

WEEKLY FARM LETTER

CLOVER CULTURE LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF SOIL FERTILITY

Urgent Need for Increased Planting Seed Stock Becoming Depleted Suggestion for Sowing

Clover hay is an important part of the ration of every dairy cow in the Northeastern States. Whether the farmer has a silo or not, and even if he feeds concentrates, he needs clover hay as the foundation of his feeding scheme. At a time like the present, when concentrates are high and are likely to continue being high, and when there is a great deal of reason to question whether the ensilage that will be put away next year will be of as high feeding value as usual, it is especially important to look out for the clover fields. Seed corn is known to be scarce and poor, and in the northern tier of States especially it is almost certain that many farmers will have to plant southern seed corn for ensilage. While this may fill the silo, it will not be as high in feeding value as more mature corn. This fact will make it important to have more clover hay with the ensilage.

Clover Acreage Reduced

Last summer the effort to plant a large acreage of food crops resulted in the plowing up of a considerable acreage of meadow. This was reflected in a reduced acreage of clover seed cut during the past summer. Besides this, there was certainly a smaller acreage seeded to clover in 1917 than is usually the case. The seed trade found less demand than had been expected, and so an unusually large quantity of seed was carried over, in spite of the fact that the quantity of clover seed imported in the year beginning July 1, 1916, was not equal to that imported during the year ending June 30, 1916. Unfortunately, figures showing the acres seeded to clover seed are not collected each year, so we do not know to what extent the clover acreage is smaller now than usual, but much indirect evidence, as mentioned above, points unmistakably to the fact that the clover acreage is falling. This can not help but have a bad effect on production in the clover States.

Farmers recognize that clover culture lies at the foundation of soil fertility in the North. Good land may be farmed for a while without it, but its fertility will decrease; poor land must have a legume, and clover is the most convenient and satisfactory one yet found for that section. We can not afford, therefore to neglect clover, even if the price of seed is high.

Shortage of Seed

That clover seed is high, and will continue to be so, must be recognized. However, the price has not advanced in as great a ratio as has the price of wheat and corn, and the advance in price is not much, if any, greater than what has been recorded for most farm products. A large part of this higher price, too, is going to the producer. One reason for the slow movement of clover seed to central markets so far this year is the unwillingness of farmers to sell. Prices are high, and they expect them to go higher, hence they hold. For the farmers who must buy, this is, however, not so desirable a state of affairs. However, it is not the price that concerns us most, but the question whether enough clover seed exists to plant a large area.

In the summer of 1917 clover hay was cut on approximately 7,600,000 acres. Since a large part of the clover seeded either fails and must be reseeded, or is used in some form so that pure clover hay is not cut, we may be sure that this is only about three-fourths of the acreage seeded in 1916. If this is true, or nearly so, some 10,000,000 acres were seeded, and for this some 110,000,000 to 120,000,000 pounds of seed were needed. In the clover States, including a part of eastern Nebraska, but not including any acreage west of the one-hundredth meridian, there were on December 1, 1917, some 18,500,000 acres in winter wheat. In the interests of the hay supply and of continued soil fertility, most of this acreage, or an equivalent acreage with oats, should be seeded to clover next spring. If we consider that much seed will be sown in mixtures and in Western States, not included in these figures, we can not be far wrong if we consider that 75 per cent of the present winter-wheat acreage should go into clover next spring. This is 13,875,000 acres and, seeding at 11 pounds per acre, the total seed needed will be 152,625,000 pounds. The best available estimates fix the quan-

tity of clover seed, if it is all used that may be available for seed in 1918, at between 90,000,000 and 100,000,000 pounds. It is clear that irrespective of price and if no seed is exported there will not be enough seed to plant the acreage that should be planted next spring if seed is used at the average rate per acre.

In this situation the following suggestions are offered, looking toward making the existing supplies go as far as possible.

Seeding Suggestions

(1) Reduce the average quantity of seed used. When clover seed is cheap and plentiful, thick seeding may pay as insurance and in the saving of labor and expenses involved in more careful preparation of the seed bed and the purchase of machinery. Under present conditions, however, it will be advisable to (a) sow with a drill whenever possible; only about one-half as much seed is needed this way. (b) Harrow in the seed if broadcasted; this will not hurt the wheat and will cover the clover seed better, thus giving it a better chance and making it possible to get a stand with less seed. (c) Do not sow red clover on low, poorly drained land; use only alsike. Red clover is more likely to fail on such land and alsike is almost certain to succeed. Also the seed of alsike is smaller and a pound of this contains more than twice as many seeds as a pound of red clover does, consequently the alsike will go twice as far. (d) On good land with of moisture even if it is not wet land, and on land where red clover does not do well because of a lack of lime, sow alsike clover seed only. This is urged because alsike is cheaper now than red and relatively more plentiful, and because on run-down land the chances of a stand with alsike are better than they are with red. Or sow a mixture of about 4 pounds of red and 3 pounds of alsike. (e) Sweet clover. This crop can be handled practically like red clover and succeeds well in north Kentucky and from Illinois north and west. It has also been successfully grown in Ohio and Indiana and might well be substituted in these States on soils having plenty of lime. If sweet clover is sown it should be seeded on wheat early in spring just as for red clover, but farmers should insist on sacrificed seeds, and, if where sweet clover or alfalfa has not been grown before, and seed should be inoculated. This is important. Sweet clover has also been found to do well on the sandy lands of northern Michigan and is general wherever lime and inoculation can be given it should be worth trying as a substitute for red clover. Further information may be secured from Farmers Bulletin No. 797 on sweet clover.

(2) Use lime freely to strengthen the clover and thus help to insure a stand. While the best time to apply lime is when land is being prepared for wheat, it will do good if ground limestone is put on the wheat and harrowed in with the clover seed.

(3) In some sections, especially in the southern parts of the clover belt and on favorable lands farther north, clover may be seeded after wheat harvest. This is the most successful practice in Kentucky, Tennessee, and in sections just north of these States. The seed bed should be well prepared and made firm so the young plants can make a rapid growth.

(4) While it is not possible to predict what the supply of clover seed will be in the winter of 1918, there is much reason to fear that the present condition of inadequate supplies will continue. There is now a strong export demand, and with the continuance of the war the imports will again probably be negligible. The increased acreage of corn and cereals did not make for a large acreage of clover which can be left for seed next summer, and even if the season is good the supply can not well be very large. If seeding is heavy this spring there will be little, if any, carry over, and it may not unreasonably be expected that the supply next year will be short as it is this year. Farmers, we feel, will do well to consider this and prepare in advance for using such other forage crops in addition to clover as they can profitably grow. One suggestion is that they plan to increase the acreage of timothy. This makes a hay not as good as clover for dairy use but is the best of the true grasses, and a timothy sod makes a good foundation for the following corn crop. Other crops will suggest themselves for special sections.

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

MAY BE A VICTIM

RUSSEL FINCH WAS ON WAY TO FRANCE

Friends Here Fear He Was On The Illfated Tuscania Which Was Sunk Off Irish Coast

Friends of Russell Finch of Scottsbluff Neb., formerly of this place are anxiously watching the list of names of the survivors of the illfated ship Tuscania which was sunk off the coast of Ireland last Tuesday, as it is thought he was a passenger on this transport.

Finch enlisted in the aviation branch of the service last November, and has made a world wind record for himself, and word was received here about two weeks ago that he was sailing for service over seas, and it is feared here that he was on the illfated steamer when it went down.

Through the courtesy of a friend of the family here we were given a copy of the Scottsbluff Star-Herald giving an account of young Finch's activities which we reproduce here: Two months ago working on a ranch between this city and Mitchell and today somewhere enroute to France as a number of a portion of the limited States expeditionary forces, is the rapid record made by Russell Finch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Finch of this city. It was in the latter part of November that the young man made up his mind to enter the service of the United States and in company with another lad named Louis Peterson the two went to Denver and enlisted in the aviation branch of the signal corps. The two boys were quartered in Denver for a time then sent to San Antonio Tex. to Kelley field. There it was discovered that Russell was somewhat of a carpenter and things began to happen to that young man right away. He was shunted to Chanute Field Rantaul Illinois, and after remaining there a few weeks was again transferred to a station near the Atlantic coast.

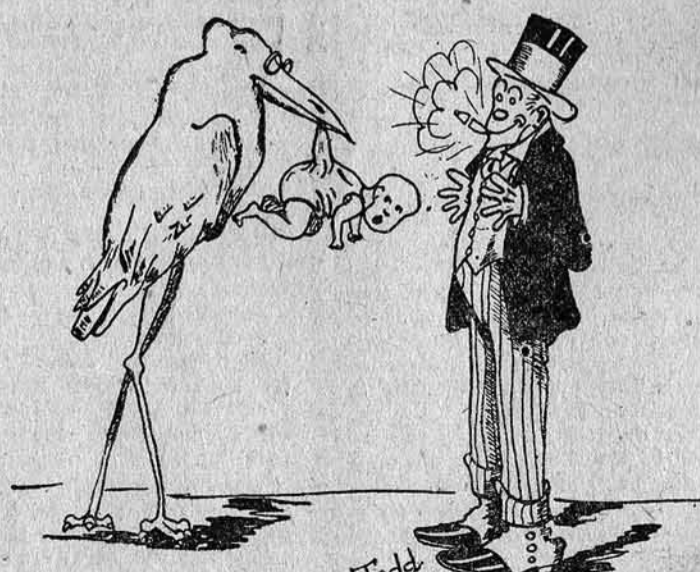
Word has just been received that he is "on his way", and had dutifully laid in a supply of cigarettes, soap and candles, as things are said to be rather scarce "over there". This acts a new record for a Scottsbluff boy. Many of whom have entered the service, but very few who have yet seen the other side, or are even on their way despite many weary months spent in preparation.

Woodman Dance

The Hard Time Dance given by the Modern Woodmen, at Woodman Hall, Wednesday night of last week was a grand success and was enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Dance

The dance given by the Holy Name Society at Dreamland Saturday night was well attended and greatly enjoyed by those present.



Baby Girl

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Miner Thursday of last week. Mother and baby are doing fine.

To Hospital

Miss Rosetta Mulligan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mulligan of this city has gone to Logansport, Ind., where she will enter a hospital for treatment for rheumatism.

Married Monday

Mr. Waldyslaw Krzywowski of this city and Miss Laura Kravot of Kankakee were married Monday morning of this week at the St. Stanislaus Catholic church in Kankakee.

To Hospital

Oscar Lambert was taken to the Barrett Hospital in Kankakee Tuesday where he was operated on for appendicitis, and an abcess.

School Notes

Miss Magdalene Bonfield of the class of 18, who has been confined to her home suffering from pneumonia the past few days, has been removed to the hospital.

A number of our patrons attended the program at school on Tuesday.

These fine days, the boys are enjoying themselves playing baseball at intermission periods.

Edith Shunk of Kankakee is temporarily filling the vacancy in the second grade caused by the resignation of Josephine Cox.

Patriotic Program

The Patriotic play given by the school grades Tuesday, Lincoln's birthday was one of the best ever presented here and was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The Principle address was delivered by Rev. Engle and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience.

School Program Tuesday, Feb. 12.

Song—Star Spangled Banner
 School Flag Salute
 Address of Welcome...2d Grade
 Flag Drill...6th Grade
 Lincoln's Gettysburg Address...School
 Song—Joan of Arc, 7th. and
 ...8th. Grade
 Hatchet Drill...5th Grade
 Song—Knitting for the Soldiers...1st. Grade
 Recitation A boys flag...4th. Grade
 Song—Hurrah! The Soldier Boys...3rd Grade
 Address...Rev. F. W. Engle
 Boy Scout Drill...7th. and 8th.
 ...High
 Song—Illinois...Song

Hicks-Kegher Wedding

A pretty home wedding occurred Wednesday evening of last week when Miss Bertha Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hicks, became the bride of Mr. Geo. Kegher.

The young couple were married in the presence of their immediate relatives at the home of the groom's mother, Mrs. Frank Platt of No. Wabash Ave. Rev. H. Pfoenhauer, minister of the Lutheran Church of Kankakee performed the ceremony.

The newly wedded couple will make this their future home.

Ed Coash, who has been laid up with a bad case of pneumonia, is able to be out again.

WAS PRETTY WEDDING

RICHARD-MARCOTTE WEDDING CELEBRATED

Both Of These Young People Are Very Popular Here

Bourbonnais was the scene of a beautiful wedding Tuesday morning when two popular young people of Bourbonnais and Bradley, Miss Laurette Richard, daughter of Noel Richard and Yvon Marcotte, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Marcotte, were married at 9 o'clock at Maternity church by Rev. Father Charlebois. Both bride and groom were attended by their respective fathers. Master Adien Richard, nephew of the bride, was the ring bearer and Miss Annette Rivard, cousin of the groom, was flower girl. Beautiful singing was rendered during the ceremony; Fred. Richard, brother of the bride, sang Veni Creator, Mrs. Zephire Richard, sister-in-law of the bride, sang an Ave Maria, Brother St. Aubin sang O Salutaris during the offertory. Dr. C. P. Morel and Fred Richard sang Justice. The ushers were Arthur Breault and Louis Rivard.

