

## CAT FIGHTS EAGLE AND DOES IT WELL

### FUR AND FEATHERS FLY FAST AND FURIOUS.

#### Tom Comes Back Again and Again, a Regular Glutton for Punishment—Boy Declares "Draw."

Springfield, Mo. — While plowing near here William Ford witnessed a thrilling fight between a cat and an eagle. It was claws and beak against claws and teeth, and resulted in a draw.

Farmer Ford saw what at first he took to be a chicken hawk sweeping down on his barnyard. He thought it was after a chicken and stepped to the fence. Closer inspection revealed that it was an eagle.

The bird swooped, struck and rose, but to the farmer's surprise, it held in its talons not a chicken, but his large tom cat. The eagle held the cat by the back. The cat's four feet were extended and its tail pointed toward the zenith.

Forty feet from the ground the cat gave a twist, wriggled from the grasp of the bird and fell to the earth, seemingly unhurt. The bird circled and made another swoop but this time the cat was waiting for its feathered adversary, and, when the bird struck, things happened. For about three minutes the air was full of fur and feathers.

The eagle withdrew baffled, to a distance of about fifteen feet, dragging one wing. The cat had its back high in the air, and both cat and eagle were hissing and spitting. Finally the cat crouched and began to creep slowly and steadily toward the eagle, its tail dragging. Its fighting blood was up.

The eagle stood with one foot lifted, turning its head from side to side, the better to observe its adversary. The cat hopped on its hind legs, the feathers on its neck were ruffled. The cat hugged the ground a little closer and then sprang. It evidently expected the eagle to attempt to leap to one side, for its legs were far apart.

The eagle, however, made a mistake. The eagle turned on its back and drove its talons into the cat's breast and tried to strike it in the eyes, with its beak. The cat missed the bird's neck and got its wing. Then the air again became filled with fur and feathers.

The farmer's little son had seen the encounter from the front of the house, and ran as fast as he could toward the scene. He was afraid his "pussy" was going to be carried off. His shout frightened the cat and it released its hold for a minute; the bird struggled free, ran about twenty feet and launched itself with a heavy wing and badly battered plumage into flight. The cat climbed the fence, mewed, licked its bloody breast and mewed again, eyeing its fleeing adversary with baleful eye and switching tail.

## MAN'S HEART SENT ACROSS THE OCEAN

### Countess in California Ships Organ of Mate to Comply with a Spanish Law.

Pasadena, Cal. — At her hotel in this city, the Countess Blanca de Ovies eagerly awaits news of the safe arrival in Spain of probably the strangest package that has left by ship from New York to take its chances with German submarines.

To comply with the letter of the Spanish law, and to receive an inheritance, the countess is sending the embalmed heart of her late husband to be buried in Spain soil. Her arrangement for the peculiar transaction were made during the last month since the countess has been a guest in this city.

The count died six years ago in Atlanta, Ga., and at that time the body was prepared with the view of sending the heart to Spain at this time. The count and the countess were natives of Spain and both were exiled because of political differences with the ruling authorities. The count owned a vast estate in Spain, which came into the possession of the countess after she has complied with the peculiar Spanish law.

In his will the count left minute instructions telling the countess just how to proceed in complying with the law. A slow legal development in Spain, conducted at the expenditure of a small fortune, made it unnecessary to carry out the strange burial rites until this time.

The countess in an interview the other day told of her husband's adventurous life. When he was 12 years old he was stolen by bandits, and a ransom demanded. When the ransom was not forthcoming, the lad was abandoned in a forest after both his hands had been nailed to a tree.

In 1876 he was exiled from Spain for taking part in the Carlist rebellion, and became a wanderer in many lands.

## Complications

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"Well," began the father of the family, as he shook out his dinner napkin, "how is the dancing class going? Are you learning all the new steps?"

"I guess so," Caroline admitted gingerly. "It's swell!"

"Gee!" said her brother. "I just hate the old class!"

"What's the trouble?" their father inquired.

"Oh," Caroline piped up happily, "he's mad because Bunny danced with his girl all last time, and—"

"No such thing, tattletale!" protested that young man. "I guess I don't care anything about that stuckup Hallie Bliss! I guess I wouldn't notice her if there wasn't hardly any other girl on earth! And she can dance with Bunny a million times for all I care! You needn't be so smart!"

"Tut, tut," reproved his father. "If she isn't your girl how did you know which one Caroline meant? Appearances are against you, Edward! The I would say that at your tender age I should regret knowing that your affections were becoming entangled—"

"Aw," his son burst out, red-faced, "Caroline needn't talk! She has an awful case on Larry Jones, and he don't give two cents for her!"

"He danced with me more'n with any one else," Caroline came back calmly. "If he'll dance with me I don't care whether he gives two cents for me or not, do I?"

"There!" cried her father to the abashed Edward. "I trust this glimpse of feminine reasoning will teach you something, my son! It may keep you from big-headedness when some fair lady smiles on you!"

"I don't know whachu talking about!" protested Edward, huffily. "Anyhow, I don't see what Caroline likes about Larry, for he's a punk dancer!"

"He isn't!" Caroline defended. "Not when you get used to him, as I have! It's just his legs are queer! They wobble below the knees and lag behind the upper part of him! You can't help dancing a little queer if your feet are two or three steps behind you!"

"Hub!" asked her brother. "I'd pick out some one else to have a case on then if I was a girl! Why don't you take Pinhead Warble? All the girls are crazy about him because he looks like a picture in a magazine—but, anyhow, he wouldn't look at you!"

"Pinhead!" hissed Caroline. "Him! He doesn't dance a bit better than Larry! His legs wobble, too; only they cave in at the knees something awful, and he's so tall you're afraid he's going to shut up like a jackknife! I know, because Susie told me it made her so nervous she never could have stuck it out, only she knew the new girl was jealous of her and she couldn't let her get a chance at Pinhead!"

"These social complications are distracting!" their father mourned. "I can't seem to get them straight. Aren't there any young gentlemen in the class with full command of their limbs?"

"Gee! You ought to see Bill do the high jump!" cried his son. "He's athletic, all right! We piled up all the girl's cloaks on a chair in the dressing-room, when they were dancing the Ta-Tao, and Bill he jumped clear over the whole lot!"

"Then that's where my vanity box got smashed!" shrieked his sister, in a fury. "And Susie's white fur was all mussed up and grimy! I'll tell the teacher on you!"

"She'd take your powder box away from you!" reminded her brother. "You don't dare. You're just mad because I told you were stuck on Larry!"

"I have got a dreadful case on him," said Caroline, surprisingly complacent. She preened herself. "He asked me for four dances at the next party—so there, smarty!"

"Aw-w-w!" Edward was momentarily breathless. Then he rallied, "Bet-cha Pinhead won't ask you, or any one else!"

"Hallie Bliss told me something," his sister said absently to the atmosphere. Edward wriggled in his chair.

"Say," he offered beguilingly. "Honest, I didn't mean anything—what I said about Larry. His legs don't wobble so awful bad. Wh-what did Hallie say?"

"Said she was saving three dances for you," Caroline told him between spoonfuls.

"Gee!" Edward gasped ecstatically. "Did she honest?"

"I take it," their father remarked, "that the dancing class, as a dancing class, leaves nothing whatever to be desired in the way of progress!"

"I guess so," said Caroline and the brother, agreeably.

## NO MORE PICKING UP OF NAILS

### Magnetized Clip Now Does It For Carpenters.

A device to save carpenters from picking up nails has been invented. It consists of magnetized clips, which the carpenter fastens to his fingers and which draw the nails to his hands.

Good liars are scarce, but some liars are very skillful.

## An Ordinance providing for the Eradication of the Common or European Barberry

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois:

### Section I.

It is hereby declared a nuisance for any person, firm or corporation to plant or permit the growth of, upon any premises, of the bush of the species of tall, common or European Barberry, further known as Berberis vulgaris, and its horticultural varieties within the corporate limits of the village of Bradley, Illinois.

### Section II.

It is hereby made the duty of the department of health to serve through the Village Marshall or other person designated by them to do so, a notice in writing upon the owner, agent, occupant or person in possession, charge or control of any lot, building, or premises in or upon which this said bush may be found, requiring them or either of them to remove, destroy and carry the same away and of such premises within two days.

### Section III.

If the person so notified shall refuse or neglect to comply with such order within the time and in the manner specified, the Department of health by the village Marshall or other police officer of the village hall cause the abatement of such nuisance at the expense of the party or parties responsible for or permitting the same.

### Section IV.

Any person, firm or corporation who shall violate any of the provisions of this section or who shall interfere with the execution or enforcement of the same, or who neglect or refuse to remove the said bush commonly known as the common Barberry when ordered to do so shall be punished by a fine of not less than Ten Dollars, nor more than Two Hundred Dollars for each offense.

### Section V.

This Ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its due passage, approval and publication.

Passed this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1918.

E. F. McCoy  
Village Clerk

Approved this 3rd day of June A. D. 1918.

W. H. BAKER  
President of the Board of Trustees.

## The Last

He's the last son o' six,  
But pray you take him.  
He chafed at stay'in home—  
I had to make him.

Eighteen he'll be next June:  
That means you'll need him—  
He begged to go afore—  
I wouldn't heed him.

House will be lone and still  
Wi'out his laughter;  
But such as him—tall, strong—  
Is what you're after.

My other five all went  
Wi'out no makin';  
This one shall go—shan't know  
My heart is breakin'.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Math. Gerdesich spent Sunday with relatives in Joliet.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Drazy are the proud parents of a baby-boy born May 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Worman, were Chicago callers, Saturday.

Mrs. Jos. McCue is on the sick list.

Miss Bernadette McCoy is a new employee of the Five and Ten Cent store at Kankakee.

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

Miss Blanche Goodrich has accepted a position in the office of the Kroehler, Mfg. Co.

Mrs. Fred Aiecker spent last Friday with her daughter in Manteno.

Mrs. Peter Miller spent Decoration Day in Mokena.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mumbleau spent Sunday with her mother in Kankakee.

Miss Mildred Erickson, of Chicago, spent Sunday with home folks.

## From A British Trench

BY CORPORAL JACK TURNER

What tobacco really means to a soldier has been voiced in more poetry—good, bad and indifferent, but always heart-felt—than almost any other subject of the war. Here is a poem from the British army which became so popular abroad that it has been reprinted and widely distributed.

When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow of your bones,  
When you're shaking like a jelly and your feet are dead as stones,  
When your clothes and boots and blankets, and your rifle and your kit,  
Are soaked from Hell to Breakfast, and the dugout where you sit  
Is leaking like a basket, and upon the muddy floor  
The water lies in filthy pools, six inches deep or more;  
Tho' life seems cold and miserable and all the world is wet,  
You'll always get thro' somehow if you've got a cigarette.

When you're lying in a listening post 'way out beyond the wire,  
While a blasted Hun, behind a gun, is doing rapid fire;  
When the bullets whine above your head, and sputter on the ground,  
When your eyes are strained for every move, your ears for every sound—  
You'd bet your life a Hun patrol is prowling somewhere near;  
A shiver runs along your spine that's very much like fear,  
You'll stick it to the finish—but, I'll make a little bet,  
You'd feel a whole lot better if you had a cigarette.

When Fritz is starting something and his guns are on the bust,  
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles down in dust,  
When the roly-poly "rum-jar" comes a wabbling thro' the air,  
'Til it lands upon a dugout—and the dugout isn't there;  
When the air is full of dust, and smoke, and scraps of steel, and noise,  
And you think you're booked for golden crowns and other Heavenly joys,  
When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your brain is all a-fret—  
It isn't half so hopeless if you've got a cigarette.

When you're waiting for the whistle and your foot is on the step,  
You bluff yourself, it's lots of fun, and all the time you're hep  
To the fact that you may stop one 'fore you've gone a dozen feet,  
And you wonder what it feels like, and your thoughts are far from sweet;  
Then you think about a little grave, with R.I.P. on top,  
And you know you've got to go across—altho' you'd like to stop;  
When your backbone's limp as water, and your bathed in icy sweat,  
Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful if you puff your cigarette.

Then, when you stop a good one, and the stretcher bearers come  
And paten you up with strings, and splints, and bandages, and gum;  
When you think you've got a million wounds and fifty thousand breaks,  
And your body's just a blasted sack packed full of pains and aches;  
Then you feel you've reached the finish, and you're sure your number's up,  
And you feel as weak as Belgian beer, and helpless as a pup—  
But you know that you're not down and out, that life's worth living yet,  
When some old war-wise Red Cross guy slips you a cigarette.

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

Miss Jeannette Worman has accepted a position as saleslady at the Chicago Store in Kankakee.

## Village Board Proceedings

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

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

Minutes of the regular meeting of May 6th, 1918, were read and approved as read.

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

Public Service Co.	\$ 5 50
Geo. C. Schneider.	4 00
J. T. Fahey.	37 50
Robert Lancaster.	24 00
Kape Knox.	2 25
Joe Surprenant.	37 50
Dolar Martin.	75
Arthur Baldwin.	5 00
West Labarge.	2 50
E. F. McCoy.	1 90
J. T. Fahey.	1 00

The finance committee reported that they found all bills to be correct.

Moved by Hirt, seconded by Miller, that report of the finance committee be accepted and bills be paid. Carried.

Application for a permit to build an addition to Dreamland Dance Hall, operated by Art Anderson, was read and referred to the Board for their approval.

Moved by Martin, and seconded by Bock that a permit be issued to Art Anderson to build an addition to Dreamland Dance Hall to comply with village ordinance. Carried.

Moved by Hirt, seconded by Martin that the President be instructed to prepare and present a petition to the County Board asking for aid in constructing a bridge on Erie Street in accordance with the estimate as prepared by L. C. Looker, Engineer. Carried.

The following appointments were made by the President of the Board:

- J. T. Fahey, Street Commissioner and Day Marshall,
- Joe Surprenant, Night Marshall,
- C. W. Knox, Special Police,
- West Labarge, Special Police,
- Wm. Strickland, Special Police,
- John Walters, Special Police,
- T. R. McCoy, Water Collector,
- E. A. Marcotte, Attorney,
- O. L. Martin, Treasurer,

Moved by Martin, seconded by Miller that appointments as made by the President of the Board, be accepted. Carried.

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

- Geo. C. Schneider, Drug store License Bond;—W. J. Strickland, Special Police Bond;—J. T. Fahey Marshall Bond;—Joseph Surprenant, Marshall Bond;—C. W. Knox, Special Police Bond;—Wesley Labarge, Special Police Bond.

The finance committee reported favorably on all of the above mentioned bonds.

Moved by Hirt, seconded by Miller, that report of Finance Committee on the above mentioned bonds be accepted. Carried.

Moved by Martin, seconded by Bock that the Marshall be instructed to officially notify the Bradley School Board.—Mrs. F. Richardson, proprietor Orpheum Theatre, Mr. P. Mann, owner of Drug Store, Modern Woodmen, Owner of Woodmen Hall and the Kroehler Mfg. Co., regarding the metal fire escapes. Carried.

Moved by Bock, seconded by Martin that the President be instructed to draw up an ordinance limiting the number of saloons in the Village to Five. Carried.

On account of the resignation of Alderman, George Bertrand, the President appointed McCue on the finance committee, and the ordinance committee, Martin on the Police and Fire Committee and Bock on the Purchasing Committee.

Moved by Hirt, seconded by Miller, that appoints as made by the President, on account of the resignation of Alderman Bertrand, be accepted. Accepted. Carried.

Moved by Martin, seconded by Miller, that the Street Commissioner be instructed to order the

necessary stone to repair the Streets. Carried.

Application made by John Cosino, for a permit to build an addition on the back of his store was read and referred to the Board for their approval.

Moved by Martin, seconded by Hirt, that a permit be granted to John Cosino to build an addition to his store, lying with the village ordinance. Carried.

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

E. F. McCoy,  
Village Clerk.

## Commencement Exercises

The Eighth Grade Commencement Exercises of the Bradley schools was held Tuesday evening in the Orpheum Theatre. The following program was rendered which was enjoyed by all present.

