

FARM SHORT COURSE

INTERESTING PROGRAMME ARRANGED BY INSTITUTE

Large Attendance Expected Good
Speakers on Programme—
Feb. 12 to 16.

The short course in agriculture of the Kankakee County Soil and Crop Improvement Association will be held during the week of Feb. 12th to Feb. 16th inclusive; and offers the following interesting programme:

OUR CREED
"I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work is work wherever we find it, but that work with Nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but on how you do it; that opportunity comes to the boy on the farm as often as to the boy in the city, that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town, that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself—not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do, not upon luck, but pluck. I believe in working when you work and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life."

COMMITTEES
Exhibits
Fred Tanner, H. Christenson
Chairman Leslie Shreffler
N. E. Anderson Chas. Uran
Dan Keliher P. Christopher
A. Soulligne

Hall and Speakers
L. Goodknecht, Cecil Shreffler
Chairman Guy Grinnell
H. P. Wright Herman Tanner
Laurimer Henry Lester Day.

Wednesday Banquet
Rudolph Tanner Howard Farr
Chairman Ed Vining
Henry Wright Justin Payne
L. Courville David Denny
Joe Ross Earl Ader
R. Hersher Wm. Rauworth
Wilbur Stehr Clark Hayden

Athletics
Prof. A. E. Anderson Chairman
(St. Viator)
Earl Ader Arthur Ader
Louis Rivard David Tatro
Harry Schilling E. Schierholz
Ward Lownes.

COUNTY OFFICERS
Young Men's Country Club
President—Louis Goodknecht
Vice Pres.—Joe Ross
Secretary—Ludwig Madsen
Treasurer—Henry P. Wright
Advisor—John S. Collier.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1917
Chairman—C. E. ROBINSON, President
Soil and Crop Association.

A. M.
9:00 Registration.
9:30 "Diseases of Farm Horses" By
Dr. A. T. Peters, Peoria, Ill.
10:15 "Stock Feeding and Maintaining
Soil Fertility," By Honorable
W. W. Pariah, Moline, Ill.

11:00 "The Blot on the Brain, or How
Much is Your Father to Blame,"
By Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel, Battle
Creek, Mich.

NOTE: All Top Notchers in the
County will take dinner together.
Place announced later.

P. M.
1:15 Music: St. Viator College Glee
club.
1:30 Address: "Feeding Beef Cattle" by
E. P. Hall, Mechanicsburg,
Ill. (Mr. Hall won the Grand
Champion sweepstakes on the
best carload of Angus Cattle at
the International Live Stock
show, in Chicago, 1916.)
2:30 "Diseases of Cattle," by Dr. A.
T. Peters, Peoria, Ill.

3:30 "The Home Behind the Man,"
by Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel, Battle
Creek, Mich.

Evening
Banquet to members of Y. M. C. C.
given by Commercial Club. (Tickets
procured of Treasurer of Young Men's
Country Club.)
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1917
Chairman—AUGUST RADEKE Director
Soil and Crop Association and Top
Notcher 1917

A. M.
9:00 Music.
9:15 "The Value of a Cow Testing
Association to Dairymen," by
W. B. Nevens, University of
Ill.

10:00 "Feeding and Care of the Colt,"
by Prof. J. L. Edmonds, University
of Ill.
11:00 "Preparing Exhibits for the
County Fair," by Prof. W. L.
Burlinson, University of Ill.
11:45 Discussion.
NOTE: Horse Breeders will take
dinner together. President of Horse
Breeders' will announce where, Tuesday
morning.

P. M.
1:15 Music.
1:30 "First Aid for the Injured," by
Dr. E. S. Hamilton, Kankakee
Ill.
2:00 "Feeding and Care of the Brood
Mare," by Prof. J. L. Edmonds,
University of Ill.
3:00 "Interesting Date on Crop Pro-
duction," by Prof. W. L.
Burlinson, University of Illinois.
4:00 "Cells and Their Battle," by
John Dill Robertson, Comm. of
Health, Chicago, Ill.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1917
Chairman—W. H. Lowe, President
Seed Breeders' Association
A. M.
(Renters' and Landlords' Day)
9:00 "The Future Outlook for
Dairying," by Prof. Kraege,
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
10:00 "Growing of Vegetables," by
Prof. C. E. Durst, University
of Ill.
11:00 "Farm Lease," by C. M. C.
Buntain.

NOTE: (a) All Renters in county
will take dinner together. Place an-
nounced by President.
(b) Seed Breeders will take dinner
together. Chairman will announce
where.

P. M.
1:00 Music.
1:15 "Modern Construction of Farm
Buildings, Handy Arrange-
ments, etc.," by Prof. Kraege,
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
2:00 "Preparing Vegetables, Fruits
and Flowers for the County
Fair," by Prof. C. E. Durst.
3:00 Discussion of the Farm Lease.
Geo. Weseman, C. H. Young,
Harry Grinnell, H. H. Mallaney,
and C. M. Wright.

Evening
Dinner given by the Y. M. C. C. to
Y. W. C. C. and Rotary Club of Kan-
kakee, as guests, G. A. R. hall, Court
House.

Address: "Personal Experiences on
the Titanic," By A. F. Caldwell.
Address: "Business Men vs Farmer
Boys," by John Fletcher, Vice Pres-
ident, Fort Dearborn National Bank,
Chicago, Ill.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1917
Chairman—E. P. Vining, President
Cattle Breeders' Association

A. M.
9:15 "Practical Science vs Profitable
Farming," by A. E. Anderson,
St. Viator College.
10:00 "County Advisor and His
Work," by S. J. Craig, County
Advisor, Lake County, Indiana.
11:00 "Preparation of the Seed Bed,"
by Prof. J. G. Mosier, Univer-
sity of Ill.
11:45 Discussion.

NOTE: Cattle Breeders will take
dinner together. Announced later by
Chairman, where held.