The bride looked charming in a white crepe de chene with filet lace trimmings, and carried white roses. The flower girl was also dressed in white carrying roses in a beautiful basket. The bride's going away suit was peacock blue with hat to match. The groom wore the conventional black.

They left immediately after the ceremony but did not make known their destination to their friends. On their return they will make their home on a farm near Bourbonnais.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcotte were both educated in Bourbonnais, having attended St. Viator college and Notre Dame convent.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Marcotte are very popular among the young people of Bourbonnais and received many beautiful and costly gifts of silver and cut glass. A number of young people from Kankakee and Bourbonnais surprised Mrs. Marcotte at her home Sunday evening and left many presents which will be useful in her new home.

John Bilyard Dead

John Bilyard, an old and highly respected citizen of Rockville Township died at his home very suddenly early Monday morning, of heart disease.

Mr. Bilyard, had been doctoring for his ailment for sometime but his sudden death came as a great shock to his family and many friends. He was 65 years old at the time of his death and was one of Rockville's oldest citizens.

Funeral services were held in Manteno, Thursday.

Feed Manufacturers and Dealers Must Secure License

Manufacturers of and dealers in commercial feeds for livestock, cattle, and hogs must secure license under the Food Administration by February 15. This covers baled hay, shelled and ear corn and many other commodities intended for use as feeds or as ingredients in mixed feeds. The only exceptions are for millers manufacturing bran and dealers in coarse grains, who have already been placed under Food Administration license. Applications for license should be addressed to the license division, Food Administration, Washington, D. C., specifying the nature of the business to be licensed.

Thrift Jingles

BY RING LARDNER

There was a foolish man,
 And he bought a foolish block
 Of Yaki Hula common,
 A foolish mining stock.

And now he dines on field mice
 And pals with other tramps,
 Which never would have happened
 If he'd bought War Savings Stamps.

Frank Meyers is spending a few days in Mississippi, visiting his son Herman who is in the Army and expects soon to go to France.

Lone Scouts

A meeting of the Lone Scouts was held and the following officers were elected:

Edward Mulligan, Chairman
 Lowell Mulligan, Treasurer
 Harry McCue, Secretary
 Edward Mulligan, Captain
 Harley Mathson, Asst. Captain
 Elford Mulligan, first Class Scout
 Freaman Bourrell second Class Scout
 Clifford Walters third Class Scout.

Baby's Death

Clarebelle Clute three month old baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Clute of South Wabash Ave died at the family residence Thursday of pneumonia.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon from the residence. Interment was at Mound Grove Cemetery.

To Hospital

Miss Madaline Bonville, who is suffering with a severe case of pneumonia, was taken the Barrett Hospital Wednesday for treatment.

Lent

Commencement of Lent, Ash Wednesday was fittingly observed here in the church this week.

Carl Johnson was on the sick list during the week.

William English was a business caller here, Friday.

Carl Burton was a business caller here Thursday.

The Misses Jeannette and Georgiana Worman have gone to Pittsburgh Pa.

Ronald Bleau the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bleau of this city, who is in the aviation corps of the U. S. Army, has been taken to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Cox, who has been teaching the second grade of our school has resigned her position and has been succeeded by Mrs. Shunk of Kankakee.

Mrs. Ray Clark has returned to her home in Kankakee, after spending several weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. James McCue of this city.

Mrs. P. Dewiley of Cleveland Ohio, is visiting her brother Ed. Kamman and family here.

Geo. Kammermann of Chicago, was a week end visitor here.

John Smith and wife of Gilman spent the week end here.

Mr. Jacob Hodel and wife of Naperville, Ill., have moved their household goods here and will make this their future home.

Ed Bartha was on the sick list during the past week.

Mrs. Richard McFadden of Manteno, visited here during the week.

Miss Madalene Bouville is suffering with a bad attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Sam Wilson arrived home Tuesday evening from Oklahoma for a short visit with his family.

Chas Manerman was a business caller here, Tuesday.

Mrs. Earl Barrou left Wednesday of this week for South Bend Ind., to visit a sick aunt.

Frank Hays is contemplating moving to the farm in the near future.

Smells

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

My Daddy smells like tobacco and books,
 Mother, like lavender and listerine;
 Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars,
 Nannie smells starch and soapy and clean.

Shandy, my dog, has a smell of his own
 (When he's been out in the rain he smells most);
 But Katie the cook, is more splendid than all—
 She smells exactly like hot buttered toast!

Shower

The Harmony Girls' Club of the M. E. Church gave a shower Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Henri Vallet in honor of their baby daughter, Marjorie, a very pleasant evening was spent by all present.

NEURALGIA

For quick results
rub the forehead
and temples with
VICK'S VAPORUB

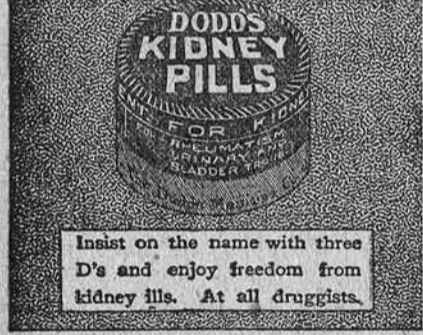
Eight Sons in War.
Pilot Rock, Ore., is proud of the Belts family. There are eight boys. Three of them are in France with Pershing, three are in the navy helping Uncle Sam hunt submarines, and two are in the Aviation corps. Mrs. Henry Belts is the mother.

"Cold in the Head"
In an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure.
P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Inefficient.
Woman—"Cannot you find something to do?" Tramp—"Lady, I'm as incompetent as a crowned head. honest."

Dodd's Kidney Pills Benefit Mother and Son

This letter from Mrs. L. D. Bohrer, of Cabool, Mo., should convince all who suffer from kidney or bladder trouble that Dodd's Kidney Pills, and only Dodd's, are what they should use for immediate relief.
"For nine years I suffered with heart disease and bladder inflammation. At times I was tired, nervous and irritable and became easily exhausted.
"I secured no relief until I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking two boxes of these Pills my health was so much improved that I bought four more boxes. I am still feeling fine and am working hard every day as we all must do on a farm. My little boy was troubled with his kidneys. He took a few of these Pills and says they have cured him, and thinks they are the stuff. I am going to send and get several boxes as I don't want to be without them in the house."
Wise persons, like Mrs. Bohrer, accept no substitute for the old, genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills; their remedial qualities are too well known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of kidney trouble by the timely use of this famous old remedy.



Sir Joshua, Perhaps.
Mrs. Newrich—Me and John have had our portraits painted by four American artists, and not one of them is satisfactory. After the war we intend to go abroad and see what the old masters can do.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Gold Cause Headache and Grip
LAXATIVE BEHOLD! This medicine cures the above. There is only one "Beano" Quinine. H. W. SHOWS signature on box. 8c.

Unthought Of.
"Was Van Gotrox's death unexpected?"
"Oh, quite! Dolly had refused him only the day before."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.
To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Indefinite.
"Do you believe in the power of mind over matter?"
"What matter?"
"Oh, never mind what matter!"

Watch Your Skin Improve.
On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free sample address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

On the Suwanee.
"Could you swim a mile on a bet, Pat?"
"I could—if the bet was a fence rail."—Chicago Daily News.

COVETED BY ALL
but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

His Limit.
"Does your son do you proud, Mr. Charles Cashit?"
"No; he just does me."

The goodness of some natures oozes as impressively as the gum on a peach tree.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



Plaids Tone Up Children's Clothes.

Plaids and crossbars have been launched in silk and wool and cotton goods for spring, and already smart coat suits and frocks for grownups, in which plaids are used with plain colors, bespeak a welcome for them. Just how cordial and universal it will be remains to be proven, but in one quarter they are sure of a whole-hearted reception. Mothers who have the foresight to put through their sewing for spring in January and February will rejoice that plaids are to be a feature of springtime clothes, since there is nothing that is better suited to children's wear.

The pretty dress shown here for the schoolgirl of twelve—or thereabout—can be made in a combination of plaid and plain wool goods, or plaid and plain cottons. It is a neat and interesting model, with skirt of the plain material, having two narrow box plaits at

the front and back, and reaching a little below the knees. The sleeves, pockets and decoration of the short plain blouse are of the same material as the skirt. The bodice is shaped like a short middie and cut from the plaid material with small plaits in each side, stitched down from the shoulder to a point where they meet the overlay of plain material. The pockets are big enough to be practical and the sleeves full enough to be easy. They are gathered into a close-fitting cuff of the plaid goods. A few small buttons add just the right kind of finish for a young girl's dress.

The collar is of white organdie or batiste and is of importance to the dress and to the education of the little maid. She is to have several collars for one dress and to be taught that her collar must be immaculately clean and her hair ribbon fresh and crisp.



January Hats Foretell Spring.

Among the bright and beautiful hats that are assembled and displayed for the benefit of those who go to the south in January there are always some models that may be worn in the North. Women who have no intention of running away from winter and snows nevertheless indulge themselves in hats that herald the spring. So it has come to pass that January and February are apt to find heads crowned with hats of satin, or malines, or even dark, brilliant straws. They are not summer hats and they are not winter hats; they are hats that are adaptable to any climate.

Among those that rejoice the eyes of those who answer the call of the North, and make glad the hearts of those who tarry in the North, there has appeared this year the hat covered with fine, dark purple violets. The flowers are very natural-looking, of silk, and this model first bloomed in Paris. It is a small shape with a covering of purple satin. Over this the violets are crowded and a band of

purple violet ribbon is tied about them. Besides the all-flower hat, hats of satin and hats of crepe with chenille braids are already gracing the heads of those who stay in the North. The dark, lustrous straws are trimmed with choux or velvet, or wings and worn with heavy furs—a promise of spring that keeps a happy thought in mind in the depth of winter. The hat of millinery patent leather is another that offers itself for northern wear now that our faces are turned toward spring. Lovely hats for afternoon or evening, made of black malines and panne velvet, in picturesque and dashing shapes belong wherever they hap pen to be found.

Unless she wants to be enticed into spending money, "safety first" argues that the smart millinery establishment is a good place to stay away from during the next two months.

Julie Bottomley

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

KEEP THE POULTRY HOUSE PEST-FREE



A Few "Pinches" of Sodium Fluorid.—A New Remedy—Placed Among the Feathers Kills Lice of Chickens.

SODIUM FLUORID KILLS ALL LICE

Refuse Aid and Comfort to Enemies of Poultry Flock.

PLAN TO ERADICATE MITES

Kerosene or Crude Petroleum Sprayed in House Cracks or Crevices Will Destroy Little Blood-Sucking Parasites.

Don't tolerate mites and lice in your hennery. They are unnecessary pests and they sap the vitality that should go into egg production. Nowadays, effective ways are known for eradicating lice and mites altogether. First, a dust bath should be accessible to the hens. Usually there will be a place in the yard where the hens can dust themselves in the dry dirt. If such a place is not available, a box large enough (about 2 feet square) for the hens to get into it should be provided in the house and a quantity of dust such as ordinary road dust or fine dirt placed in it to allow the hens a place to dust themselves. A dust bath aids the hens in keeping lice in check and therefore adds to their comfort. Usually the lice are not present on the birds in sufficient number to prove particularly harmful. However, it is better to keep the hens as free as possible from this pest, and if they are not able to keep them in check by dusting themselves, other measures can be undertaken.

To Eradicate Lice.
To rid the hens of lice, each one can be treated by placing small pinches of sodium fluorid, a material which can

PATHS TO PROFIT WITH HENS IN BACK YARD.

- Keep the hens confined to your own land.
- Don't keep a male bird. Hens lay just as well without a male.
- Don't overstock your land.
- Purchase well-matured pullets rather than hens.
- Don't expect great success in hatching and raising chicks unless you have had some experience and have a grass plot separate from the yard for the hens.
- Build a cheap house or shelter.
- Make the house dry and free from drafts, but allow for ventilation.
- Fowls stand cold better than dampness.
- Keep house and yard clean.
- Provide roosts and dropping boards.
- Grow some green crop in the yard.
- Spade up the yard frequently.
- Feed table scraps and kitchen waste.
- Also feed grain once a day.
- Feed a dry mash.
- Keep hens free from lice and the house free from mites.
- Kill and eat the hens in the fall as they begin to molt and cease to lay.
- Preserve the surplus eggs produced during the spring and summer for use during the fall and winter when eggs are scarce and high in price.

be obtained at most large drug stores, among the feathers next to the skin—one pinch on the head, one on the neck, two on the back, one on the breast, one below the vent, one at the base of the tail, one on either thigh, and one scattered on the underside of each wing when spread. Another method is to

NEW LICE REMEDY KILLS FOR HALF A CENT A BIRD.