- Jubilee March—Gertrude Wilson
- Song—Star Spangled Banner
- ..... Eighth Grade
- Salutatory—Diana LeFleur
- Oration—The Junior Red Cross
- ..... June Hartleb
- Song—America—Eighth Grade
- Oration—The first year of the War—Elbia Sanor
- Oration—The Service Flag—Donald Lancaster
- Song—Buy a Liberty Bond—Eighth Grade Girls
- Poem—The Soldier Boy—Irene Bade
- Oration—The Railroad in War—Wilda St. John
- Song—The Bradley Boys—Eighth Grade Boys
- Oration—National Flags—Josephine Koenig
- Poem—Sammy's Part and Yours—Emory Culver
- Song—The Stars and Stripes—Eighth Grade
- Oration—The Plain People—Irene Boudreau
- Valedictory—Henry Writer

The class consisted of forty graduates and much credit must be given the teacher as this was one of the largest classes ever graduated from Bradley schools. The list of graduates are as follows:

- Irene Anderson, Irene Bade, Irene Boudreau, Mable Brickle, Rose Bradech, Juanita Gay, June Hartleb, Margaret Hubertz, Josephine Koenig, Liana LeFleur, Hedwig Luzny, Eva Mercer, Irene Stoltz, Wilda St. John, Elba Sanor, Violet Smiley, Grace Walters, Josephine Wallace, Willard Allain, Donald Butts, William Bock, Roy Bumpus, Chester Colstock, Emory Culver, George Dolle, John Dressler, Lawrence Heinze, John Hadders, Irvin Hoehn, Homer Lucas, Donald Lancaster, Vernon Lintner, Louis Lustig, Noah Montie, Harley Mathson, Leary McAndrews, Leroy Pombert, Albert Sovinski, Barton Stump, Henry Writer.

## Mrs. Jos. Fields joins the Majority

Mrs. Jos Fields passed away Friday at her home on North Cleveland Ave. after a lingering illness due to a complication of diseases. The funeral services were held at the home Monday morning, after which the remains were taken to River Forest, Ill. and laid to rest.

## Will Discontinue Publication

THE ADVOCATE will discontinue publication with this issue on account of the editor and publisher making arrangements to engage in other work. We wish to thank our many subscribers for the patronage extended us during the past four years, which enabled us to make a success of the venture.

## Certificate

E. F. McCoy Village Clerk of the Village of Bradley, in the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of an ordinance entitled: Eradication Common or European Barberry passed by the President and Members of the Board of Trustees of said Village on the 3rd day of June A. D. 1918, and approved by the President of the Board of Trustees of said Village on the 3rd day of June A. D. 1918.

E. F. McCoy  
Village Clerk.

# BRITISH AIRMEN SHOW QUICK WIT

### Ability to Deal With Unexpected Situations Gives Them Superiority in Air.

## RAMS HUN IN AERIAL FIGHT

### Young Pilot, Caught With Gun Jammed, Crashes Into German Craft, Sending It Hurtling to Earth.

Behind the British Lines in France. —A British machine rammed a German airplane in an aerial battle a few days ago. The British machine afterward made a successful landing, but the German machine was demolished.

The whole incident, shows the necessity for an airman to develop an almost supernatural ability to deal with unexpected situations. It is generally believed one of the chief reasons for the present German inferiority in the air is that the average German pilot is incapable of adjusting his mental balance in performing or anticipating the unexpected.

In this particular contest the German airman got his gun to bear at point-blank range on the British pilot in midair, the Britisher's gun being temporarily out of action owing to a jam.

The British machine was one of a squadron engaged in a long distance reconnaissance behind the German lines. They had been heavily attacked by a German patrol, but by splendid gunnery and superb airmanship had driven off the Germans after downing four of them.

### Quick Wit Saves Briton.

It was while pursuing one of the fleeing German machines that the pilot's gun jammed, and he was forced to break off his pursuit and climb up to the shelter of his squadron until his gun could be got into action again. Before he could regain his altitude the German dived down on him. The enemy plane came out of the heart of the sun straight at him, so he did not see the approach of his antagonist until the latter's bullets came whizzing through his wings. Glancing up, he saw his enemy only a few yards away. It was impossible for the British pilot to dive or sidestep. The German would simply have followed him down and continued to pump in bullets at point-blank range. Neither could he remain on his course or a German bullet would surely reach him.

In a flash he summed up the situation, saw the only chance open to him, and snatched at it instantly.

Drawing back his control lever he sent his machine shooting upward to meet the oncoming German. Before the latter realized what was happening the two airplanes were in collision. But the British pilot had so judged things—more by luck than good management, he afterward declared—that his undercarriage crashed into the enemy's upper plane, tearing it clear of the main structure.

### Lands Crippled Craft Safely.

Both machines turned turtle as a result of the tremendous impact and nose-dived earthward, a dive from which the German never recovered. He went crashing completely out of control.

The British pilot flattened out his machine after falling 500 feet and was able to rejoin his squadron minus his undercarriage, but with his machine otherwise almost undamaged.

But he had yet to land his machine without an undercarriage is no easy task. His comrades all got down before him and gathered in a silent group at one corner of the aerodrome to watch him come down. His commander was so certain disaster impended that he ordered an ambulance to be got ready.

But the pilot confounded all their fears, and thereby added greatly to his professional reputation. He stalled his airplane when only a few feet from the ground—that is, he pointed its nose upward until the forward speed was nearly off the engine. Slowly the tail sank downward. The rear skid touched earth and dragged along the surface for a few yards. Then the air

## DISHWASHER TAKES \$10,000 IN BONDS

Atlanta, Ga.—One of the team captains in the Liberty loan campaign was canvassing a company at Camp Gordon and paused to interview a private who was washing dishes in the kitchen.

"You ought to be able to handle a \$50 bond at least," he insisted. The commander will arrange to hold payments out of your pay, and you'll have a bit of a nest-egg when you get back from France. How about taking your subscription?"

"I'd rather draw all my pay, thank you," he said. "I may need it. But you may put me down for bonds to that amount," he added, handing a check to the captain.

The check was for \$10,000. The private was W. J. Etherington of Pennsylvania, who owns a controlling interest in one of the big coal companies. He subscribed \$50,000 to each of the former bond issues and had taken an equal amount in the third issue through his home bank.

plane fell forward and stopped with a jerk.

Hardly a fastening was strained, and the pilot coolly stepped down on the turf to receive the congratulations of his comrades.

## FLOATING GARDEN IS LATEST

### California House-Boat Owner Has Flourishing Crop in the Making.

Alameda, Cal.—Alameda has the original floating garden. William Hull, a house-boat resident of this city, heard the president's call for war gardens. It occurred to him that he might build a garden on piles and thus do his bit.

Hull constructed a sidewalk around the boat, placed boxes thereon filled with rich soil and now has a flourishing crop in the making. He estimates that it will be possible to produce over a hundred pounds of vegetables this season.

## "German" Now "Woodrow."

Memphis, Tenn.—Lucius German is patriotic and his siren name didn't sound just right to him. So before he went to fight the Germans he applied to the courts and had the name changed to Woodrow.

## TOMMY LAUGHS DESPITE HIS WOUNDS



Here is a case of the bitter being bitten. This wounded Tommy is being brought to a dressing station by captives. Tommy takes life easy while Fritz is made to carry him around. And Tommy has learned to smile at disaster.

## THEY FIGHT LIKE HEROES

### Yanks Win Praise for Work at Apremont.

"No Brighter Page in All American History," Says Pennsylvania Doctor.

An Atlantic Port.—"No brighter page in all American history has been written than that covering the deeds of American soldiers fighting the Prussians," declared Dr. William T. Ellis of Swarthmore, Pa., who arrived here on a French liner, in describing the fighting he witnessed in the American sector at Apremont, northwest of Toul.

"Our boys fought like heroes," he continued, "although they were outnumbered four to one. I saw one soldier, a Greek by birth, who had joined the army in New York. His rifle was shot from his hands, but he drew a knife, leaped forward and killed a German lieutenant.

and always drove the enemy back. They did not lose a prisoner, but captured three truckloads of the enemy."

Albert Van Hecke, formerly a professor in the University of Louvain and now secretary to the Belgian secretary of public works, also was on board the liner. He will make a tour of this country to study industrial conditions in preparation for the restoration of Belgium.

"If I had not been on the spot I would not believe some of the instances of bravery—motion-picture stuff, you might call it. One captain from Boston, who was a dry goods merchant at home, was in the trench when German sappers started to move forward preparatory to a raid.

"This captain ripped off his shoulder bars to prevent identification by the Germans and seized a rifle. 'To hell with the saps,' he shouted to his men, and went over the top in the lead.

## HEROINES RISK LIVES

### Attend Belgian Wounded During a Gas Attack.

### Two Women Are Decorated by King Albert for Bravery in Action.

London.—Caught in a German gas attack on the Belgian lines, Baroness Tserclaes and Miss Marie Chisholm risked their lives to attend to the wounds of King Albert's soldiers. Both women are in London recovering from the effects of the German gas.

They were equipped with gas masks in their dressing station, which was immediately behind the battle line, but discarded them without thought of the danger in order better to attend the wounded. Both have been decorated by King Albert for bravery.

The women had conducted an advanced dressing station on the Belgian front for three years. They worked in the cellar of a house just behind the Belgian positions along the Neuport-Ypres railway. In a recent attack the Germans drenched the whole Belgian front with gas. They then attacked, but the Belgians repulsed them.

The gas fumes penetrated into the cellar, where the women were working. They donned their gas masks and continued to attend the wounded, but found they could not work so well. They discarded their respirators. They worked steadily for hours, binding up wounds and rendering first-aid assistance. Both finally collapsed and had to be taken away.

## LONDON HOLDS RIVET RECORD

### British Ship Worker Beats Baltimore Figure in Six Hours—Drives 4,267.

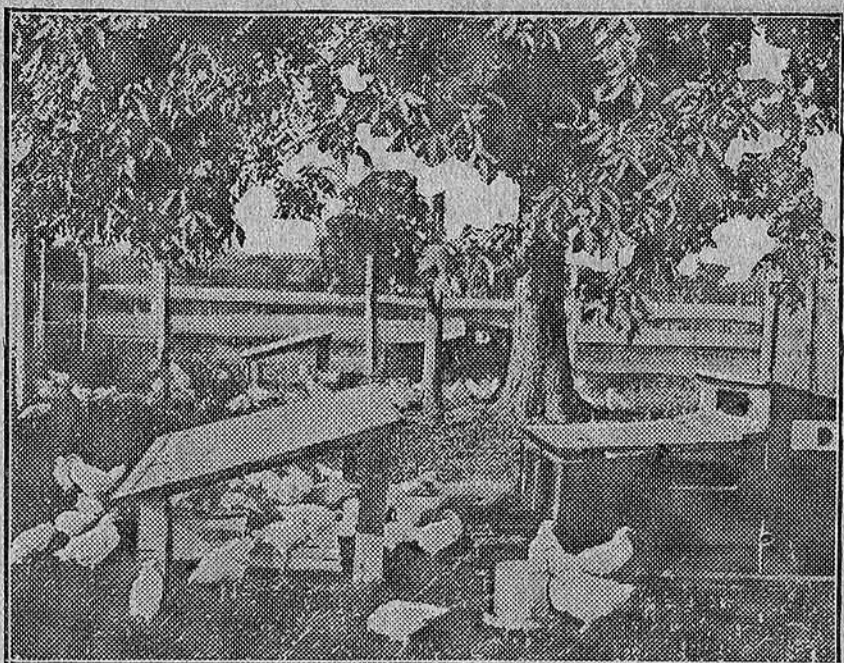
London.—The record made by Charles Schock, who at Baltimore drove in 2,720 rivets in nine hours, has been beaten in London. The workmen of Fraser & Fraser, engineers and boiler-makers, asked the management to give them an opportunity of beating Schock's record, and the effort was made, headed by Robert Farrant. The yard set out to do 2,850 rivets in nine hours, so as to beat Schock's figures, but Farrant passed that total in six hours. Going on, he hammered in 4,267 rivets in nine hours, an average of slightly less than 475 an hour, or one rivet every seven and a half seconds. This is claimed to be a world's record.

## Sells Entire Village.

Phoenixville, Pa.—William McKinley, ex-corporator of Chester county, has sold the entire village of McKinleyville, near here, to a local buyer. The village consists of store, dwelling, three small houses, a blacksmith shop, grist mill, barn and other farm buildings. McKinley bought the property twenty-five years ago.

# A Bird in the Hand

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



Comfortable Back-Yard Quarters for Brood of Chicks After Weaning.

## YOUNG CHICKENS NEED ATTENTION

### Birds Are Very Sensitive to Change and Moving Will Retard Proper Growth.

## BEST TO KEEP SAME RANGE

### Separating Males and Females Will Be Found Advisable in Smaller Breeds—Make Grain Ration of Cracked Corn and Oats.

For those who are growing poultry in back yards or other small space, perhaps the most serious problem from this time on will be the handling of weaned chicks. Where artificial brooders are used, this problem does not become acute quite so early, but chicks brooded by hens in many cases will be weaned before they are well able to care for themselves.

The best results are usually obtained when the chicks are given, at weaning, sufficient coop and range room to serve them until they are well grown. Chicks, in common with all kinds of poultry, are very sensitive to change, and growth is retarded by being moved. It is well that they be allowed to keep the same quarters and range throughout the period of growth. Separations and new combinations are also objectionable. Chicks grouped at weaning should be allowed to remain together until they go to the fattening coop or into winter quarters.

### Necessary Separations.

Some individual separations will be found necessary, and this will serve to render adequate a space that would be too small for a brood of well-grown birds if all were allowed to remain. If the chicks are of one of the smaller breeds, like the Leghorn, it is advisable to separate the cockerels from the pullets at weaning, as most of the cockerels are precocious and begin very early to domineer over other cockerels and among the pullets. In the Asiatic breeds, the sexes may safely be kept together until well grown, and in the general-purpose breeds, like the Plymouth Rock, it will only be necessary to remove an occasional precocious cockerel.

### Feed After Weaning.

The feeding of chicks after weaning will not differ materially from the practice before weaning. The best basis of the grain ration, since wheat must not be used for chicken feed, is cracked corn and oats. The growth of the chickens will be hastened if they are given sour milk, skim milk or buttermilk to drink. It may be desirable to feed some beef scrap, though the need for this may be supplied by table scraps. The chickens should always be supplied with green feed, such as lettuce, sprouted oats, alfalfa, or clover. With most back-yard flocks this need can be largely met by utilizing the waste from table vegetables. Fine charcoal, grit and oyster shells should be kept before the chickens at all times, and when they are kept in small bare yards cracked or ground bone should be fed.

The growth of the chickens will depend largely upon the measure of comfort that is accorded them. Particular care should be exercised to be sure that they have plenty of shade to protect them from the sun during the heat of the day, and that the ventilation of coops is sufficient to keep them comfortable at night. It is of the greatest importance, of course, to see that the chickens are kept at all times free of lice and mites.

### Increase Production.

Upon the declaration of war in April of last year the organizations of poultry keepers, the poultry and agricultural press, the poultry departments of state agricultural colleges and experimental stations and the United States department of agriculture en-

gaged in co-operative efforts to stimulate increased production of poultry and eggs.

At present 39 poultry extension agents appointed by the United States department of agriculture are at work in 35 states, under the state directors of extension work, and 11 poultry club agents are co-operating with the poultry departments of the agricultural colleges in 11 states.

The poultry extension agents are expected to make the greatest effort in the grain-producing states, where the possibilities of large increase at low cost are greatest. Their special work is to organize new forces which will directly assist in poultry production.

The poultry club agents aim especially to organize and instruct the boys and girls. About 15,000 boys and girls are already enrolled in poultry clubs and helping to produce eggs and poultry. Community poultry breeding associations have also been organized among the parents of these boys and girls. The community breeding circle is intended to direct interest to the varieties of poultry best adapted to the farm conditions in the community and to encourage the production of the classes of poultry products which sell best in the most accessible markets.

To meet a demand for information resulting from a widening interest in poultry, the service of the office of information of the department of agriculture has been extended to a large list of general newspapers. Through these it is expected not only to increase the army of poultry producers but also to increase greatly the consumption of poultry and eggs in cities.