P. M.
1:15 Music.
1:30 "The Importance of Organic
Matter in Our Soils," by J. G.
Mosier, University of Illinois.
2:15 Report of the Seed Breeders'
Association, by Nils Olsen, of
Herscher, Secretary.

3:00 Address: "Live Stock on the
Farm," by Hon. Chas. Adkins,
President of Illinois State Live
Stock Breeders' Association,
Bement, Ill.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1917
Institute and Household Science Day
Chairman—Roy G. Wilcox, Pres-
ident Farmers' Institute

A. M.
9:00 Invocation: Reverend Rowley,
Music, Piano duet—Constance
Bally, Laura Wagner.
Address: Roy G. Wilcox, Her-
scher, Ill., President of Farm-
ers' Institute.
Address: Mrs. J. W. Blackstone
Bourbonnais, Ill., President
Household Science.
Address: Miss Edmundson,
Woman Advisor.
9:30 "How to Care for Illness in the
Home" by Miss Helen Harlan.
10:15 Roads and their Construction,"
by Joe L. Long, Ames, Iowa.
11:00 "What the Schools are doing
for the Farmer in Cook County"
by E. J. Tobin, County Supt.
Schools.

P. M.
1:00 Music: Violin Solo, by May
Brule.
1:15 "The Farm Loan Act—its
Operations and its Advantages"

MANY HIGH AVERAGES

PUPILS MAKE GOOD SHOW- ING

Some Very High Averages Made
by Pupils in Semester Just
Closed

The pupils of our school have
made very good progress in the
past year and some very high
averages were made during the
past half year just closed.

The record below speaks well
for the pupils and teachers and
show that they are doing their
part to maintain the high stand-
ard set by our school. The re-
cord below is one that every
citizen should feel proud of as
there are very few schools that
can show a list of as high aver-
ages for an entire school over a
period of a half year.

Following is a list of those stu-
dents whose averages were high-
est in the half year just past.

First Grade	
Teacher, Miss Galbraith	
Ellsworth Wilcox.....99	
John Osbolt.....99	
Second Grade	
Teacher, Miss LaMontague	
A CLASS—Hazel Johns.....100	
B CLASS—Mamie Dressler.....90	
Teacher, Mrs. Cox	
A CLASS—Erma Lormblood.....98	
B CLASS—Blanche Worman.....98	
Third Grade	
Teacher, Miss Durning	
A—Harry Gustafson.....95 6-7	
B—Edward Grimes.....87	
Teacher, Miss Grace Scroggins	
A—Arvid Erickson.....90	
Wilma Windal.....90	
B—Regina Sovinski.....92	
Willard Wilhoit.....92	
Fourth Grade	
Teacher, Miss McIntosh	
A—Joseph McCarthy.....91 1-2	
B—George Cochand.....88 1-3	
Teacher, Miss Wilson	
A—Theresa Worman.....91	
B—Leo Delude.....85	
Fifth Grade	
Teacher, Mrs. Morse	
Frances Dressler.....97	
Donald Cramer.....96	
Teacher, Miss Fahey	
A—Lucile Kempen.....94	
B—Ruth Dressler.....93	
Sixth Grade	
Teacher, Mrs. Morse	
A—Kimball Gustafson.....90	
B—Roosevelt Begnoche.....86 1-2	
Teacher, Miss McCoy	
A—Robert Wilhoit.....90	
B—Leo Duchene.....91	
Seventh Grade	
Teacher, Miss Evans	
A—Walter Bark.....95	
B—Diana LaFleur.....96	
Eighth Grade	
Teacher, Miss Cora Scroggins	
Edward Mulligan.....96 3-5	
Bernice Llobutcher.....95 2-5	
High School	
1st YEAR—Evon Eartin.....96	
2nd YEAR—Ferdinand Bacus.....92	
John Cameron.....92	
3rd YEAR—Irma Wilhoit.....95	
4th YEAR—Gabriella Begnoche.....96	
Estella Brouillette.....97	
Leona Senor.....97	

Attended Funeral

A large delegation of the Odd
Fellows and Rebekah Lodges of
this city attended the funeral of
A. E. Tooper at Bonfield yester-
day. There were also a large
number of friends of the family
attended.

Operation

Harvey Coyer who was oper-
ated on the later part of the
week is getting along nicely.

Entertained at Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vallat enter-
tained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. F.
K. Williams and daughter, Ruth,
and C. A. Heinze of Kankakee,
Mrs. R. Cook of Chicago and Mr.
J. Cramer of St. Louis.

Entertained

Henry Richie and daughter of
Kansas who are visiting friends
and relatives here, entertained a
number of relatives and friends
at the Henry Begnoche home
Monday evening. The evening
was pleasantly passed with games,
music and dancing. A delicious
luncheon was served.

Quit Business

William LaBarge who has been
conducting a saloon on West Ave.
closed his place of business Satur-
day night and left for Indiana
where he will make his future
home.

Buy your kitchen utensils at
the Economy, Bradley's handy
shopping store.

GIRLS' CLUB MEETING

SPEND A DELIGHTFUL EVEN- ING

Very Interesting Meeting Held
Friday Night At School
House.

The Bradley Girls' evening
Club met on last Friday Evening
and a very interesting meeting
was held in the Assembly Room
of the High School. Reports of
various committees and officers
were heard and many profitable
suggestions offered. A meeting
will be held every two weeks,
after which meeting domestic
science will be taken up.

The Club invites new members
to join hands with them in pursu-
ing and advancing the object in
which the girls are interested.
The main object being to set the
members pulling together in the
same direction, getting interested
in each other, exercising a need
of physical culture and domestic
science; promoting social activity
among the girls of this commu-
nity and encouraging recreations
which tend to uplift and cooper-
ate.

Any girl who has reached the
age of fourteen years is eligible
to membership.

