Interurban line and the Bradley Street Cars were put out of business on account of no power. The Interurban did not resume business until Saturday, but the Bradley cars made arrangements to get Power from the City line at Kankakee and got started Friday morning about ten o'clock. The factories here could not work Friday morning on account of no power.

Installing Machinery

The Paramount Knitting Co., have started the work of installing machinery in the Dilly building, which they purchased last week for the looping department of their Kankakee Factory, and it was understood that they are making room here for about ninety to one hundred employees, and they expect to get all of these employees from Bradley and Bourbonnais, which is going to mean a big thing for our little city. At the present time, there are quite a number of people from Bradley working at the Kankakee Plant and it is understood that these will not be transferred to the branch here, but they expect to get all new employees for this branch. This will mean work for from eighty to one hundred more people here in Bradley.

AWARDED VERDICT

MRS. NOLTE WAS AWARDED \$550.00

Was Suing Estate of L. D. Ullom for \$10,000.00 for Services Rendered

A Jury returned a verdict Saturday night at nine o'clock in the case of B. C. Vandegrift vs Miss Elizabeth Singheim, now Mrs. J. Nolte, in favor of her for \$550.00. This suit was brought by Mrs. Nolte for services rendered her to Mr. L. D. Ullom with whom she lived for four years prior to his death as his housekeeper. She sued the Administrator of the Estate, Mr. E. C. Vandegrift for \$10,000.00. After the case was tried, the jury deliberated for six hours and returned a verdict of \$550.00 in her favor.

Mann Corporation Enlarging

The Mann Corporation of this city, have just completed an addition to their building on West Avenue and are contemplating further improvements and will start immediately building an addition on the north side of the present building. As soon as this addition is completed they will put an additional force of of men to work.

This plant is one of the most progressive plants in the city and at the present time, they are working night and day shifts.

Baby Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Bourn are the proud parents of a baby boy born to them Saturday night.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

BRADLEY RED CROSS GOES OVER THE TOP

Entertainment Wednesday Night - Was A Very Grand Success

The Bradley school children have again demonstrated their patriotism by putting the Junior Red Cross over the top last Wednesday night. The Junior Red Cross entertainment given at the Orpheum Theatre Wednesday night was a grand success both financially and socially. The returns from this entertainment puts the Bradley School Junior Red Cross over the top by over one hundred percent.

The quota of the Bradley School Junior Red Cross was \$130. Of this amount \$97.50 was donated by the children of the school by amounts varying from one cent to twenty-five cents, and the balance of it was cleared by the entertainment Wednesday night. Much credit is due the principal and teachers of the various grades of the school for the care they showed in the way this was handled and much credit is also due the pupils for the work they have done. In addition to this \$130.00 in cash, which has been turned over to the County Superintendent of Schools to be turned into the State Junior Red Cross, the pupils of the schools have made many useful articles that have been turned over to the Red Cross. Among them were, two ambulance robes, one made by the High School and one by the grades, quilts, pillows and numerous other things which have been turned over to the Red Cross Association and for which Bradley Schools will receive credit.

Injured

Miss Annie Raich had the misfortune to stumble over a rope at the home of her parents on South Blaine Ave. Thursday night, striking her head on the cement sidewalk, receiving a very severe bump on her forehead. Medical aid was called right away and prompt attention was given and she is getting along nicely.

C. Flora of North Prairie Ave. entertained a number of friends and relatives at his home Sunday.

Mrs. O'Leary of Chicago was a week end visitor at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. McDonough.

Miss Kate Breneisa of Cabary, Ill., has been spending several days at the Buxton home.

Mrs. Mat Gerdesich has returned home from visiting relatives in Joliet.

Mrs. P. Delude, who has been ill of pneumonia, is somewhat better.

Mrs. Wm. Shreffler and Miss E. Corlett, of Rockville, were week end visitors here.

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

The Bradley Factory has greatly improved the looks of its tower by an additional coat of paint.

Miss Fannie Moroff of Chicago, spent the week end with her parents here.

The M. E. Church Choir will meet at the Church tonight for practice.

P. Gorman, of Aroma Park, spent the week end here visiting relatives.

W. T. Cary, who has been visiting his son R. C. Cary, has left for New York on an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Aiecher, Mr. and Mrs. Hal McCleary and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evans spent Sunday in Manteno.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Johnson are making preparations to move on a farm which they have recently purchased.

Miss Bessie Schuahium has been visiting a few days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buxton.

Elmer Taylor, who has been on the sick list, is able to be out again.

Geo. Koontz spent Sunday at his home in Peoria.

B. J. Johnson, of Irwin, was a Sunday caller here.

Mrs. F. Gerdesich has returned from visiting relatives in Joliet.

Mrs. J. Link of Chicago is taking care of her mother Mrs. J. McDonough, who fell and hurt herself a couple of weeks ago.

The Kaiser's Talk to Hell

(BY W. E. CURRY)

The Kaiser called the Devil up, on the telephone one day, The girl at central listened to all they had to say.

"Hello," she heard the kaiser's voice, "is old man Satan home Just tell him this is Kaiser Bill, that wants him on the phone."

The Devil said "Hello," to Bill, and Bill said "how are you? I'm running here a hell on earth, so tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the Devil said, my dear old Kaiser Bill If there's anything that I can do to help you, I sure will."

The kaiser said "now listen, and I will try to tell

The way that I am running, on earth a modern hell.

I've saved for this for many years, and I've started out to kill,

That it will be a modern job, you leave the Kaiser Bill.

My army went through Belgium, shooting women and children down,

We tore up all her country, and blew up all her towns.

My Zepps dropped bombs on cities, killing both the old and young,

And those the Zeppelins didn't get we've taken out and hung.

I started out for Paris, with the aid of poison gas,

The Belgians, darn'em, stopped us, and would not let us pass.

My submarines are devils, why, you should see them fight!

They go sneaking through the sea, and sink a ship at sight.

I was running things to suit me, till a year ago or so

When a man called Woodrow Wilson wrote me to go more slow.

He said to me, Dear William, we don't want to make you sore,

So be sure to tell your U boats to sink our ships no more.

We have told you for the last time, so, Dear Bill it's up to you,

And if you do not stop it you'll have to fight us too,

I did not listen to him, and he's coming after me,

With a million Yankee soldiers from their homes across the sea.

Now, that's why I called you, Satan, for I want advice from you,

And I knew that you would tell me, just what I ought to do."

"My dear old Kaiser William, there's not much for me to tell For the yanks will make it hotter, than I can for you in hell.

I've been a mean old devil, but not half as mean as you,

And the minute that you get here, I will give my job to you.

I'll be ready for your coming, and I'll keep the fires bright.

And I'll have your rooms all ready when the Yanks begin to fight.

For the boys in blue will get you, I have no more to tell,

Hang up the phone and get your hat, and meet me here in hell.

(Streator Daily Free Press)

Returned to Camp

Fred Hirt, who has been spending a ten days furlough with his parents and friends here, has returned to Camp Pike, Ark., to join his Company.

Miss Glenna Cooper was a week end visitor in St. Louis.

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

Company L. at Camp Upton

Word was received here Monday of this week from Mart Sheehan that he with the rest of the former members of Co. L. were now stationed at Camp Upton, Brooklyn, N. Y. and that they expected to sail shortly for the other side.

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

PRODUCE CLEAN MILK USE SMALL TOP PAIL

Kill's Bacteria. Cleanliness Counts. Clean Cows. Remove Manure. Good Bedding.

Reduction of bacteria in milk does not depend on the kind of barn or expensive equipment so much as on simple inexpensive precautions. Milk with low bacterial count can be produced in barns of ordinary type with less than \$20 worth of extra equipment. The dairy specialists of the United States Department have proved this in a practical experiment.

For the purpose of this experiment, four cows were put in an ordinary frame barn. An untrained worker was employed to milk and care for the animals. No extra attention was devoted to cleaning the barn. At the end of six months the barn was no cleaner than many commercial barns.

Without any changes in barn management the specialists had two cows milked into small-top pails and the two others were milked into ordinary open-top pails. The milk from the open-top pails averaged 497,653 bacteria. The milk from the small-top pails averaged 368-214.

The use of the small-top pail without any extra precaution made a difference in the average count of 129,439 bacteria per cubic centimeter.

The pails and cans were sterilized with live steam, which can easily and cheaply be done with a simple steam sterilizer, which can be made at home or can be purchased complete for about \$10. Other conditions remained as before. The milk from the sterilized small-top pails averaged only 17,027 bacteria—a reduction of 351,187 in favor of this simple sterilization. With the open pails, sterilization reduced the bacteria to 22,677—a decrease of 474,976 compared with milk from the unsterilized open pails.

In the third step of the experiment the manure was removed from the barn twice instead of only once a week. The udders and teats of the cows were washed before each milking. These reasonable measures of cleanliness reduced the count in milk drawn into the sterilized small-top pail to 2,836 bacteria, and in the sterilized open-top pail to 6,166 per cubic centimeter. Ordinary cleanliness, it can be seen, caused a reduction of over 10,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter.

To make it easier to keep the cows clean, in the final stage of the experiment the manure was removed daily, clean bedding was supplied, and the cows were cleaned with a currycomb and brush. With these final precautions the bacterial count in the small-top pail averaged the very low one of 2,154 per cubic centimeter, or 1,197,847 bacteria less than were found in a sample when the barn and cows were dirty and the utensils were not steamed.

Milk with a low bacterial count can be produced in practically any cow barn. Any dairy farmer with a healthy herd can produce such milk with an investment of only \$10 or \$20 and a little extra care.

The United States Department of Agriculture in an experiment produced low bacterial count milk in a poor dairy barn.

The only changes made were: Simple steam sterilizer for utensils. Clean cows, especially clean udders. Small-top milking pails.

Proper manure removal and good bedding.

The bacterial count fell from as high as 1,200,000 to an average of 2,154.

Any farmer can produce clean milk. Low bacterial count is the beginning of good milk, but milk must also be safeguarded from other contamination likely in a dirty barn. There is no legitimate excuse for the production of milk from dirty cattle or in a filthy stable. In addition milk must be properly cooled to prevent the multiplication of bacteria.

Farmers interested in improving the quality of milk can get further information from the Dairy Division, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Pledge Your Loyalty

The great \$100,000,000 War Savings Pledge Week drive is on. All over Illinois the patriotic solicitors are going from house to house, interviewing everyone on the subject of signing pledges for the purchase of Thrift or War Savings Stamps at regular inter-

vals from now until the end of the year. Uncle Sam needs the money for the successful prosecution of the war. Illinois has done its part in the third Liberty Loan, as it did in the others. What now remains is for Illinois to do its part and more than its part in the War Savings Campaign.

The pledge that is being circulated this week is more truly a pledge of loyalty than any other which has been circulated by the Government. The signer of this pledge not only affirms his loyalty, but he makes good his affirmation by deeds. He agrees to save a certain sum every week or every month during the year and to invest this sum in Thrift or War Savings Stamps. He lets the Government know he is behind it in this war not only with words but with his money. He makes it plain that he is willing to sacrifice something that the war may be won. He voluntarily agrees to help the Government reduce the strain on the railroads and on the manufacturing and labor supply of the country, already inadequate for war needs, in order that the war work may be put ahead.

The Government, on the other hand, is offering to the signers of these pledges advantages it has never offered in presenting any other security. In the first place, it should be understood that War Savings Stamps are an investment, not a gift. They are the best Government investment in the world. If held to maturity they pay a higher rate of interest than any other Government loan. They can never depreciate in value because they are always redeemable in full, with interest, on ten days' notice. They form a reserve against sickness, death and misfortune. The purchaser becomes a saver and an investor at the same time. His money begins to work for him at once.

Illinois is the state of Lincoln and of Grant. It furnished more soldiers for the defense of the Union when the Union was threatened, than any other state in proportion to its population. Illinois boys by the thousand are now under German fire in France. Dispatches almost daily tell of Illinois boys giving up their lives in defense of their country. Illinois can and must let those boys know it is backing them up, not with mere flag waving and loud words, but with its money. Illinois must and will take its place among the leaders of the states in the War Savings Campaign.

Sign the War Savings Pledge Card this week. And after you have signed it keep it religiously, for the winning of the war depends as much on you as it does on the boys over there.

VIOLET HINZ CALLED

DIES AT THE HOME OF HER UNCLE AND AUNT

Funeral Services Wednesday Afternoon Burial Was In Mound Grove Cemetery

Miss Violet Hinz age fourteen years and eleven months, died at the home of her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hinz 275 Wabash, Ave., Sunday morning at 9:45 following a lingering illness of about seven years duration. Miss Violet has been a long and patient sufferer from Epileptic Fits and this was the cause of her death.

Miss Hinz was born in Bradley May 30th, 1903. Her father died about nine years ago and her mother passed away about seven years ago. She has since that time, made her home with her aunt and uncle. She is survived by her uncle and aunt and one sister, Miss Elsie Hinz who is now making her home in Colorado on account of her health.

The funeral services took place at her home Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Hoefler officiated. Burial was at Mound Grove Cemetery.

Baby Girl

A baby girl made its appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Euclid Brais last Sunday.

Home on Furlough

Lester Delong, of Fort Bliss Oklahoma, spent a ten days furlough here with his parents.

ITALIAN WAR HEROES HONORED

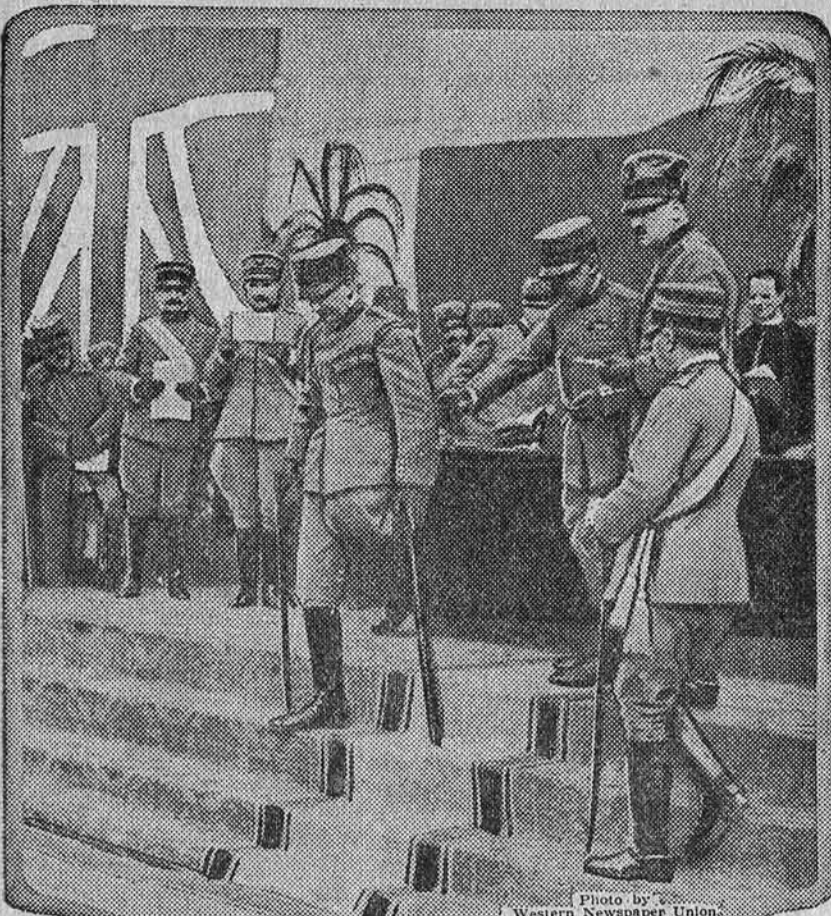


Photo by Western Newspaper Union

Soldiers of the valiant Italian army that checked the German onrush at the Plave line received decorations at an impressive ceremony held in Milan. The photograph shows a mutilated officer honored with a war medal that had been awarded to his brother who was killed in action.