## HENS AND THE HOME.

With a proper back-yard flock, you do all the crowing.

No need to keep roosters—no need to rouse your neighbors at daybreak.

Roosterless flocks after the hatching season produce the best eggs—infertile eggs.

Back-yard egg raising needn't be noisy.—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

## Need More Poultry in 1918.

Two causes combine to make the necessity for raising more poultry this year, say officials of the United States department of agriculture in a recent publication. One is that the war needs of the nation make larger average stocks of productive poultry important. The other is that the number of fowls on farms, from a multiplicity of causes, has been reduced during the past year.

A succession of sharp advances in prices of poultry feeds in 1917 and uncertainties in supplies of feeds because of congested transportation caused many poultry keepers to curtail production or reduce stocks on hand. As was inevitable under the circumstances, the sections of the East where poultry keeping was most highly specialized were most affected. Shortage of feed in drought-stricken areas in the West and Southwest also led to reduction of poultry stocks on general farms in those areas.

Elsewhere flocks appear to have been maintained at about normal numbers, and in some places slightly increased. Reports of heavy selling in sections where feed is sufficient have in many cases failed to take into account the disposition of the stock sold. It has usually been assumed that all stock sold went to slaughter. Some reports, however, state that many hens and pullets sold by poultry keepers who were short of feed or of capital passed to others who were in a position to hold them. The volume of receipts of eggs at certain markets seems to bear out this statement.

May-hatched chicks of moderate size and smaller varieties will make good winter layers if grown well.

Keep the chicks of different ages separate from each other so that the older will not "boss" the younger.

# THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

### Mrs. Godden Tells How It May Be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

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

—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, backache, headache, irritability and "the blues" may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

Take Care of Your Horses! Nothing else will do as much to keep them in fine condition as Dr. David Roberts' PHYSIC BALL and HORSE TONIC. Each once every three months—makes a sleek coat, prevents worms, etc. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on "Abortion in Cows." If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

### Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

### Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE!

Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't be tipped over; will not soil or stain. Guaranteed to be most effective. Ask for Daisy Fly Killer. Sold by dealers, or sent by express, postpaid. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 a Drugist.

### Cash for Old False Teeth

Don't matter if broken, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to: Mass., Dept. 5, 2007 S. 4th St., Phila., Pa.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 22-1918.

### The Misplaced "Sir"

"John M. Browning, inventor of the Browning machine gun adopted by our army, and of scores of other world-famous firearms, was, early in 1914, made a 'sir' by King Albert of Belgium, who conferred upon him the decoration of 'Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold,'" says John Bruce Mitchell in the May Forum. "An Englishman of title, on a government mission, called upon Mr. Browning at his home in Ogden, Utah.

"'Sir John M. Browning?' he asked. "'John M. Browning, sir!' snapped Browning, and the Englishman, taking the hint, called him 'Mister' after that."

## FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

### Natural Exclamation.

"What do you suppose the baby Hercules said when he saw two huge reptiles advancing toward his cradle?" "I supposed he cried out: 'Great snakes!'"

## CHILDREN

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—

### VICK'S VAPORUB

Keeps a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

### The Prize Pest.

The idea of the prize pest of the universe is the neighbor who buys a new motorcar every spring and then comes and takes you and your wife out riding in it and makes your old one seem like a traction engine.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### To Be Strong and Healthy

You must have Pure Blood. GROVES' FASTEST CURE FOR ALL BLOOD POISONS. It builds up the whole system. It contains the well known tonic properties of Iron and Quinine. You can feel its good effect on the blood after the first few doses. Price 60c.

If a man has plenty of money he can get all the time he wants.

The source of many a large river is but a small spring.

### When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

# PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of  
"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

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## CHAPTER XV—Continued.

—16—

The first of April in the Mount Mark parsonage was a time of trial and tribulation, frequently to the extent of weeping and gnashing of teeth. The twins were no respecters of persons, and feeling that the first of April rendered all things justifiable to all men, they made life as burdensome to their father as to Connie, and Fairy and Prudence lived in a state of perpetual anguish until the twins fell asleep at night well satisfied but worn out with the day's activities. The twins were bordering closely to the first stage of grown-up womanhood, but on the first of April they swore they would always be young! The tricks were more dignified, more carefully planned and scientifically executed than in the days of their rollicking girlhood—but they were all the more heartbreaking on that account.

The week before the first was spent by Connie in a vain effort to ferret out their plans in order that foreknowledge might suggest a sufficient safeguard. The twins, however, were too clever to permit this, and their bloody schemes were wrapped in mystery and buried in secrecy. On the thirty-first of March Connie labored like a plumber would if working by the job. She painstakingly hid from sight all her cherished possessions. The twins were in the barn, presumably deep in plots. Aunt Grace was at the Ladies' Aid. So when Fairy came in, about four in the afternoon, there was only Prudence to note the vengeful glitter in her fine, clear eyes. And Prudence was so intent upon feather-stitching the hems of pink-checked dish towels that she did not observe it.

"Where's papa?" Fairy asked.

"Upstairs."

"Where are the twins?"

"In the barn, getting ready for THE DAY."

Fairy smiled delightedly and skipped eagerly up the stairs. She was closeted with her father for some time, and came out of his room at last with a small coin carefully concealed in the corner of her handkerchief. She did not remove her hat, but set briskly out toward town again.

Prudence, startled out of her feather-stitching, followed her to the door. "Why, Fairy," she called. "Are you going out again?"

Fairy threw up her hands. "So it seems. An errand for papa." She lifted her brows and pursed up her lips, and the wicked joy in her face pierced the mantle of Prudence's absorption again.

"What's up?" she questioned curiously, following her sister down the steps.

Fairy looked about hurriedly, and then whispered a few words of explanation. Prudence's look changed to one of unnaturally spiteful glaze.

"Good! Fine! Serves 'em right! You'd better hurry."

"Tell Aunt Grace, will you? But don't let Connie in until morning. She'd give it away."

At suppertime Fairy returned, and the twins, their eyes bright with the unholy light of mischief, never looked at her. They sometimes looked heavenward with a sublime contentment that drove Connie nearly frantic. Occasionally they uttered cryptic words about the morrow—and the older members of the family smiled pleasantly, but Connie shuddered. She remembered so many April Fool's days.

The family usually clung together on occasions of this kind, feeling there was safety and sympathy in numbers—as so many cowards have felt for so these many years. And thus it happened that they were all in the dining room when their father appeared at the door. He had his hands behind him suggestively.

"Twins," he said, without preamble, "what do you want more than anything else?"

"Silk stockings," was the prompt and unanimous answer.

He laughed. "Good guess, wasn't it?" And tossed into their eager hands two slender boxes, nicely wrapped. The others gathered about them with smiling eyes as the twins tremulously tore off the wrappings.

"A. Phoebe's Pure Silk Thread Hose—Guaranteed!" This they read from the box—neat golden lettering. It was enough for the twins. With cries of perfect bliss they flung themselves upon their father, kissing him rapturously wherever their lips might touch.

"Oh, papa!" "Oh, you darling!" And then, when they had some sort of control of their joy, Lark said solemnly, "Papa, it is a gift from heaven!"

"Of course we give you the credit, papa," Carol amended quickly, "but the thought was heaven-prompted."

Fairy choked suddenly, and her fit of coughing interfered with the twins' gratitude to an all-suggesting Providence!

Carol twisted her box nervously. "You know, papa, it may seem very childish, and—silly to you, but—actually—we have—well, prayed for silk stockings. We didn't honestly expect to get them, though—not until we

saved up enough money enough to get them ourselves. Heaven is kinder to us than we—"

"You can't understand such things, papa," said Lark. "Maybe you don't know exactly how—how they feel. When we go to Betty Hill's, we wear her silk stockings and lie on the bed—and—she won't let us walk in them, for fear we may wear holes. Every girl in our class has at least one pair—Betty has three, but one pair's holey, and—we felt so awfully poor!"

The smiles on the family faces were rather stereotyped by this time, but the exulting twins did not notice. Lark looked at Carol fondly. Carol sighed at Lark blissfully. Then, with one accord, they lifted the covers from the boxes and drew out the shimmering hose. Yes—shimmering—but they shook them out for inspection! Their faces paled a little.

"They—they are very—" began Carol courageously. Then she stopped.

The hose were a fine tissue-paper imitation of silk stockings! The "April Fool, little twins," on the toes was not necessary for their enlightenment. They looked at their father with sad but unresentful reproach in their swiftly shadowed eyes.

"It—it's a good joke," stammered Carol, moistening her dry lips with her tongue.

"It's—one on us," blurted Lark promptly.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Carol, slowly, dryly, very dully.

"Yes—ha, ha, ha," echoed Lark, placing the bitter fruit carefully back in its box. Her fingers actually trembled.

"It's a—well, a good joke, all right," Carol said; "we see that well enough—we're not stupid, you know. But we did want silk stockings so—awfully bad. But it's funny, ha, ha, ha!"

"A gift from heaven!" muttered Lark, with clenched teeth. "Well, you got us that time."

"Come on, Lark, we must put them sacredly away—silk stockings, you know, are mighty scarce in a parsonage—"

"Yes, ha, ha, ha," and the crushed and broken twins left the room, with dignity in spite of the blow.

The family did not enjoy the joke on the twins.

Mr. Starr looked at the others with all a man's confused incomprehension of a woman's notions! He spread out his hands—an orthodox, ministerial gesture!

"Now, will someone kindly tell me what there is in silk stockings to—?" He shook his head helplessly. "Silk stockings! A gift from heaven!" He smiled, unmercifully. "The poor little kids!" Then he left the room.

Aunt Grace openly wiped her eyes, smiling at herself as she did so.

Fairy opened and closed her lips several times. Then she spoke. "Say, Prue, knock me down and sit on me, will you? Whatever made me think of such a stupid trick as that?"

"Why, bless their little hearts," whispered Prudence, sniffing. "Didn't they look sorry? But they were so determined to be game."

"Prudence, give me my eight cents," demanded Connie. "I want it right away."

"What do you want it for?"

"I'm going down to Morrow's and get some candy. I never saw a meaner trick in my life! I'm surprised at papa. The twins only play jokes for fun," And Connie stalked grimly out of the parsonage and off toward town.

A more abashed and downcast pair of twins probably never lived. They sat thoughtfully in their room, "A. Phoebe's Silk Thread Hose" carefully hidden from their hurt eyes.

"It was a good joke," Lark said, now and then.

"Yes, very," assented Carol. "But silk stockings, Larkie!"

And Lark squirmed wretchedly. "A gift from heaven," she mourned. "How they must be laughing!"

But they did not laugh.

Connie came back and shared her candy. They thanked her courteously and invited her to sit down. They all ate candy and grieved together silently. They did not speak of the morning's disaster, but the twins understood and appreciated the tender sympathy of her attitude, and although they said nothing, they looked at her very kindly and Connie was well content.

The morning passed drearily. The twins had lost all relish for their well-planned tricks, and the others, downstairs, found the usually wild and hilarious day almost unbearably poky. Prudence's voice was gentle as she called them down to dinner, and the twins, determined not to show the white feather, went down at once and took their places. They bore their trouble bravely, but their eyes had the surprised and stricken look, and their faces were nearly old. Mr. Starr cut the blessing short, and the dinner was eaten in silence. The twins tried to start the conversation. They talked of the weather with passionate devotion. They discussed their studies with an almost unbelievable enthusiasm. They even referred, with stiff smiles, to "papa's good joke," and then laughed their dreary "ha, ha, ha," until their father wanted to fall upon his knees and beg forgiveness.

Connie, still solicitous, helped them wash the dishes. The others disappeared. Fairy got her hat and went out without a word. Their father followed scarcely a block behind her. Aunt Grace sought all over the house for Prudence, and finally found her in the attic, comforting herself with a view of the lovely linens which filled her Hope Box.

"I'm going for a walk," announced Aunt Grace briefly.

"All right," assented Prudence. "If I'm not here when you get back, don't worry. I'm going for a walk myself."

Their work done irreproachably, the twins and Connie went to the haymow and lay on the hay, still silent. The twins, buoyant though they were, could not so quickly recover from a shock like this. So intent were they upon the shadows among the cobwebs that they heard no sound from below until their father's head appeared at the top of the ladder.

"Come up," they invited hospitably but seriously.

He did so at once, and stood before them, his face rather flushed, his manner a little constrained, but looking rather satisfied with himself on the whole.

"Twins," he said. "I didn't know you were so crazy about silk stockings. We just thought it would be a good joke—but it was a little too good. It was a boomerang. I don't know when I've felt so contemptible. So I went down and got you some real silk stockings—a dollar and a half a pair—and I'm glad to clear my conscience so easily."

The twins blushed. "It—it was a good joke, papa," Carol assured him shyly. "It was a dandy. But all the girls at school have silk stockings for best, and—we've been wanting them—forever. And—honestly, father, I don't know when I've had such a—such a spell of indigestion as when I saw those stockings were April Fool."

"Indigestion," scoffed Connie, restored to normal by her father's handsome amends.

"Yes, indigestion," declared Lark. "You know, papa, that funny, hollow, hungry feeling—when you get a shock. That's nervous indigestion—we read it in a medicine ad. They've got pills for it. But it was a good joke. We saw that right at the start."

"And we didn't expect anything like this. It—is very generous of you, papa. Very!"

But he noticed that they made no move to unwrap the box. It still lay between them on the hay, where he had tossed it. Evidently their confidence in him had been severely shattered.

He sat down and unwrapped it himself. "They are guaranteed," he explained, passing out the little pink slips gravely, "so when they wear holes you get another pair for nothing." The twins' faces had brightened wonderfully. "I will never play that kind of a trick again, twins, so you needn't be suspicious of me. And say! Whenever you want anything so badly it makes you feel like that, come and talk it over. We'll manage some way. Of course, we're always a little hard up, but we can generally scrape up something extra from somewhere. And we will. You mustn't—feel like that—about things. Just tell me about it. Girls are so—kind of funny, you know."

The twins and Connie rushed to the house to try the "feel" of the first, adored silk stockings. They donned them, admired them, petted Connie, idolized their father, and then removing them, tied them carefully in clean white tissue paper and deposited them in the safest corner of the bottom drawer of their dresser. Then they lay back on the bed, thinking happily of the next class party! Silk stockings! Ah!

"Can't you just imagine how well' look in our new white dresses, Lark, and our patent leather pumps—with silk stockings! I really feel there is nothing sets off a good complexion as well as real silk stockings!"

They were interrupted in this delightful occupation by the entrance of Fairy. The twins had quickly realized that the suggestion for their humiliating had come from her, and their hearts were sore, but being good losers—at least, as good losers as real live folks can be—they wouldn't have admitted for the world.

"Come on in, Fairy," said Lark cordially. "Aren't we lazy today?"

"Twins," said Fairy, self-conscious for the first time in the twins' knowledge of her. "I suppose you know it was I who suggested that idiotic little stocking stunt. It was awfully hateful of me, and so I bought you real silk stockings with my own spending money, and here they are, and you needn't thank me, for I never could be fond of myself again until I squared things with you."

The twins had to admit that it was really splendid of Fairy, and they thanked her with unfeigned zeal.

"But papa already got us a pair, and so you can take these back and get your money again. It was just as sweet of you, Fairy, and we thank you, and it was perfectly dear and darling, but we have papa's now, and—"

"Good for papa!" Fairy cried, and burst out laughing at the joke that

proved so expensive for the perpetrators. "But you shall have my burnt offering, too. It serves us both right, but especially me, for it was my idea."

And Fairy went away feeling very gratified and generous.

Only girls who have wanted silk stockings for a "whole lifetime" can realize the blissful state of the parsonage twins. They lay on the bed planning the most impossible but magnificent things they would do to show their gratitude, and when Aunt Grace stopped at their door they leaped up to overwhelm her with caresses just because of their gladness.

She waved them away with a laugh. "April Fool, twins," she said, with a voice so soft that it took all the sting from the words. "I brought you some real silk stockings for a change." And she tossed them a package and started out of the room to escape their thanks. But she stopped in surprise when the girls burst into merry laughter.