This Club has come to stay,
girls, so why not join right now.
Miss Jessie F. Edmundson,
County Advisor of the Kankakee
County Home Improvement Asso-
ciation attended this meeting.
After all business was disposed
of, the Club adjourned to the
basement of the school. The
cozy school basement makes an
ideal room for work in domestic
science.

Miss Edmundson gave some
very practical demonstrations in
scientific knowledge relative to
the composition of food and how
food, when taken into the body,
builds tissues and furnishes ma-
terials for heat and energy.

The following lunch was pre-
pared and served; Emergency
biscuits, baked oatmeal with ap-
ples and baked rice in Cosserole.

Modern Woodmen

The local camp of Modern
Woodmen will hold their regular
semi monthly meeting next
Wednesday evening, and the
meeting promises to be an inter-
esting one. A debate has been
arranged between the members,
and some lively discussions can
be looked for. All new men are
urgently requested to be present.

Sale

The Public Sale held by Robt.
Lancaster yesterday was attend-
ed by a big crowd and the stuff
sold brought good prices.

Good Show

The great Graves and Com-
pany the show now running at
the Orpheum is drawing big
crowds and pronounced one of
the best ever seen in the
local theatre.

School Notes

Miss Ruth Mann of Urbana,
Ill., a former student, was a
visitor on Tuesday.

G. A. R. PATRIOTIC PROGRAM
The various grades and the
High School are making prepara-
tions for a patriotic program to
be given Friday morning at 10:00
a. m., February 16. The G. A. R.
has provided two speakers for the
school, a lady for the grades and
a man for the High School. A
cordial invitation is extended to
the public and especially to the
Grand Army men of Bradley. It
is earnestly hoped that they will
make a special effort to be pres-
ent.

We have had 10 new pupils
enrolled in the first grade. Par-
ents or guardians who expect to
enter children this semester are
requested to send them by
February 19. After said date no
beginners will be received.

Marion Noble substituted Mon-
day afternoon for Mrs. Cox who
was kept at home on account of
sickness.

Read the home paper THE
BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Pocket Billiard Tournament

The B. and M. Billiard Hall
team gave a team from Cad's place
a return game last Thursday
evening and defeated them by a
score of 300 to 254. The game
was witnessed by a large size
audience, and was closely con-
tested. This makes two games
the local player have taken from
the Cad's bunch.

They will play a 1500 ball series
in the near future that promises
to be an interesting contest.

The teams and scores were as
follows:

B. AND M.	CADS
Martin 99	Belair 68
Lambert 50	Lane 78
Hirt 82	Radeke 70
McAndrews 81	Cad 38

312 254
High Runs, McAndrews run of
20 on last shot only gets credit
for 8.

McAndrews 14.
Martin 2-15.
Hirt 1-18 and 1-15.
Belair 1-14.
Lane 1-15.

Baby Boy

A baby boy was born to Mr.
and Mrs. W. H. Sikes Monday
of this week. The babe died
shortly after birth, and was bur-
ied Tuesday.

The mother is getting along
nicely.

Operation

Harvey Coyer, who was oper-
ated on the later part of the week,
is getting along nicely.

Christening

The baby son of Mr. and Mrs.
Alex Batch was baptized Sunday
at the St. Joseph's church. The
little one was named Edward
Henry.

The parents entertained a num-
ber of friends at their home ac-
count of the occasion.

Party

Miss Marion Hoehn entertained
a party of friends at her home
Monday evening at a party. The
evening was pleasantly passed
with games and music and deli-
cious refreshments were served.

Basket Ball

The Red Giants Jr. A. C. of
Bourbonnais met the strong St.
Viator U. B. Sr., on the college
floor last Friday and defeated
them by the score of 17 to 16.
Although the Giants had the mis-
fortune of not having their regular
center, V. Burton, he was replac-
ed by Senegas who was taken
from the position of Guard. The
S. V. U. B. outplayed the Giants
in the first half, the score being
14 to 6, but lost out under the fast
playing of the Giants in the
second half. The excellent foul
throwing of Arseneau gave pep
to the Giants by throwing 7 out
of 7.

Today the Giants will meet the
fast "Irwin Shamrocks" on
Bourbonnais floor, game will be
called at 8:00 o'clock, and a fast
game is expected.

The following is the lineup of
the Giants:

GIANTS	U. B.
Kirley lf	Meagon lf
Arseneau rf	Fitzgerald and Ryan rf
Senegas center	Cross center
Jaasson lg	Canonough lg
Faford rg	Mullens rg

F. Sheehan (Referee)
W. F. Senegas, Manager.

Good Crowds

The home talent show at the
Scenic Theatre for two nights
drew some good crowds and was
declared to be good.

Bradley Girls' Evening Club

On Tuesday evening the Girls'
Evening Club met at the Wood-
man Hall with Miss Margery
Jackson, the Club's instructor in
gymnastics. The regular scope
of instructions in physical exer-
cise was first taken up, after
which a few games of basket-ball
were played.

Eli Bradish who has been on
the sick list for the last week is
able to be out again.

Mr. Kelley has moved his tire
shop from Washington Ave. to
Broadway in the Fellows Build-
ing.

BONFIELD MAN DEAD

A. E. TOOPER CALLED TO HIS REWARD

Passed Away Tuesday at His
Home Near Bonfield. Funer-
al Thursday.

Amidst pleasures there are
sorrows, and a pale of gloom and
sorrow was cast over this com-
munity when it became known
here Tuesday that Mr. A. E.
Tooper of Bonfield had been
called by his maker to cross the
river from which no one returns.

Mr. A. E. Tooper a former
wellknown and highly respected
citizen of this village died at his
home near Bonfield Tuesday af-
ternoon after a lingering illness
of Bright's disease which exten-
ded over a period of a year or more.