IDLERS MUST BE FORCED TO WORK

Vigorous Enforcement of the Vagrancy Law Is a Public Necessity.

CUT OUT THE SENTIMENT

Duty of Every Citizen to Report Neighbor or Acquaintance Who Won't Work and Demand Sheriff Enforce Laws.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Washington.—Most communities all over the United States are enforcing, or preparing to enforce the vagrancy laws very vigorously. There is a nationwide sentiment of utter detestation for the man so small of spirit as to be willing to do nothing during the supreme hour of all human history. There is a general determination all over America that such men are going to be forced to work, without delay or ceremony.

However, in so vast a land there may be a few communities, here and there, where sentiment has not become sufficiently aroused to echo this general demand which resounds over the country. If there is a place where farmers are looking for help, and, at the same time, loafers are hanging around the depot, the stores and the pool rooms, those farmers themselves are somewhat to blame—unless they demand of the sheriff and local officers an absolute and unyielding application of the vagrancy law.

A field man of the United States department of agriculture recently wrote this from one of the important agricultural states:

"Entirely too much labor, rural as well as city, is slacking. The compulsory work law is not being enforced as well as it should. For sentimental reasons some persons hesitate to report a neighbor or acquaintance who is idle and won't work. . . . My idea is that the first thing to do is to clean up the loafing habit."

"For Sentimental Reason!"

Maybe you feel that way. Perhaps Bill Smith, whom you know well, and rather like in a casual sort of fashion, is a chronic loafer. He is a harmless enough wretch, and you just hate to make a complaint against Bill—"for sentimental reasons!"

No doubt, "for sentimental reasons," you hate to think of your son being

sticking to his old job—waiting in front of the post office.

If your son dies in France—gives his life fighting for the freedom of America—fighting for the freedom of that very Bill Smith, the loafer—how much do you think your grief will be assuaged by the reflection that even if your boy did have to die your "sentimental reasons" have been sustained and Bill is still loafing to his heart's content. If your soldier son makes the supreme sacrifice how much consolation will you find in the knowledge that if Bill Smith, the loafer, whom you shielded "for sentimental reasons" had been forced to work on some war job more food and supplies might have been sent to France and your boy might have lived.

Maybe your son isn't at the front yet—but he is certain to be there soon, and the longer you delay "for sentimental reasons" in seeing that your friend Bill Smith, the loafer, is not sent to the chain gang or the farm, the longer it will take your boy and his companions to do their job.

Maybe you have no sons. But your neighbors have—and they are over there. But don't allow your "sentimental reasons" to be directed to them! Oh, no! Don't try to help the noble boys from your county who started out for hell with a smile just because they are real Americans! Don't let your sentiment turn to them—but be sure and protect Bill Smith who is not fighting, nor working, not doing anything except encumbering the face of the earth with a useless carcass. Be sure and refrain from complaining to the sheriff about him—"for sentimental reasons!" Between vagabonds and heroes let your "sentimental reasons" flow to the first, of course! When the casualty lists come out you won't be saddened! You can banish all grief by saying: "Oh, well, these fine lads are dead, but worthless Bill Smith is safe! I lived up to my sentimental reasons! I kept him from having to work, even if real men had to die while he loafed."

Sentimental reasons! See that every idler in your county goes to the rock pile or goes to work—"for sentimental reasons!"

'HEARS' MUSIC THROUGH FEET

Deaf Man Tells of Sensations He Experienced at a Piano Recital.

New York.—That a highly sensitive deaf person is able to "hear" music through his feet was demonstrated at the last piano recital given recently by Josef Hofmann here.

Jean Paul Gruet, a young deaf man, gave this impression of the recital: "The main emotion I felt from the floor and again in the unsupported lighter parts of the body, such as the arms and finger tips. The muscles in the upper part of the lower leg also vibrated."

"The lower tones of the piano, when loudly and quickly played, may be experienced inwardly, causing an exciting sensation. Such feeling seems to thrill one and cause a quickening of the circulation."

WAR GARDENS DECORATE RAILWAY RIGHT OF WAYS

Memphis, Tenn.—War gardens are to be seen from the window of almost any passenger train in the South. In some sections long strips of land paralleling the right of way are in cultivation. A field 30 feet wide, or less, and a half-mile long, is not uncommon. There are innumerable little gardens to be found between the end of the cross-ties and the right-of-way fence.

killed—but it was the proudest day of your life when you watched him march away to fight in France. By the way, Bill Smith, the loafer, must have a different brand of sentiment from your son and yourself—the "sentimental reasons" that impelled your boy to rush to the colors at the first call don't seem to have moved Bill very much. For some reason—sentimental or otherwise—he is still

HEROINES IN BATTLE

Young Women of Red Cross Make Fine Record.

Render Invaluable Service in Opening of German Offensive in France.

Washington.—Young women of a Red Cross front line unit made a fine record in the opening German offensive in France. At Roye they took over the direction of military traffic. One girl in uniform standing at the four corners directed columns of guns, cavalry, supply wagons and troops, thus preventing a traffic jam.

These women were the last to leave several towns before the Germans entered. They aided hundreds of refugees and established temporary kitchens, where, among others, 250 British soldiers who had not eaten for many hours were fed.

The girls also established an information bureau at Montdidier until this town was captured by the Germans. They picked up wounded when they were unable to make their way to dressing stations, and brought food to

canteens and kitchens to keep them going.

At times the girls were only one day ahead of the advancing Germans and once crossed a bridge only a few moments before it was blown up. For eight days they worked without removing their clothes, sleeping on straw in barns when they could sleep, and eating irregularly.

All in all, the conduct of American girls and women back of the lines is calculated to inspire our soldiers to the highest courage and exertions.

"WOUNDED 13 TIMES, BUT DON'T WORRY," HE SAYS

Freeport, L. I.—"I have been hit by shrapnel and got thirteen wounds—the head, both arms, body and right leg. Outside of that I am O. K., so don't worry."

Such is the word received here from Corp. Arthur C. Trayer of Company D, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth infantry, Rainbow division, by his father.

"13" IN ACTS OF PRESIDENT

Unlucky Number Plays an Important Part in Transactions of Chief Executive.

Washington.—Another reason has been discovered for the eerie air of mystery that always cloaks the number 13.

In the latest report of the attorney general concerning pardons granted federal prisoners by the president the fateful figures predominate. For instance, 94 persons were granted permission, upon serving their sentences, to enjoy civil rights again. The combination of 9 and 4 makes 13. The president also restored the rights of citizenship to 13 deserters from the army and navy. The total number of pardon applications granted by him was 328, and these numbers if taken separately and added combine into the old and gloomy 13.

Now then, if one still has doubts concerning the fatalistic features of the number, it might be added that the president denied 31 applications. Reverse that—and what have you?

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

NATION NEEDS MORE BACK-YARD FLOCKS



Cheap Eggs for the City Family Lies in Keeping Hens, Fed Largely on Kitchen Waste, in the Back Yard.

TOWN HENS MAKE FOOD FROM WASTE

Need for Increasing City Flocks Explained by Department of Agriculture.

SMALL YARDS AFFORD ROOM

Cheap Eggs for City Family May Be Obtained by Feeding Hens Waste From Kitchen—Male Bird Is Not Necessary.

Poultry and eggs have never been cheap food for the city dweller. There is no hope that they can be, during the continuance of the war and its necessarily attendant high prices, even as relatively cheap as they ordinarily have been. The only possibility of cheap eggs for the city family lies in keeping enough hens in the back yard, where they can be supported principally on kitchen waste, to supply the family table. Keeping hens in the back yard is at once an economic opportunity for city families and an essential part of the campaign for increasing poultry production.

What may be done with fowls in a back yard depends upon the size of the yard, the character of the soil, the conditions of sunlight, shade and ventilation, and the interest and skill of the poultry keeper. The smallest and least favorably situated back yard affords an opportunity to keep at least enough hens to supply eggs for the household. The number of hens needed for that purpose is twice the number of persons to be supplied. Hence the smallest flock to be considered consists of four hens. Where hens are kept only to furnish eggs for the table no male bird is needed.

Suitable Coop for Small Flock.

A coop for a flock of four hens should have a floor area of about 20 square feet, or about 5 feet per hen. For larger flocks the space allowance per bird may be a little less, because the space is used in common and each bird has the use of all the coop except what her companions actually occupy. For the ordinary flock of 10 to 15 hens the space allowance should be about four square feet per hen.

With proper care the back-yard poultry keeper can keep hens, for laying only, confining them continuously to their coops, and have them lay well nearly as long as they would be profitable layers under natural conditions. While hens like freedom, good feed and care reconcile them to confinement, and mature, rugged birds often lay more eggs in close confinement than when at liberty.

If the space admits of giving the little back-yard flock more room than a coop of the minimum size required, the condition of the land will determine the form in which the additional space should be given. If the soil is well drained and free from such filth as often contaminates the soil of small back yards, a yard for the fowls may be fenced in, allowing 20 to 30 square feet of yard room per bird. The opportunity for exercise on the land and in the open air which this gives the hens will benefit them, and make life for them more interesting.

If the soil is poorly drained and foul, the hens will thrive and lay better if not allowed on it at all. In that case, the best way to give them some benefit of the extra space available is to build adjoining the coop a shed covering about the same amount of ground, and having the front inclosed only with wire netting. The foul earth under this shed should be removed and the floor filled in a few inches higher than the old surface with fresh earth or sand.

Attention to Cleanliness.

By proper attention to cleanliness this may be kept in sanitary condition for a year or more. Whatever advantage can be given the hens in this way will tend to increase production, and

to prolong the period of profitable laying. The eggs or hens kept in small back yards are perfectly good for eating, but of little value for hatching even when fertile. Good chickens cannot be grown under such conditions. The hens will usually lay well for about a year. Then they should be replaced with farm-grown pullets.

It is known as a matter of experience and observation that town and city people who have to figure costs of food closely have not been accustomed to use eggs freely except in the season of flush production and low prices. A great many such families can keep a few hens in the back yard, and even with low production get many more eggs than they have been accustomed to use.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN HELP.

Those boys or girls want to help win the war—

Give them a flock of hens in your back yard.

To enjoy, to feed and care for;

A source of eggs and meat—

A good way to earn those Thrift Stamps!

And at the same time to help to produce food to win the war. Farmers' Bulletin 889, "Back-Yard Poultry Keeping," tells just how. Free on request.—United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

NEED FOR MORE POULTRY.

Meat can be produced from poultry more quickly than from any other source. One of the necessities imposed upon the United States by its entrance into the world war is to produce more meat than it has ever produced before. This is essential not only to meet its own greater needs because of being on a war basis but also to save the countries with which it cooperates in the war from defeat through lack of food. In order to leave available for the forces overseas as large a proportion as possible of the output of cured and compact meats it is desirable that there be a decided increase in both the home production and the home consumption of white meats such as poultry. To that end it is imperative that the productive stock on general farms and in the back yards of the nation be rather largely increased during the current year. That is the national situation with regard to poultry needs as described in a recent publication from the office of the secretary of agriculture, "The Agricultural Situation for 1918, Part XI, Poultry."

Ducks for Meat and Eggs.

On general farms ducks can be raised with success and at a profit. As a source of income, however, they do not appear to be as well adapted for the average farm as chickens, but under certain conditions they are good money-makers. The demand for ducks' eggs is more limited than for hens' eggs, and though ducks for table use usually bring a good price, their market is also more limited and is mostly confined to large cities. For this reason it is advisable to study the market conditions before making any large investment in ducks.

Intensive duck farming on a large scale has been more successful than intensive chicken raising. Pekin ducks, which are kept extensively by commercial growers, are less subject to disease than chickens, and artificial methods of hatching and rearing have been used very successfully with them. Farmers as a rule have rarely given the necessary care to the feeding and marketing of their ducklings to secure any large share of the trade in fancy green ducks. It is this trade which attracts the commercial duck raiser. A green duck is a duckling which is grown rapidly and marketed when from eight to twelve weeks old, weighing at that time from 4½ to 6 pounds. They are usually sold in the spring and summer and bring high prices. Farmers who grow ducks generally market them in the fall.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price



FOR CONSTIPATION

have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion and to clear up a bad complexion. Genuine bears signature

Wm. Wood

PALE FACES

Generally indicate a lack of iron in the blood

Carter's Iron Pills

Will help this condition

300 GIRLS Wanted At Once

to operate power sewing machines on GOVERNMENT WORK. Piece-work basis. Our girls earn from \$7.50 to \$21.00 per week. Room and Board \$3.00 per week, but guaranteed while learning.

Come At Once

or write for particulars to the plant located nearest you.

SEXTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY FAIRFIELD, FLORA, SALEM AND OLNEY, ILLINOIS

Well Matched. "The pretty little bride over the way is like Juno; she's ox-eyed." "Then she's got her match in her husband, for he's bull-headed."

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 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 aching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1898 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.

CITY'S GLORY LONG DEPARTED

Ruins Testify to Existence of Once Mighty Metropolis in Southeastern Africa.

In a far-off corner of southeastern Africa are hidden the ruins of a once mighty city, called in present times the Zimbabwe, or buildings of stones. The more fanciful of the scientists declare that the time of Moses may have seen the building of these crumbling walls, but the weight of evidence seems to prove that the city is only about ten centuries old. Whatever the true dates of the city's history, certainly its ruins today are in appearance very old, very moss hung and very picturesque.

There is nothing sad about the slipping away of these relics of the past, so gradually they have sunk into the soil and broken down with the pressure of time and weather. Their day of glory and prosperity was over some centuries ago, and they rest dreamily in the sunshine. Bright flowers deck the walls as of trying to hold the remaining stones together; and tall trees spread their branches wide to temper the heat of the midday sun and shelter the stones from the chill of the evening.

Compared. "Is she like Caesar's wife—above suspicion?" "I judge so; her husband is as seldom at home as Caesar was."

A lot of first-class women have to go through life with just mediocre husbands.

Bobby says—



To get the best of all Corn Foods, order POST TOASTIES Sweet, Crisp, Ready-To-Eat

TELLS OF BIG FIGHT

Canadian Sergeant Describes Third Battle of Ypres.

Man Who Participated Gives Thrilling Account of Sanguinary Conflict.

Chicago.—The thrilling eye-witness story of the third battle of Ypres was told here by Sergt. Reginald Grant of the First Canadian field artillery.

"We were in Sanctuary woods about a mile southeast of town. We were the sacrifice battery and were to stay behind if there should be a retreat. Well, our boys went out of the trench and were met by the Germans in mass formation.

"They were smothered—but not before they had wreaked frightful havoc. They died to a man. The Huns came on yelling with all their lungs and as

they neared we blew great holes in that formation. But we didn't stop them. They came on running and yelling like fiends of hell.

"Our ammunition was gone. We grabbed parts of the guns and our rifles, and retreated with the rest, stopping now and then to drop one or two of the enemy.

"The battery to our right didn't have a chance to use all their shells. The Boche was upon them too quickly with smoke shells that started great fires. The boys there were burned alive.

"Yes, they are fighting, the Germans. But so are the British."