Sodium fluorid, a white powder, will destroy all the lice on a fowl. It is a new and effective remedy. One application, costing about half a cent a bird, does the work. Full directions for applying it are given in a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture, "Mites and Lice of Poultry," Farmers' Bulletin 801. This bulletin also tells how to keep the poultry house free of mites.

use a small quantity of blue ointment, a piece about as large as a pea on the skin an inch below the vent. If mercurial ointment is used instead of blue ointment, it should be diluted with an equal quantity of vaseline. Any of these methods will be found very effective in ridding the hens of lice and should be employed whenever the lice become troublesome. Two or three applications a year usually prove sufficient.

Mites Are Blood Suckers.

Mites are more troublesome and more harmful than lice. They do not live upon the birds like the lice, but during the day hide in the cracks and crevices of the roosts and walls of the house, and at night they come out and get upon the fowls. They suck the hen's blood, and if allowed to become plentiful—as they certainly will if not destroyed—will seriously affect her health and consequently her ability to lay eggs. They may be eradicated by a few thorough applications of kerosene or some of the coal-tar products which are sold for this purpose, or crude petroleum, to the interior of the poultry house. The commercial tar products are more expensive but retain their killing power longer, and they may be cheapened by reducing with an equal part of kerosene. Crude petroleum will spray better if thinned with 1 part of kerosene to 4 parts of the crude oil. Both the crude petroleum and the coal-tar products often contain foreign particles, so should be strained before attempting to spray. One must be sure that the spray reaches all the cracks and crevices, giving especial attention to the roosts, dropping-boards, and nests, and the treatment should be repeated two or three times at intervals of a week or ten days.

VENTILATION OF HEN HOUSE

As Necessary for Laying Fowls in Winter as in Summer.—Keep Windows and Doors Open.

The henhouse needs fresh air—as much in the winter as in the summer. It is as necessary to laying hens as clean water and good feed. Badly ventilated houses make hens lose vitality, they lay fewer eggs, and often become sick and stop laying altogether. Ventilation is needed also to keep the house dry. When the circulation of the air is poor in cold weather, moisture collects on the inside of the walls and roof. At a freezing temperature under such conditions there is a rapid accumulation of "frost" on these surfaces which makes the house very uncomfortable.

Ventilation to provide pure air and dryness in a poultry house is simply a matter of keeping doors and windows open as much as is necessary to keep the walls dry. Few poultry keepers have any difficulty in doing this until the temperature goes low enough to freeze water in the house. Then the tendency is to close doors and windows to keep the house warm. A general rule which may be followed is to open doors and windows as wide as is necessary to keep the house dry in cold weather and to keep them wide open when water in the house will not freeze.

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The standard cold cure for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

GARGET or CAKED UDDER IN COWS can be overcome by feeding cow tonic to purify the blood and applying **Dr. David Roberts' BADGER BALM**. A soothing and healing ointment. Excellent for sore teats and inflamed udders. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on ABSORPTION IN COWS. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 6-1918.

Old Question.
This year we refrain from asking the annual question: "Can you step inside your coal bin yet?"

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.
You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

The Reason.
"They put everything on me. I'm always the goat. That is because you will persist in butting in."

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

Urge Eating of Oysters.
The oyster production of the United States is greater than that of all other countries combined, and there is available in this resource a vast quantity of animal food which should be utilized to the utmost at this time.

Federal and state inspection are now given to the sanitary condition of the beds and the handling of oysters, and the producers are co-operating to assure the purity of the product.

Particular attention is called to not only the harmlessness but the excellence of "green-gilled" oysters. The gray-green color characteristic of this condition is never found on the body of the oyster, but if confined to the gills, brought into view when the edge of the oyster "crimps" in cooking. It is derived from a vegetable coloring matter in some of the delicate microscopic plants on which the shellfish feeds. Green-gilled oysters in France are regarded as the best obtainable.—Department of Commerce Bulletin.

Why He Liked Church.
"Do you like to go to church, Sam?"
"Oh, yes, sah, I likes t' go t' church, sah."
"And do you like to go to experience meetings, too, Sam?"
"Oh, no, sah, I doesn't like those 'sperience meetin's.'"
"Why don't you like the experience meetings, Sam?"
"Why, boss; how's a feller goin' t' sleep wiv everybody talkin'?"

Meddle only with those people who meddle with you, and not always with them.



UNLIKE other cereals Grape-Nuts requires only about half the ordinary quantity of milk or cream. Likewise because of its natural sweetness it requires no sugar. Grape-Nuts the ready cooked food, is an all-round saver.

"There's a Reason"

FOOD CONTROLLER OF CANADA GIVES WARNING

Food Production Should Be Increased at All Cost.

In his letter to the public on the 1st of January, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Canada's Food Controller, says:—
 "Authoritative information has reached me that food shortage in Europe is terribly real, and only the sternest resolve on the part of the producers, and equally stern economies on the part of all as consumers, can possibly save the situation.
 "France last year had a crop between one-third and one-half that of a normal year. Women did the work of draught animals in a determined effort to make the impoverished soil of France produce every possible ounce of food. They now look to us to make up their deficiency of essential supplies.
 "The harvest in Italy was far below normal and will require much larger supplies to feed her people until next harvest.
 "It is impossible for the allies to spare many cargo carriers to transport foodstuff from India, Australia, New Zealand and even the Argentine Republic. This means that the allied nations are practically dependent upon North America to supply them with the food which must be forthcoming if terrible suffering is to be avoided and the fighting efficiency of the armies maintained.
 "On December 1, the United States had not a single bushel of wheat for export, after allowance was made for domestic requirements on the basis of normal consumption, and the United States Food Administration is endeavoring to bring about a reduction of 20 per cent in home consumption of wheat and flour. This would release 100,000,000 bushels for export, but the Allies will require nearly five times that amount before the 1918 harvest.
 Canada is the only country in the world, practically accessible to the Allies under present conditions of shipping shortage, which has an actual exportable surplus of wheat after allowance for normal home requirements. The surplus today is not more than 110,000,000 bushels. A reduction of 20 per cent in our normal consumption would save an additional 10,000,000 bushels for export. The outlook for production of food stuffs in Europe next year is distinctly unfavorable.
 "Such is the situation—grave beyond anything that we thought possible a few months ago. Unless our people are aroused to a realization of what the world shortage means to us, to our soldiers and to our Allies, and of the terrible possibilities which it entails, disaster is inevitable.
 "Production, too, must be increased to the greatest possible extent. Present war conditions demand extraordinary efforts, and every man, woman, boy or girl who can produce food has a national duty to do so.
 "It is a sad condition that when the people of this country realize that the food situation is of utmost gravity they will willingly adjust themselves to the necessities of the case and make whatever sacrifices may be required. The call which is made upon them is in the name of the Canadian soldiers at the front, the allied armies, and the civilian populations of the allied nations who have already made food sacrifices to an extent little realized by the people of this country."
 Here is an appeal made by a man, upon whom rests the great responsibility of assisting in providing food for the allies and the soldiers at the front, who are fighting the battles in mud and blood. It cannot be ignored. At home we are living in luxury and extravagance inclined to idleness and forgetfulness. This must cease. We must save and produce. Our lands must be tilled no matter where it may be, in Canada or the United States. It is our duty to cultivate. Splendid opportunities in the United States are open for further cultivation of lands. Western Canada also offers opportunities in high producing lands at low prices. Decide for yourself where you can do the most good, on land in the United States or in Canada, and get to work quickly.—Advertisement.

Big Phone Service.
 More than 70,000 cities and towns in the United States use 9,151,121 telephones. It is estimated that an average of 8,000,000,000 messages are sent over these lines annually.—People's Home Journal.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP
 will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insure a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectoration in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Had Some of the Attributes.
 "Does your husband play golf?"
 "No, he doesn't, but to hear him swear you'd think he did."
 There is something within men that responds to the truth.

When Your Eyes Need Care
 Try Murine Eye Remedy
 No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents a bottle. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

PRESENCE.

O mother—mother of mine—
 What a wonderful mother you are!
 High in the midnight heaven
 Quivers a cool white star—
 I feel your hand on my forehead,
 I see the light of your smile—
 I am sleepy, mother—
 I shall forget—for awhile.

Hark! There the guns have awakened.
 Madly they stamp and roar—
 Snarling their hungry impatience—
 Gluttonous lions of war.
 Seventy yards through the clamor,
 Under a curtain of fire,
 Wet with the mists of the morning,
 Glimmers the German wire.

"Charge!" through the throbbing silence,
 After the crash and boom,
 Into the pallid daybreak—
 Over the edge of doom.
 Low on the far horizon
 Trembles a faint white star—
 O mother—mother of mine—
 What a beautiful mother you are!

Our Army Camps

Where Your Soldier Boy Is—
 How to Get There.

Most of the army camps are prepared to receive visitors and there is a great demand on the part of relatives and friends to visit their soldiers and sailors. For those who are unacquainted with the locations of camps and how to reach them this list is published:

- Camp Custer, National army, on Grand Trunk and Michigan Central roads near Battle Creek, Mich.; also reached by trolley. One-way fare from Battle Creek to Camp Custer via Michigan Central, 14 cents.
- Camp Devens, National army, on Boston & Maine railway, about one-half mile from Ayer, Mass.; reached by electric line or auto.
- Camp Dix, National army, on Pennsylvania road, 1.9 miles from Lewisburg, Pa. One-way fare from Philadelphia, 79 cents.
- Camp Dodge, National army, on Interurban (electric) Railway company. Fare from Des Moines: intrastate, 20 cents; interurban state, 27 cents.
- Camp Funston, National army, located at Funston, Kan., on main line of Union Pacific, 3.8 miles from Fort Riley, Kan. One-way fares from Junction City: interstate, 22 cents; intrastate, 15 cents.
- Camp Gordon, National army, located at Chamblee, Ga., 13.5 miles from Atlanta, on Southern railway. One-way fare from Atlanta on Southern railway, 35 cents; via electric line, 20 cents.
- Camp Grant, National army, on C. M. & G. railroad, 4.3 miles from Rockford, Ill.; also reached by trolley.
- Camp Jackson, National army, 4.9 miles from Columbia, S. C., on Southern railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fares from Columbia via Southern railway, 20 cents; via electric line, 10 cents.
- Camp Lee, National army, 7 miles from Petersburg, Va., on Norfolk & Western railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fare from Petersburg via N. & W. railway, 20 cents.
- Camp Lewis, National army, located directly at American Lake station on Northern Pacific railway.
- Camp Meade, National army, on Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis electric railway, 1.6 miles from Odenton, Md. Fare from Odenton, 5 cents.
- Camp Pike, National army, on Missouri Pacific, 5 miles from Military Junction and on C. R. & P., about 1 1/2 miles from Argenta, Ark. One-way fares as follows: From Argenta, 18 cents; from Little Rock, 24 cents; from Military Junction, 15 cents.
- Camp Sherman, National army 2 1/2 miles from Chillicothe, O., on B. & O. railroad. One-way fare from Chillicothe by taxi, 25 cents.
- Camp Zachary Taylor, National army, located at Dumesnil, Ky., on Southern railway, 11.6 miles from Louisville; also reached by Louisville street car line. One-way fare from Louisville; via Southern railway, 20 cents; via electric line, 5 cents.
- Camp Travis, National army (Fort Sam Houston), on G. H. & S. A. and M. K. & T. railways, 4.25 miles from San Antonio, Tex.
- Camp Upton, National army, on Long Island railroad, 64.5 miles from New York City. Fares from New York: one-way, \$1.93; round trip, \$3.54.

Use of Calling Cards and Answering of Formal Notes
 There is usually a very good reason for all the different social etiquettes, and you can usually figure it out all by yourself. Take, for instance, the question of calling cards. Many persons are in doubt as to the number of cards they should leave. The answer is, according to an authority, to leave as many cards as there are persons that you wish to see and are indebted to. It is the only thoughtful thing to do and exactly what you would naturally do if you were not convinced that etiquette is tricky.
 Another thing that seems to puzzle is the answering of formal notes. If you receive a formal note, answer it formally, and make your spacing as much like the note you received as possible.
 There is nothing mysterious about it. If you are polite and thoughtful and use your mind a bit you can never go far wrong. The instinct for the courteous thing can easily be cultivated and it is essential in every walk of life.

Where Interest Coupons of Liberty Loan Bonds Payable
 The interest coupons of Liberty loan bonds are payable at any federal reserve bank or subtreasury and at the treasury department in Washington, and any National bank which is a general depository of government funds is required to cash these coupons without charge. It is believed, says a treasury department bulletin, that no bank or trust company which is a depository of the proceeds of Liberty bonds or treasury certificates of indebtedness will make a charge for collecting the coupons, paying cash to the holder. The service rendered by banking institutions in cashing these interest coupons is a substantial one, but it is hoped that these depositories will perform the service without charge as a patriotic duty.