Mr. Tooper resided here with
his family and was employed at
the David Bradley Wks. until
about a year ago when his health
failed him and he moved to the
country with the hopes of bene-
fitting himself. While residing
here they made a large circle of
friends and were active in the
social and church life in our vil-
lage. He was a member of the
local lodge of Independent Order
of Odd Fellows and was an active
and loyal worker.

The deceased was born April
9, 1887 in Kansas, but came here
when quite young with his par-
ents and has since made this his
home. He was married in March
1910 to Miss Minnie Palmer of
Kankakee and to this union were
born three children, Pearl age 6,
Roy age 3 and Morris 11 months.

He is survived by his widow,
three children, father, mother,
two brothers, two sisters and a
host of other relatives and friends
to mourn their loss.

The funeral services were un-
der the auspices of the local lodge
of Odd Fellows of which the de-
ceased was a member. The
services at the home were con-
ducted by the Odd Fellows and
the services at the church were
conducted by Rev. J. Codd of the
U. B. church of which he was a
member. The funeral service
were held at the church at Good-
rich and interment was in the
Bonfield cemetery. And the large
concourse of friends that followed
the remains to their last resting
place bespoke the high esteem in
which he was held.

Dance

The dance given by the Saloon
Keepers' Pleasure Club at the
Orpheum Hall last night was
largely attended and was greatly
enjoyed by the large crowd. It
was pronounced one of the best
dances of the season.

Home on Furlough

Harvey Lagesse and Mart
Sheehan of this city who have
been stationed with Co. L. on the
border and are now at Fort
Sheridan spent a 48 hour fur-
lough here the first of the week.

The boys have some great
stories to tell of army life. They
report the rest of the boys all in
fine shape.

Do You Know That?

Efficiency decreases as fatigue
increases?
The full pay-envelope is the
great enemy of tuberculosis?

A reliable disinfectant which
may be made for fifty cents per
gallon has been devised by the
U. S. Public Health Service?

The maintenance of health is
the first duty of the patriotic
American?

Exercise in the open air cures
and prevents many ills?
Typhoid fever is contracted by
swallowing sewage?

Unpasteurized milk kills many
babies?

Dan Burtin of Chebanse was
here the first part of this week
visiting his relatives.

The Tanner children have re-
covered from an attack of the
measles.

T. Lundy is nursing a badly
injured eye caused from a piece
of emery from an emery wheel
flying in it.

(Continued on last page)

MOTHERHOOD WOMAN'S JOY

Suggestions to Childless Women.

Among the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the ability to correct sterility in the cases of many women. This fact is well established as evidenced by the following letter and hundreds of others we have published in these columns.

Poplar Bluff, Mo.—"I want other women to know what a blessing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. We had always wanted a baby in our home but I was in poor health and not able to do my work. My mother and husband both urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, my health improved and I am now the mother of a fine baby girl and do all my own house work."

—Mrs. ALLIE B. TIMMONS, 216 Almond St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

In many other homes, once childless, there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential and helpful.

Mean Shot.

Jones keeps pigs as a hobby. He is of very small stature, and one evening he was taking a pig he had sold to its new owner, resting one arm on its neck to guide it along.

As luck would have it, Brown, who is his mortal enemy met him, and seized his chance.

"Halloa, Jones!" he said. "Have you started courting again?"

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Marriage Bonds.

After the screen wedding Mr. Kross turned to his little boy, remarking: "Wasn't that pretty?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I am never going to get married."

"Why not?" his father asked.

"Because I have lived with married folks too long."

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.

Rich veins of zinc are said to exist in all parts of Japan.

Belgium's population at the outbreak of the war was 7,700,000.



There was a young lady named Benker, who slept like the ship lay at anchor; She awoke in dismay when she heard the mate say, "Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker." It's enough to frighten anybody to awake un-covered out of a sound sleep with the first symptoms of a cold clutching at the throat and lungs, with that chilly creepy feeling all over. Quick action is necessary at such times to nip it in the bud and thus prevent bronchitis or serious lung troubles. If you will always keep a bottle of old reliable

Boschee's German Syrup

handy there is no need to worry. It gently soothes inflammation, eases the cough, insures a good night's sleep, with free expectation in the morning. This old remedy has been successfully used all over the civilized world for the last 51 years. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all druggists and dealers everywhere. Try it and see.

Tufts' Pills

The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body. **GOOD DIGESTION,** regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25 cts.

Americans Working for French Blind Soldiers

Devoted men and women from the United States teach warriors who have lost their sight certain vocations by which they can earn a living

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

PARIS is full of big new street signs, flag-surmounted, announcing in very large letters the existence of war philanthropies of one kind and another for the relief of those stricken by the disasters of this disastrous age. No signs are bigger, none have larger letters than those surmounted by the crossed flags of France and the United States which announce that a Franco-American committee is at work there.

And yet one of the most interesting, unique and valuable of these fine American philanthropies has no big sign, no large letters and is so little known in America that I am sure a description of its work will be news to most Americans, and very good news at that. This is the Phare de France (the French Lighthouse for the Blind). It is supported by the Franco-American Committee for Men Blinded in Battle, and is under the direction of Miss Winifred Holt, whose years of work at the American Lighthouse for the Blind in New York has so marvelously transformed life for the blind of that city.

She has been in France for a little more than a year, throwing herself into work for men blinded in battle with the same tremendous energy and indomitable perseverance which has accomplished so much for the blind in America. The French Lighthouse is the result of that year's activity.

Into Quiet Courtyard.

Imagine that you are now about to visit that institution under the guidance of one of the volunteer workers, perhaps that charming young granddaughter of our President Grant, to whom is often assigned the task of showing visitors about. You ring at No. 14 on the Rue Daru, the quiet old street of the Russian church, with its gold-tipped domes.

The heavy door swings open, you step into a large, peaceful, stone-paved courtyard, with a handsome old palace facing you, at the top of a flight of broad steps. A soldier or an officer in a natty uniform is probably either going nimbly up or coming confidently down those steps, swinging a light bamboo cane. His alert, upright bearing give you no hint of his blindness.