"Oh, you silk stockings!" Carol cried. "Three pairs! You darling, sweet old auntie! You would come up here to tease us, would you? But papa gave us a pair, and Fairy gave us a pair, and—"

"They did! Why, the silly things!" And the gentle woman looked as seriously vexed as she ever did look—she had so wanted to give them the first silk-stocking experience herself.

"Oh, here you are," cried Prudence, stepping quickly in, and speaking very brightly to counterbalance the gloom she had expected to encounter. She started back in some dismay when she saw the twins rolling and rocking with laughter, and Aunt Grace leaning against the dresser for support, with Connie on the floor, quite speechless.

"Good for you, twins—that's the way to take hard knocks," she said. "It wasn't a very nice trick, though of course papa didn't understand how you felt about silk stockings. It wasn't his fault. But Fairy and I ought to be ashamed, and we are. I went out and got you some real, genuine silk ones myself, so you needn't pray for them any more."

Prudence was shocked, a little hurt, at the outburst that followed her words.

"Well, such a family!" Aunt Grace exclaimed. And then Carol pulled her bodily down beside her on the bed and for a time they were all incapable of explanation.

"What is the joke?" Prudence asked, again and again, smiling—but still feeling a little pique. She had counted on gladdening their sorry little hearts!

"Stockings, stockings— Oh, such a family!" shrieked Carol.

"There's no playing jokes on the twins," said Aunt Grace weakly. "It takes the whole family to square up. It's too expensive."

Then Lark explained, and Prudence sat down and joined the merriment, which waxed so noisy that Mr. Starr from the library and Fairy from the kitchen, ran in to investigate.

"April Fool, April Fool," cried Carol. "We never played a trick like this, Larkie—this is our masterpiece."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MEANING OF NAME DECEMBER

Twelfth Month's Title Derived From Latin Word "Decem," When There Were Only Ten Periods.

The name of December is no longer appropriate, for it is derived from "decem," the Latin word meaning "ten," declares a writer. The name was first applied by the Romans when the year was divided into ten months, with the addition of supplementary days to complete the period required for a revolution of the earth around the sun.

When the calendar of Romulus was amended in 753 B. C. by Numa Pompilius and the year was divided into twelve months December became the twelfth month, but retained its original name. The Emperor Commodus, who reigned in the second century, attempted to change the name of December to Amazonius, in honor of a fair favorite of that name, whom he had painted to resemble an Amazon. This innovation was not popular, and when Commodus died from poison administered by another feminine favorite the name of Amazonius died with him.

The ancient Saxons called the year month Winter-monat, which was afterward changed to Heilig-Monat, or holy month, when they were converted to Christianity. The modern Germans again changed the name to Christ-monat, because the month contains the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

## New Electric Furnaces.

The success of electric heat in Japan and varnish oven work has led to considerable investigation along the line of what might be termed low temperature heating; that is, heating with temperatures up to 600 degrees Fahrenheit. The results of these investigations have brought out numerous other applications, among which are electric core baking ovens, electric bread baking ovens, ovens for making cereals, drying woolen articles and equipment for sberardizing.

## Little Girls in Silk Attire



In the season's collection of pretty things for the flapper and for younger girls, there appear many plain little dresses made of taffeta, pongee and other wash silks that are practical for little ladies. The "gingham taffetas" that were presented early in the spring were especially welcome for children's dresses and led up to the use of other silks. Pongee turns out to be as good a choice as can be made for the smaller girls who may have this and gingham taffetas to add something splendid to their possessions, while the flapper rejoices in plain taffeta, finished off with a little simple embroidery, and gingham taffetas made up to suit her youthfulness, with net or organdie.

The pongees and gingham taffetas for the smaller girls are designed about their cotton or linen dresses are. Very narrow flet edgings or cluny edgings provide a pretty finish for them and simple needlework in fancy stitches is used as it is on cottons. The dress in the illustration is an example in which needlework on pongee reveals how childish and tasteful this kind of decoration is. The model is very plain with a panel set in at the front under plaits at each side. Across the panel at the neck, there is a narrow band of the pongee outlined at its edge with feather stitching or any narrow fancy stitch. A wider band, finished in the same way, takes the place of a belt, crossing the panel at the waistline. There are three-quarter length sleeves wide at the bottom, and turned-back cuffs.

The most interesting detail in the design appears in square pieces of pongee, cut with short tabs at the top, that are set on at the waistline on each side. A button, covered with pongee, and ornamented with stitches, is sewed to each tab. On these pieces the small gathered pockets find position and the effect is that of a short jacket with pockets at the sides.

## Millinery for Those in Mourning



The custom of wearing heavy mourning for many months, or even years, at a time has passed away, and there are many good reasons why it should pass. The main one is the sense of obligation and consideration for other people, who are depressed by the mourning of their friends. Another is that strength of character is measured by fortitude, among other things, and griefs must be borne without complaint. Women put on all-black and wear it for several months, or a year, but it is not the deep mourning that used to be worn. Instead of long veils of crape, they wear veils of net, bordered with crape, for first mourning, and later small net veils without crape.

The first mourning hats may be entirely covered with crape or with the weaves in black silk that are used for mourning. The shapes should be medium in size and not unusual. In the best mourning millinery such decorations as the hats have are made of the material that is used for covering the shape. Exact lines and exquisite workmanship must characterize the making and the trimming of mourning hats above all others. Black or white crape is the insignia of mourning, and is worn for as short a period as one month or as long as a year. The tendency is toward shortening the time that crape is worn and using all-black in other fabrics instead.

The small sailor shape pictured, with round crown, covered with dull-finished, black silk is a dependable and excellent mourning hat. The band about the crown is made of folds of silk and small, pointed tabs of silk are turned over it. The veil is a square of Brussels net with a border of crape

Shellacked Gingham for Hats.

Quite new is the shellacked gingham; this in a large block pattern, shellacked, is used to cover a hat crown. It is then tightly veiled in georgette in one of the colors of the gingham. The facing is of silk straw in a pastel color and the band about the crown is in the same shade as the facing.

Julia Bottomley

**THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE**

**HERMAN WORMAN, Editor & Publisher**  
Office: 162 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.
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**Board of Education**

Meets every first Wednesday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. Bert Gleason, Pres., Jos. Grill, Secy., Geo. Richardson, Geo. Siebert, Frank Erickson, Peter Miller, George Bertrand, Members.

**Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.**

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

**Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.**

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

**Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.**

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

**Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors.**

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

**Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.**

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

**Woodmen of the World, Bradley, Ill.**

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

**St. Joseph's Court 1766, Catholic Order of Forresters.**

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

**St. Joseph's Court No. 190**

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

**Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais**

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

FATHER CHARLES BOIS, 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.

**Restful Evenings**

Margaret had been camping in the Rockies, so that she had not seen Anita all summer. She held her friend's hand in a long clasp when they met in a tea-room.

"It's thrilling to find you wearing this ring," she said, gazing at a glowing jewel on Anita's third finger. "It must be tremendously exciting to be engaged."

"Since you are the trusted friend of my youth, I'll confess to you that I haven't found being engaged nearly so exciting as you might imagine," returned Anita in an enigmatic tone.

"Why, isn't everything all right?" asked Margaret, anxiously. "Aren't you and Ned happy?"

"Well, I believe Ned is happy."

"But, you, Anita? I thought of course, you must be in the seventh heaven of bliss."

"At first I did soar about at quite a dizzy height, but that was before I discovered that I had a dangerous rival."

"What do you mean? Who is she?"

"It's a game, it's golf."

"Pooh! You made me quite nervous for a moment. I might have known you weren't serious."

"I am serious. It's no joke when one's fiance is a golf fiend. When you get a man, dear, choose one that doesn't know a tee from a bunker."

"Well, it's pretty nice for a man to love outdoor sports. I should think you like to have Ned play golf. It's splendid exercise for any one who works in an office. It makes a man eat and sleep so well."

"There is no doubt about it making Ned sleep well. That's the trouble. He comes to our house every evening and if we don't go out somewhere we usually sit on the porch. At least I sit on the porch, but Ned sooner or later falls into the hammock and takes a nap. At first I reproached myself for being so dull and uninteresting that poor Ned couldn't keep awake in my company. I began to wonder, since I bored him to slumber every evening, if it wouldn't be best for me to break the engagement. But one evening when he told me that he rose regularly every morning at four o'clock to play golf in the park, I realized that probably after all I did not put him to sleep."

"Didn't you show your disapproval of his getting up at such an unearthly hour that he couldn't stay awake in the evening?"

"I tried to, but any time I mentioned golf, intending to lead up to a criticism, he would begin at once to describe some wonderful new strokes he was practicing, or tell me what a good score he had made that morning, and I hadn't the heart to throw cold water on his enthusiasm. But I did determine to give him a practical lesson."

"Two nights ago, when as usual after a little visit with me he had slipped off into dreamland, I stole quietly away from the porch and went across the street and told Jimmy Dobson that I had come over to accept one of his numerous invitations to try his new car, if he happened to be taking it out. Jimmy's an old friend and neighbor, and though he looked a little surprised, he remarked that he had been wishing that he could take me for a ride."

"So away we went. I couldn't enjoy myself, however, for I was sure Ned would be awfully vexed when he awoke and found me gone, particularly if my mother told him I was out with Jimmy, the warmth of whose friendship Ned greatly overestimates. I felt horribly mean all the time, and I alighted at our house with a bad conscience, for I felt that I hadn't really treated Ned right."

"Was he angry?" asked Margaret.

"Not at all, my dear. He hadn't missed me, apparently, for he was snoring when I stepped on to the porch. Then I was the one who was vexed. I threw a traveling rug over him and went to bed."

**Passing It On.**

A Sunday school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now, is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked:

"Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

**What He Said.**

Uncle Henry Barnes was a mild man, but when John Ragland deliberately cheated him out of \$900 even his patient spirit was ruffled.

"Sometime," he remarked to his wife, "I'm going to tell that man what I think of him."

One day he came home highly satisfied with himself.

"I saw John Ragland today, and I told him straight out what I thought of him," he said.

"What did you say?" asked his wife.

"I told him I thought he was a very unreasonable man."

**Patched Up.**

Friend—Whose make is your machine?

Antoine—The repairer's mostly.

**PREVENT DISEASE IN STOCK.**

**Sanitation and Good Feeding Methods Help Reduce Losses.**

Proper feeding and sanitation are two important preventatives of disease losses in farm animals. If carefully applied these measures may prevent many losses of meat animals. Keep the animals sturdy and disease-resistant by feeding a good, wholesome diet. Young animals need particular care and should be kept growing. A balanced ration should be fed—one that contains enough digestible protein to supply the needs of bone and muscle growth.

The farmer should carefully consider the food requirements of his animals, as has been shown by the State experiment stations, in standard farm-animal books, and by the United States Department of Agriculture. Green feeds have a tonic as well as nutritive value and should be used wherever possible. With some feeds care must be used in feeding to avoid parasitical infection and the infection of such diseases as tuberculosis. Old pastures and milk used as feed are examples of possible sources of disease to sheep and hogs, respectively. Pure water is another essential to animal health. Animals should not have access to water which may be contaminated, such as streams passing through infested farms above, pools drained from barn lots, and so on.

Two naturally hygienic factors are fresh air and sunlight. Pure fresh air constantly available to an animal reduces the possibility of lung trouble. Impure air reduces an animal's resistance to disease by failing to supply the oxygen necessary for the purification of the blood. Sunlight is a natural germicide and will keep animal surroundings free from disease germs. All buildings for housing farm animals should be well ventilated and have plenty of sunlight reaching to all parts of the building at some time during the day. When weather permits, the animals should be kept outside as much as possible. Yards, lots, pens, and buildings should be kept clean, and may be made freer of disease by the use of lime and standard disinfectants. Whitewashing the inside of buildings, scattering lime over the ground and floor, and spraying with disinfectants those places accessible to animals but inaccessible to sunlight will aid sanitation and promote the welfare of the farmer.

**FATTENING PIGS.**

**Finish Them With the Self-Feeder and Save Grain—Fat Must Be Put on Rapidly.**

There is no advantage in skimping the pig when it comes time to fatten him, the United States Department of Agriculture points out. During the growing period of his life, pastures with little grain were in order, for scale and constitution were the main objects to be obtained. The last few weeks before butchering the idea is to lay on a good covering of fat, to increase the proportion of high-priced lard, and to add tenderness and palatability to the meat. A fat hog sells to much better advantage on the market for these very reasons.

To add this fat rapidly and most economically, we must feed an abundance of grain. The self-feeder is simply a device to keep before the pigs a constant supply of food, in order that they may eat of such feeds in such quantities as they desire.

A brief resume of results obtained by experiments with over 275 hogs, part of them self-fed and the balance hand fed in the best possible manner, shows:

First, that in comparison with the hand-fed pigs, the self-fed pigs ate grain 19 per cent more rapidly.

Second, that they gained weight 28 per cent more rapidly.

And last, that they consumed only 92 per cent as much grain in gaining 100 pounds.

This shows three very definite advantages in the use of the self-feeder. Pigs fed in this manner will eat more grain per day than under any other method of feeding. This maximum consumption is not wasteful of grain; in fact it saves grain, for an increase of 19 per cent in the rate of eating caused an increase of 28 per cent in the rate of gaining. The object in feeding is to put on fat as rapidly and with as little grain as possible. A method which will increase the rate of gaining 28 per cent and at the same time decrease by 8 per cent the grain required to produce a unit of gain is certainly worthy of consideration.

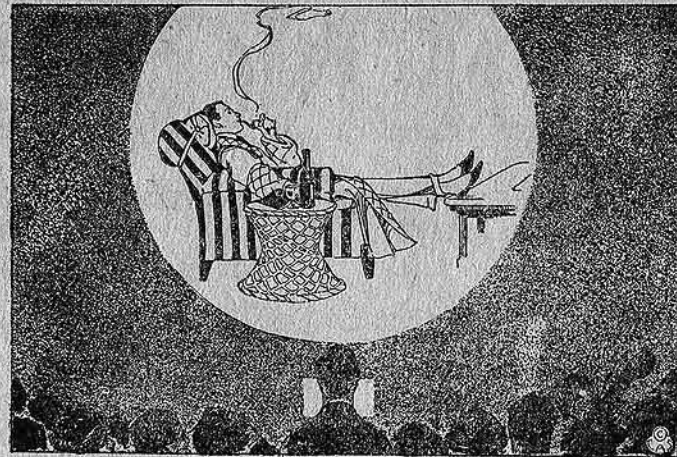
Fill part of the self-feeder with corn or similar carbonaceous feed and the other part with protein supplement; also take care to see that it is kept filled. Induce well-grown shoats to eat when and what they choose, and save grain, save labor, and get your hogs to market at the earliest possible date.

Poison ivy can always be distinguished from similar plants by its leaflets, which are arranged in three, the center one borne on a slightly longer stalk than the other two. It is a perennial plant, propagated by means of creeping underground stems or rootstocks and also by the seeds.

The Bureau of Soils of the department last year mapped in detail the various soils of 24,749,440 acres in 75 areas in 32 states.

The brood sow and her litter should have plenty of exercise but the pigs should be protected from cold rains.

If hogs are allowed too much range when pasturing on forage crops they will trample more than they eat.



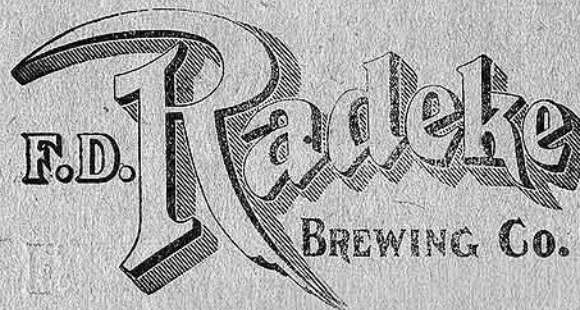
**A Picture of Solid Comfort**

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.



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.

**Advertise**

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

**In This Paper**

**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.

**We're Shouting**

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

**Let Us Convince You**



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The House of Kuppenheimer

# Clothes Quality Passed by the Censor

The letters that come from "over there" pass through no stricter censorship than the clothes that come from

## THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

There's no room for anything but the best in those mammoth shops—in cloths or trimmings, in designing or tailoring, in fit or finish. They are reliable through and through; and this is a big thing to remember nowadays when clothes prices are high and real quality is scarce. See the Spring suits and top coats now.