Dogs Do Not Force Opinions.
 "Are you fond of dogs?" "Very. They stick right by you, and they're not forever forcing their opinions on you."
 —Detroit Free Press.

Keeping Kiddies Off the Street

They Knit, Sew, Draw and Enjoy Dainties



Miss Dalton, shown in the insert, is one of the educators and instigators of a general movement to care for youngsters after school hours, while their mothers are at work earning a living. The children are taught to knit, make their own clothing, draw, cook and bake. They are given coffee and dainties every afternoon.

"Made in America" Labels Should Replace Germany's and Japan's Trade Marks

For years and years it was "Made in Germany." Everything upon which such a tag could be placed with any show of reason was said to have been "Made in Germany." Toys and tools, knives and fish hooks, guns and jewelry—everything upon which a high profit was desired by the dealer was labeled in that way.

Today Germany is not in high favor, and there is scarcely an article in any store with a German label. In fact the label factories have discontinued the printing of "Made in Germany" labels for American manufacturers to paste upon American products.

It would seem, then, asserts the Houston Post, that this is a good time for Americans to learn that the best goods of every kind which are manufactured under heaven are "Made in America."

But the manufacturers do not seem to think so. Instead of the "Made in Germany" labels, we have with us today "Made in Japan" labels. Thus the label printer has had to change his label with no resulting benefit to the American people. The goods sold under this misleading label are made in American factories by American workmen paid American scales. They always have been made in America. It is likely they always will be made in America. And the fact that they are made in America assures the purchaser that they are the best goods of the kind selling for a like price in the world.

It is time for the "Made in America" label to be used on all American made goods; and it would not be a bad law which would compel American manufacturers to place an American label on their every product.

Wise and Otherwise.

A cynic is a man who will tell you the reason some fellows succeed is because everybody else is too tired or too lazy to put up any opposition to them.

Honors are like underwear; you should take it for granted that people know you have them.

Any man who would sue a girl for breach of promise ought to be confined in an upholstered cell.

Ever notice how a small boy delights in standing under a big safe that is being hoisted to the top of a building?

Where Interest Coupons of Liberty Loan Bonds Payable

The interest coupons of Liberty loan bonds are payable at any federal reserve bank or subtreasury and at the treasury department in Washington, and any National bank which is a general depository of government funds is required to cash these coupons without charge. It is believed, says a treasury department bulletin, that no bank or trust company which is a depository of the proceeds of Liberty bonds or treasury certificates of indebtedness will make a charge for collecting the coupons, paying cash to the holder. The service rendered by banking institutions in cashing these interest coupons is a substantial one, but it is hoped that these depositories will perform the service without charge as a patriotic duty.

Dogs Do Not Force Opinions.
 "Are you fond of dogs?" "Very. They stick right by you, and they're not forever forcing their opinions on you."
 —Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO PICK PAYING HENS

Do you know which chickens in your flock are producing enough eggs to pay for their feed?

Can you tell the hen that lays six times that number, many of them in the season of high prices?

Can you tell the steady layer from the "boarder" in your flock without first opening her and looking at the egg sack?

Those are some of the questions that puzzle poultry farmers the country over.

The hen that produces three or four eggs a week, and is on the job nearly the year around is the hen that is always hustling, according to J. G. Halpin of the College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin.

She is the first hen off the roost in the morning and the last on at night. She is always foraging; following the plow in the spring in search of grubs and cut-worms, roaming the woods and fields during the summer, devouring many injurious insects and their larvae, and busily gleaning about the threshing machine or gorging herself on weed seeds in the fall. She is the hen that is unafraid, yet nervous; the hen with the bright eye and the scarlet comb. She is always singing as she works and is generally at work scratching away for dear life making her own living out of God's good green earth. She goes often to the water tank and drinks deeply for much of the eggs she produces is water.

Women May Be in Demand as Jurors in Suffrage States

The reduction through the war in the number of men available for service as jurors and the fact that women in this state have obtained the suffrage, suggest that before long we shall have women in the jury boxes, says the New York Herald.

If the next legislature makes women eligible it will be interesting to see whether they will willingly serve or whether they will be like the men who daily besiege the office of the commissioner of Jurors seeking exemption and resorting to questionable devices in the attempt to obtain it.

In the case of a woman on trial for crime woman jurors would have a hundred clues to character and conduct that are imperceptible to men. And when passing upon one of their own sex there would be no danger of women being so emotionally lenient as men have shown themselves to be.

Fashion Hints.

Chenille embroidery vies with wool embroidery in decorating the new dresses.

Bags to match the new winter hat! Dull wood brown—a new color arrival.

Adjustable fish tail veils—have you one?

Wool jersey is still the ideal sport suit fabric.

Plaids and stripes for sports wear. Detachable tunics—a new note.

Sailor Lad Tricks.

Her sailor brother has come home and taught her a number of tricks about the laundry. He lays his white trousers on a board and brushes them with salt water, but not having any of the ocean wave, he makes a solution of water and salt answer the purpose. She was so delighted with the result, which not only cleans the trousers, but stiffens them as well, that she has tried it on her white shoes.



Who Do I Give This Car To? YOU?

On April 13, 1918
 I am Going to Give Away Two Automobiles

I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it.
 One of the cars I am going to give away is an Overland. It is the latest model, fully equipped and complete in every detail. It will be delivered right at some one's front door without a cent of cost to them. Don't you want to get it? Send me the coupon and I'll tell you how. The other car is a Ford, and it will also be given to some one. Would you rather have it? As soon as I receive the coupon I'll send you full details of my offer. Besides the two cars I'm going to give away the other rewards listed here at the left. Surely there is something in that list you want.
Cut out and Send the Coupon—DO IT NOW!

\$1500 in Rewards
 (Delivered through your local dealer.)
 1st—Overland Touring Car
 2d—Ford Touring Car
 3d—Indian Motorcycle or Piano
 4th—\$75 Diamond Ring
 5th—17-Jewel Elgin Gold Watch
 6th—15-Jewel Elgin Gold Watch
 7th—41-piece Chest of Silver
 8th—\$15 Victor Talking Machine
 9th—7-Jewel Elgin Gold Watch
 10th—42-piece Dinner Set
 11th—2-piece Dinner Set
 12th—Eastman Folding Kodak
 13th—Eastman Folding Kodak
 14th—31-piece Dinner Set
 15th—31-piece Dinner Set
 Rewards duplicated in case of ties
 P. O. Box 1632 Philadelphia, Pa.

THE REWARD MAN 107
 P. O. Box 1632 Philadelphia, Pa.
 Please send me full information about the automobiles you are giving away. The signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way.
 Name _____
 P.O. _____
 State _____ R. F. D. _____ Box _____

For suffering humanity and you

Never before has this Institution experienced so successful a year as 1917! A memorable year indeed. More cases were treated—more suffering relieved—more homes gladdened by the return of loved ones who left "in darkness"—but returned with eyes that could see.

They came—men, women and children—and are coming now—from States distant as well as near. And they come because they have faith. Faith in the Haley Treatment.

If you are suffering with any of the eye diseases in which we specialize we invite your correspondence with the understanding that we will tell you frankly whether or not we can help you.

HALEY EYE INFIRMARY

CENTRALIA, ILLINOIS

Specializing in the treatment of Trachoma, Granulated Lids, Ulcers and Chronic Sore Eyes.

REMEMBER THE BLIND MAN

THE AUTO SALVAGE COMPANY, INC.

The largest dealers in America having new and used parts and accessories for over 150 makes of cars and offer you 50% to 75% SAVING

FREE Write today to our nearest office for our new catalog, listing parts and accessories. It will save you money. OUR GUARANTEE ANY article purchased from us which does not in your opinion give satisfaction or fit can be returned at our expense, and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

THE AUTO SALVAGE COMPANY, INC.
 Kansas City, Mo. 1701 Main St. St. Louis, Mo. 2823 Locust St. Cincinnati, Ohio 314 East 3rd St.

Just a Few Slips.
 A little boy carrying some eggs home from the shop dropped them.
 "Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told her of it.
 "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em!"
Looks Better, Anyway.
 When out in public it is better to hold your head up, whether there is anything in it or not.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE

It has been fight or die for many of us in the past and the lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "An-u-ric." You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are dizzy spells, headache, irregularity of the urine or the painful twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as stone in the bladder.
 To overcome these distressing conditions take plenty of exercise in the open air, avoid a heavy meat diet, drink freely of water and at each meal take Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets (double strength). You will, in a short time, find that you are one of the firm indorsers of Anuric, as are thousands of neighbors.
 Step into the drug store and ask for a 60c package of Anuric, or send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial pkg. Anuric, many times more potent than lithia, eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar.

Prominent Resident of Missouri Indorses It

Higginsville, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered severe pain in my back and the back part of my head. My kidneys were very inactive from time to time. I was extremely nervous, had poor appetite, was melancholy, restless and completely worn out. I used every available remedy recommended for the kidneys, but obtained temporary relief only, but I can truthfully say that after using one package of Anuric all of the former symptoms disappeared and I feel like a new man."
 REV. G. WATTS.
 You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the sallow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will take a pleasant laxative made up of the May-apple, juice of the leaves of aloes, root of jalap, and called "Pleasant Pellets." You can obtain at any drug store in this country these vegetable pellets in vials.—Adv.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

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

Board of Education

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

Bradley Lodge 862 I. O. O. F.

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

Irene Rebekah Lodge No. 171.

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

Ideal Camp 1721 M. W. A.

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

Pansy Camp 1129 Royal Neighbors, Meet at Woodman's Hall, Broadway, second and fourth Thursday of each month.

Yeoman Camp, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

St. Joseph's Church 1766, Catholic Order of Foresters. Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month at Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

St. Joseph's Court No. 190 St. John the Baptist Society meets every fourth Sunday at St. Joseph's hall at 11:30 a. m.

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais First-mass, 7:30 a. m. Highmass, 10:00 a. m. Vespers, 2 p. m.

FATHER CHARLEBOIS, PASTOR.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

SUNDAY

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

WEDNESDAY

Ladies Aid, Wednesday afternoon. Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

REV. IVER JOHNSON, PASTOR.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

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

REV. WM. A. GRANGER, PASTOR.

U. B. Church, Bradley.

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

REV. FRED W. ENGLE, PASTOR.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president. Eli Marcotte, clerk. John Flageole, treasurer. Dr. C. T. Morel, A. F. Marcotte, George Arseneau, Patrick Lamontagne, George Courville, Oscar Byron, Trustees.

Meets first Friday of each month. **Mystic Workers Lodge 1242** Meet the first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows Hall, Broadway and Wabash.

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

St. Peter and Paul Society. Meet at Woodmen Hall First Sunday of each month.

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

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

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

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

From Lucile's Diary

"My people are all going to the country tomorrow," said Felix Weston to me last Thursday evening, when we were out for a motor ride. "I'm wondering what is to become of my pet crow."

"Oh, have you a crow?" I asked. "What's his name?" "Jimmy Of-Course."

"How interesting!" "Yes, he makes life exceedingly interesting," Felix laughed. "You know a crow is an extremely active bird. I brought mine in from the country this spring and my sisters and I have had a strenuous time raising him, for he had to be fed every hour in his babyhood. I suppose now I shall have to send him to board at a bird fancier's."

"Don't send him to a bird store," I cried. "It would be awfully hard on him to be shut in, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't see what else I can do with the poor chap."

"Let me take him."

"I don't believe you know what you are offering, Lucile. I couldn't think of imposing Jimmy Of-Course upon you. I realize now that my remarks about him sounded dangerously near a hint, but they weren't so intended."

"I know that, but seriously I should love to take Jimmy Of-Course. It would be great fun to have a visit from a crow."

"But he's fearfully full of mischief. He might put you to a lot of bother."

I could see that Felix was weakening, and as he is one of the pleasantest young men I have met in a long while, I wished to do him a favor, and I simply insisted upon taking care of the crow for him. It was at last arranged that he should bring his bird to our house on his way downtown the next morning. He appeared so pleased and grateful that I was really delighted that I had thought of the plan to keep Jimmy Of-Course.

When I went in that evening after our drive I found that Ruth Ritchey had been telephoning me to join her for a week at Squirrel Inn, where she is passing a month, and I decided to go early the next morning. I was busy selecting the gowns for Cousin Fanny to press with the electric iron, which is such a comfort in time of hasty departure that I am very glad I gave her such a fine new one on her last birthday. Then I had to get mother to do a little mending for me. With all that to look after and in the excitement of packing, I quite forgot to mention the crow until the next morning.

Just as I was driving off to the train in David Robinson's car, I remembered about Jimmy Of-Course and called to Cousin Fannie to ask her please to take care of a bird that Mr. Weston was to bring to me. I could not hear her answer as we whirled away, but I felt no anxiety about Jimmy Of-Course for Cousin Fannie is always wonderfully kind to anything that comes under her care.

I had been at Squirrel Inn only three days when I received a telegram from father. It said: "Come home at once and dispose of your diabolical crow, or I will wring its neck."