If you follow him as he turns to his left, you find yourself in a well equipped gymnasium for the blind, which is, so your guide tells you, the only thing of the sort in France. Your blind soldier (who is enjoying a rest between lessons) stoops, puts on a pair of roller skates, and is off in a dashing swoop about the polished gymnasium floor.

His face is soon tingling and glowing with the exercise, the strong rhythmic swing of his body is exhilarating to witness. Your guide murmurs that four months ago that man was in a hospital, alone, sick, utterly discouraged, life a black abyss of despair before him. Here is one of the achievements of the French Lighthouse.

"But is he really blind?" you ask incredulously. "How can he have won back that fine physical poise, that splendid confidence in his body which means so much for seeing people and which we never associate with the blind?"

America's Great Gift.

"Ah, that is the special secret of this American institution, the special gift of America to the French blind. Our blind soldier, his interval of recreation gone by, has slipped off his roller skates and stepped quickly into a nearby room. His blindness only revealed by a flourish of his light cane to make sure of the position of the door.

He has gone to take a lesson in massage, which is one of the most profitable means of livelihood open to men without eyes. Like all his fellows in the Phare, he takes very short lessons; with frequent intervals of recreation and change of occupation, because war blindness means nearly always head wounds and head wounds mean a brain that must not be overtaxed.

We leave him to his study of the skeleton, the big plaster casts of muscular arms and legs, and to his expert teacher; while we turn to other things. Our guide takes us back through the



THIS MAN HAS LEARNED TO WEAVE AND TO RUN A TYPEWRITER.

shower bath room and pauses proudly. If you are an American you probably look blank. Shower baths are not such uncommon objects as all that. Oh, but they are, she tells you, in France, for the blind! So uncommon, in fact, that only at the Phare you are visiting can blind men, after exercising, have the stimulating tonic of showering water, which helps so much to tone up the system shattered by the nervous shock of wounds. This is one of the Americanisms of the Phare. Look at it respectfully.

At the door of the court your guide hesitates between possibilities and then decides to show you the printing press in the big room above the gymnasium. This is an American machine, the only electric press which prints books for the blind in France. By the time this article appears the first issue of a monthly magazine for the blind will have been issued from this press.

Blind Editor Busy.

The magazine is under the direction of a blind editor, who with a corps of seeing assistants (volunteers), will also, during the winter, arrange for the publication by this press of a series of manuals in raised type, which will help the blind in their re-education.

You descend the stairs, glance in at the gymnasium, where a couple of blind men are now fencing, under the careful direction of a teacher, and your guide tells you that the teacher is perhaps the best-known master of arms in France. In spite of being mobilized he manages to come three times a week to give himself to his blind comrades.

You cross the court to the room of the handicrafts. Here you see sights which, if you are inexperienced in what may be done for the blind, seem miraculous to you. You see a one-armed blind man who in five weeks has learned to manage a knitting machine so that he can earn a good living by knitting sweaters and bands. You see another blind soldier with only one arm who is weaving successfully by means of a device of his own invention, which enables him to make one foot do the work of his missing hand. You see blind men weaving colored rugs with but slightly more supervision than is usually given to sighted weavers, and others who are making flut work.

Then your guide steers you away and astonishes you by saying that you have not yet even set foot inside the main building proper. This main building is a beautiful old palace, belonging to the Vatican. The entrance hall is a nobly proportioned room, which serves as a general meeting place.

You Are Astonished.

Here come wives, sisters, sweethearts to visit with their men, to hear of progress made in re-education, to guide the sightless heroes out for a walk in the pleasant paths of the nearby park. Through this room pass the teachers of stenography, typewriting, Braille reading and writing, clay modeling, who daily fill the rooms of the old palace with such useful industry as it can never have known before. Here the blind men

as they step out of the dining room adjoining, pause for a moment to light their cigarettes and pull down their well-fitting uniforms, before they take their brisk way along the ingeniously placed paths of coca matting.

Now you are to see the stenographic department. Everyone who uses a typewriter knows that the best work is done without looking at the keys; and this means that in typewriting the blind are perhaps more nearly on a footing of equality with the seeing than in any other gainful occupation.

Your guide (remember that she is the granddaughter of our General Grant) stops to chat for a moment to one of the teachers in the stenographic department, a tall, steady-eyed, extremely attractive American girl who is another gift of the American White House to the French blind. This is Miss Esther Cleveland, who is giving all her time to the work of the Phare.

Miss Cleveland is no amateur teacher of stenography. She has mastered the entire Braille system of instruction at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind and has been working for months in England.

There are the dormitories (for this American institution is housing and feeding its men as well as re-educating them), here are the bathrooms (strange innovation in this eighteenth century abode), there is the clinic room, where minor medical attention is given, where wounds are cared for, antiseptic treatments carried on; as well as the other rooms already referred to.

Keeping Men Cheerful.

It is difficult to realize the effort required to create and maintain the cheerful atmosphere of the house, which means as much for the future health of the men as does their careful technical re-education. Outside the classes, the institution is like a well-run club. The president of the French republic has several times given his box to the blind men at the Phare, and they often go out to the theater and the Opera Comique. Owners of automobiles send their cars to take the blind out for long, exhilarating drives.

The blind men have a club of their own where they discuss all manner of topics and enjoy music and recitations. Some of them go for horseback rides in the Bois, and others, on their vacations, have found themselves so benefited by the tonic, healthgiving atmosphere of the Phare that they have been able joyfully to take up again old delights of swimming and fishing.

And all this comes from America. Here is an American woman who has left a big American philanthropic enterprise and given a solid year of her life to alleviating the misery caused by the war in which her country has officially no part. Here is a comparatively small committee of American men and women who, without dipping into any of the funds raised by the great war-relief organizations, has been able to raise money enough to start and carry on the work you have seen.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Slight Mistakes.