"Knows Kaiser Personally."

Carlisle, Pa.—Emil Young, who says he is personally acquainted with the kaiser, was detained by the federal authorities because he could show no naturalization papers. He asserted he had served in the German army.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of "PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Connie's eyes were very bright. She winked hard a few times, choking back the rush of tears. Then with an impulsiveness she did not often show, she lifted her father's hand and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, father," she whispered, "I was so afraid—you wouldn't quite see." She kissed his hand again.

Carol looked at her sister respectfully. "Connie," she said, "I certainly beg your pardon. I just wanted to be clever, and didn't know what I was talking about. When you have finished it, give it to me, will you? I want to read it, too; I think it must be wonderful."

She held out a slender shapely hand and Connie took it quickly, clumsily,



Mr. Starr Sat for a Long Time Staring Straight Before Him Into Space.

and the two girls turned toward the door.

"The danger in reading things," said Mr. Starr, and they paused to listen, "the danger is that we may find arguments we cannot answer; we may feel that what we have been in the wrong, that what we read is right. There's the danger. Whenever you find anything like that, Connie, will you bring it to me? I think I can find the answer for you. If I don't know it, I will look until I come upon it. For we have been given an answer to every argument. You'll come to me, won't you?"

"Yes, father, I will—I know you'll find the answers."

After the door had closed behind them, Mr. Starr sat for a long time staring straight before him into space.

"The Connie problem," he said at last. And then, "I'll have to be better pals with her, Connie's going to be pretty fine, I believe."

CHAPTER XIII.

Boosting Connie.

Connie was past fifteen when she announced gravely one day, "I've changed my mind. I'm going to be an author."

"An author," scoffed Carol. "You! I thought you were going to get married and have eleven children."

"Oh, I've plenty of time for them yet, when I find a father for them. Yes, I'm going to be an author."

"Can you write?"

"Of course I can write."

"What makes you think you can write, Con?" inquired Lark, with genuine interest.

"I have already done it."

"Was it any good?"

"It was fine."

Carol and Lark smiled at each other.

"Yes," said Carol, "she has the long-haired instinct. I see it now. They always say it is fine. Was it a masterpiece, Connie?"

"Well, considering my youth and inexperience, it was," Connie admitted, her eyes sparkling appreciatively. Carol's wit was no longer lost upon her, at any rate.

"Bring it out. Let's see it. I've never met a masterpiece yet—except a dead one," said Lark.

"No—no," Connie backed up quickly. "You can't see it, and—don't ask any more about it. Has father gone out?"

The twins stared at her again. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, but it's my story and you can't see it. That settles it. Was there any mail today?"

Afterward the twins talked it over together.

"What did you do with them when they came back?"

"Burned them. They always burn them. Connie'll get hers back, and she'll burn it, too," was the laconic answer.

"You wait until she can't eat a meal, and then you'll know she's got it back. Many's the time Prudence made me take medicine, just because I got a story back. Prudence thought it was tummyache. The symptoms are a good bit the same."

So Carol watched, and sure enough, there came a day when the bright light of hope in Connie's eyes gave way to the sober sadness of certainty. Her light had failed. And she couldn't eat her dinner.

Lark kicked Carol's foot under the table, and the two exchanged amused glances.

"Connie's not well," said Lark with a worried air. "She isn't eating a thing. You'd better give her a dose of that tonic, Aunt Grace."

"I'm not sick," the crushed young author protested. "I'm just not hungry."

"You can see for yourself," insisted Lark. "Look at her. Isn't she sick? Many's the long illness Prudence stayed off for me by a dose of this magic tonic. You'd better make her take it, father. You can see she's sick."

"You'd better take a little, Connie," her father decided. "You don't look very well today."

And the aspiring young genius was obliged to swallow the bitter dose.

After the meal was over, Carol shadowed Connie closely. Sure enough, she headed straight for her own room, and Carol, close outside, heard a crumpling of paper. She opened the door quickly and went in. Connie turned, startled, a guilty red staining her pale face. Carol sat down sociably on the side of the bed, politely ignoring Connie's feeble attempt to keep the crumpled manuscript from her sight. She engaged her sister in a broad-minded and sweeping conversation, adroitly leading it up to the subject of literature. But Connie would not be inveigled into a confession. Then Carol took a wide leap.

"Did you get the story back?"

Connie gazed at her with an awe that was almost superstitious.

"I sure did," she said.

"Hard luck," said Carol, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Let's see it."

Connie hesitated, but finally passed it over.

"I'll take it to my own room and read it, if you don't mind."

More eagerly than she would have liked Connie to know, Carol curled herself upon the bed to read Connie's masterpiece. It was a simple story, but Connie did have a way of saying things, and—Carol laid it down in her lap and stared at it thoughtfully. Then she called Lark.

"Look here," she said abruptly. "Read this. It's the masterpiece."

She maintained a perfect silence while Lark perused the crumpled manuscript.

"Is it any good?" pursued Carol.

"Why, yes, I think it is. It's just like folks you know. They talk as we do, and—I'm surprised they didn't keep it. I've read 'em a whole lot worse!"

"Connie's disappointed," Carol said. "I think she needs a little boost. I believe she'll really get there if we kind of crowd her along for a while. We'll just copy it over, and send it out again."

"And if it comes back?"

"We'll send it again. We'll get the name of every magazine in the library, and give 'em all a chance to start the newest author on the rosy way."

"I'll take a lot of stamps."

"That's so. Well, I have half a dollar," admitted Carol reluctantly.

After that the weeks passed by. The twins saw finally the shadow of disappointment leaving Connie's face, and another expression of absorption take its place.

"She's started another one," Lark said, wise in her personal experience.

And when there came the starry rapt gaze once more, they knew that this one, too, had gone to meet its fate. But before the second blow fell, the twins gained their victory. They embraced each other feverishly, and kissed the precious check a hundred times, and insisted that Connie was the cleverest little darling that ever lived on earth. Then, when Connie, with their father and aunt, was sitting in unsuspecting quiet, they tripped in upon her.

"We have something to read to you," said Carol beaming paternally at Connie. "Listen attentively. Put down your paper, father. It's important. Go on Larkie."

"My dear Miss Starr," read Lark. "We are very much pleased with your story."—Connie sprang suddenly from her chair—"your story, 'When the Rule Worked Backwards.' We are placing it in one of our early numbers, and shall be glad at any time to have the pleasure of examining more of your work. We enclose our check for forty-five dollars. Thanking you, and assuring you of the satisfaction with which we have read your story, I am,

"Very cordially yours,"

"Tra, lalalalala!" sang the twins, dancing around the room, waving, one the letter, the other the check.

Connie's face was pale, and she

caught her head with both hands, laughing nervously. "I'm going round," she gasped. "Stop me."

Carol promptly pushed her down in a chair and sat upon her lap.

"Pretty good—eh, what?"

"Oh, Carol, don't say that, it sounds awful," cautioned Lark.

"What do you think about it, Connie? Pretty fair boost for a struggling young author, don't you think? Family, arise! The Chautauqua salute! We have arrived. Connie is an author. Forty-five dollars!"

"But however did you do it?" wondered Connie breathlessly.

"Why, we sent it out, and—"

"Just once?"

"Alas, no—we sent it seven times." Connie laughed excitedly. "Oh, oh!—forty-five dollars! Think of it. Oh, father!"

"Where's the story," he asked, a little jealously. "Why didn't you let me look it over, Connie?"

"Oh, father, I—couldn't. I—I—I felt shy about it. You don't know how it is father, but—we want to keep them hidden. We don't get proud of them until they've been accepted."

"Forty-five dollars." Aunt Grace kissed her warmly. "And the letter is worth a hundred times more to us than that. And when we see the story—"

"We'll go thirds on the money, twins," said Connie.

The twins looked eager, but conscientious. "No," they said, "it's just a boost, you know. We can't take the money."

"Oh, you've got to go thirds. You ought to have it all. I would have burned it."

"No, Connie," said Carol, "we know you aren't worth devotion like ours, but we donate it just the same—it's gratis."

"All right," said Connie. "I know what you want, anyhow. Come on, auntie, let's go down town. I'm afraid that silver silk mull will be sold before we get there."

The twins fell upon her ecstatically. "Oh, Connie, you mustn't. We can't allow it. Oh, of course if you insist, dearest, only—"

And then they rushed to find hats and gloves for their generous sister and devoted aunt.

The second story came back in due time, but with the boost still strong in her memory, and with the fifteen dollars in the bank, Connie bore it bravely and started it traveling once more. Most of the stories never did find a permanent lodging place, and Connie carried an old box to the attic for a repository for her mental fruits that couldn't make friends away from home. But she never despaired again.

And the twins, after their own manner, calmly took to themselves full credit for the career which they believed lay not far before her.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Millionaire's Son.

"If Jim doesn't ask for a date for the concert next week, Lark, let's snub him good."

"Oh, don't worry. He always asks. You have that same discussion every time there's anything going on. It's just a waste of time."

Mr. Starr looked up from his mail. "Complexion and boys with Carol, books and boys with Lark, Connie, if you begin that nonsense you'll get spanked. One member of my family shall rise above it, if I have to do it with force."

Connie blushed.

The twins broke into open derision. "Connie! Oh, yes, Connie's above that nonsense."

"Connie's the worst in the family, father, only she's one of those reserved, supercilious souls who doesn't tell everything she knows."

"Nonsense." I wish father could have heard Lee Hanson last night. It would have been a revelation to him. "Aw, go on, Connie, give us a kiss."

Connie caught her lips between her teeth. Her face was scarlet.

"Twins!"

"It's a fact, father. He kept us awake. 'Aw, go on, Connie, be good to a fellow.'"

"I—I—" began Connie defensively.

"Well, we know it. Don't interrupt when we're telling things. You always spoil a good story by cutting in. 'Aw, go on, Connie, go on, now!' And Connie said—" The twins rocked off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Connie flashed a murderous look at them.

"Well, I—"

"Give us time, Connie. We're coming to that. And Connie said, 'I'm going in now; I'm sleepy.'"

"I didn't—father, I didn't!"

"Well, you might have said a worse thing than that," he told her sadly.

"I mean—I—"

"She did say it," cried the twins. "I'm sleepy. Just like that."

"Well, it would make you sick," declared Connie, wrinkling up her nose to express her disgust. "Are boys always like that father?"

"Don't ask me," he hedged promptly. "How should I know?"

"Oh, Connie, how can you! There's father—now, he never cared to kiss the girls even in his bad and balmy days, did you, daddy? Oh, no, father was all for the strictly orthodox even in his youth!"

his mail, and the twins calmly resumed the discussion where it had been interrupted.

A little later a quick exclamation from their father made them turn to him inquiringly.

"It's a shame," he said, and again: "What a shame!"

"Why, it's a letter from Andrew Hedges—an old college chum of mine. His son is going West and Andy is sending him around this way to see me and meet my family. He'll be here this afternoon. Isn't it a shame?"

"Isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Carol. "We can use him to make Jim Forrest jealous if he doesn't ask for that date?"

And she rose up and kissed her father.

"Will you kindly get back to your seat, young lady, and not interfere with my thoughts?" he reproved her sternly but with twinkling eyes. "The trouble is I have to go to Fort Madison on the noon train for that Epworth League convention. I'd like to see that boy. Andy's done well, I guess. I've always heard so. He's a millionaire, they say."

For a long second his daughters gazed at him speechlessly.

Then, "A millionaire's son," Lark faltered feebly.

"But I have to go to Fort Madison. I am on the program tonight. There's the puzzle."

"Oh, father, you can leave him to us," volunteered Lark. "We'll be lovely, just lovely. A millionaire's son! Oh, yes, daddy, you can trust him to us all right."

At last he caught the drift of their enthusiasm. "Ah! I see! That fatal charm. You're sure you'll treat him nicely?"

"Oh, yes, father, so sure. A millionaire's son. We've never even seen one yet."

"Now, look here, girls, fix the house up and carry it off the best you can. I'll be gone until the end of the week, since I'm on for the last night, too. Will you do your best?"

After his departure, Carol gathered the family forces about her without a moment's delay.

"A millionaire's son," she prefaced her remarks, and as she had expected, was rewarded with immediate attention. "Now, for darling father's sake, we've got to manage this thing the very best we can. We have to make this Andy Hedges, millionaire's son, think we're just about all right, for father's sake. We must have a generous dinner, to start with. We'll plan that a little later. Now I think, Aunt Grace, lovely, it would be nice for you to wear your lavender lace gown, and look delicate, don't you? A chaperoning auntie in poor health is so aristocratic. You must wear the lavender satin slippers and have a bottle of cologne to lift frequently to your sensitive nostrils."

"Why, Carol, William wouldn't like it!"

"Wouldn't like it!" ejaculated the schemer in surprise. "Wouldn't like it! Why wouldn't he like it? Didn't he tell us to create a good impression?"

Mr. Starr looked up from his mail. "Complexion and boys with Carol, books and boys with Lark, Connie, if you begin that nonsense you'll get spanked. One member of my family shall rise above it, if I have to do it with force."

Connie blushed.

The twins broke into open derision. "Connie! Oh, yes, Connie's above that nonsense."

"Connie's the worst in the family, father, only she's one of those reserved, supercilious souls who doesn't tell everything she knows."

"Nonsense." I wish father could have heard Lee Hanson last night. It would have been a revelation to him. "Aw, go on, Connie, give us a kiss."

Connie caught her lips between her teeth. Her face was scarlet.

"Twins!"

"It's a fact, father. He kept us awake. 'Aw, go on, Connie, be good to a fellow.'"

"I—I—" began Connie defensively.

"Well, we know it. Don't interrupt when we're telling things. You always spoil a good story by cutting in. 'Aw, go on, Connie, go on, now!' And Connie said—" The twins rocked off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Connie flashed a murderous look at them.

"Well, I—"

"Give us time, Connie. We're coming to that. And Connie said, 'I'm going in now; I'm sleepy.'"

"I didn't—father, I didn't!"

"Well, you might have said a worse thing than that," he told her sadly.

"I mean—I—"

"She did say it," cried the twins. "I'm sleepy. Just like that."

"Well, it would make you sick," declared Connie, wrinkling up her nose to express her disgust. "Are boys always like that father?"

"Don't ask me," he hedged promptly. "How should I know?"

"Oh, Connie, how can you! There's father—now, he never cared to kiss the girls even in his bad and balmy days, did you, daddy? Oh, no, father was all for the strictly orthodox even in his youth!"

Mr. Starr returned precipitately

Well, this is it. You'll make a lovely semi-invalid auntie. You must have a faintly perfumed handkerchief to press to your eyes now and then. It isn't hot enough for you slowly to wield a graceful fan, but we can get along without it."

"But, Carol—"

"Think how pleased dear father will be if his old college chum's son is properly impressed," interrupted Carol hurriedly, and proceeded at once with her plans.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Room for Teddy Bears. A woman with her little girl was looking through a flat that was for rent. The janitor said no dogs or animals of any kind were allowed. The little girl said to her mother: "Don't move here, I can't bring my Teddy bear."

A Business Should be as Big as Its Job

If bigness is of benefit to the public it should be commended.

The size of a business depends upon the needs which that business is called upon to serve. A business should be as big as its job. You do not drive tacks with a pile-driver—or piles with a tack-hammer.

Swift & Company's growth has been the natural and inevitable result of national and international needs.

Large-scale production and distribution are necessary to convert the live stock of the West into meat and by-products, and to distribute them over long distances to the consuming centers of the East and abroad.