It was most unkind of father to send me such a message. When after my arrival home I reproached him, he said that if the rules of the telegraph company had permitted he would have described Jimmy Of-Course in much stronger and more accurate language.

"That crow has nearly driven us and everybody in our neighborhood to distraction," he said. "It was a nice thing, I must say, for you to wish such a charge on your Cousin Fannie. She hasn't had a moment's peace since he came. He has stolen thimbles, scissors and embroidery cotton from every porch in the neighborhood and carried off my gold glasses and picked every flower in our window boxes and all the tea roses in the Humphries' garden. He has covered his feet with oil from the street and carefully stepped on all the handkerchiefs that have been spread on lawns in the neighborhood to dry. He has done everything that a totally departed crow could do in that way of ruining personal liberty."

"But his greatest crime," went on father, "is his nefarious use of his voice. He begins his raucous cawing before dawn and stops only long enough to swallow food your Cousin Fannie gives him at frequent intervals till our breakfast time. There's hardly a person in this part of town who'll speak to us except to anathematize the crow, and no wonder, for every one is worn out for want of sleep. I can't see why you ever had him brought here."

"Because I wished to do a kindness, daddy."

"If you want to do a kindness you can ship the crow away and receive the blessings of the neighbors. That crow's got to go, Lucile. That's the ultimatum."

There's never any use arguing with an unreasonable person like father, so I called up Felix and asked him to take the crow to a birdhouse. It was naturally very mortifying to me, but no one in our family ever seems to consider my feelings.

Little Willie's Admirer. Willie—"Mother, Mr. Smithers, across the street, is very fond of me." Mother—"What makes you think so?"

Willie—"Why, I heard him say to Mrs. Smithers, 'I just wish I had that little Willie Brown for about ten minutes.'"—Puck.

Don't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.

Brotherly Attentions

"You were at the Summer Circle dance, weren't you, Alice?" asked Ethel. Alice nodded.

"Why, what's the matter? Didn't you have a good time? Whom did you go with?"

"I went with By."

"How perfectly splendid it is to have two brothers; and I haven't any."

"Oh, I wouldn't feel bad about it, if I were you," returned 17-year old Alice. "Brothers are sort of mixed blessings. The fact is, I don't know anything more exasperating at times than a brother. The night of the Summer Circle dance I wished mine were both in Jericho."

"And yet By took you. I don't understand."

"Well, listen! You know Bob had been pursuing Ruth Spencer all summer, and because she was out of town he invited me to go. No one else seemed likely to ask me, so of course I said I'd go with him, altho I took good care to inform him that I knew why he so honored me."

"The night of the party I had just put on the perfectly sweet pink-and-white organdy that I had begged mamma to buy for me for the occasion when the maid came upstairs and told me that Charlie Lane had come to take me to the dance."

"To take me?" I exclaimed. "Why, he hasn't invited me, and, besides, I'm going with Bob."

"It's all right, Alice," said Bob, coming into my room. "I arranged with Charlie to take you tonight, after all. I knew you wouldn't mind, sis."

"Well, I do mind," I answered hotly. "I won't go with him."

"You won't go with him? You'll have to, Alice. You like Charlie all right, don't you?"

"I don't like either of you. I don't know what makes you boys think I can be passed around like a bothersome bundle. If Charlie wanted me to go to the dance why didn't he ask me? You asked him so you could take Ruth, who has just come home, I suppose!"

"Be careful, Alice, he'll hear you, warned Bob."

"I don't care if he does. Anyway, I'm going to tell him that I won't go. I flew downstairs, but when I got to the parlor door I walked in slowly and bowed ever so slightly to Charlie."

"I'm sorry," I said, with dignity, "that you troubled yourself to come for me, as I can't go with you."

"Why, why not, Alice?"

"Because I don't care to be tossed around like a leftover of some kind. You should have known better than to expect me to go with you when you didn't even bother to invite me!"

"But—but, I thought you understood. I thought Bob would explain, and, of course, I was glad to accommodate—"

"Yes, it is sweet of you to do Bob a favor," I interrupted sarcastically, "but as it happens it won't be necessary." Then I turned and went slowly upstairs while he was murmuring something about being sorry and didn't think I'd take it that way.

"In a few minutes Bob came along and said he wished mother were home to make me behave. I made no reply and didn't open my door till I heard By come into the house. Then I asked him to take me to the party. He was perfectly horrid about it, but finally when I said he could take my camera camping with him next week he consented to go if I wouldn't ask him to dance any."

"And Charlie Lane was at the party! I was dancing with one of the Hanson boys when I saw him, and you may be sure that if he was suffering from the heat my bow must have cooled him off considerably. I had a good time, notwithstanding the fact that Bob glared at me every time he came my way, but when the dance was over I couldn't find By anywhere."

"I waited until every one had left and the janitor was putting out the lights. Then I went out on the porch, wondering what in the world I'd do, and Charlie Lane was there smoking a cigarette."

"Have you lost something?" he inquired casually.

"Have you seen By?" I returned coldly.

"Yes. He went with another kid over to the lake for a swim."

"He did! Why, he ought to be here to take me home."

"Yes, he ought, but I don't believe he will, for when he left he said that I should walk home with you, if he didn't get back in time."

"Well, I like that," I gasped, and then I began to cry.

"Don't feel bad, Alice, and don't blame By. I—I suggested that he shouldn't come back, because—well, you see I wanted a chance to say a few things to you."

"And then what?" inquired Ethel breathlessly.

"I let him say, of course. There wasn't anything else to do, and, besides, he told me that nothing suited him so well as having me wished on him, because he is always afraid to ask me to go to places when there are so many livelier fellows he thinks I'd rather go with."

"Oh, he isn't so slow after all, is he?"

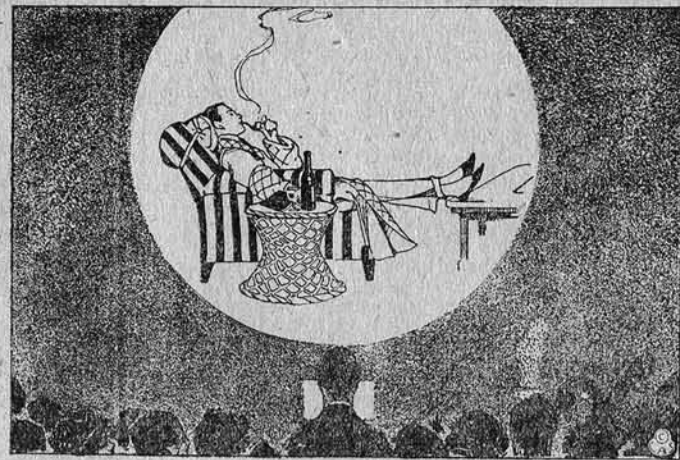
Cause for Gratitude.

"You seem deeply attached to your little playmate."

"Her doll saved my doll's life," explained the doctor's daughter.

"How was that?"

"She consented to a transfusion of sawdust."



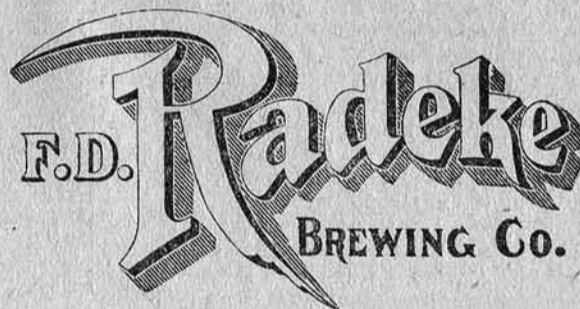
A Picture of Solid Comfort

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

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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



To the Business Men of Kankakee County

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES M. CALLNER
Income Tax Inspector

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

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City National Bank Building
BELL PHONE 377

DR. E. G. WILSON
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Kankakee, Illinois

MARTIN & SON
Coal and Transfer
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Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

—THE FIRST CHANCE—
FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO
GENE RICHARD, Prop.

The Economy

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store
Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.
Bell Phone 298

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

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

"There Must Be No Holy War!"

Such was the order that went forth in India at the outbreak of the world conflict, and when a man was needed to go to the hill country, learn the secrets of the savage tribes and quell any possible uprising, Athelstan King was chosen. Never was a more dangerous mission given a man than that entrusted to

King of the Khyber Rifles

This is the title of the new story that we have secured for our next serial and never for a moment does the interest lag. Intrigue and thrills, love and war and a vaulting ambition, combined with the glamour and mystery and ruthlessness of the East, makes this a wonderfully fascinating romance.

Watch for the Issue Containing First Installment

Complications

"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! Tho 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!"

"Huh!" jeered 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, "Betcha 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.

The Mad Struggle.

An oldish man, having an apple stand, was recently approached by a hungry-looking lad, who asked:

"Say, ain't you goin' to gimme an apple?"

"I'll give you the station first!" was the gruff reply.

"You declare war, do you! All right, my old buckshot! I'll stand right here for the next hour and tell everybody that you spit on your apples and then burnish 'em on your greasy old coat sleeve! We'll see who'll come out ahead in this mad struggle!"

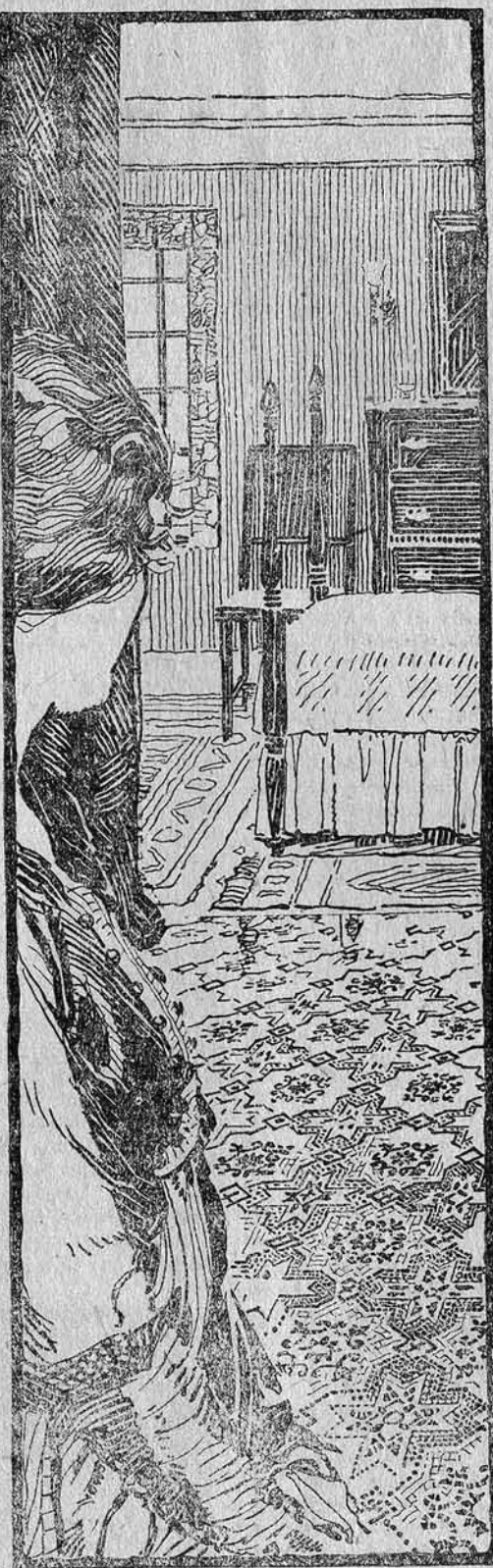
The boy did, as he got his apple in five seconds.

Peace on a Volcano.

Peck—"My home has been a perfect haven of peace lately. I've hit on a great scheme."

Friend—"Indeed! What is it?"

Peck—"I make my wife so mad she won't speak to me."



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

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Borrowed Records

Pinwood cranked his phonograph, put on a record, adjusted the needle, threw in the clutch and made a quick jump for his chair, so as to be comfortably seated before the introductory sizzle of the record was over and the music begun. As the melody floated out into the room through the partly open doors of the machine Pinwood gave it his rapt attention. He cocked his head like a canary absorbed in the strains of a tin whistle.

"Agnes," he called to Mrs. Pinwood. "Does this sound right to you?" "As well as could be expected," said Mrs. Pinwood, drying her hands on her apron as she came into the room. "You know I don't like those complicated tunes. Why do you punish me with them when you know I have a ragtime soul? Please wait till you're alone for that kind of music. In five minutes I'll be at the moving-picture show and you can grind out classics till you have neuritis in your crank arm."

"Thanks for the kind words," said Pinwood. "I merely asked you whether that tune sounded right to you."

"Not any of them do," said Mrs. Pinwood. "What's the trouble?"

"Well, somebody has scratched our Caruso, that's all! Enrico isn't perfect any more. Hear that faint zip, zip, zip, that runs through the song?"

"It sounds all right to me, Homer. Maybe Caruso sang it that way. Perhaps it's an effect you never noticed before."