A very short-sighted old gentleman going into one of our large towns for the first time, and coming from the heart of the country, seeing a man digging, went to him, and said:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

But the man took no notice. Going closer, he remarked again:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

"Go on, you silly old fossil!" said the workman. "I'm only laying gaspipes!"

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority. For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Feminine Charity.

Hazel—Young DeAuber was married to that rich Gotrox girl last week.

Aimee—Why, I thought he was wedded to his art!

Hazel—Well, he is, now. She's mostly art.

Paper-Making an Art.

Paper was made from rags in Arabia more than ten centuries ago and the art was brought to Europe in the thirteenth century.

More than one-third of the total population of Dublin consists of families living in a single room.

Ozark Mothers Used To Be Afraid To Go To Bed At Night

Now Sleep Soundly Since They Have Found a Sure Preventive For Croup.

Many mothers, besides those of Ozark, Mo., have been afraid to sleep at night for fear of being awakened by that dread croupy cough. Mrs. H. H. Givan and Mrs. J. J. Cave, both of Ozark, have found, in common with many other Missouri mothers, that a jar of Vap-O-Rub in the house insures a good night's sleep.

Vap-O-Rub is the external treatment for all forms of croup or cold troubles, introduced here from the South last winter. It is in salve form and you just rub it over the throat and chest, covering with a warm flannel cloth. The body warmth releases antiseptic vapors that are inhaled with each breath, loosening the phlegm, and, in addition, Vick's is absorbed through and stimulates the skin, relieving the tightness and soreness. Croup is usually relieved in fifteen minutes, and a

Is Work Too Hard?

Many kinds of work wear out the kidneys, and kidney trouble makes any kind of work hard. It brings morning lameness, backache, headache, nervousness, rheumatism and urinary troubles. If your work is confining, strains the back, or exposes you to extreme heat or cold or damp, it's well to keep the kidneys active. Doan's Kidney Pills are reliable and safe. Thousands recommend them.

An Illinois Case

Henry Klug, 410 N. Eighth St., East St. Louis, Ill., says: "I had trouble from my kidneys and was annoyed by too frequent and distressing passages of the kidney secretions. My back bothered me most of the time and I was tired at night and annoyed me also during the day. On a friend's suggestion I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and they rid me of all the troubles."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Women of the Argentine Republic are beginning to enter the business field.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well, no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Soon Recover.

We sometimes get ashamed of ourselves, but it doesn't last long.—Kansas City Journal.

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.

The Race.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Mr. Chuggins, "if my being arrested for speeding was spite work."

"How could that be?"

"The man got jealous because my fiver was beating his motorcycle."

Married Life.

Billy was about to be married, and his friends—married friends—were giving him good advice, the burden of which was "Forget it!"

But Billy was not to be dissuaded. "Oh, I don't know!" he replied. "Marriage is all right if you take it in the right way. Now all this talk about matrimonial quarrels, arguments, and so on, is all nonsense. Surely you can accept one another's point of view! And, anyway, there's always an answer to every argument."

"Oh, is there?" growled the old married man. "I tell you, my boy, there's one argument in married life that you'll never be able to answer."

"Really! And what's that?"

"Why, when your wife says: 'If the Browns can afford it, we can!' You try to find an answer to that!"

Neglected Colds bring Pneumonia. Look out.



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

YOUNG MEN—

will appreciate the friendliness and democracy which characterize the

Y. M. C. A. HOTEL CHICAGO

Wabash Ave. near Eighth St.

For transient men of moderate means.

1821 OUTSIDE SINGLE ROOMS—30c to 50c A DAY

MEMBERSHIP NOT REQUIRED

Cafeteria and Lunch Room—Excellent meals at reasonable prices.

SHOWER BATHS ON EACH FLOOR

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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DE SPAIN GOES TO MORGAN GAP AND TAKES A BAD MAN BUT HE HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH NAN

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky Mountain mining country, is infested with stage coach robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hangout is in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat, and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decides to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry de Spain general manager of the stage line. De Spain goes to Calabasas with John Lefever as his assistant. Soon the trouble starts, when Sassoon of the gang cuts the throat of a coach driver. De Spain, Lefever and Scott, an Indian, start to Morgan Gap at night to arrest Sassoon.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Scott was the first to reach the trees. The little grove spreads across a slope half a mile wide between the base of one towering cliff, still bearing its Spanish name, El Capitan, and the gorge of the Purgatoire. To the east of this point the trails to Calabasas and to Sleepy Cat divide, and here Scott and Lefever received De Spain, who had ridden slowly and followed Scott's injunctions to keep the red star to the right of El Capitan all the way across the sinks.

Securing their horses, the three stretched out on the open ground to



Scott Was the First to Reach the Trees.

wait for daylight. De Spain meditated first on how he should capture Sassoon at daybreak, and then on Nan Morgan and her mountain home into which he was about to break to drag out a criminal. Sassoon and his malice soon drifted out of his mind, but Nan remained. Her form outlined in the mists that rose from the hidden creek seemed to hover somewhere near until Scott's hand laid on the dreamer's shoulder drove it suddenly away. Day was at hand.

De Spain got up and shook off the chilliness and drowsiness of the night. It had been agreed that he, being less known in the gap than either of his companions, could best attempt the difficult capture. Bob Scott, who knew the recess well, repeated his explicit directions as to how De Spain was to reach Sassoon's shack. He repeated his description of its interior, told him where the bed stood, and even where Sassoon ordinarily kept his knife and his revolver.

De Spain gave his horse his head—it was still too dark to distinguish the path—and advanced at a snail's pace until he passed the base of El Capitan, when of a sudden, as he rode out from among high projecting rocks full into the opening, faint rays of light from the eastern dawn revealed the narrow, strangely inclosed and perfectly hidden valley before him.