Only an organization like that of Swift & Company, with its many packing plants, hundreds of distributing houses, and thousands of refrigerator cars, would have been able to handle the varying seasonal supplies of live stock and meet the present war emergency by supplying, without interruption:

First—The U. S. soldiers and the Allies in Europe by shipping as much as 800 carloads of meat products in a single week!

Second—The cantonments in the United States.

Third—The retailers upon whom the American public depends for its daily supply of meat.

But many people ask—Do producers and consumers pay too much for the complex service rendered?

Everyone, we believe, concedes the efficiency of the Swift & Company organization—in performing a big job in a big way at a minimum of expense.

Swift & Company's total profit in 1917 was less than 4 cents on each dollar of sales of meat and by-products. Elimination of this profit would have had practically no effect on live stock and meat prices.

Do you believe that this service can be rendered for less by any other conceivable method of organization or operation?

These questions and others are answered fully and frankly in the Swift & Company 1918 Year Book sent free on request.

Address Swift & Company, U. S. Yards, Chicago

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

—over in Centralia, Illinois, there is an institution that is making many people happy. They go there suffering with

Trachoma, Granulated Lids, Ulcers and Chronic Sore Eyes.

Many have to be led and fed, but they soon return home with eyes that can see perfectly.

This institution can probably save you from a life "In darkness." Write and seal it's name is—

Remember the Blind Man! The HALEY EYE INFIRMARY.

U.S. Marine Band Leader Endorses Great Stomach Relief



Capt. W.H. Santelmann U.S. Navy

Tells How EATONIC Makes Sick Stomach Well

If you suffer from stomach trouble, read below and learn what Wm. A. Santelmann, Capt. of U. S. Navy and Leader of the World Famous U. S. Marine Band, says about the wonderful stomach relief. The splendid results this noted band leader secured from the use of EATONIC should be your guide, and you should start using EATONIC today.

Estonle Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill. Washington, D. C. Gentlemen—EATONIC is an invaluable remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. I have used it with excellent results. Very truly yours, Wm. A. Santelmann Capt. U. S. Navy and Leader Marine Band.

At All Drug-gists EATONIC FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Quickly Removes All Stomach Misery—Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sour, Acid and Gassy Stomach

Here's the secret: EATONIC Drives the Gas out of the body—and the Bloat Goes With It! Guaranteed to bring relief or money back. Get a box today. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it.

Trial of Eatonic Free If you want quick relief, you should get the guaranteed full treatment from your druggist today. If you would rather try EATONIC first, we will gladly send you a box with full directions, as we surely want every reader to know of the wonderful curative power of EATONIC. Your name and address on a postal card will bring you a trial box free with full directions for use by return mail. Address H. Kramer, President, Eatonic Remedy Company, 1022 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

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

Board of Education

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

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.

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

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

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

FATHER CHARLEBOIS, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church,

SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

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

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

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

Rev. WM. A. GRANGER, Pastor.

U. B. Church, Bradley.

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

Village of Bourbonnais.

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

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

Meets first Friday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

Bradley Encampment I.O.O.F.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society.

Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

St. Anna Sodality.

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

Holy Name Society.

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

Children of Mary Society.

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

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



ANY MAN TO ANY MAN

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

I DO not know how other men feel about it, but I find it hard, with all that is happening to the world today, to look a small boy in the face.

When a small boy looks trustingly up to me and I see his world—the world he thinks he is going to have, in his eyes, I am afraid.

The look in his eyes of the world he thinks he is going to have cuts me to the quick.

I have always felt I had an understanding with a small boy before.

But the last four years when he looks at me in that old way and I think of his world—the one I see in his eyes—the one I had myself—the one every small boy has a right to, I see suddenly instead the one that is being left over for him by me, by all of us, the one he will have to try to put up with, have to live in, have to be a man in, when you and I have stopped trying.

Then when I face the small boy I want to go off in a wide high place alone and think and ask God. I want to go down into the city and fight—fight with my money and with my hope, go over the top with my religion and then come back and face the small boy.

There are days during this struggle when my soul is spent and all the world seems made of iron and glass and all these crowds of people flocking through the streets who do not seem to care.

It seems as if I would not turn over my head to save a world to live in myself. . . . It does not matter about me—and some days the people I see go by almost make me think it does not matter about them. . . .

Then suddenly I go by troops of school children at four o'clock pouring out into the streets. . . . pouring like fire, pouring like sunshine out into the streets!

It is as the roll of drums for the Liberty Loan!

I want to ring great church bells to call people to the Red Cross!

My rule for a man's finding out just how much he should subscribe to the Red Cross is this:

Put down your name and address on the blank and leave the amount open to think. Then try going past a schoolhouse about four o'clock when the children are pouring out.

Or in the evening when the house is quiet, put down your name and the best figure you dare on the white paper.

Then go upstairs a minute and look in the crib.

Then look at your blank when you come down once more.

THE WAR'S RECOMPENSE

The original of this verse was found on an American soldier who bravely fought and as nobly died. The man is yet unknown.

Ye who have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life.

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In freedom's crowning hour.

That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break."

A MESSAGE FROM EDWARD N. HURLEY,

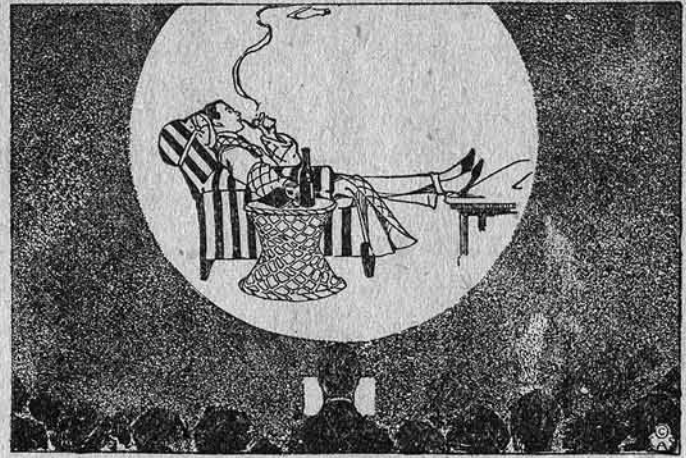
Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

EVERY dollar that has been appropriated by the American Red Cross in this war has welded closer that relationship between the United States and the nations of the Entente, a relationship that will have a marked effect upon the peace council that is coming.

If this work of spreading the gospel of mercy is to continue, every man, woman and child in this republic must give the American Red Cross his fullest support in its second campaign for \$100,000,000.

Our boys in Europe are looking to us to back them up and I know of no better means of supporting them than through the instrumentality of the American Red Cross.

The good it has already accomplished and the comforts and welfare it will provide later when the stress of war becomes greater for the United States forces, make it imperative that the second fund of \$100,000,000 be a spontaneous gift on the part of the American people.



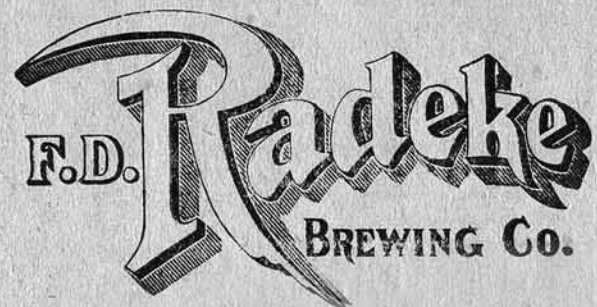
A Picture of Solid Comfort

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

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



BUSINESS MEN MET

COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO RAISE MONEY

Will Raffle off A Cow For The Benefit of the Bradley Auxiliary of the Red Cross

At the meeting of the Bradley Business Men Association last Thursday evening, a Committee was appointed to proceed with the benefit for the Bradley Auxiliary of the Red Cross. F. J. Mulligan, T. R. McCoy, Dolar Martin and Emil Mailloux were the Committee appointed with full power to act and they have decided on raffling off a cow for the benefit of the local Red Cross. The Business Men's Association have also voted and decided to turn over a small fund that is now in their treasury to the local Red Cross along with the proceeds from the raffle of the cow. The Committee has purchased one of the finest cows in this part of the country and the tickets for a chance on this Red Cross cow will be \$1.00 a piece. The Business men of Bradley and other workers will soon be out with the tickets and you have to buy at least one if you can, buy more as the money derived from this raffle is going for a very good case.

This Red Cross cow will be raffled off on July 4th and they are contemplating giving a celebration of some kind on this day. The plans of which have not as yet been completed but will be announced a little later on. All surrounding villages have given benefits of various kinds such as dances, shows, auctions etc. for the benefit of their local chapters of the Red Cross but it was up to the Committee of the Bradley Business Men Association to act on this novel plan of raising money for the local chapter of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross cow is an A No. 1 cow and anyone drawing the lucky number and do not wish to keep the cow they can have \$100.00 in cash in place of the

cow or they can donate it back to the Red Cross to be auctioned off which no doubt will be done by the lucky winner.

Get behind this movement and help put Bradley over the top. We have never failed yet to show that we are 100% patriotic and we will go over the top by a margin on this proposition.

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

Mrs. Ed Markett who has been on the sick list, is able to be out again.

Mr. Tom Coyer, who has been laid up with rheumatism, is able to be out again.

Mr. Wm. Hinz, who has been in Colorado on account of his health, was called home during the week on account of the death of his niece Miss Violet Hinz.

Miss Elsie Hinz, of Denver, Colo., was called here during the week on account of the death of her sister Miss Violet Hinz.

Tom Grisich, who has been laid up for the past two weeks with blood poisoning in his hand, has resumed his position at the Bradley factory.

Frank B. Matthew, of Peoria, was a business caller here, Monday.

Louis Beland is spending a two weeks' vacation at Clyde Kansas. He will also visit Camp Dodge before returning home.

Paul Beland, of Madison, Ill., spent Sunday with his parents here.

James McCue of South Center Ave. is having the interior of his home decorated.

Henry Evans and wife of east Chicago Ind., were week end visitors here with relatives and friends.

C. L. Markham was a Sunday visitor here.

Duane Lake and family, spent Saturday evening here with relatives.

Carl Meyers of Terre Haute, spent Sunday here with friends.

Mrs. Frank Richardson, of Bourbonnais Road, was a business caller in Chicago, Monday.

May Festival

The Bradley Girls Evening Club will give there second annual May Festival at the Bradley Factory Park tomorrow, Saturday evening May 18th, at 8 p. m. and an excellent program has been arranged for the occasion which promises to surpass the May Festival of last year which was pronounced excellent.

If you really want to spend an enjoyable evening be sure to be on hand at the Bradley Park tomorrow evening to witness this great Festival.

Ray DeWess, who has been laid up with a mashed toe, is able to be out again.

James Jackman of Chicago was a business caller here Monday.

Miss Vera Burns spent Sunday in Momenca with home folks.

Tom Grisich of North Blain Ave. is suffering with blood poisoning in his hand.

Frank Cooper who has been on the sick list is better.

W. T. Cary of Gary, Ind., is visiting friends and relatives here.

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.

Her Perennial Hat

"It's simply awful the amount of money women spend on hats," said Perdita to her husband over the morning coffee. "I think I'll just get out my last winter's hat this morning and see whether I can fix it up for another season."

"Things always look bright to one in the morning, even a last winter's hat don't they?" answered Paul. "But how many times have I heard you express your belief that clothes ought to be like nature's foliage and the spring flowers fresh every year."

"Yes," answered Perdita. "I believe I have voiced some such opinion, but there are some flowers that are perennials. That is they come up every year."

"And do you think there are such things as perennial hats? I wish it were true, for such a theory would materially alter a man's financial condition, and the sight of his wife's hat springing afresh each year from the depth of its bandbox would enliven his spirits and give him a new philosophy of life."

"Don't be silly, Paul!" remonstrated Perdita. "Of course a woman can't wear her last year's hat just as it is, but if she is clever with her hands she can give a twist to the shape and by freshening up the flowers or feathers, make the whole thing look like a perfectly new creation."

"I don't know much about styles," answered Paul, "but I remember a certain feather that overhung one of your winter hats, which I think was called a willow plume, but which seems to have vanished from the headgear of the present. Would it be possible to modernize one of those?"

"Well, of course, the willow plumes are out of it," admitted Perdita, "but it is possible to have them curled."

"And change the weeping willow into a curly birch or a curly bunch," laughed Paul. "Well, you are certainly most ingenious, my dear, and I often think that the dexterity and resourcefulness that women employ in the matter of clothes would make for grand success in a business career."

"Oh, yes, we are resourceful enough," said Perdita. "However, I was wondering whether, after all, it was a wise economy to save on a hat, for you see that a woman feels when she has economized in one thing—"

"—that she can be extravagant in a dozen other ways," interrupted Paul. "I have a faint recollection of one of your fits of economy that caused you to refrain from buying a winter suit and permitted you to put the money saved from the suit into a mahogany bed room set."

"But I have never regretted that set," declared Perdita, "and I think it was the most economical thing I ever did. If I had bought the suit it would have been worn out by this time, whereas the mahogany is as good as new."

"And it cost four times as much," declared Paul, who was beginning to see the drift of the conversation and was hurrying through his last waffle in order to escape.

But he could not manage the waffle with sufficient celerity, so he did not escape.

"Of course," said Perdita, "if I do fix up my old hat, I think you ought to get me that new gas stove you promised me so long ago. I am tired of stooping down every time I look in the oven."

"But I thought stooping was considered healthful exercise," declared Paul.

"After all," mused Perdita, not heeding Paul's suggestion, "a hat is the poorest thing in the world for a woman to economize on, for really I do not believe that my brain is quite a different brain when there is a becoming hat above it, not at all like what it is when covered by some makeshift of a thing."

"Oh, go on down and order a new one," declared Paul, mentally staving off the gas stove.

"Well, I don't know but what I might as well," said Perdita, "and so, after all, I shall not have a perennial hat."

"Anyhow, the subject is perennial," said Paul, rising, "and its roots grow stronger every year."

Mamma's Little Helper.

When unexpected company came to dinner, little Betty was told privately that she and mother would have to have oyster soup without the oysters. The young lady was much flattered at her share in this sacrifice to hospitality, and apparently disappointed when she found one small oyster in her plate. Holding it up on the spoon, she inquired in a stage whisper:

"Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Smith have this oyster, too?"

Justice, With Mercy.

Magistrate—You are charged with having sixteen wives. What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

Prisoner—I really couldn't help myself, judge.

"Nonsense!"

"It was this way: Five years ago I went to a summer resort, and for six weeks I was the only man there."

"Discharged."

A street car wheel which its Maine inventor claims is noiseless in reality is a wheel within a wheel, the two being separated by rubber cushions.

LEGHORNS PRODUCE EGGS AT LESS COST.

Superiority, as Layers, over General Purpose Breeds Shown by Recent Feeding Test.

Leghorns produce eggs cheaper than hens of the general-purpose breeds—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons. This fact, which confirms the belief and experience of commercial poultry farmers, was one of the results obtained in a rather extensive feeding test recently reported by poultrymen of the United States Department of Agriculture. Because they lay as many or more eggs, eat only about 55 pounds of feed per head as compared with 70 to 85 pounds eaten by the general-purpose breeds, and because their egg yield very materially exceeds that of general-purpose breeds during their second and third laying years, Leghorns, the specialists say, undoubtedly are more profitable to keep for the production of eggs only.