"No, no, dear! That's something new. The record I'm playing now is the one we loaned the Jimsons—and Jimson did it! I told him to use extreme caution with our Caruso and use him sparingly, or Caruso's grand opera voice would be overworked. What did Jimson do? I know! He has played that Caruso until the needle gouged out the grooves, and Caruso, who is by right a tenor, is now a basso profundo. That's what a man gets for loaning his pet phonograph records. Where's my hat. I am going over to have a talk with Jimson. I'll—"

"Now, don't be hasty, Homer," pleaded Mrs. Pinwood nervously, her face betraying a conflict of emotions. "You remember that Mr. Jimson kindly has loaned us a record I just loved."

"Get it for me, please, and I'll return it now!"

"I—I can't, Homer," said Mrs. Pinwood. "I'm sorry, but I played that 'Syncoated Jazz Band Rag' of Mr. Jimson's till it was worn thin, then it broke in seven pieces and everything."

Read Our New Serial
By **MARY ROBERTS RINEHART**

THERE is something about a story by Mrs. Rinehart that no other author gets—a deeper thrill in the adventure, a heightened tension in the mystery, a richer, warmer appeal in the romance, an added crispness and vitality throughout. And never have her varied gifts as a storyteller been combined to such advantage as in this timely romance of a boy-king whose ideal was Abraham Lincoln.

Long Live The King
Watch for the Opening Installment!

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

The Lone Scouts will meet at the home of Harry McCue Saturday night.

Promptness
By Co-Operation

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

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

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

Albert Buza was a Chicago visitor one day this week.

Madaline Bourille is on the sick list suffering with pneumonia.

Miss Durning was compelled to absent herself from her duties as teacher several days the past week account of sickness.

Jesse McCue visited friends in Chicago several days the past week.

Mrs. F. L. Galbraith of Rockford, Ill., was here several days the past week packing her household goods for shipment to Rockford.

Sale Bills PRINTED

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

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

The Wisdom of the Trail

Sitka Charley, Indian Though He Was, Knew, and Failed Not in the Fight with Grim Death

By JACK LONDON

Copyright by Jack London

SITKA CHARLEY had achieved the impossible. Other Indians might have known as much of the wisdom of the trail as did he; but he alone knew the white man's wisdom, the honor of the trail, and the law. But these things had not come to him in a day. The aboriginal mind is slow to generalize, and many things, repeated often, are required to compass an understanding. Sitka Charley, from boyhood, had been thrown continually with white men, and as a man he had elected to cast his fortunes with them, expatriating himself, once and for all, from his own people. Given then, respecting, almost veneration for their power, and pondering over it, he had yet to divine its secret essence—the honor and the law. And it was only by the cumulative evidence of years that he had finally come to understand. Being an alien, when he did know he knew it better than the white man himself; being an Indian, he had achieved the impossible.

And of these things had been bred in certain contempt for his own people—a contempt which he had made it a custom to conceal, but which now burst forth in a polyglot whirlwind of curses upon the heads of Kah-Chucte and Gowhee. They cringed before him like a brace of snarling wolf dogs, too cowardly to spring, too wolfish to cover their fangs. They were not handsome creatures. Neither was Sitka Charley. All three were frightful looking. There was no flesh to their faces; their cheek bones were massed with hideous scabs which had cracked and frozen alternately under the intense frost; while their eyes burned luridly with the light which is born of desperation and hunger. Men so situated, beyond the pale of the honor and the law, are not to be trusted. Sitka Charley knew this; and this was why he had forced them to abandon their rifles with the rest of the camp outfit ten days before. His rifle and Captain Eppingwell's were the only ones that remained.

"Come, get a fire started," he commanded, drawing out the precious match box with its attendant strips of dry birch bark. The two Indians fell sullenly to the task of gathering dead branches and underwood. They were weak, and gazed often, catching themselves, in the act of stooping, with giddy motions, or staggering to the center of operations with their knees shaking like castanets. After each trip they rested for a moment, as though sick and dead-weary. At times their eyes took on the patient stolidism of dumb suffering; and again the ego seemed almost bursting forth with its wild cry, "I, I want to exist!"—the dominant note of the whole living universe. A light breath of air blew from the south, nipping the exposed portions of their bodies and driving the frost, in

needles of fire, through fur and flesh to the bones. So, when the fire had grown lusty and thawed a damp circle in the snow about it, Sitka Charley forced his reluctant comrades to lend a hand in pitching a fly. It was a primitive affair, merely a blanket, stretched parallel with the fire and to windward of it, at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees. This shut out the chill wind, and threw the heat backward and down upon those who were to huddle in its shelter. Then a layer of green spruce boughs was spread, that their bodies might not come in contact with the snow. When this task was completed, Kah-Chucte and Gowhee proceeded to take care of their feet. Their ice-bound moccasins were sadly worn by much travel, and the sharp ice of the river jams had cut them to rags. Their Siwash socks were similarly conditioned, and when these had been thawed and removed, the dead-white tips of the toes, in the various stages of mortification, told their simple tale of the trail.

Leaving the two to the drying of their footgear, Sitka Charley turned back over the course he had come. He, too, had a mighty longing to sit by the fire and tend his complaining flesh, but the honor and the law forbade. He tolled painfully over the frozen field, each step a protest, every muscle in revolt. Several times, where the open water between the jams had recently crusted, he was forced to miserably accelerate his movements as the fragile footing swayed and threatened beneath him. In such places death was quick and easy; but it was not his desire to endure more.

His deepening anxiety vanished as two Indians dragged into view round a bend in the river. They staggered and panted like men under heavy burdens; yet the packs on their backs were a matter of but few pounds. He questioned them eagerly, and their replies seemed to relieve him. He hurried on. Next came two white men, supporting between them a woman. They also behaved as though drunken, and their limbs shook with weakness. But the woman leaned lightly upon them, choosing to carry herself forward with her own strength. At sight of her, a flash of joy cast its fleeting light across Sitka Charley's face. He cherished a very great regard for Mrs. Eppingwell. He had seen many white women, but this was the first to travel the trail with him. When Captain Eppingwell proposed the hazardous undertaking and made him an offer for his services, he had shaken his head gravely; for it was an unknown journey through the dismal vastnesses of the Northland, and he knew it to be of the kind that try to the uttermost the souls of men. But when he learned that the captain's wife was to accompany them, he had refused flatly to have anything further to do with it. Had it been a woman of his own

race he would have harbored no objections; but these women of the Northland—no, no, they were too soft, too tender, for such enterprises. Sitka Charley did not know this kind of woman. Five minutes before, he did not even dream of taking charge of the expedition; but when she came to him with her wonderful smile and her straight clean English, and talked to the point, without pleading or persuading, he had incontinently yielded. Had there been a softness and appeal to mercy in the eyes, a tremble to the voice, a taking advantage of sex, he would have stiffened to steel; instead her clear-searching eyes and clear-ringing voice, her utter frankness and tacit assumption of equality, had robbed him of his reason. He felt, then, that this was a new breed of woman; and ere they had been trail mates for many days, he knew why the sons of such women mastered the land and sea, and why the sons of his own woman-kind could not prevail against them. Tender and soft! Day after day he watched her, muscle-weary, exhausted, indomitable, and the words beat in upon him in a perennial refrain. Tender and soft! He knew her feet had been born to easy paths and sunny lands, strangers to the moccasin pain of the North, unknissed by the chill lips of the frost, and he watched and marveled at them twinkling ever through the weary day.

She had always a smile and a word of cheer, from which not even the meanest packer was excluded. As the way grew darker she seemed to stiffen and gather greater strength, and when Kah-Chucte and Gowhee, who had bragged that they knew every landmark of the way as a child did the skin bales of the tepee, acknowledged that they knew not where they were, it was she who raised a forgiving voice amid the curses of the men. She had sung to them that night, till they felt the weariness fall from them and were ready to face the future with fresh hope. And when the food failed and each scant stint was measured jealously, she it was who rebelled against the machinations of her husband and Sitka Charley, and demanded and received a share neither greater nor less than that of the others.

Sitka Charley was proud to know this woman. A new richness, greater breadth, had come into his life with her presence. Hitherto he had been his own mentor, had turned to right or left at no man's beck; he had moulded himself according to his own dictates, nourished his manhood regardless of all save his own opinion. For the first time he had felt a call from without for the best that was in him. Just a glance of appreciation from the clear-searching eyes, a word of thanks from the clear-ringing voice, just a slight wreathing of the lips in the wonderful smile, and he walked with the gods for hours to come. It was a new stimulant to his manhood; for the first time he thrilled with a conscious pride in his wisdom of the trail; and between the twain they ever lifted the sinking hearts of their comrades.

The faces of the two men and the woman brightened as they saw him, for after all he was the staff they leaned upon. But Sitka Charley, rigid as was his wont, concealing pain and pleasure impartially beneath an iron exterior, asked them the welfare of the rest, told the distance to the fire, and continued on the back trip. Next he met a single Indian, unburdened, limping, lips compressed, and eyes set with the pain of a foot in which the quick fought a losing battle with the dead. All possible care had been taken of him, but in the last extremity the weak and unfortunate must perish, and Sitka Charley deemed his days to be few. The man could not keep up for long, so he gave him rough cheering words. After that came two more Indians, to whom he had allotted the task of helping along Joe, the third white man of the party. They had deserted him. Sitka Charley saw at a glance the lurking spring in their bodies, and knew they had at last cast off his mastery. So he was not taken unawares when he ordered them back in quest of their abandoned charge, and saw the gleam of the hunting knives that they drew from the sheaths. A pitiful spectacle, three weak men lifting their puny strength in the face of the mighty vastness; but the two recoiled under the fierce rifle blows of the one, and returned like beaten dogs to the leash. Two hours later, with Joe reeling between them and Sitka Charley bringing up the rear, they came to the fire, where the remainder of the expedition crouched in the shelter of the fly.

"A few words, my comrades, before we sleep," Sitka Charley said, after they had devoured their slim rations of unleavened bread. He was speaking to the Indians, in their own tongue, having already given the import to the whites. "A few words, my comrades, for your own good, that ye may yet perchance live. I shall give you the law; on his own head be the death of him that breaks it. We have passed the Hills of Silence, and we now travel the head reaches of the Stuart. It may be one sleep, it may be several, it may be many sleeps, but in time we shall come among the men of the Yukon, who have much grub. It were well that we look to the law. Today, Kah-Chucte and Gowhee, whom I commanded to break trail, forgot they were men, and like frightened children ran away. True, they forgot; so let us forget. But hereafter let them remember. If it should happen they do not."—He touched his rifle carelessly, grimly. "Tomorrow they shall carry the flour and see that the white man Joe lies not down by the trail. The cupsful of flour are counted; should so much as an ounce be wanting at nightfall—Do ye understand? Today there were

others that forgot. Moose-Head and Three-Salmon left the white man Joe to lie in the snow. Let them forget no more. With the light of day shall they go forth and break trail. Ye have heard the law. Look well, lest ye break it."

Sitka Charley found it beyond him to keep the line close up. From Moose-Head and Three-Salmon, who broke trail in advance, to Kah-Chucte, Gowhee, and Joe, it straggled out over a mile. Each staggered, fell, or rested, as he saw fit. The line of march was a progression through a chain of irregular halts. Each drew upon the last remnant of his strength and stumbled onward till it was expended, but in some miraculous way there was always another last remnant. Each time a man fell, it was with the firm belief that he would rise no more; yet he did rise, and again, and again. The flesh yielded, the will conquered; but each triumph was a tragedy. The Indian with the frozen foot, no longer erect, crawled forward on hand and knee. He rarely rested, for he knew the penalty exacted by the frost. Even Mrs. Eppingwell's lips were at last set in a stony smile, and her eyes, seeing, saw not. Often, she stopped, pressing a mittened hand to her heart, gasping and dizzy.

Joe, the white man, had passed beyond the stage of suffering. He no longer begged to be let alone, prayed to die; but was soothed and content under the anodyne of delirium. Kah-Chucte and Gowhee dragged him on roughly, venting upon him many a savage glance or blow. To them it was the acme of injustice. Their hearts were bitter with hate, heavy with fear. Why should they cumber their strength with his weakness? To do so, meant death; not to do so—and they remembered the law of Sitka Charley, and the rifle.