De Spain caught his breath. No description he had ever heard of the nook that screened the Morgans from the outside world had prepared him for what he saw. From side to side between the frowning cliffs which rose, at points, half a mile into the sky, it was several miles, and the gap was more than as much in depth, as it ran back to a mere wedge between unnamed Superstition peaks.

Every moment that he pushed ahead warned him that daylight would come suddenly and his time to act would be short. The trail he followed broadened into a road, and a turn brought him up startled and almost face to face with a long, rambling ranch-house. The gable end of the two-story portion of the building was so close to him that he instantly reined up to seek hiding from its upper and lower windows.

From Scott's accurate description he knew the place. This was Duke Morgan's ranch-house, set as a fortress almost at the mouth of the gap. To pass it unobserved was to compass the most

ticklish part of his mission, and without changing his slow pace he rode on. No bullet challenged him and no sound came from the silent house. He cantered away from the peril, thinking with a kind of awe of Nan, asleep, so close, under that roof—confident, too, he had not been seen—though, in matter of fact, he had been.

Other cabins back toward the north wall could be seen dimly to his right, but all were well removed from his way. In due time, as Scott had advised, he saw confronting him, not far ahead, a small, ruinous-looking cabin shack. Dismounting before this, he threw his lines, shook himself a little, and walked up to the cabin door. It was open.

De Spain called gruffly to the cabin inmate. There was no answer. He hitched his trouser band near to the butt of his revolver with his right hand, and laid his left on the jamb of the door, his eyes meantime boring the darkness to the left, where Sassoon's bed should be. The utmost scrutiny failed to disclose any sign of it or any sound of breathing from that corner. He took a few steps toward where the man should be asleep, and perceived beyond a doubt that there was no bed in the corner at all. He turned toward the other corner, his hand covering the butt of his gun. "Hello, Shike!" he called out in a slightly strained tone of camaraderie, addressing Sassoon by a common nickname. Then he listened. A trumpeting snore answered. No sound was ever sweeter to De Spain's ear. The rude noise cleared the air and steadied the intruder as if Music Mountain itself had been lifted off his nerves.

He tried again: "Where are you, Shike?" he growled. "What's this stuff on the floor?" he continued, shuffling his way ostentatiously to the other side of the room. He felt his way toward the inner door. This was where he expected to find it, and it was closed. He laid a hand gingerly on the latch. "Where are you, Shike?" he demanded again, this time with an impatient expletive summoned for the occasion. A second fearful snore answered him. De Spain, relieved, almost laughed as he pushed the door open, though not sure whether a curse or a shot would greet him. He got neither. And a welcome surprise in the dim light came through a stuffy pane of glass at one end of the room. It revealed at the other end a man stretched asleep on a wall bunk—a man that would, in all likelihood, have heard the stealthiest sound had any effort been made to conceal it, but to whose ears the rough voices of a mountain cabin are mere sleeping potions.

The sleeper woke to feel a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. The instinct of self-preservation acted like a flash. His eyes opened and his hands struck out like cat's paws to the right and left: no knife and no revolver met them. Instead, in the semidarkness a strange face bent over him. His fists shot out together, only to be caught in a vise that broke his arms in two at the elbows, and forced them back against his throat. A knee, like an anvil, pushed inexorably into his stomach and heart and lungs. Another lay across his right arm, and his struggling left arm he could not, though his eyes burst with the strain from their sockets, release from where, eaglelike claws gripped at his throat and shut off his breath. He lay still.

"Are you awake, Shike?" Sassoon heard from the gloom above him. But he could not place the voice. "You seem to move around a good deal in your sleep. If you're awake, keep still. I've come from Sleepy Cat to get you. Don't mind looking for your gun and knife. Two men are with me. You can have your choice. We've got a horse for you. You can ride away from us here inside the gap, and take what hits you in the back, or you can go to Sleepy Cat with us and stand your trial. I'll read your warrant when the sun gets a little higher. Get up and choose quick."

Sassoon could not see who had subdued him, nor did he take long to decide what to do. With less trouble than he expected, the captor got his man sullenly on horseback, and gave him severely plain directions as to what to do. Sassoon, neither bound nor gagged, was told to ride his horse

down the gap closely ahead of De Spain and neither to speak nor turn his head no matter what happened right or left.

In the growing light the two men trotted smartly a mile down the trail without encountering a sign of life. When they approached the Morgan ranch-house De Spain rode close to his prisoner, told him what would happen if he made a noise, and even held him back in his pace as they trotted together past the gap stronghold. When they left the house behind and the turn in the road put them out of range of its windows, he closed up the distance between himself and Sassoon, riding close in to his side, and looked back for a fraction of a second. When he looked ahead again he saw confronting him, not a hundred yards away, a motionless horseman.

CHAPTER V.

Heels for It.

With a sudden, low command to Sassoon to check his horse, De Spain pressed the muzzle of his gun to his prisoner's side. "You've got one chance yet, Shike, to ride out of here alive," he said composedly. "You know I am a rustler—cousin of John Rebstock's. My name is 'Trench'; I belong in Williams cache. I rode in last night from Thief river, and you are riding out with me to start me on to the Sleepy Cat trail. If you can remember that much—"

De Spain stopped half-way through his sentence. The figure revealed in the half-light puzzled him at first. Then it confused and startled him. He saw it was not a man at all, but a woman—and a woman than whom he would rather have seen six men. It was Nan Morgan.

With her head never more decisively set under her mannish hat, her waist never more attractively outlined in slenderness, she silently faced De Spain in the morning gray. His face reflected his chagrined perplexity. He could already see Nan's eyes. They were bent keenly first on him, then on his companion, and again on him. De Spain kept his face down as much as he dared, and his hat had been pulled well over it from the beginning.

They were now almost abreast. The very instinctive knowledge that her eyes were bent on his made him steal a glance at her in spite of himself. The next instant he was shamefacedly touching his hat. Though nothing was lost on her, Nan professed not to see the greeting. When she spoke her tone was dry with suspicion.