In this test the food cost of a dozen eggs for one of the Leghorn pens was 7.34 cents in 1913 while the average cost of all the pens of the general-purpose breeds was 10.6 cents. In 1914 the feed cost of a dozen eggs for the same pen of Leghorns was 8.7 cents as against an average cost of 15.1 cents for the second laying year of the general-purpose pens. During their third laying year the cost of a dozen eggs was 8.8 cents compared to 18.6 cents for the general-purpose fowls. The total value of eggs per hen over feed cost in the Leghorn pen for three years was \$6.84 against \$4.20 for the general-purpose hens. The highest egg production obtained in any of the feeding experiments was by a pen of Leghorns which laid 157.6 eggs per hen, at a feed cost of 6.7 cents a dozen.

The Leghorns produce smaller eggs than the general-purpose breeds. The average weight of the eggs of a pen of Leghorns during the first laying year was 1.42 pounds per dozen as against 1.53 to 1.58 pounds for the other pens. However, Leghorns laying eggs weighing 1.50 pounds per dozen or even more, the specialists say, have been selected and bred by many poultrymen. An examination of 500 eggs from 3 Leghorn pens showed that 31 per cent weighed more than two ounces apiece, or 1.50 pounds to the dozen.

The value per dozen of the eggs produced by the Leghorns was from 1 to 3 cents less each year than the eggs of general-purpose hens. This difference is due to the fact that the general-purpose breeds are better winter layers than the Leghorns, while the latter give a higher production in the spring and summer. Very few Leghorns become broody, which probably materially affects their egg yield as compared with the general-purpose breeds. Better fertility in the eggs, especially with stock confined to the yards, is more often secured with Leghorns than with the general-purpose or any of the heavier breeds.

GEESE GOOD GRAZERS.

Goose Raising Not Affected by High-Priced Grains—Little Care Needed.

Geese can be raised in small flocks on general farms, on pasture or non-productive land and do not require any material amount of grain. Low, rough pasture land, used for pasturing other stock and containing a natural supply of water offers the best conditions. Many geese are kept in the South to kill weeds, especially in the cotton fields, and their use could still be greatly increased for this purpose. They are good grazers and will do well on grass and forage crops alone, except during the winter months, when they may be fed largely on available roughage, such as clover, alfalfa hay, silage, cabbage, mangel-wurzels, or any waste vegetables. If the grass or forage is limited it may be supplemented by light feeds of common or home-grown grains.

Geese do not need shelter except during cold weather, when open sheds may be provided. Goslings are not usually hatched until good pasture is available and need additional feed only for a few weeks. The range of pasture used either for goslings or for geese should be large enough so that the grass will remain clean, or the stock should be moved frequently to fresh land. Coops, barrels, or some other dry shelter should be provided for the young goslings. Geese are very hardy and free from diseases and insect pests.

Full details as to culture of rye in the eastern half of the United States, where 80 per cent of the crop is grown, are given in Farmers' Bulletin 756, United States Department of Agriculture. This bulletin discusses the production and harvesting of the crop, and gives a description of soils and varieties that may be expected to yield good results in various regions. Since rye is strongly recommended by the department, and by the Food Administration forces, farmers who may contemplate planting it are urged to write to the Department and secure Farmers' Bulletin No. 756.

It is often said that celery is a nerve food, but there seems to be no warrant for such a statement; the belief is probably a survival of the time when specific virtues were attributed to almost all plants and vegetables.—Bulletin United States Department of Agriculture.

For correcting soil acidity, 1 ton of burned lime is practically equal to 1½ tons of slaked lime or 2 tons of ground limestone, in case all three forms are of equal grade of purity.

Considerable Rat

"When it comes to a fight I always bet on the fellow that has no reputation," said the boss. "That is because I know a reputation is the whole thing in music and art and literature. I went to a concert once and heard a fellow with a reputation sing. Every one said it was great, but it wasn't. Whenever I come to a story that is particularly puni: I always know that a fellow with a rep did it. No one knows whether such things are good or not unless there is a reputation to go with 'em, but with fighting it's different. There has to be a show-down."

"I remember a man in Java who had a ferret. Everybody used to stand back from the ferret as if it was a buzzsaw, and they used to feed it to keep it from eating them alive. According to reputation that ferret could kill rats in its sleep. The hotel man said he was willing to bet that his ferret could kill more rats than two cats."

"This angered a fellow who owned a cat. The cat's owner said that his cat had already licked nine dogs and a camel, and that he could kill rats while resting faster than a couple of ferrets."

"Then I told them both that there was a rat aboard the Slipper'y Sue that was some rat, and that if they were looking for a subject I'd set a trap for the rat and the bet would be on."

"They agreed, and the next night the man took his cat to the hotel and I took my rat in a big cage. When the cat was put down on the barroom floor he looked around for a leg to rub against, and when the ferret was put down he looked around for something to eat."

"Then I told them to clear for action, as I was going to let the rat out and then look for something high. I gave warning for nobody to get between me and the stepladder. The rat was running around in the cage like a sprocket in a runaway band wagon wheel, and when I pressed the spring he came out of the trap like one of those jokes where you press a spring and get hit in the nose by something that jumps out of the box."

"The rat hit the ferret. The ferret said 'Squeak' and away he flew, the rat after him. Then the rat saw the cat. The cat was soon scrambling up a post, nervous."

"All the spectators were on top of the bar b, that time, all except me. I had climbed up to the scantling near the ceiling and pulled the stepladder up after me."

The rat showed his teeth in a kind of sneering way and then crawled off. I suppose he went back to the Sue."

"Anyway, he had gone into the fight without any reputation. And I always bet on the fellow who has a rep to make just on account of that little happening."

The Right Shade.

Mrs. Blank had in her employ a colored maid who belonged to a "funeral club," which binds all its members to attend every funeral of a member upon receipt of notification. One morning Dinah asked for time that afternoon to attend a funeral, and Mrs. Blank, knowing that Dinah would have to pay a fine if she did not attend, gave reluctant consent. At the appointed hour Dinah's mistress saw her come down the stairs, ready to go out. To Mrs. Blank's horror Dinah was dressed in a bright scarlet dress with a large scarlet willow plume on her hat, and a red parasol in her hand.

"Why, Dinah, I thought you were going to a funeral," said Mrs. Blank.

"Yes, I's going to the funeral," said Dinah.

"But you ought not to wear red to a funeral," said Mrs. Blank. "You ought to be dressed quietly in a dark dress."

Dinah poked the toe of her shoe with her parasol and meditated a moment, and then said, "Well, I reckon I won't go back and change now, I'll just wear this."

Some three weeks after this Dinah approached her mistress and told her that she was going to leave, because she was going to be married. Mrs. Blank expressed her astonishment, saying that she didn't know Dinah even had an admirer. Dinah simpered and twisted the corner of her apron and said: "No, I didn't have one until just lately! Does you remember that funeral I went to one time when I wore my red dress? Well, missus, dat shade of red done kitched the eye of de corpse's husband!"

No Joke.

"We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew difficulties in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outfit phor this printing opphice phalled to supply us with any ephs or cays and it will be phour or phive weex bephor we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them until they come. We don't ligue the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ephs and the c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the C hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious apphair."

You can't alwa judge the dinner by the price.

INTERCHANGEABLE FOODS.

Let Cost Determine What Source of Starch to Use—Potatoes as a Source of Starch.

Rice, wheat, and corn, the common starch foods eaten in the mixed diet usual in most families, are relied on mainly as sources of energy to the body, and have about the same value, pound for pound. Therefore if rice, wheat flour, cracked wheat, corn meal or hominy cost the same per pound, they are equally cheap fuel foods. Such foods, therefore, can be freely interchanged if foods like meat, milk, eggs, or beans and fruits or vegetables are eaten also.

Most wheat breakfast foods and wheat pastes, like macaroni or spaghetti, also have about the same energy value as wheat flour, corn and rice. They differ very much in appearance and also in bulk, according to the method of manufacture, and the cost can not be judged merely by the size of the package to be obtained for 5 or 10 cents. Now that the law requires net weight to be marked on the outside of every package, it is easy to reckon how much the food material actually costs a pound. Thus if the net weight of a 10-cent package of breakfast food is 8 ounces, a pound, or 16 ounces, would cost 20 cents.

As a general rule—and very justly—the simpler preparations, which it has taken less time and labor to put up, cost less than the more elaborate ones. Those sold in bulk usually cost less than those sold in cartons. Each housekeeper must decide whether the variety and convenience of the more expensive kinds compensates for the extra cost. In any case before she can choose wisely she must have reckoned how much the package goods cost per pound.

Leaving aside cost of preparation and comparing rice with ready-made wheat bread, it appears that rice at 7 cents a pound is about as cheap a source of body fuel as bread at 5 cents a pound. If bread costs 8 cents a pound, rice costing up to 10 cents a pound is a cheaper source of energy. Bread costing 9 cents a pound would furnish energy as cheaply as rice at 12 cents a pound. Corn bread usually costs much less per pound than wheat bread, and so furnishes energy at a still lower cost in the above comparison than wheat bread.

A pound of potatoes yields hardly one-fifth as much body energy as a pound of rice, cornmeal, or wheat. This is partly because they are much more watery and partly because a large proportion is discarded with the skins. Part of this loss is inevitable because the skin itself is not usually considered good to eat; but the more carelessly potatoes are pared, the more of the valuable edible substance goes with the skin. A bushel of potatoes weighs 60 pounds, a peck 15 pounds. When potatoes are selling at \$1.20 a bushel, or 30 cents a peck, they therefore cost 2 cents a pound. If their value is one-fifth that of rice, they furnish fuel at about the same cost as rice at 10 cents a pound and at about twice the cost of corn meal or hominy at 5 cents a pound. When potatoes cost \$2.40 a bushel, or 60 cents a peck, they are about twice as expensive as sources of fuel as rice at 10 cents, and four times as expensive as corn meal or hominy at 5 cents a pound. These comparisons show that, merely for providing fuel, potatoes are often more expensive than rice, and practically always more expensive than corn meal or hominy. As was pointed out above potatoes often are relied on not merely as a source of fuel, but also as a source of some of the mineral matters needed by the body. They are usually among the most economical of the vegetables which serve this second purpose, because they supply a generous amount of energy as well as the building materials.

LIME IS NOT APPLIED AS FOOD FOR PLANTS.

Lime is not an important direct food for plants, but its chief functions in the soil are to neutralize acidity and to promote bacterial activities. Leaching is the greatest source of loss of lime from soil.

Crops of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy in a five-year rotation at the Agricultural Experiment Station at Wooster on land receiving complete fertilizer and lime removed only about 106 pounds of calcium per acre in this time. To furnish this calcium in the plants only 265 pounds of limestone would be needed in five years.

Applications of two tons of ground limestone, however, have been profitable on the Experiment Station farm. The lime is needed to correct acidity in the soil and to make conditions otherwise favorable for crops to thrive besides adding a small amount of calcium as plant food.

Leaching causes the greatest loss of carbonates and basic calcium from the soil, experiments at the Station have proved. Applications of one to two tons of limestone are therefore needed about every five years on land deficient in limestone.

The early American colonies made several attempts to grow alfalfa, but without great success. George Washington grew trial plots of alfalfa on his Virginia farm, and Thomas Jefferson gave considerable attention and care to its cultivation. Their efforts, however, proved unsatisfactory, since they did not understand all of the requirements for the successful growth of the plant.

The Bureau of Soils is cooperating with cement mills, blast furnaces, and wool scourers with the object of enabling them to recover potash as a by-product wherever this proves to be commercially feasible.



Billy Jones

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Billy Jones—maybe your son or the son of a neighbor—was in the front line trenches in France when the German bombing party was driven back. His enthusiasm to get the Boches carried him over the top of the trench, and at the edge of No Man's Land a Hun bullet got him.

A comrade—maybe your boy—crawled out into No Man's Land and brought Billy Jones back to the American trenches.

Other comrades carried him back through the maze of trenches to a dressing station, where his wound was cared for.

A medical department ambulance carried him on to the field hospital. From there Billy Jones was taken to the base hospital, and there a Red Cross nurse—your Red Cross nurse—is tenderly, carefully, smilingly nursing him back to health again so that he may not have to pay the extreme sacrifice that we—that you and I and our neighbors—may enjoy the blessings of freedom.

There are half a million of these boys of ours in France today and more going "over there" every week. They are there to wage the supreme conflict of the world with the brutal forces of autocracy that democracy, our heritage, may not perish.

We want these boys of ours to come back to us, and it is the Red Cross men and women—our Red Cross men and women—who will bring thousands of them back who would not otherwise come if our dollars will but keep them there to minister to these boys of ours. They are but doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves.

A SCORE OF REASONS FOR THE RED CROSS

It Is Playing a Big Part in the War for Democracy.

What does it mean to you to know that your America Red Cross:

is supporting 50,000 French children. Sends supplies to 3,428 French military hospitals.

Provides 2,000 French hospitals with surgical dressings. Is operating 30 canteens at the front line.

Is operating six other canteens at French railway junctions, serving 30,000 French soldiers a day. Operates a movable hospital in four units accommodating 1,000 men.

Is operating a children's refuge in one part of the war zone, and in another a medical center and traveling dispensary, both capable of accommodating more than 2,000 children.

Has opened a long chain of warehouses stocked with hospital supplies, food, soldiers' comforts, tobacco, blankets, etc., all the way from the seaboard to the Swiss frontier.

Has warehouse capacity for 100,000 tons. Has 400 motor cars and operates seven garages, making all repairs.

Has shipped 46 freight car loads of assorted supplies to Italy from France within two weeks after it began operating in the former country.

Had a battery of motor ambulances at the Piave front four days after the United States declared war on Austria.

Started a hundred different activities in Italy at the time that nation was in its most critical condition.

Has established five hospitals in England and operates a workshop for hospital supplies employing 2,000 women.

And that 120,000 cases of supplies have been received at the Paris headquarters of the American Red Cross from your various chapters scattered throughout the United States.

What does all this mean to you? And I have told you but a fraction of the work your Red Cross has done and is doing. It means that without this ceaseless, heroic work of the American Red Cross, we could never win this war.

Without your Red Cross thousands in Rumania would have starved to death.

Without your Red Cross Italy would never have realized that powerful support of the United States in the hour of need.

Without your Red Cross thousands of French soldiers now gallantly fighting for you at the front would have died of wounds, exposure and lack of food.

But now we must all redouble our efforts and sacrifices for our Red Cross because a million mothers' sons are going to carry the stars and stripes to the greatest victory God has ever given to men fighting for honor and liberty.

With the help of your Red Cross your boy will win.

SHIP PERISHABLE GOODS CAREFULLY.

Shippers should exercise unusual care in packing and loading their perishable products. They should grade their products carefully with reference to the degree of their maturity and select a nearby market for the riper products and a distant market for the products that will hold up the necessary time in transit to reach the distant market. Weather reports should be utilized in a study of the weather conditions that are prevailing in the different large markets, to the end that foodstuffs that normally are consumed in large quantities in warm weather may not be sent to markets where cool or cold weather is prevailing.

There should be a fuller recognition of the joint responsibility of the shipper with the carrier for the safe carriage of food products to destination. The specialists of the Department of Agriculture point out. Shippers should cooperate closely with carriers by giving ample instructions with reference to refrigeration and ventilation, to the end that food products may be properly conserved in transit and reach channels of consumption. Railroad agents could render useful service if they were instructed in some of the most fundamental things connected with the proper care of perishable shipments during the period of loading carload shipments at country stations.