Joe fell with greater frequency as the daylight waned, and so hard was he to raise that they dropped farther and farther behind. Sometimes all three pitched into the snow, so weak had the Indians become. Yet on their backs was life, and strength, and warmth. Within the flour sacks were all the potentialities of existence. They could not but think of this, and it was



Could Not Keep Up for Long.

not strange, that which came to pass. They had fallen by the side of a great timber jam where a thousand cords of firewood waited the match. Near by was an air hole through the ice. Kah-Chucte looked on the wood and the water, as did Gowhee; then they looked on each other. Never a word was spoken. Gowhee struck a fire; Kah-Chucte filled a tin cup with water and heated it; Joe babbled of things in another land, in a tongue they did not understand. They mixed flour with the warm water till it was a thin paste, and of this they drank many cupsful. They did not offer any to Joe; but he did not mind. He did not mind anything, not even his moccasins, which scorched and smoked among the coals. A crystal mist of snow fell about them, softly, caressingly, wrapping them in clinging robes of white. And their feet would have yet trod many trails had not destiny brushed the clouds aside and cleared the air. Nay, ten minutes' delay would have been salvation. Sitka Charley, looking back, saw the pillared smoke of their fire, and guessed. And he looked ahead at those who were faithful, and at Mrs. Eppingwell. "Well, my good comrades, ye have again



Smiled Vivaciously at the Wisdom of the Trail.

forgotten that you were men? Good. Very good. There will be fewer bellies to feed."

Sitka Charley retied the flour as he spoke, strapping the pack to the one on his own back. He kicked Joe till the pain broke through the poor devil's bliss and brought him doddering to his feet. Then he showed him out upon the trail and started him on his way. The two Indians attempted to slip off.

"Hold, Gowhee! And thou, too, Kah-Chucte! Hath the flour given such strength to thy legs that they may outrun the swift-winged lead? Think not to cheat the law. Be men for the last time, and be content that ye die full-stomached. Come, step up, back to the timber, shoulder to shoulder. Come!"

The two men obeyed, quietly, without fear; for it is the future which presses upon the man, not the present.

"Thou, Gowhee, hast a wife and children and a deer-skin lodge in the Chippewyan. What is thy will in the matter?"

"Give thou her of the goods which are mine by the word of the captain—the blankets, the beads, the tobacco,

the box which makes strange sounds after the manner of the white man. Say that I did die on the trail, but say not how."

"And thou, Kah-Chucte, who hast no wife nor child?"

"Mine is a sister, the wife of the Factor at Koshim. He beats her, and she is not happy. Give thou her the goods which are mine by the contract, and tell her it were well she go back to her own people. Shouldst thou meet the man, and be so minded, it were a good deed that he should die. He beats her, and she is afraid."

"Are ye content to die by the law?" "We are."

"Then good-by, my good comrades. May ye sit by the well-filled pot, in warm lodges, ere the day is done." As he spoke, he raised his rifle, and many echoes broke the silence. Hardly had they died away, when other rifles spoke in the distance. Sitka Charley started. There had been more than one shot, yet there was but one other rifle in the party. He gave a fleeting glance at the men who lay so quietly, smiled vivaciously at the wisdom of the trail, and hurried on to meet the men of the Yukon.

MAKE APPEAL TO APPETITE

Food Materials Which Are of Little Real Value Have Distinct Place on Table.

Not all food materials are said to be valuable in proportion to the appeal which they make to the appetite. For example, the flavor substances in foods which stimulate the olfactory and gustatory nerves, and thus give rise to appetite, are not ordinarily the substances on which the body depends for its fuel, nor for the great bulk of its building materials. The latter materials—proteins, fats or oils and carbohydrates—when chemically pure, have little or no taste or smell. The preference for thin and crisp rather than greasy bacon is given as an illustration.

In a recent experiment it was found that of the 129 calories which represent the fuel value of a very thin 20 gm. (three-fourths ounce) slice, only nine calories remained when the slice was sent to the table, 120 calories being represented by the fat which 'fried out' into the pan. In this case a considerable amount of flavor body also goes into the fat, yet most persons would not consider eating it unless it has been skillfully blended with large quantities of other foods; whereas the scrap of skeleton tissue which has lost 93 per cent of its food value is regarded as a dainty morsel.

Be a "Live Wire."

To increase your earning capacity, you must be an energetic, live specimen of humankind. You should be throbbing with surplus power. You should possess a degree of strength that will give you confidence and courage and endurance. Then you can go on day after day adding to your skill and knowledge and power in your profession. And when you have climbed to the highest point on one sphere of endeavor, you will be ready to look around for other work, and continue to experience the delights that come only with the daily struggle, required for the attainment of the objects one has in view. Do not forget the value of systematic effort. Do not waste your energies. Intelligent direction is all-important. Force, to be of value, must be applied at the proper place. Effort, to be productive of reward, must be directed by superior intelligence.—Exchange.

QUEER BELIEFS ABOUT MOON

Superstitions Handed Down From Past Ages Have Not by Any Means Died Out.

The idea that the moon powerfully influences not merely the weather and the growth of crops but the functions of the human body and even the careers of men and women was almost a part of the religion of the ancient Egyptians, Jews, Greeks and Romans. The same idea runs through English literature, and the very words "lunatic" and "lucid" are derived from it. The works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and even such modern authors as Byron, Scott and Shelley, are full of it. It does not appear in Edgar Allan Poe, yet one has but to read "Uralume" to find a striking illustration.

Among semicivilized peoples these ideas about the moon are still almost universal. In our own country, and others in which civilization is at its highest, one needs but glance over a farmers' almanac to find how much faith is placed in these exploded ideas by persons with even a fair amount of education.

Though different peoples have different traditions, it seems that for the most part the full moon is regarded as the most auspicious phase, the moon being propitious in proportion as its luminous face is on the increase, and unpropitious when it is on the decrease, the worst phase of all being at the dark of the moon.

He Was No Poet.

"You have a pretty good business, even in December." "Yes," said the proprietor of the ocean hotel. "They hear the sea a-calling, I presume." "I dunno about that. We keep sending out booklets right along."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Language in the Making.

"Lexicographers have to determine nice shades in the meaning of words." "No doubt." "Dictionary makers of the future have their work cut out for them." "How so?" "Wait until geezer, guy and gink get into the language."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



They Cringed Before Him.

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

Usual Sequence.
"Are you lending money?"
"Yes, and borrowing trouble."—Baltimore American.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists refund money if PISO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. 60c.

Personal Touch.
Maisie—Wasn't Ethel amused when she saw your mustache?
Reggie—Yes; it rather tickles her sometimes!—London Opinion.

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

If you do not want your feelings hurt cultivate due consideration for the feelings of others.

"Anger and reason cannot live together."

ALMOST FRANTIC Had Kidney Trouble From Childhood and Was Discouraged. Doan's, However, Brought Health and Strength.

Mrs. C. Anderson, 4104 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I had kidney trouble from childhood and three years ago a severe spell developed. If I stooped, a terrible pain took me in the small of my back, and for several minutes I couldn't straighten. Often at night the pain in my back was so bad I had to prop myself up with a pillow. It seemed as if my back would break. Watery sacs formed under my eyes and my feet were so swollen I had to wear slippers. Sudden dizzy spells came on and pains in my head drove me almost frantic.



Mrs. Anderson

"I felt tired and weak and had hardly enough ambition to move. Nothing seemed to help me and I was discouraged until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely and my health has been of the best ever since. Doan's surely deserves my endorsement." Sworn to before me, FRANK H. POCH, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Children Who Are Sickly

When your child cries at night, tosses restlessly in his sleep, is constipated, feverish or has symptoms of worms, you feel worried. Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

for use throughout the season. They tend to Break up Colds, relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. These powders are pleasant to take and easy for parents to give. They cleanse the stomach, act on the Liver and give healthful sleep. Don't accept by regulating the child's any substitute system.



Trade Mark. Don't accept by regulating the child's any substitute system.

Used by mothers for 31 years. Sold by all druggists, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y. Be sure you ask for and obtain Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Cuticura Soap is Easy Shaving for Sensitive Skins

The New Up-to-date Cuticura Method

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

PISO'S

WOMEN LOADING SHELLS FOR THE ALLIES



Portuguese women at Lisbon loading a vessel with shells for shipment to France. These shells, which weigh about 90 pounds each, are made in the munition factories of Portugal.

BELGIANS EASILY OUTWIT GERMANS

Hugh Gibson Says Governor General Gets Suppressed Newspaper Regularly.

SPIRIT REMAINS UNBROKEN

Stupid Proclamations of German Commanders Cause Much Amusement Among Belgians—Says Stories of Atrocities Are All True.

New York.—Up to the entrance of the United States in the war against Germany, approximately 85,000 Belgian civilians had been shot, taken into Germany as prisoners, or fined for offending the German authorities in Belgium in various ways, according to Hugh Gibson, former secretary of the American legation at Brussels and at present chief of the division of foreign intelligence of the state department, described with many poignant details the sufferings of the Belgians and the irrepressible and buoyant spirit of the people, which, he said, has not been quenched by the Teuton invaders.

The stupid proclamations of the German commandants posted daily and oftener on the buildings and boardings of the streets of Belgian cities caused the population considerable amusement at first, Mr. Gibson said, until it was announced from German headquarters that any one seen laughing around an official bulletin would be severely punished. Thereafter persons reading the bulletins would muffle themselves up in neckcloths that concealed half their faces and laugh to themselves.

All the Belgian newspapers were suppressed, and the population received its news from publications issued by the Germans, which told of their military victories, Mr. Gibson declared.

Papers Published Secretly.

"In spite of this fact, the Belgians, under the very nose of the governor general, published clandestine newspapers," he continued. "The governor general would get his copy regularly. Sometimes he found it under his plate, sometimes it came into his home with the vegetables, sometimes it was mailed to him in an official envelope of the German military headquarters itself, but, in spite of the fact that he offered 100,000 marks for information leading to the arrest of those concerned in publishing the paper, it availed him nothing, and when I left

FRENCH TAKE WHEAT

Seven Ounces of Bread Daily Limit Except to Hard Workers.

Sacrifice Accepted by French People Uncomplainingly on Government's Explanation of Necessity.

Washington.—Only the very poor, and men and women doing the hardest kind of manual labor, may have more than seven ounces of war bread a day in France from now on, the United States food administration has been advised by the French government. The entire French wheat crop has been requisitioned by the government.

This sacrifice has been accepted by the French people uncomplainingly on the government's explanation that only by such restriction can American reinforcements be transported in ships that otherwise would carry grain for their bread, and that, in addition, this grain for French bread can come from America only by virtue of the actual saving of this grain by reduced consumption of bread by the American people.

it was reported that every time he saw a copy of one of the Belgian secret newspapers he fell into a tantrum.

English and Dutch newspapers were smuggled into Belgium, Mr. Gibson continued, though a copy of a London paper sold as high as \$30 at a time when the German authorities were doing their utmost to stop the smuggling. The papers smuggled in were rented by the hour and the owner would sit on a man's doorstep until he had finished it, when he would pass it on to receive another fee from the next customer. Mr. Gibson referred to Cardinal Mercier as "the splendid old figure whose work has undone the labors of many German army corps."

The stories of arson, pillage, murder, torture, and mutilation committed by the German invaders are all too true, according to Mr. Gibson. The true story, he said, will not be told until the Germans have been driven out of Belgium and northern France, when the population of the invaded districts will show the world the proofs of the German atrocities.

German Spies Poorly Paid.

The hordes of spies hired by the Germans are for the most part poor and ill paid, according to Mr. Gibson, who said that he had the honor of having one assigned to follow him con-

SHOULD EAT MORE POTATOES

Increased Use Will Bring About Saving of Grain.

Agricultural Department Suggests Tubers Be Given More Prominent Place in Luncheons.

Washington.—The eating of more potatoes for supper, or for luncheon, if the family is accustomed to have dinner at night, is a suggestion of the United States department of agriculture, in order that the tremendous crop of tubers produced in the United States this year may be utilized as fully as possible and spoilage avoided. Such increased use should, at the same time, bring about a saving of grain, since one common result of eating more potatoes is the eating of less wheat bread, which is a reasonable suggestion when one remembers that both of them are used as a source of starch in the diet. This reduction in grain consumption is desirable, the department points out, and there is great

DIDN'T WANT TO BOO PAPA

Why Sacha Guitry, the French Playwright, Abandoned His Big Success.

Paris.—Sacha Guitry, whose amusing play "L'Ilustionniste," has been one of the big successes of the season, suddenly decided to bring its run to a close. His excuse was that he wanted to go to the Riviera for the winter. His manager, when told of the unexpected decision, remonstrated with him.

"What's the idea?" he said. "Your play is running to packed houses. Why are you closing it up?"

"I want to go away for family reasons," replied the author-actor.

"Would it be indiscreet for me to ask what these reasons are?" insisted the manager.

"My father is going to put on a new play in one of the Boulevard theaters."

"Well—and what of it?"

"You ask me what of it? Why, simply that I am a dutiful son and I don't want to boo papa."

stantly. The man would stand in front of Gibson's house in all sorts of weather and would scan the visitors. Frequently Mr. Gibson would inform the spy that he might leave, as he was not expecting any more visitors. Members of the secretary's staff would use the spy as a messenger, and would bestow liberal tips on him in return for fetching cigarettes and other articles.

PLAN SPRING GARDEN NOW

Agricultural Department Says There Will Be Need for Large Production in 1918.

Washington.—Take thought of the spring garden now.