\$20 \$25 \$30 \$35

# KNECHT'S

"Kankakee's Greatest Clothier's"

## His Illness

### Improvements in the Preparation of Preventive Vaccine and Serum Assist in Minimizing Loss from This Disease.

Losses from anthrax, or charbon, which at the present time is responsible for the death of large numbers of live stock in low, moist lands of a more or less mucky character, may be minimized, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, by the proper use of protective vaccine and the proper disposal of the carcasses of infected animals. This disease affects chiefly cattle and sheep, but none of the domestic animals is exempt, and even man is sometimes a victim. Some centuries ago it is known to have caused the death of more than 60,000 persons in southern Europe. Since that time the disease has apparently become less virulent, but it is still the cause of considerable loss of stock owners. The preventive vaccine recommended by the Department of Agriculture is a development of the method devised about twenty-five years ago by Pasteur, the famous French savant. Since that time, however, scientists have succeeded in removing many of the objections to Pasteur's vaccine, and the new method is less dangerous to the animals treated and surer in its operation.

In a new publication of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Farmers' Bulletin 784, detailed directions for the administration of this treatment are given. The treatment consists, in ordinary cases, of an injection under the skin on one side of the animal, of 10 cubic centimeters of anti-anthrax serum, followed immediately by a similar injection, on the other side of the body, of 1 cubic centimeter of spore vaccine. In the case of sheep, which are peculiarly susceptible to the disease, the quantity of vaccine is reduced to one-fourth of a cubic centimeter.

In the bulletin mentioned, stock owners are warned to obtain the serum and vaccine from reliable manufacturers only, and not to administer the treatment unless the disease has already appeared in the vicinity, or the pastures on which the animals are to be turned out are known to be infected. Careless handling of the vaccine may result in spreading instead of controlling the disease.

The principals underlying this treatment is the same as that which in man has resulted in the minimizing of death from smallpox, typhoid, and other diseases. It consists in conferring upon men or animals an artificial immunity capable. Just how this immunity is conferred is a complicated scientific problem, but it is known that under certain conditions the introduction into the body of a very much weakened form of the germ that causes the disease will build up in the body a resistance that will protect it from subsequent attacks of the same disease in its normal and more virulent form. Anthrax affords an interesting example of the practical working out of this fact. A fly can easily carry a sufficient quantity of blood from an animal infected with this disease to kill a horse. Nevertheless, by repeated inoculations, scientists have succeeded in developing such a high degree of immunity in a horse that the animal has been able to withstand the injection of more than a pint of the most virulent anthrax culture obtainable. This, of course, is a much higher degree of immunity than is required to insure an animal against ordinary infection.

The cause of anthrax is a minute germ which multiplies rapidly in the body, especially in the blood, and produces poisonous substances which ordinarily cause death. The symptoms of the disease resemble, in certain respects, those of tick fever and black-leg. The differences which will enable stock owners to distinguish it from them are described in detail in the bulletin already mentioned. In acute cases, however, medicinal treatment is seldom effective. For this reason the best methods of combating the disease are to vaccinate all animals likely to be exposed to the infection and by deep burying or cremating of infected carcasses, to make certain that the infection is not allowed to establish itself in pastures.

It is a well-known fact that under certain conditions and in certain forms the germs of the disease are remarkably resistant to heat, cold, and drought. They will remain for a long time in a pasture and be capable of infecting any animals turned out on it. Ordinarily the disease is taken into the body through the mouth with food. It may, however, be absorbed through a wound or even an insignificant scratch. It is in this way that human beings usually become infected, and the name "wool-sorter's disease" is derived from the fact that men engaged in sorting wool are particularly liable to contact the disease through infection of scratches or other small wounds or abrasions on their hands.

In burying carcasses a useful precaution is to cover them with quicklime.

Where the bodies are burned instead of buried, great care should be taken to see that the operation is thoroughly done. Even the earth upon which the carcass has lain should be thoroughly and deeply burned over so that the heat will penetrate to a depth sufficient to kill the germs that may have passed into the soil with fluids from the body.

Young stock will do better if not compelled to pick their living with the old. There will also be less trouble from lice.

"Was your husband very sick?" inquired the woman who was buying bargain lengths of kitchen toweling. Her friend in the flower toque looked at her reproachfully as she tucked her shopping list back in her bag. "Did you ever know of a sick man," she inquired "who was not at death's door? My husband is quite a normal man, so you can infer that he was very desperately sick. I knew what the trouble was the minute he arrived home from the office in the middle of the day. It was a clear case of influenza, and had it been myself or any other woman, she or I would have tumbled into bed and endured it till it was over. But Henry!

"Mary," he began—and I knew it was going to be a hard siege, for he never calls me Mary unless he is making his will or telling me which college he wishes the children sent to in case he dies before they are grown up. "Mary, I'm a sick man! I had such a chill at the office that for a time they thought it was all up with me. Get the doctor. And tell him he'd better bring a specialist with him while he's about it!"

"Well I got Henry to bed and phoned the doctor," pursued the woman with the flower toque. "He told me at the door that Henry had a very light fever, and it would not be necessary for him to call again, and to take the usual precautions. When I went back and Henry inquired, I incautiously told him what the doctor had said. Henry sat right up in bed. He looked terrible with his hair standing ten ways for Sunday.

"And he calls himself a doctor!" Henry roared. "A man without the ability to diagnose a desperate case! And you are satisfied with him! I wouldn't go so far as to say that you want to get rid of me, Mary, but I hope you will never regret trusting Dr. Firstcamp!"

"Of course, this made it pleasant for me, but I didn't have time to think about it, because Henry said he knew he had another chill coming on, and please bring more blankets.

"Then I added his overcoat and an Oriental rug from the floor and he said, that, whatever I did, I should somehow try to conceal the fact that he had perished thru lack of sufficient covering. He valued his financial reputation among his friends, he said.

"When I had finished tucking in the heavy couch cover over the Oriental rug, Henry gave one heave and tumbled the towering pile off into the floor. He said he had a horrible attack of fever, and please to take his pulse and temperature. He insisted his pulse was heating so rapidly that he could not count it. When I told him his temperature was only one degree above normal and his pulse fifteen beats overtime, Henry sneered at me. He said it was too bad I never went to night school, and he supposed it was not my fault I could not count.

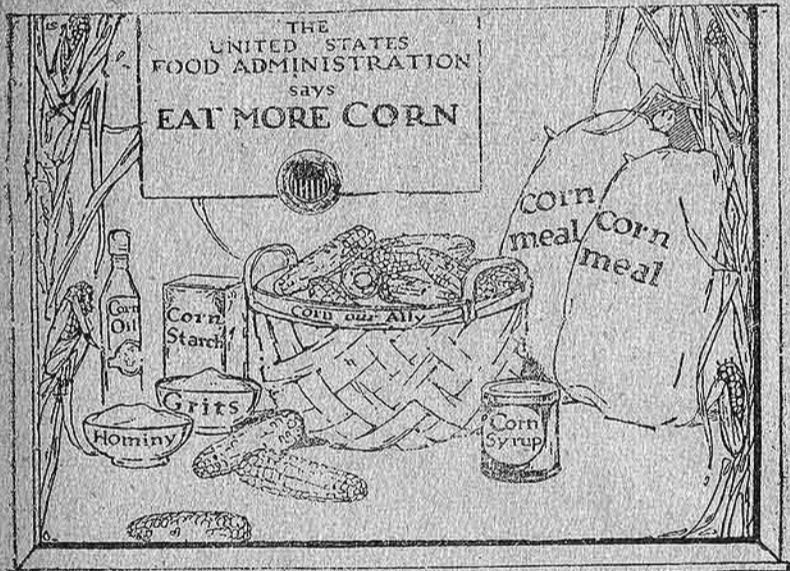
"He added that usually when people had a temperature like his and were absolutely burning up, something was done for them. He suggested an ice pack for his head, so I fixed the ice bag. When it touched him he howled like a hyena. I explained that I could not possibly serve the ice boiled or otherwise heated—and he retorted that if I understood the first principles of nursing I'd know how to fix an ice bag so it wouldn't petrify a helpless man at first whack. So he threw the ice bag across the room, and it broke my pet fern.

"Then he inquired feebly if I didn't know that nowadays with lung cases they kept the windows wide open. And five minutes after I had opened them he wanted to know whether I was trying to kill him at once! He wanted milk for supper hot, and when he got it hot, he said his temperature had changed and he'd like it cold.

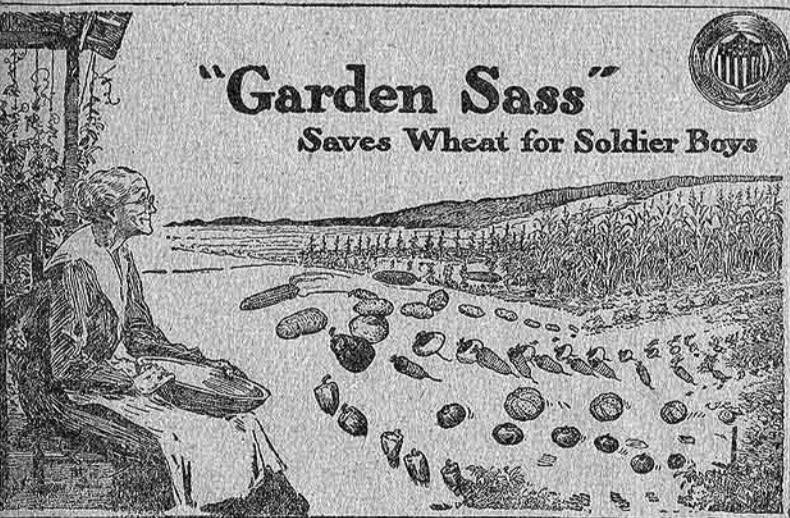
"Of course he felt rocky the next day and he could not talk out loud. He said he was too feeble to do anything more than whisper. He asked to be read to out of the book that we had loaned the Japsons on the North Side—and I had to phone Mrs. Japson to leave the book at a downtown store, and I sent the second maid down after it. He had me brush his hair every fifteen minutes, because he said it soothed him, and insisted on the door and telephone bells being muffled, because he was too sick to stand them. When some one called up from the office and I said he was doing nicely, he fairly howled at me. "I'm a sick man!" he hissed. "Tell them it'll be a long time before I shall feel well enough to come back to work!"

"By next day there wasn't a thing the matter with him," pursued the woman in the flower toque. "He hadn't an ache or temperature or a pain, so he said he'd sacrifice himself for my sake and go back to his toil. He walked very feebly down the steps, but at the corner he forgot himself and swung into his old stride and lit a cigar—so I knew he was all right. I called up during the day to inquire and in hollow tones he told me he was sticking it out thru sheer grit, and then he came home and ate enough dinner for six men, and played cards till midnight! But he had had a narrow escape!"

"That's just the way my husband acts!" said the woman buying toweling.



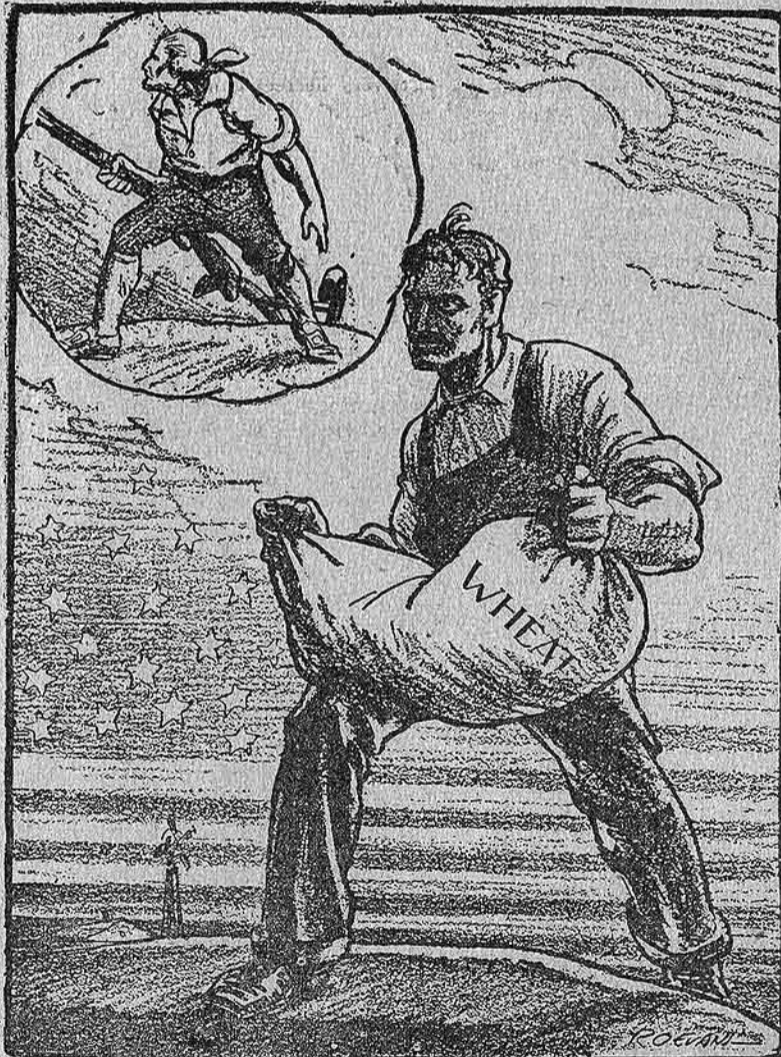
THE UNITED STATES  
FOOD ADMINISTRATION  
says  
EAT MORE CORN



"Garden Sass"  
Saves Wheat for Soldier Boys



"Eat Us"  
and Save the Wheat and Meat  
for Our Soldier Boys



PATRIOTS



THIS IS A  
MEATLESS  
DAY

# LONG LIVE THE KING

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Some of it the boy grasped. A navy, ships, a railroad to the sea—those he could understand. Treaties were beyond his comprehension. And, with a child's eagerness of idea, he returned to the marriage.

"The same she doesn't care about it," he said at last. "If I were king I would not let her do it. And"—he sat very erect and swung his short legs—"when I grow up, I shall fight for a navy, if I want one, and I shall marry whoever I like."

At a quarter to four Olga Loschek was announced. She made the curtsy beside the door that palace ceremonial demanded and inquired for the governess. Prince Ferdinand William Otto, who had risen at her entrance, offered to see if she still slept.

"I think you are a very good doctor," he said, smiling, and went out to Miss Braithwaite's sitting room.

It was then that Olga Loschek

prince drew a rather broken backed "E," a weakkneed "W," and an irregular "O" in the corner and proceeded to burn them in. He sat bent over the desk, the very tip of his tongue protruding, and worked conscientiously and carefully. Between each letter he burned a dot.

Suddenly, Olga Loschek became panic-stricken. She could not stay, and see this thing out. Let them follow her and punish her. She could not! She had done her part. The governess lay in a drugged sleep. A turn of the key, and the door to the passage beyond which Oskar waited would be closed off. Let follow what must, she would not see it.

"Highness," she said, "Lieutenant Larisch will be here in a moment. Will you permit me to go?"

Otto was off his chair in an instant. "Certainly," he said, his mind still on the "O" which he was shading.

Old habit was strong in the countess. Although the boy's rank was numbered by moments, although his life was possibly to be counted by hours, she turned at the doorway and swept him a curtsy. Then she went out, and closed the door behind her.

The two sentries stood outside. They were of the terrorists. She knew, and they knew she knew. But neither one made a sign. They stared ahead, and Olga Loschek went out between them.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was only a small boy, for all his title and dignity. And suddenly he felt lonely. Left alone, he returned to his expectations for the day, and compared them with the facts. He remembered other carnivals, with his carriage moving through the streets, and people showering him with fresh flowers. He rather glowed at the memory. Then he recalled that the chancellor had said he needed fresh air.

Something occurred to him, something which combined fresh air with action, yet kept to the letter of his promise—or was there a promise?—not to leave the palace.