Shippers too frequently through carelessness and a lack of knowledge of the proper methods of protecting perishable shipments leave wagon loads of them exposed to the hot sun for hours at a time instead of loading them promptly into a refrigerator car and keeping the doors of the car closed between loads. The carrier's representative or local agents usually take notice of such condition only for the purpose of recording the circumstances for consideration in connection with damage claims that may be filed. The fact frequently is overlooked that the carrier may render definite assistance in the conservation of foodstuffs by cooperating with the shippers and giving them all the information which it has as to the proper methods that should be used.

Shippers should invariably notify consignees as soon as shipments are forwarded from point of origin. Where the distance to market is short the notification should be given by wire, so that the consignees may be in a position to take more prompt delivery of shipments on arrival and thus eliminate deterioration that so frequently takes place by the holding of shipments long periods of time after arrival at the market.

HOW TO RID CABBAGE OF MAGGOTS ON ROOTS.

Tobacco dust or carbolic emulsion about the stem of a cabbage plant will free it from maggots. This may be done whenever the maggots are so numerous as to menace the crop.

Tobacco dust is disagreeable to cabbage maggots. A teaspoonful about each plant, renewed every week, will keep such pests much reduced in number, according to entomologists of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station. Carbolic emulsion will destroy the larvae. It is made as follows: Dissolve a pound of hard soap in a gallon of boiling water; add a pint of crude carbolic acid and emulsify at once by pumping the liquid back into itself with a force pump; dilute with 30 parts of water and pour a half-pint around each plant. Ordinary carbolic sheep dips diluted with 150 or 200 parts of water are equally effective and easily used, the agricultural specialists advise.

Such preparations impart a disagreeable flavor and odor to radishes. Common salt sprinkled lightly along the radish row may be substituted in the case of this crop to overcome such an objection. An excess of salt must be avoided or injury to plants will result.

The adult insect is a small fly. The larvae is a whitish maggot one-third of an inch long when mature. It eats away the outside tissue of cabbage roots, turnips, radishes and similar crops, causing rot to start, or it may bore tunnels through the roots.

Grass Clippings for Poultry.

Grass clippings are an excellent green feed for chickens. The backyard poultry flock of a family often lacks sufficient green feed, with a consequent reduction of egg and meat production. With the easy availability of lawn clippings the city poultryman can always have green feed through the summer for his chickens. The flock can be fed daily as much of the green clippings as they will eat. If any continued bowel trouble shows, the amount should be reduced. The remainder of the clippings can be allowed to dry and fed moistened during the time between lawn cuttings. Amounts in excess can be dried for winter use. Dried grass clippings are a good green feed for winter. They can be dried and stored in sacks. These dried clippings moistened and fed to the flock, are a very fair substitute for the succulent green feeds of summer.

The large number of failures in obtaining a stand of sweet clover are due primarily to acid soils, lack of inoculation, and seed which germinates poorly.

When a man meets one of his old sweethearts he realizes that he is a lucky dog.

The proof of the political pudding lies in the pinn distribution.

Long Live the King

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1917, by the Ridgway Company

All Rights Reserved

Copyright, 1917, by Mary Roberts Rinehart

THROUGH ADELBERT THE COMMITTEE OF TEN LEARNS THE SECRET PASSAGE

Synopsis.—Prince Ferdinand William Otto, heir to the throne of Livonia, is unaware of plots of the terrorists to form a republic. His grandfather, the king, in order to preserve the kingdom, arranges for the marriage of Princess Hedwig, Otto's cousin, to King Karl of Karnia. Hedwig rebels because of an attachment she has formed for Captain Nikky Larisch, Prince Otto's personal attendant. Countess Loschek, attached to the menage of Archduchess Annunciata, is in love with the king of Karnia, for whom she acts as spy. She is threatened by the committee of ten, leaders of the terrorists, unless she bows to the committee's will and helps to secrete the crown prince when the king, who is very ill, dies. Nikky is torn between love and a sense of duty and loyalty to his king. Without Karl's support the king's death would bring the terrorists into control. The terrorists fix the carnival as the time for kidnaping the crown prince.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

—13—

The concierge bent closer over the table. "Doctor Weideman, the king's physician, is one of us," he whispered. "The king lives now only because of stimulants to the heart. His body is already dead. When the stimulants cease, he will die."

Old Adelbert covered his eyes. He had gone too far to retreat now. Driven by brooding and trouble, he had called himself with the powers of darkness.

He sat silent while the concierge cleared the table, and put the dishes in a pan for his niece to wash. And throughout the evening he said little. At something before midnight he and his host were to set out on a grave matter, nothing less than to visit the committee of ten, and impart the old soldier's discovery. In the interval he sat waiting, and nursing his grievances to keep them warm.

Black Humbert, waiting for the hour to start and filling his tankard repeatedly, grew loquacious. He hinted of great matters in which he had proved his value to the cause. Old Adelbert gathered that, if he had not actually murdered the late crown prince and his wife, he had been closely concerned in it. His thin, old flesh crept with anxiety. It was a bad business, and he could not withdraw.

"We should have had the child, too," boasted the concierge, "and saved much bother. But he had been unknown to us, sent to the country. A matter of milk, I believe."

"But you say you do not war on children?"

"Bah! A babe of a few months. Furthermore," said the concierge, "I have a nose for the police. I scent a spy, as a dog scents a bone. Who, think you, discovered Haeckel?"

"Haeckel!" Old Adelbert sat upright in his chair.

"Aye, Haeckel, Haeckel the jovial, the archconspirator. Who but I? I suspected him. He was too fierce. He had no caution. He was what a peaceful citizen may fancy a revolutionist to be. I watched him. He was not grave. He was reckless because he had nothing to fear. And at last I caught him."

Old Adelbert was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, his jaw dropped.

not walk." He rose and consulted a great silver watch. "We can go now," he said. "The committee likes promptness."

They left together, the one striding off with long steps that were surprisingly light for his size, the other, hanging back a trifle, as one who walks because he must. Old Adelbert, who had loved his king better than his country, was a lagging patriot that night. His breath came short and labored. His throat was dry. As they passed the opera, however, he threw his head up. The performance was over, but the great house was still lighted, and in the foyer, strutting about, was his successor. Old Adelbert quickened his steps.

At the edge of the place, near the statue of the queen, they took a car, and so reached the borders of the city. After that they walked far. The scent of the earth, fresh turned by the plough, was in their nostrils. Cattle, turned out after the long winter, grazed or lay in the fields. Through the ooze of the road the two plodded; old Adelbert struggling through with difficulty, the concierge exhorting him impatiently to haste.

At last the leader paused, and surveyed his surroundings: "Here I must cover your eyes, comrade," he said. "It is a formality all must comply with."

Old Adelbert drew back. "I do not like your rule. I am not as other men. I must see where I go."

"I shall lead you carefully. And, if you fear, I can carry you." He chuckled at the thought. But old Adelbert knew well that he could do it, knew that he was as a child to those mighty arms. He submitted to the bandage, however, with an ill grace that caused the concierge to smile.

"It hurts your dignity, eh, old rooster!" he said jovially. "Others, of greater dignity, have felt the same. But all submit in the end."

He plotted the veteran among the graves with the ease of familiarity. Only once he spoke. "Know you where you are?"

"In a field," said Adelbert, "recently ploughed."

"Aye, in a field, right enough. But one which sows corruption, and raises nothing, until perhaps great St. Gabriel calls in his crop."

Then, realizing the meaning of the mounds over which he trod, old Adelbert crossed himself.

"Only a handful know of this meeting place," boasted the concierge. "I, and a few others. Only we may meet with the committee face to face."

"You must have great influence," observed old Adelbert timidly.

"I control the guilds. He who today can sway labor to his will is powerful; very powerful, comrade. Labor is the great beast which tires of carrying burdens, and is but now learning its strength."

"Aye," said old Adelbert. "Had I been wise, I would have joined a guild. Then I might have kept my place at the opera. As it is, I stood alone, and they put me out."

"You do not stand alone now. Stand by us, and we will support you. The republic will not forget its friends."

Thus heartened, old Adelbert brightened up somewhat. Why should he, an old soldier, sweat at the thought of blood? Great changes required heroic measures. It was because he was old that he feared change. He stumped through the passageway without urging, and stood erect and with shoulders squared while the bandage was removed.

He was rather longer than Olga Loschek had been in comprehending his surroundings. His old eyes at first saw little but the table and its candles in their gruesome holders. But when he saw the committee his heart failed. Here, embodied before him, was everything he had loathed during all his upright and loyal years—anarchy, murder, treason. His face worked. The cords in his neck stood out like strings drawn to the breaking point. The concierge was speaking. For all his boasting, he was ill at ease. His voice had lost its bravado, and had taken on a fawning note.

"This is the man of whom word was sent to the committee," he said. "I ventured to ask that he be allowed to come here, because he brings information of value."

"Step forward, comrade," said the

leader. "What is your name and occupation?"

"Adelbert, excellency. As to occupation, for years I was connected with the opera. Twenty years, excellency. Then I grew old, and another—" His voice broke.

"What is the information that brings you here?"

Suddenly old Adelbert wept, terrible tears that forced their way from his faded eyes, and ran down his cheeks. "I cannot, excellencies!" he cried. "I find I cannot."

He collapsed into the chair, and throwing his arms across the table bowed his head on them. His shoulders heaved under his old uniform. The committee stirred, and the concierge caught him brutally by the wrist.

"Up with you!" he said, from clenched teeth. "What stupidity is this? Would you play with death?"

But old Adelbert was beyond fear. He shook his head. "I cannot," he muttered, his face hidden.

Then the concierge stood erect and folded his arms across his chest. "He



"It Is There," He Said Thickly.

is terrified, that is all," he said. "If the committee wishes, I can tell them of this matter. Later, he can be interrogated."

The leader nodded.

"By chance," said the concierge, "this—this brave veteran"—he glanced contemptuously at the huddled figure in the chair—"has come across an old passage, the one which rumor has said lay under the city wall, and for which we have at different times instituted search."

He paused, to give his words weight. That they were of supreme interest could be told by the craning forward of the committee.

"The entrance is concealed at the base of the old Gate of the Moon. Our friend here followed it, and reports it in good condition. For a mile or thereabouts it follows the line of the destroyed wall. Then it turns and goes to the palace itself."

"Into the palace?"

"By a flight of stairs, inside the wall, to a door in the roof. This door, which was locked, he opened, having carried keys with him. The door he describes as in the tower. As it was night, he could not see clearly, but the roof at that point is flat."

"Stand up, Adelbert," said the leader sharply. "This that our comrade tells is true?"

"It is true, excellency."

"Shown a diagram of the palace, could you locate this door?"

Old Adelbert stared around him hopelessly. It was done now. Nothing that he could say or refuse to say would change that. He nodded.

When, soon after, a chart of the palace was placed on the table, he indicated the location of the door with a trembling forefinger. "It is there," he said thickly. "And may God forgive me for the thing I have done!"

CHAPTER XV.

King Karl.

"They love us dearly!" said King Karl.

The chancellor, who sat beside him in the royal carriage, shrugged his shoulders. "They have had little reason to love, in the past, majesty," he said briefly.

Karl laughed, and watched the crowd. He and the chancellor rode alone, Karl's entourage, a very modest one, following in another carriage. There was no military escort, no pomp. It had been felt unwise. Karl, paying ostensibly a visit of sympathy, had come unofficially.

The chancellor was not so calm as he appeared. He had lined the route from the station to the palace with his men; had prepared for every contingency so far as he could without call-

ing out the guard. As the carriage, drawn by its four chestnut horses, moved slowly along the streets, his eyes under their overhanging thatch were watching ahead, searching the crowd for symptoms of unrest.

Anger he saw in plenty, and suspicion. Scowling faces and frowning brows. But as yet there was no disorder. He sat with folded arms, magnificent in his uniform beside Karl, who wore civilian dress and looked less royal than perhaps he felt.

And Karl, too, watched the crowd, feeling its temper and feigning an indifference he did not feel. Olga Loschek had been right. He did not want trouble. More than that, he was of an age now to crave popularity. Many of the measures which had made him beloved in his own land had no higher purpose than this, the smiles of the crowd. So he watched and talked of indifferent things.

"It is ten years since I have been here," he observed, "but there are few changes."

"We have built no great buildings," said Mettlich bluntly. "Wars have left us no money, majesty, for building!"

That being a closed road, so to speak, Karl tried another. "The crown prince must be quite a lad," he experimented. "He was a babe in arms, then, but frail, I thought."

"He is sturdy now." The chancellor relaxed into watchfulness.

"Before I see the Princess Hedwig," Karl made another attempt, "it might be well to tell me how she feels about things. I would like to feel that the prospect is at least not disagreeable to her."

The chancellor was not listening. There was trouble ahead. It had come, then, after all. He muttered something behind his gray mustache. The horses stopped, as the crowd suddenly closed in front of them.

"Drive on!" he said angrily, and the coachman touched his whip to the horses. But they only reared, to be grasped at the bridles by hostile hands ahead.

Karl still rose from his seat.

"Sit still, majesty," said the chancellor. "It is the students. They will talk, that is all."

But it came perilous, near to being a riot. Led by some students, pushed by others, the crowd surrounded the two carriages, first muttering, then yelling. A stone was hurled, and struck one of the horses. Another dented the body of the carriage itself. A man with a handkerchief tied over the lower half of his face mounted the shoulders of two companions, and harangued the crowd. They wanted no friendship with Karnia. Were they to lose their national existence? He exhorted them madly through the handkerchief. A babel of noise, of swinging back and forth, of mounted police pushing through to surround the carriage, of cries and the dominating voices of the student demagogues. Then at last a semblance of order, low muttering, an escort of police with drawn revolvers around the carriage, and it moved ahead.

Through it all the chancellor had sat with folded arms. Only his livid face told of his fury. Karl, too, had sat impassive, picking at his small mustache. But, as the carriage moved on, he said: "A few moments ago I observed that there had been few changes. But there has been, I perceive, after all, a great change."

"One cannot judge the many by the few, majesty."

But Karl only raised his eyebrows.

In his rooms, removing the dust of his journey, broken by the automobile trip across the mountains where the two railroads would some day meet, Karl reflected on the situation. A dual monarchy, one portion of it restless and revolutionary, was less desirable than the present peace and prosperity of Karnia. And unrest was contagious. He might find himself in a difficult position.

He glanced about his rooms. In one of them Prince Hubert had met his death. It was well enough for Mettlich to say the few could not speak for the many. It took but one man to do a murder, Karl reflected grimly.

But when he arrived for tea in the archduchess' white drawing room he was urbane and smiling. He kissed the hand of the archduchess and bent over Hedwig's with a flash of white teeth.

Then he saw Olga Loschek, and his smile stiffened. The countess came forward, curtsied, and as he extended his hand to her, touched it lightly with her lips. They were quite cold. For just an instant their eyes met.

It was, on the surface, an amiable and quiet tea party. Hedwig had taken up her position by a window, and was conspicuously silent. Behind her were the soft ring of silver against china, the countess' gay tones, Karl's suave ones, assuming gravity, as he inquired as to his majesty's health; the Archduchess Annunciata pretending a solicitude she did not feel. And all forced, all artificial.

"Grandmother," Hedwig whispered from her window to the austere old bronze figure in the place, "was it like this with you, at first? Did you shiver when he touched your hand? And doesn't it matter, after a year?"

"Very feeble," said the archduchess, voice, behind her, "but so brave—a lesson to us all."

"He has had a long and conspicuous career," Karl observed. "It is sad, but we must all come to it. I hope he will be able to see me."

"Hedwig!" said her mother, sharply, "your tea is getting cold."