Notwithstanding the large production of vegetables last year and the great volume put into cans and jars for winter use, there is nothing to indicate that there will not be equal need for production and conservation in 1918, says the United States department of agriculture.

Many gardens failed last year because of poor soil or poor preparation or both.

This is the time in many sections to break and to fertilize. Then in the spring it will be easier to make the seedbed and the soil will contain plant food.

For the average householder it will be sufficient to prepare ground enough to produce the home supply for eating in the fresh state and for canning, drying or brining for use during the following winter. Producing vegetables for market should not be undertaken without full knowledge of horticulture and sufficient capital and equipment.

MAKING BARBER COATS NO EXEMPTION EXCUSE

New York.—Michael Feldstein, while filling out a government questionnaire, sought exemption from military duty on the ground he manufactured military uniforms. When the exemption board learned that Michael made "coats of military cut for barbers," recommendations were made that "Michael would look fine in a coat of military cut, but which is not worn by the barber shop brigade."

MORE AMERICAN MADE TOYS

War Conditions Develop Industry to Point Where Foreign Competition Is Broken Forever.

Washington.—America is now first in the toy making industry. Heretofore the United States has purchased the majority of its toys from Germany, Nuremberg being one of the chief manufacturing centers in former years.

Forced by war conditions to depend upon their own resources, the manufacturers of this country have been making toys and have been so successful that buyers for large stores claim the hold of other countries on this line of business has been broken forever. A few toys are still coming from France, England, Switzerland, and Japan, but the American toys have proved superior, as they are more educational.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

YOU'LL enjoy this real Burley cigarette. It's full of flavor—just as good as a pipe.

IT'S TOASTED

The Burley tobacco is toasted; makes the taste delicious. You know how toasting improves the flavor of bread. And it's the same with tobacco exactly.



Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED.



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and meat goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mrs., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

WHAT CONSTIPATION MEANS

It means a miserable condition of ill health that leads to all sorts of special ailments such as headache, backache, dyspepsia, indigestion, pains of various kinds, piles and numerous other disorders—CONSTIPATION is a crime against nature, and no human being can be well for any length of time while constipated. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS is the remedy and has been used successfully all over this country for 72 years. Get a box and see how it feels to have your liver and bowels resume their health-giving natural functions. For sale at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

All right to claim public attention—but one doesn't have to use a case of catarrh in doing it.

The characteristics of youth will endure as long as old men engage in childish quarrels.

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

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

They used to tell us fruit cake was fatal—but look at the millions who survived.

What a country this would be for cannibals. Could have their fat used either fried or stewed.

Don't waste time trimming a brush to paint the mistakes of yesterday.

To Prevent Grip

Fortify the System Against Winter Cold

The strong withstand the Winter Cold Better than the Weak. If your Blood is not in a healthy condition and does not circulate properly, your system will not be able to withstand the Winter Cold. Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the cold weather by taking regularly

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system, thus fortifying the system against colds and grip. Price 60c.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

Jolly Reformer

Considerable Rat

Diplomacy

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

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



OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK
H. M. STONE, President,
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ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE
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Patriotism and Saving

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

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

SAVE MONEY NOW AND HELP WIN THE WAR.

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS.

"I declare," said Mrs. Weatherford, "the way men look at these reforms is simply awful! If a man is dishonest they think it is a joke. If a man gets drunk that is also a joke. Everything is a joke. The possibility of foreigners taking possession of our country, whether they be Japanese, Hindus or Zulus, is also a joke. Woman suffrage is a joke. So is prohibition. I don't understand men."

"Now when I was getting ready for the prohibition parade Mr. Weatherford said he thought it a great pity we didn't have a czar in this country, and he added that all the Czar of Russia had to do was to say 'Nix on the vodka' and that settled the question of intoxication in his country for good and all, while we have parades and speeches and elections and volumes of logic and argument and other troublesome stuff that is a great waste of time."

"He said he thought it was a shame that 50,000 people would have to ramp to the polls and mark a long ballot, and that other people have to sit up for several nights counting ballots, and that the war news would be crowded out of the paper by it, when it was so easy and practical to have a czar who could just say 'Rouse mittem' and settle it all."

"That man never will look at things seriously. He hurries home from church to read a book about two rascals that go around swindling everybody, and he laughs and chuckles and has a grand time over it, but the fact that the nation is going to the dogs, as pointed out by the minister, doesn't worry him at all."

"My father wasn't like that. He used to thunder at greed and hypocrisy and sham. My husband finds it amusing. If a policeman fails to arrive in time to prevent a fight my husband is well pleased. He gets his joke out of it. The more ham and eggs cost the better the joke with him."

"I should think he would laugh himself to death at that rate," observed Mrs. Carnochan. "I rather admire him for it. He has to pay for the eggs, anyway, and he might as well have his fun out of it."

"You shouldn't worry. The fact that your husband laughs at these things doesn't prove that he approves of them. He always lines up against the very institutions that he laughs at. That is the way with the men in this country half the time. They laugh at prohibition and then go and vote for it, just the same."

School.

"How's that little boy of yours getting along at school?" asked the grocer as his best customer entered the store.

"Oh, he's all right now," said the customer, rubbing his hands before the stove. "The trouble was in getting him started. I didn't take him to school the opening day, but my wife did, and this is what happened."

"In the morning Freddie was given a nice clean suit of clothes, bright new shoes, a shiny penny, and a brilliant red tie. Then his mother took him by the hand and escorted him to the school building. They entered the building, and went into the room where they registered. At this stage Freddy revolted. He loved to look at the school from the outside, but inside was no place for him. The first thing my wife knew Freddie had eluded her; then she saw his little legs speeding down the hallway, bound for the door and liberty."

"My wife started after him, but as she was out of training he reached goal. When she came to the door Freddie was standing on the opposite side of the street, gazing fearfully toward the entrance. When she came into view he retreated behind a tree. However, this wasn't big enough to hide him, and he hurried around the corner and hid himself behind a billboard."

"But his mother was a relentless pursuer, and she drove him from one hiding place to another. Of course, all these strategic moves were accompanied by vocal exertions by both interested parties. Freddie was tearful, but afraid to surrender lest he be taken to the hated den of learning."

"How did it turn out?" asked the grocer.

"Well, after she had been chasing him for half an hour, my wife became afraid the neighbors would shoo the police on her, so she told Freddie that she would take him home. Then he permitted himself to be captured."

"And now?"

"Now? Why, you can't drag him away from the school building. My wife worries herself sick now wondering why he doesn't come home."

Heavenly Interference.

Marion was saying her prayers. "And please, God," she petitioned, "make Porrid the capital of Maine."

"Why, Marion!" said her shocked mother. "What made you say that?"

Marion settled herself comfortably in the bed.

"Cause I made it that way in my zamination paper," she said, "and I want it to be right."

Close Connection.

Ethel has the gift of graphic description. Until recently she was a little country girl; now she lives in a large town. The first letter she wrote back to her old home began like this:

"This is a queer place. Next door is fastened on to our house."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Right Shade.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No Joke.

"We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diplicities in the way. The tyeue phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing opphphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays and it will be phour or phive weex bephor we can get any. We have ordered the missing lettrs, and will have to get alog without them until they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamillies, and iph the ephs and the c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the C hard) the Cyclone whirling apther a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is nc joque to us— it's a serious aphphair."

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

"Papa," began Bobby one evening after dinner. "Now, things is awful high nowadays."

"You don't tell me!" his father exclaimed, as he laid down his newspaper. "Who says so? No really reliable person, I am sure."

"Well, anyhow, they are," Bobby persisted, laughing uncertainly. "Mamie Kelly she said her father was awful mad to have to get new 'rithmetics again. Why, gee, it was only a little while ago we had new ones and they cost awful! Nellie Foster says it's always shoes or new books to buy, but her mother is a peach and she don't scold her. Now, Sam's father he acts just like as if Sam went to work specially to makes holes in shoes and things just 'cause he ain't got anything else to do."

"One day we was all sliding down some boards the workmen left over in the big lot and when it came Sam's turn there was a big nail sprung up and tore a great hole in his pants. It was one of these here jaggy holes and Sam said the tailor told him it wasn't scarcely worth mending. You see, he stopped over to the tailor's on Aunt Mary's street to ask. He thought maybe he could get it all done without anybody knowing it, but the old tailor had to go and act like that and so he had to show the hole to his folks. I told him then that there was things I did hate, like faking medicine and having to be polite, but I was thankful to goodness my folks wasn't so awful cranky about things that happen."

"Thanks for the compliment," his father said dryly. "To what is it leading?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean," Bobby said hastily. "But anyhow, Scrubby and I we took Sam for a partner playing marbles over at Billy's 'cause we felt sorry for him. Sam makes me tired all over, but I sure was some sorry for him. We found a fine dry place for marbles, but it had to go and rain and spoil it all. That feller that lives in the new pink flats he wants to play for keeps and we didn't know that, but it was only once we played with him. He's the feller they call Mike, but he's got some kind of a fancy name his mother got out of a book. Anyhow, he comes when you holler Mike, and he ain't so worse, only he does want to play for keeps."

"That's a rule we don't break," said Bobby's father.

"Oh, I know that, all right," Bobby acknowledged hastily. "And gee, I wouldn't want to, the kind of luck I get! Billy he's a worse player than me, but I'm next worst. The trouble is I ain't got any shooter that's worth shucks. You see when we got thru playing with Mike he walked off with a lot of our marbles, and we ain't got anything hardly worth while left."

"Of course," Bobby explained hastily, "we didn't know we was playing for keeps, but we never thought to ask him was he, and he just took 'em and we couldn't say a thing."

"Now, of course, there was Sam and he was all cleaned out and he dasset say a word to ask anybody of his folks for some more. He didn't have such a great lot, anyhow, spite of his always boasting on what he's got. He talks like a tin lizzi about all the things he's got and he ain't got hardly anything. Well, anyhow, he felt awful bad that he didn't have but a few marbles left and them no good. We fellers we didn't pay scarcely any attention to him, but Nellie Foster she told me that Susie and she thought us fellers hadn't acted square. I don't care a ding what Susie goes around saying, but by jinks she ain't got any right to make Nellie Foster and everybody think we ain't acted square."

"I should think not," Bobby's father agreed.

"Anyhow, I got the fellers together and we up and divvied with Sam. O' course that was easy for Billy and the rest of 'em but it ain't so nice for me and Scrubby. We ain't got but about three left now. It was that very same afternoon I seen that boy from the south side that's cousin to Aunt Mary's hired man, out on the farm. Well, he's here for a couple of days, cause he's going to go out West to live—and, say, but he's got a swell lot o' marbles!"

"He'll cut quite a dash out West."

"Not on your life," Bobby said fervently. "He's going on a ranch where he's the only feller and he says he ain't going to have any use for any marbles."

"I suppose he'll give them to the deserving poor, then. Maybe to some Belgian boy."

"Give 'em!" Bobby repeated scornfully. "I guess you don't know him! I should say not. He's a feller who's on the make, you bet! He wants, well an awful lot."

"Some millionaire's son will get them, I suppose?"

"Oh, gee, no!" Bobby said hastily. "I got the refusal of 'em."

"For how long?"

"Till tonight, till I could see you."

"Oh!" his father said. "And what have I to do with it?"

"Everything," Bobby said boldly. "You see, I haven't got the fifty cents."

"Well," his father sighed, I haven't fifty cents to my name, but here are two quarters, if they will do as well."

Human nature is what a man thinks he shows when he makes a donkey of himself.

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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 7th day of February, 1918, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES.	
1. Loans and Discounts.....	\$131,852 89
2. Overdrafts.....	2,936 93
4. Investments Liberty Bonds.....	6,800 00
5. Furniture and Fixtures.....	827 91
Real Estate other than Banking House.....	500 00
6. Cash and Due from Banks.....	14,797 68
7. Other Resources.....	1,029 19
TOTAL RESOURCES.....	\$158,744 40
LIABILITIES.	
1. Capital Stock Paid in.....	\$ 25,000 00
2. Undivided Profits (net).....	4,602 88
4. All other deposits.....	129,096 52
5. Dividends unpaid.....	45 00
TOTAL LIABILITIES.....	\$158,744 40

I, E. C. Vandagriff, 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
COUNTY OF KANKAKEE, ILL. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of February 1918.
(SEAL) T. R. MCCOY, Notary Public.

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Mrs. Henry Pairs spent several days the past week with her mother in St. Anne Ill.

Geo. Mounell of Tuscola spent Friday here.

F. C. Curtson was a business caller here Monday.

Mrs. John Polinski is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. Fred Johns was on the sick list during the week.

Mrs. Loretta Smith, who has been confined to her home with an attack of Grippe, is able to be out again.

A. W. Wagner of Harvey and Mrs. Arthur Lawrence of the hospital spent Sunday at the Sturges home on the East Side.

Mrs. A. Griffith of Chicago, was a week end visitor here.

E. Haughton left last week for Philadelphia, where he has a government position.



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