The idea pleased him. It set him to smiling, and his bright hair to quivering with excitement. It was nothing less than to go on the roof and find the ball. And he would have to hurry. Nikky would be sure to return soon.

He opened the door on to the great corridor, and stepped out, saluting the sentries, as he always did.

"I'll be back in a moment," he informed them. He was always on terms of great friendliness with the guard, and he knew these men by sight. "Are you going to be stationed here now?" he inquired pleasantly.

The two guards were at a loss. But one of them, who had a son of his own, and hated the whole business, saluted and replied that he knew not.

"I hope you are," said Ferdinand William Otto, and went on.

The sentries regarded one another. "Let him go!" said the one who was a father.

The other one moved uneasily. "Our orders cover no such contingency," he muttered. "And, besides, he will come back. I hope to God he does not come back," he added stonily.

Five minutes to four.

The crown prince hurried. The corridors were almost empty. Here and there he met servants, who stood stiff against the wall until he had passed. On the marble staircase, leading up, he met no one, nor on the upper floor. He was quite warm with running and he paused in his father's suite to mop his face. Then he opened a window and went out on the roof. From the balustrade, it looked extremely far to the ground.

Nevertheless, although his heart beat a trifle fast, he was still determined. A climb which Nikky with his long legs had achieved in a leap, took him up to a chimney. Below—it seemed a long way below—was the gutter. There was a very considerable slant. If one sat down, like Nikky, and slid, and did not slide over the edge, one should fetch up in the gutter.

He felt a trifle dizzy. But Nikky's theory was, that if one is afraid to do a thing, better to do it and get over being afraid.

So the crown prince sat down on the sloping roof, behind the chimney and gathered his legs under him for a slide. Well for him that the ancient builders of the palace had been reckless with lead, that the gutter was both wide and deep. Well for Nikky, too, waiting in the boudoir below and hard driven between love and anxiety.

The crown prince, unaccustomed to tiles, turned over halfway down, and rolled. He brought up with a jerk in the gutter, quite safe, but extremely frightened. He sat there for quite a few minutes. There was no ball in sight, and the roof looked even steeper from this point.

Being completely self-engrossed, therefore, he did not see that the roof had another visitor. Had two visitors, as a matter of fact. One of them wore a blanket with a white "O" over a white "E" on it, and the other wore a mask, and considerable kitchen cutlery fastened to his belt. They had come out of a small door in the turret and

were very much at ease. They leaned over the parapet and admired the view. They climbed on one of the garden chairs and looked over the expanse of the roof, which was when they saw Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and gazed at him.

"Gee whiz!" said the larger pirate, through his mask. "What are you doing there?"

The crown prince started, and stared. "I am sitting here," explained the crown prince, trying to look as though he usually sat in lead gutters. "I am looking for a ball."

"You're looking for a fall, I guess," observed the pirate. "You don't remember me, kid, do you?"

"I can't see your face, but I know your voice." His voice trembled with excitement.

"Lemme give you a hand," said the pirate, whipping off his mask. "You make me nervous, sitting there. You've got a nerve, you have."

The crown prince looked gratified. "I don't need any assistance, thank you," he said. "Perhaps, now I'm here, I'd better look for the ball."

"I wouldn't bother about the old ball," said the pirate, rather nervously for an old sea-dog. "You better get back to a safe place. Say, what made you pretend that our railway made you nervous?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto climbed up the tiles, trying to look as though tiles were his native habitat. The pirates both regarded him with admiration, as he dropped beside them.

"How did you happen to come here?" asked the crown prince. "Did you lose your aeroplane up here?"

"We came on business," said the pirate importantly. "Two of the enemy entered our cave. We were guarding it from the underbrush, and saw them go in. We trailed them. They must die!"

"Of course. Death to those who defy us!"

"Death to those who defy us!" repeated the crown prince, enjoying himself hugely, and quite ready for bloodshed.

"Look here, Dick Deadeye," said the larger pirate to the smaller, who stood gravely at attention, "I think he belongs to our crew. What say, old pal?"

Dick Deadeye wagged his tail.

Some two minutes later, the crown prince of Livonia, having sworn the pirate oath of no quarter, except to women and children, was on his way to the pirate cove.

He was not running away. He was not disobedient. He was breaking no promises. Because, from the moment he saw the two confederates, and particularly from the moment he swore the delightful oath, his past was wiped away. There was, in his consciousness, no palace, no grandfather, no Miss Braithwaite, even no Nikky. There was only a boy and a dog, and a pirate den awaiting him.

"How'd you happen to be in that gutter?" Bobby demanded, as they started down the staircase in the wall. "Watch out, son, it's pretty steep."

"I was getting a ball."

"Is this your house?"

"Well, I live here," temporized Prince Ferdinand William Otto. A

I put up a flag at the bottom and took possession. They're mine."

"Really!" said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, quite delighted. He would never have thought of such a thing.

A door of iron bars at the foot of the long flight of steps—there were four of them—stood open. Here daylight, which had been growing fainter, entirely ceased. And here Bobby, having replaced his mask, placed an air rifle over his shoulder, and lighted a candle and held it out to the crown prince.

"You can carry it," he said. "Only don't let it drip on you. You'll spoil your clothes." There was a faintly scornful note in his voice, and Ferdinand William Otto was quick to hear it.

"I don't care at all about my clothes," he protested. And to prove it he deliberately tilted the candle and let a thin stream of paraffin run down his short jacket.

"You're a pretty good sport," Bobby observed. And from that time on he addressed his royal highness as "old sport."

When they reached the old dungeon the candle was about done. There was only time to fashion another black mask out of a piece of cloth that bore a strange resemblance to a black waistcoat. The crown prince donned this with a wildly beating heart. Never in all his life had he been so excited.

"We can get another candle, and come back and cook something," said the senior pirate, tying the mask on with pieces of brown string. "It gets pretty smoky, but I can cook, you'd better believe."

So this wonderful boy could cook, also! The crown prince had never met any one with so many varied attainments. He gazed through the eye-holes, which were rather too far apart, in rapt admiration.

"As you haven't got a belt," Bobby said generously, "I'll give you the rifle. Ever hold a gun?"

"Oh, yes," said the crown prince. He did not explain that he had been taught to shoot on the rifle range of his own regiment, and had won quite a number of medals. He possessed, indeed, quite a number of small but very perfect guns.

With the last gasp of the candle, the children prepared to depart. The senior pirate had already forgotten the passage, and was eager to get outdoors.

"Ready!" he said. "Now, remember, old sport, we are pirates. No quarter, except to women and children. Shoot every man."

"Even if he is unarmed?" inquired the crown prince, who had also studied strategy and tactics, and felt that an unarmed man should be taken prisoner.

"Sure. We don't really shoot them, silly. Now. Get in step."

Then began, for the crown prince, such a day of joy as he had never known before. Even the Land of Delight faded before this new bliss of stalking from tree to tree, of killing unsuspecting citizens who sat on rugs on the ground and ate sausages and little cakes. Here and there, where a party had moved on, they salvaged a bit of food—the heel of a loaf, one of the small country apples. Shades of the court physicians, under whose direction the crown prince was daily fed a carefully balanced ration!

When they were weary, they stretched out on the ground, and the crown prince, whose bed was nightly dried with a warming pan for fear of dampness, wallowed blissfully on earth still soft with the melting frosts of the winter. He grew muddy and dirty. He had had no hat, of course, and his bright hair hung over his forehead in moist strands. Now and then he drew a long breath of sheer happiness.

As dusk descended, the crowd gradually dispersed, some to supper, but some to gather in the place and in the streets around the palace. For the rumor that the king was dying would not down.

At last the senior pirate consulted a large nickel watch.

"Gee! it's almost supper time," he said.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto consulted his own watch, the one with the inscription: "To Ferdinand William Otto, from his grandfather, on the occasion of his taking his first communion."

"Why can't you come home to supper with me?" asked the senior pirate. "Would your folks kick up a row?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Would your family object?"

"There is only one person who would mind," reflected the crown prince, aloud, "and she will be angry, anyhow. I—do you think your mother will be willing?"

"Willin'! Sure she will! My governess—but I'll fix her. She's a German, and they're always cranky. Anyhow, it's my birthday. I'm always allowed a guest on birthdays."

So home together, gayly chatting, went the two children, along the cobble-paved streets of the ancient town, past old churches that had been sacked

and pillaged by the very ancestors of one of them, taking short cuts through narrow passages that twisted and wormed their way between; and so, finally, to the door of a tall building where, from the concierge's room beside the entrance, came a reek of stewing garlic.

Neither of the children had noticed the unwonted silence of the streets, which had, almost suddenly, succeeded the noise of the carnival. What few passers-by they had seen had been hurrying in the direction of the palace. Twice they had passed soldiers, with lanterns, and once one had stopped and flashed a light on them.

"Well, old sport!" said Bobby in English, "anything you can do for me?"

The soldier had passed on, muttering at the insolence of American children. The two youngsters laughed consumedly at the witticism.

The concierge was out. His niece admitted them, and went back to her interrupted cooking. The children hurried up the winding stone staircase, with its iron rail and its gas lantern, to the second floor.

In the sitting room, the sour-faced governess was darning a hole in a small stocking. She looked at the clock.

"You are fifteen minutes late," she snapped, and bit the darning thread—not with rage, but because she had forgotten her scissors.

"I'm sorry, but you see—"

"Whom have you there?"

"A friend of mine," said Bobby, not a whit daunted.

The governess put down the stocking and rose. In so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand William Otto, and she staggered back.

"Holy Saints!" she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy, and her color came back. "For a moment," she muttered—"but no. He is not so tall, nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!"

Which proves that, whether it wears it or not, royalty is always measured to the top of a crown.

In the next room Bobby's mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the center of the table. Pepy had iced the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the "b's" in "Bobby" so that the cake really read: "Boby—XII!"

However, it looked delicious, and inside had been baked a tiny black china doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln's head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke of Pepy's, Bobby being aggressively masculine.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. Mrs. Thorpe saw Ferdinand William Otto, and went over, somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends—"

Then she stopped, for the prince had brought his heels together sharply, and bending over her hand, had kissed it, exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annunciata's when he went to have tea with her. Mrs. Thorpe was fairly startled, not at the kiss, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand William Otto, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With quick tenderness she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Careless were strange to Ferdinand William Otto. His warm little heart leaped and pounded. At that moment, he would have died for her!

Mr. Thorpe came home a little late. He kissed Bobby twelve times, and one to grow on. He shook hands absently with the visitor, and gave the Frau-lein the evening paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the cafe on the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and of course it's not our funeral, anyhow—but there's a report that the crown prince has been kidnapped. And that's not all. The old king is dying!"

"How terrible!"

"Worse than that. The old king gone and no crown prince! It may mean almost any sort of trouble! I've closed up at the park for the night." His arm around his wife, he looked through the doorway to where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting the candles. "It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby mustn't go around alone the way he's been doing. All Americans are considered millionaires, and the crown prince could go anywhere as easy."

His wife turned around his wife, and for a moment into the birthday party, and Ferdinand William Otto was huddled together eagerly—chicken, fruit, potato salad—again shaded by the court physicians, who fed him a carefully balanced ration of milk and eggs. Bobby also ate conversation languidly.

When the conversation came when, they sat back while Pepy cleared the

table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Thorpe had excused himself for a moment. Now he came back, with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper, and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Robert's coming of age, but marking his arrival at years of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"Robert!" objected the big boy's mother.

"A teaspoonful each, honey," he begged. "It changes it from a mere supper to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses, and filled them up with water. Then he filled the others, and sat smiling, this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea, and was trying to make them happy up a flight of stone stairs, above a concierge's bureau that smelled of garlic.

"First," he said, "I believe it is customary to toast the king. Friends, I



Princess

"Take a message for you," she said. She played the last card, and won. She crossed quickly to Nikky's side.

"I have a message for you," she said.

A light leaped into Nikky's eyes. "For me?"

"Do you know where my boudoir is?"

"I—yes, countess."

"If you will go there at once and come back, I will see you there as soon as possible." She put her hand on his arm. "Don't be foolish and ground," she said. "She is sorry—about last night, and she is very unhappy."

The light faded out of Nikky's eyes. He was unhappy and he could do nothing. They had a way, in the palace, of binding one's hands and leaving one helpless. He could not even go to bed.

"I cannot go, countess," he said. "The countess understand. Today, of all days—"

"You mean that you cannot leave the crown prince?" She shrugged her shoulders. "You, too! Never have I seen so many faint hearts, such rolling eyes, such shaking knees! And after what? Because a few timid souls see a danger that does not exist?"

"I think it does exist," said Nikky obstinately.

"I am to take the word to her, then, that you will not come?"

"That I cannot."

"You are a very foolish boy," said the countess, watching him. "And when you are so fearful, I myself will remain here. There are sentries at the doors, and a double guard everywhere. What, in the name of all that is absurd, can possibly happen?"

That was when she won. For Nikky, who has never been, in all his history, anything of a hero, and all of the romantic and loving boy—Nikky wavered and fell.

When Prince Ferdinand William Otto returned, it was with the word that Miss Braithwaite still slept, and that she looked very comfortable. Nikky was gone, and the countess, seated by a window, holding to the sill the organ of her shaking body.

It was done. The boy was in her hands. There was left only to deliver them to those who, even now, were on the way. Nikky was safe. He would remain in her boudoir, and Hedwig would not come. She had sent no message. She was, indeed, at that moment a part of one of those melancholy family groups which, the world over, in palace or peasant's hut, await the coming of death.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto started. He got out the picture frame for Hedwig, which was finished now, with the exception of burning his initials in the lower left hand corner. After inquiring politely if the smell of mustard would annoy her, the crown

prince drew a rather broken backed "E," a weakkneed "W," and an irregular "O" in the corner and proceeded to burn them in. He sat bent over the desk, the very tip of his tongue protruding, and worked conscientiously and carefully. Between each letter he burned a dot.

Suddenly, Olga Loschek became panic-stricken. She could not stay, and see this thing out. Let them follow her and punish her. She could not! She had done her part. The governess lay in a drugged sleep. A turn of the key, and the door to the passage beyond which Oskar waited would be closed off. Let follow what must, she would not see it.

"Highness," she said, "Lieutenant Larisch will be here in a moment. Will you permit me to go?"

Otto was off his chair in an instant. "Certainly," he said, his mind still on the "O" which he was shading.

Old habit was strong in the countess. Although the boy's rank was numbered by moments, although his life was possibly to be counted by hours, she turned at the doorway and swept him a curtsy. Then she went out, and closed the door behind her.

The two sentries stood outside. They were of the terrorists. She knew, and they knew she knew. But neither one made a sign. They stared ahead, and Olga Loschek went out between them.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was only a small boy, for all his title and dignity. And suddenly he felt lonely. Left alone, he returned to his expectations for the day, and compared them with the facts. He remembered other carnivals, with his carriage moving through the streets, and people showering him with fresh flowers. He rather glowed at the memory. Then he recalled that the chancellor had said he needed fresh air.

Something occurred to him, something which combined fresh air with action, yet kept to the letter of his promise—or was there a promise?—not to leave the palace.

The idea pleased him. It set him to smiling, and his bright hair to quivering with excitement. It was nothing less than to go on the roof and find the ball. And he would have to hurry. Nikky would be sure to return soon.

He opened the door on to the great corridor, and stepped out, saluting the sentries, as he always did.

"I'll be back in a moment," he informed them. He was always on terms of great friendliness with the guard, and he knew these men by sight. "Are you going to be stationed here now?" he inquired pleasantly.

The two guards were at a loss. But one of them, who had a son of his own, and hated the whole business, saluted and replied that he knew not.

"I hope you are," said Ferdinand William Otto, and went on.

The sentries regarded one another. "Let him go!" said the one who was a father.

The other one moved uneasily. "Our orders cover no such contingency," he muttered. "And, besides, he will come back. I hope to God he does not come back," he added stonily.

Five minutes to four.

The crown prince hurried. The corridors were almost empty. Here and there he met servants, who stood stiff against the wall until he had passed. On the marble staircase, leading up, he met no one, nor on the upper floor. He was quite warm with running and he paused in his father's suite to mop his face. Then he opened a window and went out on the roof. From the balustrade, it looked extremely far to the ground.