Hedwig turned toward the room. Listlessness gave her an added dignity, a new charm. Karl's eyes flamed as he watched her. Even her coldness appealed to him. He had a feeling that the coldness was only a young girl's armor, that under it was a deeply passionate woman. The thought of

seeing her come to deep, vibrant life in his arms thrilled him.

When he carried her tea to her, he bent over her. "Please!" he said. "Try to like me. I—"

"I'm sorry," Hedwig said quickly. "Mother has forgotten the lemon."

Karl smiled and, shrugging his shoulders, fetched the lemon. "Right, now?" he inquired. "And aren't we going to have a talk together?"

"If you wish it, I dare say we shall."

"Majesty," said Hilda, frowning into her teacup. "I see a marriage for you." She ignored her mother's scowl, and tilted her cup to examine it.

"A marriage!" Karl joined her, and peered with mock anxiety at the tea grounds. "Strange that my fate should be confined in so small a compass! A happy marriage? Which am I?"

"The long yellow leaf. Yes, it looks happy. But you may be rather shocked when I tell you."

"Shocked?"

"I think," said Hilda, grinning, "that you are going to marry me."

"Delightful!"

"And we are going to have—"

"Hilda!" cried the archduchess fretfully, "Do stop that nonsense and let us talk. I was trying to recall, this morning," she said to Karl, "when you last visited us." She knew it quite well, but she preferred having Karl think she had forgotten. "It was, I believe, just before Hubert—"

"Yes," said Karl gravely, "just before."

"Otto was a baby then."

"A very small child. I remember that I was afraid to handle him."

"He is a curious boy, old beyond his years. Rather a little prig, I think. He has an English governess, and she has made him quite a little woman."

Karl laughed, but Hedwig flushed.

"He is not that sort at all," she declared stoutly. "He is lonely and—and rather pathetic. The truth is that no one really cares for him, except—"

"Except Captain Larisch!" said the archduchess smoothly. "You and he, Hedwig, have done your best by him, surely."

The bit of byplay was not lost on Karl—the sudden stiffening of Hedwig's back, Olga's narrowed eyes. Olga had been right, then. Trust her for knowing facts when they were disagreeable. His eyes became set and watchful, hard, too, had any noticed. There were ways to deal with such a situation, of course. They were giving him this girl to secure their own safety, and she knew it. Had he not been so mad about her he might have pitied her, but he felt no pity, only a deep and resentful determination to get rid of Nikky, and then to warm her by his own fire. He might have to break her first. After that manner had many queens of Karnia come to the throne. He smiled behind his small mustache.

When tea was almost over, the crown prince was announced. He came in, rather nervously, with his hands thrust in his trousers pockets.

Annunciata stirred restlessly. She considered this talk of Nikky in execrable taste.

"He is not particularly good."

"Oh, so he is not particularly good?"

"Well, he thinks he isn't. He says he doesn't find it easy to love his country more than anything in the world, for one thing. And he smokes a great many cigarettes."

"Another taste in common!" jeered Karl, in his smooth, carefully ironic tones.

Annunciata was in the last stages of irritation. There was no mistaking the sneer in Karl's voice. His smile was forced. She guessed that he had heard of Nikky Larisch before, that indeed, he knew probably more than she did. Just what, she wondered, was there to know? A great deal, if one could judge by Hedwig's face.

"I hope you are working hard at your lessons, Otto," she said, in the severe tone which Otto had learned that most people use when they refer to lessons.

"I'm afraid I'm not doing very well, Tante. But I've learned the 'Gettysburg address.' Shall I say it?"

"Heavens, no!" she protested. She had not the faintest idea what the "Gettysburg address" was. She suspected Mr. Gladstone.

The countess had relapsed into silence. A little back from the family circle, she had watched the whole scene stonily, and knowing Karl as only a woman who loves sincerely and long can know a man, she knew the inner workings of his mind. She saw anger in the very turn of his head and set of his jaw. But she saw more, jealousy, and was herself half mad with it.

She knew him well. She had herself, for years, held him by holding herself dear, by the very difficulty of attaining her. And now this indifferent, white-faced girl, who might be his, indeed, for the taking, but who would offer or promise no love, was rousing him to the instinct of possession by her very indifference. He had told her the truth, that night in the mountain inn. It was Hedwig he wanted, Hedwig herself, her heart, all of her. And, if she knew Karl, he would move heaven and earth to get the thing he wanted.

She surveyed the group. How little they knew what was in store for them! She, Olga Loschek, by the lifting of a finger, could turn their smug superiority into tears and despair, could ruin them and send them flying for shelter to the very ends of the earth.

But when she looked at the little crown prince, legs dangling, eating his thin bread and butter as only a hungry small boy can eat, she shivered. By what means must she do all this! By what unspeakable means!

Karl saw the king that evening, a short visit marked by extreme formality, and, on the king's part, by the keen and frank scrutiny of one who is near the end and fears nothing but the final moment. Karl found the meeting depressing and the king's eyes disconcerting.

Countess Loschek sees a chance for revenge. The next installment gives the exciting details.

"I've just taken off my winter flannels," he observed. "I feel very smooth and nice underneath."

Hilda giggled, but Hedwig reached over and stroked his arm. "Of course you do," she said gently.

"Nikky," continued Prince William Otto, stirring his tea, "does not wear any flannels. Miss Braithwaite thinks he is very careless."

King Karl's eyes gleamed with amusement. He saw the infuriated face of the archduchess, and bent toward the crown prince with earnestness.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "since you have mentioned the subject, I do not wear any either. Your 'Nikky' and I seem most surprisingly

to have the same tastes—about various things."

"Do you like dogs?" inquired the crown prince, much interested.

"Dogs! Why, yes. I have quite a number of dogs."

"I should think it would be nicer to have just one dog, and be very fond of it. But I suppose they would eat a great deal. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Otto!" said the archduchess, extremely shocked.

He turned to her apologetically. "I was only trying to find out how many things he and Nikky agreed about," he explained. "Nikky believes in love at first sight. He says it is the only real kind of love, because love isn't a thing you think out. You only feel it."

to have the same tastes—about various things."

"Do you like dogs?" inquired the crown prince, much interested.

"Dogs! Why, yes. I have quite a number of dogs."

"I should think it would be nicer to have just one dog, and be very fond of it. But I suppose they would eat a great deal. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Otto!" said the archduchess, extremely shocked.

He turned to her apologetically. "I was only trying to find out how many things he and Nikky agreed about," he explained. "Nikky believes in love at first sight. He says it is the only real kind of love, because love isn't a thing you think out. You only feel it."

The archduchess met Karl's eyes. "You see!" she said.

"But it is sound doctrine," Karl observed, bending forward and with a slanting glance at Hedwig. "I quite agree with him again. And this friend of yours, he thinks love is the only thing in the world, I dare say?"

"Well, he thinks a great deal of it. But he says that love of country comes first, before anything else."

The archduchess glanced at Hedwig furiously. The girl had closed her eyes, and was sitting detached and pale. She would have liked to box her ears. Karl was no fool, and there was talk enough. He would hear it, of course.

"Tell us about your pilgrimage, Otto," she suggested.

"Well, I went," said the crown prince reflectively. "We walked a long time, and it was very warm. I have quite a large blister. The archbishop had to take his shoes off and walk in his stockings, because his feet hurt. No one saw. It was on a country lane. But I'm afraid it didn't do very much good." He drew a long breath.

"No?" Karl inquired.

Suddenly the boy's chin quivered. He was terribly afraid he was going to cry, and took a large sip of tea, which cleared his voice.

"My grandfather is not any better," he said. "Perhaps some one else should have gone. I am not very good," he explained to Karl. "It ought to be a very good person. He is very sick."

"Perhaps," suggested Karl mockingly, with a glance at Hedwig, "they should have sent this 'Nikky' of yours."

Annunciata stirred restlessly. She considered this talk of Nikky in execrable taste.

"He is not particularly good."

"Oh, so he is not particularly good?"

"Well, he thinks he isn't. He says he doesn't find it easy to love his country more than anything in the world, for one thing. And he smokes a great many cigarettes."

"Another taste in common!" jeered Karl, in his smooth, carefully ironic tones.

Annunciata was in the last stages of irritation. There was no mistaking the sneer in Karl's voice. His smile was forced. She guessed that he had heard of Nikky Larisch before, that indeed, he knew probably more than she did. Just what, she wondered, was there to know? A great deal, if one could judge by Hedwig's face.

"I hope you are working hard at your lessons, Otto," she said, in the severe tone which Otto had learned that most people use when they refer to lessons.

"I'm afraid I'm not doing very well, Tante. But I've learned the 'Gettysburg address.' Shall I say it?"

"Heavens, no!" she protested. She had not the faintest idea what the "Gettysburg address" was. She suspected Mr. Gladstone.

The countess had relapsed into silence. A little back from the family circle, she had watched the whole scene stonily, and knowing Karl as only a woman who loves sincerely and long can know a man, she knew the inner workings of his mind. She saw anger in the very turn of his head and set of his jaw. But she saw more, jealousy, and was herself half mad with it.

She knew him well. She had herself, for years, held him by holding herself dear, by the very difficulty of attaining her. And now this indifferent, white-faced girl, who might be his, indeed, for the taking, but who would offer or promise no love, was rousing him to the instinct of possession by her very indifference. He had told her the truth, that night in the mountain inn. It was Hedwig he wanted, Hedwig herself, her heart, all of her. And, if she knew Karl, he would move heaven and earth to get the thing he wanted.

She surveyed the group. How little they knew what was in store for them! She, Olga Loschek, by the lifting of a finger, could turn their smug superiority into tears and despair, could ruin them and send them flying for shelter to the very ends of the earth.

But when she looked at the little crown prince, legs dangling, eating his thin bread and butter as only a hungry small boy can eat, she shivered. By what means must she do all this! By what unspeakable means!

Karl saw the king that evening, a short visit marked by extreme formality, and, on the king's part, by the keen and frank scrutiny of one who is near the end and fears nothing but the final moment. Karl found the meeting depressing and the king's eyes disconcerting.

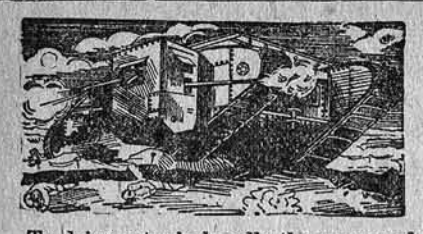
Countess Loschek sees a chance for revenge. The next installment gives the exciting details.

"I've just taken off my winter flannels," he observed. "I feel very smooth and nice underneath."

Hilda giggled, but Hedwig reached over and stroked his arm. "Of course you do," she said gently.

"Nikky," continued Prince William Otto, stirring his tea, "does not wear any flannels. Miss Braithwaite thinks he is very careless."

King Karl's eyes gleamed with amusement. He saw the infuriated face of the archduchess, and bent toward the crown prince with earnestness.



To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood in his veins "is up and at it." He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the fall end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better as a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep well. Now is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv.

Eczema MONEY BACK
without question if Hunt's Salve falls in the treatment of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't become discouraged because other treatments failed. Hunt's Salve has relieved hundreds of such cases. You can't lose, on our Money Back Guarantee. Try it at our risk TODAY. Price 75c. at drug stores. A. B. Richards Co., Sherman, Texas.

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

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor
Keck-Gonnerman **Tractor**
This Tractor is backed up by 44 years' experience in building high-grade machinery for Missouri and Illinois farmers. It is not an experiment, not a freak; it is a "most service" for Dollars' investment for the average farmer. 12 h. p. at drawbar, 24 h. p. at belt. Pulls three 14-inch plows easily. Underated, not overated. Orders must be placed early to assure delivery. Write for information today. WEBER IMP. & AUTO CO., 1900 Locust, St. Louis.

SHE USED TO BE GRAY
Society Ladies Everywhere Use "La Creole" Hair Dressing.
The well-known society leader's hair was prematurely gray, perhaps just like yours, but Mrs. J.—heard of "La Creole" Hair Dressing—how thousands of people everywhere had used it with perfect satisfaction. It is not a dye, but a preparation designed especially for the purpose of gradually restoring color to gray or faded hair, and which is easily applied by simply combing or brushing through the hair. "La Creole" Hair Dressing positively eradicates dandruff, keeps the scalp in a healthy condition and promotes the growth of new hair; brings back a natural, soft, even, dark shade to gray or faded hair, and makes it lustrous, full of life and beautiful. "La Creole" Hair Dressing is sold and guaranteed by all good drug stores everywhere, or sent direct for \$1.20 by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn.—(Adv.)

Whenever You Need a General Strengthening Tonic
Take the Old Standard GROSS' TASTELESS child Tonic. It contains the known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON and is Very Valuable as General Strengthening Tonic. You can feel the good effect on the Blood after the first few doses. 50c.
Natural headaches are not in it with the acquired kind.

PNEUMONIA
First call physician. Then begin hot applications of—
VICKS VAPORUB
Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

WHAT CAN WE DO?

The Central Division Bulletin of the American Red Cross issues the following appeal to young women, stating the greatest need now is for more nurses:

Urgent need of 5,000 more trained nurses for the army by June 1, of which number the Central division is asked to enroll 635, is announced by Surgeon General William C. Gorgas of the United States army. For the whole year of 1918 there must be enrolled 35,000 for the government. Military hospitals in this country and in France must have the 5,000 nurses to take care of the wounded in the great fighting that any day may start on the western front and continue until next winter. The Red Cross already has supplied 10,000 nurses as a reserve for the army and navy, but with nearly 2,000,000 men under arms the supply is insufficient. Every chapter of the Central division is urged to take immediate steps to get the critical situation before registered nurses to the end that they will enroll for service. Miss Jane A. Delano, director of the bureau of nursing of the American Red Cross, makes the following appeal: "We wish to bring to the attention of nurses the unusual opportunities offered by the insurance law, enacted for the protection of our army and navy. The law applies equally to nurses assigned to duty and makes it possible for the

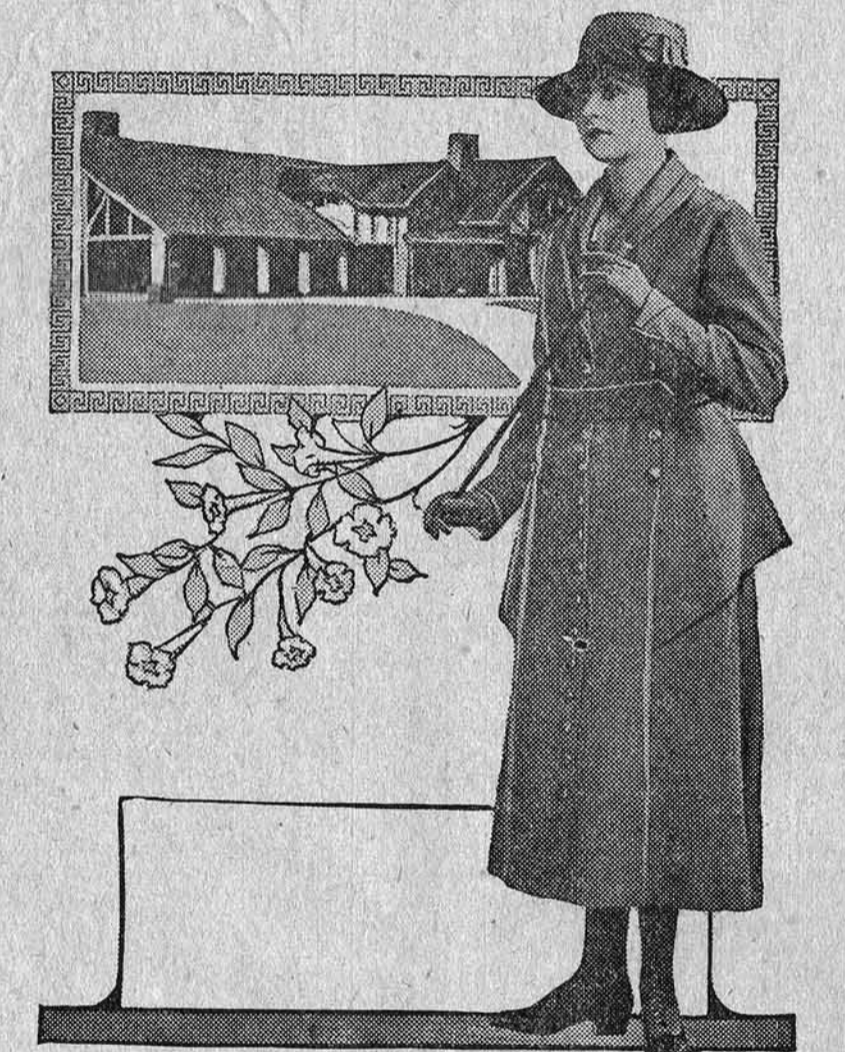
nurse to secure protection for herself at nominal cost, as well as for designated members of her family.