Nevertheless, although his heart beat a trifle fast, he was still determined. A climb which Nikky with his long legs had achieved in a leap, took him up to a chimney. Below—it seemed a long way below—was the gutter. There was a very considerable slant. If one sat down, like Nikky, and slid, and did not slide over the edge, one should fetch up in the gutter.

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The crown prince, unaccustomed to tiles, turned over halfway down, and rolled. He brought up with a jerk in the gutter, quite safe, but extremely frightened. He sat there for quite a few minutes. There was no ball in sight, and the roof looked even steeper from this point.

Being completely self-engrossed, therefore, he did not see that the roof had another visitor. Had two visitors, as a matter of fact. One of them wore a blanket with a white "O" over a white "E" on it, and the other wore a mask, and considerable kitchen cutlery fastened to his belt. They had come out of a small door in the turret and

were very much at ease. They leaned over the parapet and admired the view. They climbed on one of the garden chairs and looked over the expanse of the roof, which was when they saw Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and gazed at him.

"Gee whiz!" said the larger pirate, through his mask. "What are you doing there?"

The crown prince started, and stared. "I am sitting here," explained the crown prince, trying to look as though he usually sat in lead gutters. "I am looking for a ball."

"You're looking for a fall, I guess," observed the pirate. "You don't remember me, kid, do you?"

"I can't see your face, but I know your voice." His voice trembled with excitement.

"Lemme give you a hand," said the pirate, whipping off his mask. "You make me nervous, sitting there. You've got a nerve, you have."

The crown prince looked gratified. "I don't need any assistance, thank you," he said. "Perhaps, now I'm here, I'd better look for the ball."

"I wouldn't bother about the old ball," said the pirate, rather nervously for an old sea-dog. "You better get back to a safe place. Say, what made you pretend that our railway made you nervous?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto climbed up the tiles, trying to look as though tiles were his native habitat. The pirates both regarded him with admiration, as he dropped beside them.

"How did you happen to come here?" asked the crown prince. "Did you lose your aeroplane up here?"

"We came on business," said the pirate importantly. "Two of the enemy entered our cave. We were guarding it from the underbrush, and saw them go in. We trailed them. They must die!"

"Of course. Death to those who defy us!"

"Death to those who defy us!" repeated the crown prince, enjoying himself hugely, and quite ready for bloodshed.

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Dick Deadeye wagged his tail.

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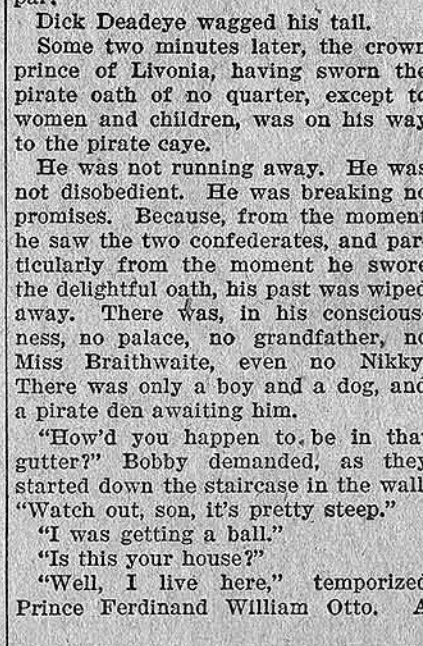
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"How'd you happen to be in that gutter?" Bobby demanded, as they started down the staircase in the wall. "Watch out, son, it's pretty steep."

"I was getting a ball."

"Is this your house?"

"Well, I live here," temporized Prince Ferdinand William Otto. A



Princess

Dick Deadeye Wagged His Tail.

terrible thought came to him. Suppose this American boy, who detested kings and princes, should learn who he was!

"It looks like a big place. Is it a barracks?"

"No." He hesitated. "But there are a good many soldiers here. I—I never saw these steps before."

"I should think not," boasted Bobby. "I discovered them. I guess nobody else in the world knows about them."

I put up a flag at the bottom and took possession. They're mine."

"Really!" said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, quite delighted. He would never have thought of such a thing.

A door of iron bars at the foot of the long flight of steps—there were four of them—stood open. Here daylight, which had been growing fainter, entirely ceased. And here Bobby, having replaced his mask, placed an air rifle over his shoulder, and lighted a candle and held it out to the crown prince.

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"You are fifteen minutes late," she snapped, and bit the darning thread—not with rage, but because she had forgotten her scissors.

"I'm sorry, but you see—"

"Whom have you there?"

"A friend of mine," said Bobby, not a whit daunted.

The governess put down the stocking and rose. In so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand William Otto, and she staggered back.

"Holy Saints!" she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy, and her color came back. "For a moment," she muttered—"but no. He is not so tall, nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!"

Which proves that, whether it wears it or not, royalty is always measured to the top of a crown.

In the next room Bobby's mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the center of the table. Pepy had iced the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the "b's" in "Bobby" so that the cake really read: "Boby—XII!"

However, it looked delicious, and inside had been baked a tiny black china doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln's head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke of Pepy's, Bobby being aggressively masculine.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. Mrs. Thorpe saw Ferdinand William Otto, and went over, somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends—"

Then she stopped, for the prince had brought his heels together sharply, and bending over her hand, had kissed it, exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annunciata's when he went to have tea with her. Mrs. Thorpe was fairly startled, not at the kiss, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand William Otto, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With quick tenderness she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Careless were strange to Ferdinand William Otto. His warm little heart leaped and pounded. At that moment, he would have died for her!

Mr. Thorpe came home a little late. He kissed Bobby twelve times, and one to grow on. He shook hands absently with the visitor, and gave the Frau-lein the evening paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the cafe on the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and of course it's not our funeral, anyhow—but there's a report that the crown prince has been kidnapped. And that's not all. The old king is dying!"

"How terrible!"

"Worse than that. The old king gone and no crown prince! It may mean almost any sort of trouble! I've closed up at the park for the night." His arm around his wife, he looked through the doorway to where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting the candles. "It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby mustn't go around alone the way he's been doing. All Americans are considered millionaires, and the crown prince could go anywhere as easy."

His wife turned around his wife, and for a moment into the birthday party, and Ferdinand William Otto was huddled together eagerly—chicken, fruit, potato salad—again shaded by the court physicians, who fed him a carefully balanced ration of milk and eggs. Bobby also ate conversation languidly.

When the conversation came when, they sat back while Pepy cleared the

table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Thorpe had excused himself for a moment. Now he came back, with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper, and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Robert's coming of age, but marking his arrival at years of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"Robert!" objected the big boy's mother.

"A teaspoonful each, honey," he begged. "It changes it from a mere supper to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses, and filled them up with water. Then he filled the others, and sat smiling, this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea, and was trying to make them happy up a flight of stone stairs, above a concierge's bureau that smelled of garlic.

"First," he said, "I believe it is customary to toast the king. Friends, I

give you the good king and brave soldier, Ferdinand of Livonia."

They stood up to drink it, and even Pepy had a glass.

Ferdinand William Otto was on his feet first. He held his glass up in his right hand, and his eyes shone. He knew what to do. He had seen the king's health drunk any number of times.

"To his majesty, Ferdinand of Livonia," he said solemnly. "God keep the king!"

Over their glasses Mrs. Thorpe's eyes met her husband's. How they trained their children here!

But Ferdinand William Otto had not finished. "I give you," he said, in his clear young treble, holding his glass, "the president of the United States—the president!"

"The president!" said Mr. Thorpe.

They drank again, except the Frau-lein, who disapproved of children being made much of, and only pretended to sip her wine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Princess

**GREAT WRITERS NEAR DUEL**

Tolstoy and Turgenev in Fierce Dispute That Might Have Led to Deadly Encounter.

Tolstoy and Turgenev, famous Russian novelists, were contemporaries and friends, but on one occasion they had a serious falling out. As gathered from a recent biography, this is the story of their quarrel: The two famous novelists met at a friend's house. Turgenev spoke enthusiastically of his young daughter's new English governess, mentioning that she required the child to mend old, ragged clothes to give to the poor. "Do you consider that good?" demanded Tolstoy. "I certainly do," replied Turgenev; "it makes the charity workers realize everyday needs." "And I think that a well-dressed girl with filthy, malodorous rags in her hands is acting an insincere farce," commented Tolstoy. "I ask you not to say that," exclaimed Turgenev, hotly. "Why should I not say what I am convinced is true?" retorted Tolstoy. "If you say that again I will box your ears!" Turgenev cried, white with rage, and rushed from the room. A duel was narrowly averted. Afterward these famous men became reconciled, and on his deathbed Turgenev wrote an affecting note to Tolstoy, addressing him as "the great writer of our Russian land."—Outlook.

**Wage War on the Rat.**

The rats keep 150,000 farmers occupied feeding them, and the other workers needed to repair rat damage number 30,000.

# Libby's Vienna Sausage

A Favorite Dish Everywhere

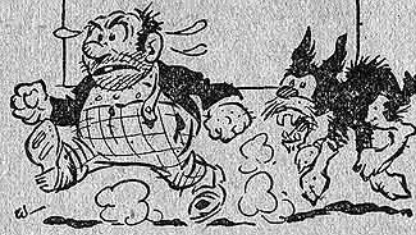
Prepared from dainty bits of choice, selected meat, skillfully seasoned and cooked by Libby's own expert chefs—these sausages have that delicacy of flavor, yet spicy zest that makes them favorites everywhere.

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish and so easy to prepare!



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

# SCRAPS OF HUMOR



**Generous Offer.**  
"Sir, you see before you a soldier of fortune."  
"I have no time for hard luck stories this morning."  
"But my life story would be just the thing for your Sunday paper."  
"I won't listen to it."  
"Well, gimme half a dollar and I'll tell it to your friend over there at the next desk without charging him a cent."

**The Wrong Impression.**  
"Would you seriously object to lending me \$50 for a few days?"  
"Oh, no."  
"Really! That sounds encouraging."  
"You misunderstand me. I meant that I wouldn't entertain such a proposal seriously."

### TAKING NO CHANCES.



First Freak—None of the hotels would accommodate the "human kangaroo." I wonder why?  
Second Freak—I guess they were afraid he would jump his board.

**So It Goes.**  
We codify our laws,  
But some get by 'em.  
Our work is lost because  
They just defy 'em.

**Ambitious.**  
Wife—Oh, George, there's a burglar downstairs! Shall I call the police?  
Young Reporter—Good gracious, no! I want to "interview" him!

**Straight Way.**  
"Mrs. Comeup, have you ever had your hand read?"  
"No, but Eliza and me are going to the chiropodist's today."

**Credulity.**  
"What makes you think the prima donna has a confiding nature?"  
"She actually believes everything the press agent says about her."

**Boudoir Secrets.**  
She—You've heard of people's hair turning white in a single night?  
Her Maid—Yes, miss, but that isn't the color it generally turns when it happens as quickly as that.

### BLOWN UP.



Diggs—Our cook left very suddenly this morning.  
Wiggs—What was the trouble?  
Diggs—Gasoline.

**Mary's Lamb.**  
Mary had a little lamb—  
But how that lamb has grown!  
Now Mary'd rather walk a mile  
Than face that lamb alone.

**The Proper Cap.**  
"Did you see where two army men escaped from a station house by getting out on the roof and dropping down?"  
"Well, that was all right. They were practicing going over the top."

**The Infant Terrible.**  
Caller—It seems wonderful that Japanese dentists can take out teeth with their fingers.  
Hostess' Little Daughter—Mamma can take out her teeth with her fingers, every one of them.

# A Word of Precaution.

JUST wherein lies the reason for the use of vegetable preparations for infants and children?

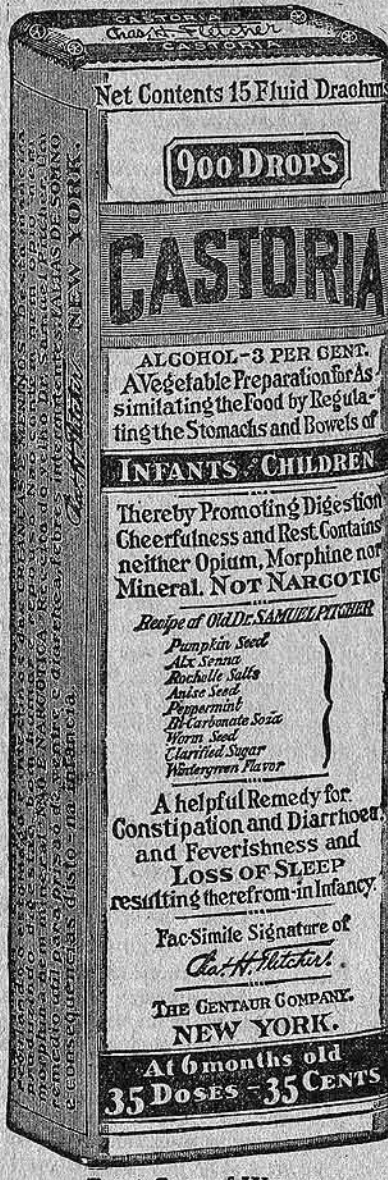
Why are any but vegetable preparations unsafe for infants and children?

Why are Syrups, Cordials and Drops condemned by all Physicians and most laymen?

Why has the Government placed a ban on all preparations containing, among other poisonous drugs, Opium in its variously prepared forms and pleasing tastes, and under its innumerable names?

These are questions that every Mother will do well to inquire about.

Any Physician will recommend the keeping of Fletcher's Castoria in the house for the common ailments of infants and children.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

# Children Cry For



## Letters from Prominent Druggists addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

S. J. Briggs & Co., of Providence, R. I., say: "We have sold Fletcher's Castoria in our three stores for the past twenty years and consider it one of the best preparations on the market."

Mansur Drug Co., of St. Paul, Minn., says: "We are not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines, but we never hesitate to say a good word for Castoria. It is a medical success."

Hegeman & Co., of New York City, N. Y., say: "We can say for your Castoria that it is one of the best selling preparations in our stores. That is conclusive evidence that it is satisfactory to the users."

W. H. Chapman, of Montreal, Que., says: "I have sold Fletcher's Castoria for many years and have yet to hear of one word other than praise of its virtues. I look upon your preparation as one of the few so-called patent medicines having merit and unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe household remedy."

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS BEARS

the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

# Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.



Join Now!

APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM



Men who wear this emblem are U.S. MARINES

### Checks in Gaelic.

A little plaint from a bank clerk. Lately, he says, there have been checks circulating in this country printed in Gaelic script. Naturally, they are Irish ones, and probably drawn by enthusiastic Sinn Feiners. But what can be the object of introducing another terror to the already worried and overworked bank clerk upon whom falls the task of obtaining a translation? And the Irish check is not the only sinner in this respect. For a long time the Esperantists wrote the amount of their checks in Esperanto and became a nuisance to the banks.—London Chronicle.

### Pen Extractor.

A pen extractor installed in an office will save all members of the force the inky operation of removing an old pen from the holder with the fingers. The device consists of a metal loop which can be pressed down upon the pen so firmly that the pen is removed by a pull on the holder.

### Have a Clear Skin.

Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap and assist it now and then by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

He who is chased by a dog is apt to bark his shins.

# SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.

# CONSTIPATION IS HUMANITY'S GREATEST FOE

It is always a terror to old people and a menace at some time or another to every human being, young or old. It is the forerunner of more ills and suffering than almost any of NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS and should never be allowed to go unchecked. At the very first indication of constipation get DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS which for 72 years has been successfully used for this most prevalent of all disorders. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

# Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

# INCREASE IN WESTERN CANADA LAND VALUES

## But Forty and Fifty Bushels of Wheat to the Acre.

During the past year there has been a greater demand for farm lands in Western Canada than for a number of years past. The demand is for good farm lands improved or unimproved. And at an increase of from ten to fifteen dollars an acre more than the same lands could be had for a couple of years ago.

The rise in the price of every kind of produce grown on these Western lands, in some cases to double and in others to treble the price prevailing before 1914, have attracted and are attracting in ever-increasing proportions the men who are anxious to invest their money, and apply their energies in the production of wheat for which the allied nations are calling with voices which grow louder and more anxious as the months roll on, and the end of the war still seems distant. Beef, and more especially bacon, are required in ever greater quantities, and the price of all these things has soared, until it is not a question of what shall we produce, but how much can we produce. Even should this world calamity be brought to a close in six months from now, it will be years before normal pre-war prices prevail, and meantime self-interest if not patriotism is turning the minds of thousands back to the land. The inevitable consequence has been the rise in values of land, especially wheat land.

The Calgary Herald, commenting on these conditions says:

"From inquiries made from leading dealers in farming and ranching properties, and from the information gathered in other ways, it is known that the value of all land—wheat land, mixed farming properties, and even good grazing land—has risen in the last two years 40 per cent. Wheat lands in some districts have practically doubled in price. One dealer in farm lands recently sold three sections for \$70 an acre, one extra good quarter went as high as \$90, and another brought \$100. These are, of course, large prices, but that they will be equalled or even surpassed in the near future is beyond question. There is a feature about this rush to the land from which the most solid hope can be drawn for the success of the movement. The proper tillage of land, to produce large crops in a climate like ours is now understood and practiced as it never was in the early days of the province. It would seem too that

with the increase of land under cultivation, the seasons are changing and the rainfall becoming greater and more regular.

"Crops are being harvested, especially in Southern Alberta, which would have seemed impossible to the old-time farmer, with his old-fashioned ideas of breaking and seeding. And at the price now set by the government for wheat and which possibly may be increased during the coming season, the return to the practical skilled agriculturist must necessarily be very large.

"What matters \$10 or even \$20 an acre extra on wheat land when a return as high as 50 bushels and even more may be taken from every acre sown? With hogs bringing \$20 a hundred pounds; beef on the hoof at \$12, and mutton \$16, while wool under the new government arranged system of handling and sale brings 65 cents a pound (and these values cannot fall to any great extent for some years) the demand for land will continue and values increase in a corresponding degree.

"There has never been in the history of Canada a time so favorable for the farmer as the present; self-interest, the inspiration of patriotic feeling, the

aid freely extended by the government, who are permitting the import of certain agricultural implements free, all these tend to raise the price of Alberta land.—Advertisement.

### Rookie Turns Laugh.

"Go get 15 yards of skirmish line from Sergeant Doe over there," an officer directed Josh Miles, a recruit. The rookie dutifully went over to Sergeant Doe and told him what he wanted. Sergeant Doe laughed and Private Miles saw the light. Returning to the wag he saluted soberly and made his report.

"No skirmish line in stock, sir," he said, "but I can get you 15 yards of red tape."

### Innovation Justified.

A wordy dispute has been stirred up in England over the action of the authorities in stationing a tank on the Worcester cathedral green. This was denounced by some as sacrilege, but the dean pointed out that we are fighting in a sacred cause.

German philosophy dwarts mental strength the intellect.

### HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STRAIGHT DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed" 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

## How Ex-Senator Banished Stomach Trouble

### A Wonderful Testimonial Endorsing EATONIC

Gentlemen: I have used EATONIC tablets in my family and find it a most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and all forms of indigestion. Yours respectfully, W. V. SULLIVAN

W. V. SULLIVAN  
Former U. S. Senator  
From Mississippi

# EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

At All Druggists

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.

Send for the "Help" Book, Address Eatonie Remedy Co., 1018-24 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

**RAISE MORE CORN AND LESS WATER**

It sometimes becomes necessary to do heavy work, such as hauling water from the cornfields to the feed lot, and hauling it back again to the fields in the shape of uneaten cornstalks? Very tall-growing corn when sappy and immature is almost all water and so is wet cornstalk manure.

It used to be that many growers prided themselves on the great height of their corn stalks. The more successful farmers, however, have ceased to haul water from the cornfields to the feed lot in the form of course stalks which remain uneaten and haul it back to the fields in the shape of wet cornstalk manure. They do not grow such tall stalks and often profitably allow animals to gather the grain, leaving the stalks in the fields to enrich the soil.

A few years ago, silage was thought to have a fixed food value. One cannot take out of a silo any more food value than is put in. Hauling and silaging large sappy stalks is heavy work and not as profitable as putting a good, almost mature corn crop into the silo. A somewhat larger and later maturing variety of corn that will thoroughly mature for grain can be used in the northern States for ensilage. Even silage corn should be planted early and given sufficient time to make its best growth and reach the state of maturity at which husks turn brown and the ears become glazed.

A cooperation in the Department's corn work grows a high-yielding variety of corn, the stalks of which reach a height of about six feet, while his neighbor grows a big, twelve-foot variety. In helping each other shred their crops, the neighbor's tall-growing corn was shredded first. The stalks were bulky and high loads were hauled from the fields to the shredder. When beginning the shredding of the competitor's corn, which that year produced over 100 bushels of dry shelled corn per acre, the neighbor put on the accustomed high load, and his team could not pull it out of the field. He got down off the load to make an examination, thinking the rack must be pressing against the wheels. The competitor told him he would have to take off a part of the load, to which he replied that he did not have on a big load and was accustomed to hauling larger loads. After being convinced that it was the weight of the load that stalled his team, they removed a portion and hauled the balance to the shredder, from which they obtained forty bushels of corn, or almost a ton and a half of ears.

What variety of corn should you plant? Since there are thousands of so-called varieties, it is not possible to designate by name the variety you should plant. Furthermore, with corn, there is very little in a name. Two lots of seed of the Leaming variety sometimes differ from each other more than two varieties differ from one another. An accurate test of two different lots of the Boone County White variety resulted in one lot producing eighteen bushels more per acre than the other lot. Quality is what shredder, from which they obtained forty bushels of corn, or almost a ton and a half of ears.

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**SEWAGE DISPOSAL**

**Important Part of Farm Sanitation Which Should Receive Greater Attention.**

Because the sewage from homes is a poisonous substance in which the specific germs or poisons of numerous serious diseases may lurk, much greater care should be taken by dwellers in the country in the disposal of the wastes than is usually bestowed on the matter. This is pointed out in an article, "Sewage disposal on the farm," in the Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Infection from such a source often is transmitted insidiously and may come from the swirling dust of the railway roadbed, from personal or indirect contact with transitory or chronic carriers of disease, from green truck grown in gardens fertilized with night soil or sewage, from food prepared or touched by unclean hands or visited by flies and vermin, from milk handled by sickly and careless dairymen, or milk cans and utensils washed with polluted water from wells, springs, brooks, and lakes receiving the surface wash or the underground drainage from sewage-polluted soil, and from many other sources.

The cardinal principle in sewage disposal, it is pointed out, whatever the system and methods employed, is to have the waste materials finally deposited far from wells and other sources of water supply.

A number of methods of sewage disposal, including the use of cesspools and septic tanks, are described in detail in the article. The latter method it is believed generally is the safest and least troublesome. Though the proper disposal of sewage will involve some considerable expenditure of money, there is little ground, the article states, for the more or less general belief that the benefits of good plumbing and sewer systems cost little in the city but are almost prohibitive in the country. The greater value of property per family in rural communities when compared with that of some cities where efficient sewage systems are in existence should justify the necessary expenditure for adequate means of sewage disposal in the country. The actual construction and plumbing work can be done, it is pointed out, more cheaply in the country in most cases than in the city.

**STOP THE ARMY WORM.**

**Watch Meadows Closely—Spray, Poisoned Bait, and Ditch Traps Will Control the Pest.**

Watchfulness is the first weapon to use against the army worms. Upon the discovery of the pest in its younger stages depends very largely the possibility of stamping out infestations before serious injury to crops has occurred, declare entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Army worms are the young of certain moths or millers that fly only at night. The eggs from which the army worms hatch are commonly laid on grasses or grasslike grains and the tiny caterpillars, upon hatching, feed for several days near the ground, hidden by overhanging grasses or grains. They may escape notice until nearly full grown, by which time they have become widely distributed over the infested fields.

Meadows should be examined frequently during the spring and early summer months, particularly those planted to timothy, bluegrass, wheat, and especially millet. One should not be satisfied with looking merely at the surface of the stand; the thicker and longer the growth, the greater the danger from the army worm. The grain or grass should be parted with the hands in various parts of the field and the lower portions of the growth examined closely, in order that the presence of the small, greenish caterpillars may be discovered. If these be found in any number the area covered by the infestation should be determined and rigorous action taken at once to destroy the worms before they become large enough to begin their journey to other portions of the farm. If the infested spot be small, the grass or grain can be mowed off and straw scattered over the spot and burned, thus destroying the worms.

If the caterpillars have become distributed over a considerable area this can be marked off by stakes and the crop sprayed heavily with a mixture of Paris green at the rate of 1 pound to 50 gallons of water. If tender plants, such as corn, are to be sprayed, 2 pounds of freshly slaked lime should be added to 50 gallons of the mixture, to prevent burning of the foliage.

In case the worms are crawling in a body surround them with a furrow or ditch and crush them with a log drag as they fall into it. If shallow post holes are sunk in the bottom of the ditch at intervals of about 20 feet the worms will crawl along the ditch bottom and fall into the holes, where they may be destroyed.

Poisoned baits of varying composition have long been used as a means of destroying the many different species of cutworms and also the army worm. An effective bait of this kind may be prepared and used as follows: To 50 pounds of wheat bran and 1 pound of Paris green or 2 pounds of arsenate of lead add the juice of one half dozen orange or lemons. Then bring the mass to a stiff dough by adding low-grade molasses or syrup, preferably molasses, and scatter the mixture broadcast in small pieces throughout the infested field. This poisoned bait may be used safely in alfalfa and corn fields where it is desired, if possible, to save the crop for forage purposes.

In case this poison is used, care should be exercised in preventing stock from gaining access to the poisoned grass or grain and being injured or killed by eating it. It is far better to sacrifice a portion of the crop, if the destruction of the pest can be accomplished, because if army worms are not destroyed they will take the crop away and probably devastate other portions of the farm.

Additional information regarding the army worm may be obtained from Farmers' Bulletin 73, which will be sent on application to the Department of Agriculture.

**GREEN FORAGE CROPS**

**LOWER COST OF PORK.**

Pork production is cheaper with grain and green forage crops than with grain alone. Some grain is necessary for fattening hogs on pasture. Clover and alfalfa rank among the best crops for swine pasture.

An acre of clover had a value, in replacing corn in ration, of \$101.02 in one test made by the Ohio Agricultural Experimental station, with corn valued at \$1.68 a bushel. Red clover ranked first among swine forage crops in tests made at the Experimental station. Rape, soybeans and bluegrass followed in order of efficiency. While alfalfa was not tested, it usually ranks a little above clover.

The number of hogs an acre of pasture will carry is influenced by their age and thriftiness, the amount of forage produced, the amount and nature of the concentrates fed, and other factors. When given somewhat less than a full feed of grain, from 8 to 14 fall or winter pigs and 12 to 20 spring pigs may ordinarily be pastured on an acre of average clover or alfalfa, and from 500 to 600 pounds of pork should be produced.

Prices of grain and amount of pasture determine largely the quantity of concentrates to be hogs on forage. It is doubtful whether less than half of a full feed should be given hogs on pasture if intended for market. Exclusive pasture feeding results in slow gains.

Sheep sorrel can not be entirely exterminated by mowing, but it can be greatly weakened. The weed should be mown as soon as the flowering stalks have attained full size, but before they have commenced to turn red.

**LOVE OF POULTRY AND NATURE AKIN.**

**Fancier's Impulse Is to Produce More Perfect Feather-Markings or Bodily Conformation.**

Poultry husbandry has been referred to as the "most fascinating occupation of man." In this connection certain scoffers have had the temerity to suggest that the fascination was largely due to the gambling element embodied therein. But there are thousands throughout the country who know from experience that the fascination of poultry keeping emanates from another source.

Deep down in the heart of every person there seems to have been implanted by the Creator a certain love of nature which is constantly seeking expression in one form or another. The flocking of the people to the parks with the coming of the first warm Sundays, the love of the child for its pets, the housewife with her window full of plants, are all familiar demonstrations of this love of nature. None the less, so is the backyard poultry plant of the city business or professional man, office worker or laborer.

The fancier's joy is a rare one. To commune with nature, to study her laws, to work hand in hand with her in producing still more perfect feather markings or bodily conformation of poultry keeping. If, at the same time, one can materially reduce the now proverbial "high cost of living," and gain rest and recreation from the more strenuous duties of life, why should not the time soon come when a few well-bred specimens of fancy fowl may be found in every back yard in the land?

True it is that many have fallen victims to false hopes engendered by unscrupulous promoters in the poultry business. But what business has ever been free from the same evils? Those who are in closest touch with conditions in the poultry world are a unit in declaring that the "boom days" of the poultry business are past, that a more sane view of the industry is being taken and that a larger proportion of those entering into it do not expect to get rich between the rising and setting of a single sun.

**GIVE BEES ROOM.**

**Much Honey Lost Through Failure to Furnish Storage Room on Time.**

Many beekeepers make a serious mistake in failing to give their bees enough storage room on time. The addition of this room at just the right time for the storage of the season's crop of honey requires good judgment and an intimate knowledge of the nectar resources of the particular locality and season. Very few people realize that in many localities the entire season's crop of surplus honey is gathered and stored within a period of a few weeks. It is exceedingly important during these few weeks that the progress of the work in the supers be watched closely and additional room be given as rapidly as the bees can use it.

The usual procedure by the inexperienced beekeeper is to put on a super of 25 to 50 pounds capacity during early spring and give the subject no further thought until late summer or autumn. If the super is found to be full of honey at that time it is removed and probably an empty one put in its place. In many cases this empty super is given long after there is any possibility of any further storage of honey during the season, and if comb honey is being produced the sections and foundation are ruined for further use by being on the hives during a time when no honey is being stored.

During a poor season a single super for each colony may furnish an abundance of room for the storage of the entire crop of honey, but, during a good season, if additional supers are not given as needed, the major portion of the crop is lost to the beekeeper simply from lack of storage space. In comb-honey production the standard supers contain, when filled, only about 25 pounds of honey. During a rapid honey flow, such as occurs some seasons, especially in the Northern states, sufficient progress is frequently made in each newly added super to justify the addition of another every three or four days. With such a honey flow several supers may be completely filled with honey before any of it is ripened and sealed and the hive may have therefore as many as five or six supers at one time. Under such conditions, if the bees are compelled to ripen and seal the honey in the first super before a second one is given, most of the possible honey crop is lost to the beekeeper; the bees being compelled either to swarm or to loaf during the height of the storing season. Such an abundant honey flow does not by any means occur every year, but when it does occur the beekeeper should be prepared to take full advantage of the opportunity.

Bees need so little attention during the greater portion of the year that it is difficult for the inexperienced beekeeper to realize that for the best results almost daily attention is needed during the few days or weeks known among beekeepers as the honey flow. A more complete discussion of this subject is given in Farmers' Bulletin No. 503, "Comb Honey," which may be obtained on request from the United States Department of Agriculture.

Though most commonly eaten raw, radishes, especially the larger sorts, are also cooked and served like creamed turnip, which they much resemble in flavor. The leaves can be used for greens, or if they are very tender can be added to salads. United States Department of Agriculture.

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(OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.)

**REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF BRADLEY STATE AND SAVINGS BANK**

located at Bradley, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 11th day of May, 1918, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES

1. Loans and Discounts	\$155,494 62
2. Overdrafts	110 21
4. Investments Liberty Bonds	14,387 50
5. Banking House	3,300 00
Furniture and Fixtures	961 88
6. Cash and Due from Banks	16,178 79
7. Other Resources Checks and Cash Items	5,124 58
<b>TOTAL RESOURCES</b>	<b>\$195,447 52</b>

LIABILITIES

1. Capital Stock Paid in	\$ 25,000 00
3. Undivided Profits (net)	4,823 98
4. All other deposits	165,623 54
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>	<b>\$195,447 52</b>

I, E. C. VANDAGRIFT, Cashier of the Bradley State and Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
E. C. VANDAGRIFT, Cashier  
STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF KANKAKEE, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of May 1918.  
[SEAL] T. R. McCoy, Notary Public.

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

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