"A great responsibility rests upon the nurses of the country. They are the only group of women recognized as a part of the military establishment. A special appeal is made therefore to the nurses of America to volunteer at once through their nearest local committee on Red Cross nursing service."

The appeal of the surgeon general and of Miss Delano is approved emphatically by the American Red Cross war council at Washington. There seems to be a general misunderstanding throughout the field regarding materials to be used at the present time. Do not change to summer materials for hospital garments. Continue to use the materials for winter garments. Make pajamas from outing flannel, not gingham. Use the heavy bathing robe for bed jackets and convalescent gowns. Bed shirts should be of cotton flannel or twilled jeans.

We are informed by national headquarters that only the heavier weight garments will be shipped abroad, and we have stored in our warehouses a sufficient supply of summer weight garments for use in the camp hospitals in this country. Chapters will be informed through the weekly Bulletin of any future change in the materials to be used for hospital garments or the manner in which they are to be made.

Made to Serve Many Purposes



"It is the war" perhaps that is responsible for this dress that looks like a suit but isn't. Since designers have been giving so much attention to those two-in-one frocks that must serve for afternoon and evening—or afternoon and street wear—they seem to have acquired the habit of making things of doubtful identity. Here is a one-piece garment that evidently is intended to serve almost any purpose. It looks like a very good substitute for a street suit, it might pass for a coat dress or be worn as a coat, for it opens at the front in the fashion of coats.

Veil Dots Are Huge.
Among the most interesting features is the widespread acceptance of chenille dotted veillings. For some time allover pin-dotted chenilles have been a steady favorite for sale to the more conservative type of consumer, but the use of the large ball chenille in allover effect is a recent development which promises to assume big proportions as the winter season progresses. Some of the smartest women wear veillings of this type in such shades as taupe, gray, burgundy and browns. Cluster patterns in chenille are likewise noted, but to a lesser degree.

ornament it relies wholly on buttons and they prove this conundrum very well placed. Serviceable materials, like serge, gaberdine, velours, jersey and twill are to be chosen for it.

There is no telling what new direction the thoughts of designers will take now that this business of economical in cloth has become fashionable. If many of their efforts turn out as well as the sleeveless jackets and sleeveless waistcoats that have added so much attraction to the season's modes, we will all advocate economy. Already we are proud of new accomplishments in gingham and other cottons—and oft reminded of the fact that a saving in material does not always mean a saving of money. But one should be willing to pay for cleverness—the intangible value of clothes that lies in their good style.

Julia Bottomley

Blouses Remodeled.
When lingerie blouses have become worn and faded, use val lace insertions and edgings which are low priced and dainty. Cut away all worn places and seams beneath the trimming. They can be made larger by adding lace to the front line and under arms, or lengthened at the waistline by sewing lace across the bottom, then gather on string. A plume of lace can be added.

For Children's Coats.
Taffeta is given first place among materials used for spring coats for children. A spring coat for a child is usually only for dressy wear, the sweater being the preferred wrap for general wear, so that silk coats are quite the thing.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers, or six by express, prepaid for \$1. H. SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

Doubtless.
Thief—Gimme that watch!
Victim—I would, old fellow, but I really can't spare the time!

Don't Worry About Pimples.
On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Research.
"In the early days tobacco was used instead of money."
"It was then, I suppose, that American opulence invented the phrase 'money to burn.'"

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the Detroit Free Press, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the friction from the shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot-comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

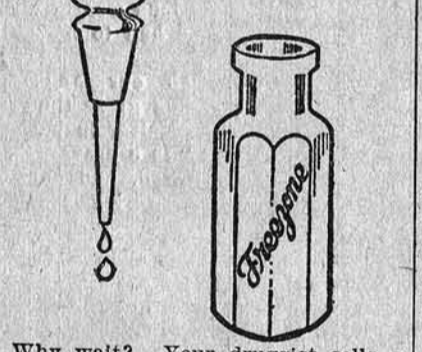
Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dept. store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy.

When the office is compelled to seek the man, it's doughnuts to fudge that there is no salary attached.

OHIO MAN IS A MODERN WIZARD

CORNS STOP HURTING THEN LIFT OFF WITH FINGERS.

Drop of magic! Doesn't hurt one bit! Apply a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain at all! 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 callouses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone 's the much talked of ether discovery of the Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

When a woman cuts a man's acquaintance she looks daggers at him.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn* in Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms
900 DROPS
ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Simulating the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PIERCE
Pumpkin Seed
Aloe Sennas
Rhubarb Sella
Liquefied Starch
Licorice
El Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Nutmeg Flavor
A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in infancy.
Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn*
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.
At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS
Exact Copy of Wrapper.



Canada made me Prosperous

—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.

You Can Get a Homestead of 160 Acres Free
or other lands at very low prices. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre that will raise 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre—it's easy to become prosperous. Canadian farmers also grow wonderful crops of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools and churches; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to
G. A. Cook, 2012 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.; C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Government Agents

The pugilist is frequently beaten at his own game.

\$100 Reward, \$100
Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Testimonials free. Druggists 75c. P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

You may be too old to fight, but you're not too old to give.

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

Russia has 10,000 lepers.

The world listens to the man who knows what he's talking about.

What Do You Know About CATTLE?
Do You Want to Know the CATTLE BUSINESS?
Drop us a post card today and get a FREE INFORMATION about the New Book "CATTLE BREEDS AND ORIGIN" about all breeds of cattle on earth.
DR. DAVID ROBERTS' VETERINARY CO., 109, WENDELL, WIS.

PATENTS Watson E. (Underman) Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Subscriptions.
Alamo Farm Light Plant
Provides Electricity for Light and household power at small cost. Simple—silent—safe—ready little attention—it takes care of itself. Latest improved type of Electric Plant, built to last a life time.
Write for particulars to—
WEBER IMP. & AUTO CO., 1900 Locust, St. Louis.
W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, Mo. 72-1918.

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMLING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HEIM, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



A Great Net of Mercy drawn through an Ocean of Unspeakable Pain

The American Red Cross

"Unto the Least of These"



Contributed by Arthur William Brown.

ONE WAY THE RED CROSS HAS TAKEN TO DEFEAT THE KAISER'S GAME

1,000 Ragged, Sick and Homeless People Are Daily Dumped at Evian.

At the first onslaught of the Huns, before the French were able to withstand their invasion, the Kaiser secured a goodly section of France. With the captured cities and villages he acquired many thousands of Frenchmen.

True to all the rules of Teutonic efficiency, the noble German worked and starved these French close to the point of death, then saw to it that an impressive number of them "caught" tuberculosis and finally sent these poor wrecks back to burden France.

It has taken the Kaiser from two to three years to suck the healthy blood from the veins of these sturdy rural French, but now he is sending them back at the rate of about 1,000 a day. The Kaiser never announces these

shipments. He simply dumps them in Evian, on the French-Swiss border.

If it were not for the American Red Cross the task of caring for these starved, ragged, sick, homeless, terrorized men, women and children would be more than the French government could handle. But our American Red Cross is making heroic efforts to defeat the Kaiser's aim to fill France with consumptives. Trained Red Cross workers are at the receiving station at Evian. They first separate those showing signs of tuberculosis from those who are only starving or have some other disease.

It is just like the tender care of our Red Cross to give particular attention to the babies and children to whom the kindly Kaiser has fed con-

sumptive germs. We have a hospital of 30 beds for children in Evian. These are reserved for the children who are too ill to take farther. Then our Red Cross has a convalescent hospital outside the town and yet another in a nearby village. It also keeps six ambulances busy transporting sick women and children. Yet even then the strain upon our workers is so great that for eight long months one American nurse has had to look after 120 beds.

We, through our American Red Cross, are doing great things toward defeating the Kaiser in his efforts to turn France into a graveyard, but we have just started, and our duty demands that we work fast and without ceasing.

ROMANCE GONE

Efficiency Kills Sentiment as Machine Makes Socks in 25 Minutes.

By RUTH DUNBAR.

"How snowy white your fingers look against the scarlet wool!" was the favorite speech of grandfather when he was paying suit to grandmother, who, if history is correct, never allowed little things like love and courtship to distract her mind one minute from her knitting.

The modern young man is robbed of any opportunity to make these pretty speeches, for the wool is no longer scarlet but khaki. Worse yet, the maiden sits before a cold, steel machine and grinds off socks in as many minutes as it takes hours to knit them. This is what efficiency does to romance.

In the various Red Cross workrooms of the New York County Chapter there are nearly seventy-five sock machines. Eight of these are in the model workroom at 20 East Thirty-eighth street and others that have been ordered are held up by traffic conditions. Here instructors teach the use of the machine to Red Cross workers.

A complete pair of socks can be made on the machine in 25 minutes. The machine looks like a cross between fishing tackle and a pile driver. The worker threads it through the arm and carrier on to the treader. The body of the machine is a circle of needles bent at the ends like crochet hooks.

Sweaters also are made on the sock machine, the strips sewed together and the ribbing at top and bottom knitted on by hand.

Besides the machines in the Red Cross workrooms there are many owned by private individuals or groups who work at home and donate the results to the Red Cross. In a family hotel, for instance, four or five women can club together and buy a machine,

"WHAT HOME SERVICE HAS DONE FOR ME"

My husband enlisted over a year ago. Shortly after he went away our twelve-year-old boy had the measles. After his recovery his school teacher complained about his conduct. At home he was nervous and irritable. When I called at the Red Cross to find out how I could secure an increase in allowance because of our newly born babe I told them of my trouble with Harry. On their advice I took him to an oculist, who said glasses were needed immediately because of the weakened condition of the eyes following measles. He no longer causes trouble at home or at school.

T. R. TO GET SHELL THAT HIT HIS SON

Captain Roosevelt, Who Was in Hospital, Lauds Red Cross.

Capt. Archibald Roosevelt, who recently was injured and nursed back to health in a Red Cross hospital, in speaking of the Red Cross work, is reported as having said:

"The Red Cross is doing everything possible for us. I cannot say too much in appreciation of their efforts, which make us feel as if we were back home. It is a great comfort to us fellows in hospitals, and if our folks could see the way we are being taken care of they would stop worrying."

The Red Cross chaplain in this particular hospital happens to be Doctor Billings of Groton, Mass., who taught Captain Roosevelt at the Groton school. The Red Cross shopping service in the hospital has been commissioned by Captain Roosevelt to obtain a new uniform for him to replace the one which was torn to pieces when he was wounded by fragments of a German shell.

The piece of shrapnel which wounded Captain Roosevelt will be presented to Captain Roosevelt's father, Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

NURSES PRETTY

Red Cross Hospital Uniform Most Becoming in History of World.

In a recent news letter from the front the war correspondent of the Philadelphia North American helps to explain the song, "I'm in Love With a Beautiful Nurse."

"There are 62 Red Cross nurses at this place," says the dispatch. "They are cheerful, obedient, brave and competent. And those who weren't pretty to begin with became so the moment they donned the uniform that is the most becoming in all the long history of costumes devised for the mystification and beguiling of men."

"In the officers' ward was a colonel with bronchitis. I've seen them in the Philippines, and I've seen them in China," he told me. "I suppose I've seen about all the existing types, but I never yet saw one that wasn't pretty inside of 24 hours."

"He reminded me of an Irish Tommy, who, so his major told me, woke up in a hospital in 1916 and, seeing the nurses in the ward, exclaimed, 'May the howly Virgin bless us, but the angels have come down to the Somme!'"

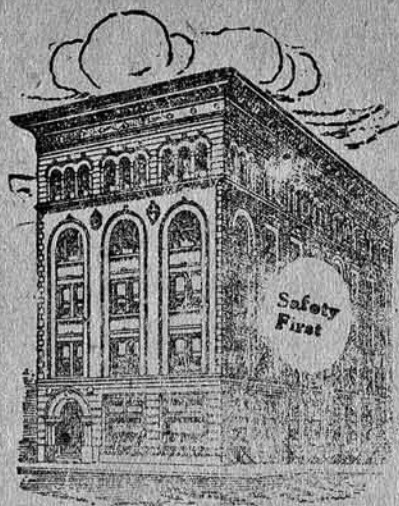
Hundreds of Red Cross nurses, however, are doing work abroad in which their looks are less eagerly considered. Finding and caring for war orphaned babies, fighting tuberculosis, re-establishing homes in shell wrecked villages—these are some of the big tasks of mercy which, thanks to American contributions, the Red Cross sets for its nurses.

There are 13 divisions of the Red Cross in the United States. There is a complete organization at each division, with a great warehouse for the collection and shipment of all kinds of Red Cross supplies.

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

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

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



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

OFFICERS OF THE SAVINGS BANK

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

City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

Patriotism and Saving

go hand in hand. When the Nation is spending money on a scale never before imagined, the necessity of UNUSUAL SAVING on the part of every patriotic citizen is apparent.

It is your duty, not only to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, but also to save so that all the resources of America can be mobilized for National defense.

SAVE MONEY NOW AND HELP WIN THE WAR.

FOUR PER CENT ONE SAVINGS.

IF A FIRE SHOULD BREAK OUT IN YOUR HOME TONIGHT

are you prepared to stand the loss? You can not afford to carry the risk when good strong old line fire insurance companies will carry it for you very cheaply. Keep your home, or your household goods fully insured.

Herman Worman, Agent
Bell Phone 298.
Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley.



PATRIOTS

Job Printing

We are here to serve you with anything in the line of printed stationery for your business and personal use. □ □ □ □

- Letter Heads
- Envelopes
- Bill Heads
- Cards
- Wedding Invitations
- Posters or Announcements
- Of All Kinds

The best quality of work at prices that are RIGHT

Counting Your Money



will occupy your entire time when you become a regular advertiser in THIS PAPER. Unless you have an antipathy for labor of this kind, call us up and we'll be glad to come and talk over our proposition.

Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID

DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

High Class Dentistry

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

Located over

Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

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

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184

DICK & HERTZ

UNDERTAKERS

380 East Court Street

ALEX J. POWELL

Attorney-at-Law

GENERAL LAW PRACTICE
Room 214, Cobb Bldg., Kankakee, Illinois.

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