"Wait a moment, Sassoon. Where are you going?" she demanded. Sassoon hitched with one hand at his trousers band. He inclined his head sulkily toward his companion. "Starting a man on the trail for Sleepy Cat." "Stop," she exclaimed sharply, for De Spain, pushing his own horse ahead, had managed without being observed, to kick Sassoon's horse in the flank, and the two were passing. Sassoon at



He Saw It Was Not a Man at All, but a Woman.

the resolute summons stopped. De Spain could do no less; both men, halting, faced their suspicious inquisitor. She scrutinized De Spain keenly. "What is this man doing in the gap?" "He came up from Thief river last night," answered Sassoon monotonously.

"What is he doing here with you?" persisted Nan.

"He's a cousin of John Rebstock's from Williams Cache," continued Sassoon. The yarn would have sounded decently well in the circumstances for which it was intended, but in the searching gaze of the eyes now confronting and clearly recognizing him, it sounded so grotesque that De Spain would fully as lief have been sitting between his horse's legs as astride his back.

"That's not true, Sassoon," said his

relentless questioner. Her tone and the expression of her face boded no friendliness for either of the two she had intercepted.

De Spain had recovered his wits. "You're right," he interposed without an instant's hesitation. "It isn't true. But that's not his fault; he is under arrest, and is telling you what I told him to tell you. I came in here this morning to take Sassoon to Sleepy Cat. He is a prisoner, wanted for cutting up one of our stage-guards."

Nan, coldly skeptical, eyed De Spain. "And do you try to tell me"—she pointed to Sassoon's unbound hands—"that he is riding out of here, a free man, to go to jail?"

"I do tell you exactly that. He is my prisoner."

"I don't believe either of you," declared Nan scornfully. "You are planning something underhand together."

De Spain laughed coolly. "We've planned that much together, but not, I assure you, with his consent."

"I don't believe your stories at all," she declared firmly.

De Spain flushed. The irritation and the serious danger bore in on him. "If you don't believe me it's not my fault," he retorted. "I've told you the truth. Ride on, Sassoon."

He spoke angrily, but this in no wise daunted Nan. She wheeled her horse directly in front of them. "Don't you stir, Sassoon," she commanded, "until I call Uncle Duke."

De Spain spurred straight at her; their horses collided, and his knee touched hers in the saddle. "I'm going to take this man out of here," he announced in a tone she never had heard before from a man. "I've no time to talk. Go call your uncle if you like. We must pass."

"You shan't pass a step!"

With the quick words of defiance the two glared at each other. De Spain was taken aback. He had expected no more than a war of words—a few screams at the most. Nan's face turned white, but there was no symptom even of a whimper. He noticed her quick breathing, and felt, instinctively, the restrained gesture of her right hand as it started back to her side. The move steadied him. "One question," he said bluntly, "are you armed?"

She hated even to answer, and met his searching gaze resentfully, but something in his tone and manner wrung a reply. "I can defend myself," she exclaimed angrily.

De Spain raised his right hand from his thigh to the pommel of his saddle. The slight gesture was eloquent of his surrender of the issue of force. "I can't go into a shooting-match with you about this cur. If you call your uncle there will be bloodshed—unless you drop me off my horse right here and now before he appears. All I ask you is this: Is this kind of a cut-throat worth that? If you shoot me, my whole posse from Sleepy Cat is right below us in the aspens. Some of your own people will be killed in a general fight. If you want to shoot me, shoot—you can have the match all to yourself. If you don't, let us go by. And if I've told you one word that isn't true, call me back to this spot any time you like, and I'll come at your call, and answer for it."

His words and his manner confounded her for a moment. She could not at once make an answer, for she could not decide what to say. Then, of a sudden, she was robbed of her chance to answer. From down the trail came a yell like a shot. The clatter of hoofs rang out, and men on horses dashed from the entrance of the gap toward them. De Spain could not make out distinctly, but he knew Lefever's yell, and pointed. "There they are," he exclaimed hurriedly. "There is the whole posse. They are coming!" A shot, followed closely by a second, rang out from below. "Go," he cried to Nan. "There'll be shooting here that I can't stop!" He slapped Sassoon's pony viciously with his hand, spurred past her himself, and was away. White with consternation and anger, she steadied herself and looked after the fleeing pair. Then whirling in her saddle, she ran her pony back to the ranch-house to give the alarm.

Yelling like half a dozen men, Lefever and Scott, as De Spain and his prisoner dashed toward them, separated, let the pair pass, and spurred in behind to cover the flight and confront any pursuers. None at the moment threatened, but no words were exchanged until the whole party, riding fast, were well past El Capitan and out of the gap. For some unexpressed reason—so strong is the influence of tradition and reputation—no one of the three coveted a close encounter with the Morgans within its walls.

"It's the long heels for it now, boys," cried De Spain. His companions closed up again.

"Save your horses," cautioned Scott, between strides. "It's a good ways home."

"Make for Calabasas," shouted Lefever.

"No," yelled Scott. "They would stand us a siege at Calabasas. While the trail is open make for the railroad."

A great globe of dazzling gold burst into the east above the distant hills. But the glory of the sunrise called forth no admiration from the three men hurrying a fourth urgently along the Sleepy Cat trail. Between breaths De Spain explained his awkward meeting with Nan, and of the stratagem he was in when Lefever's strong lungs enabled him to get away unscratched. But for a gunman a narrow squeak is as good as a wide one, and no one found fault with the situation. They had the advantage—the only question was whether they could hold it. And while they continued to cast anxious glances be-

hind, Scott's Indian eyes first perceived signs on the horizon that marked their pursuit.

"No matter," declared Lefever. "This is a little fast for a fat man, anyway." He was not averse, either, to the prospect of a long-range exchange with the fighting mountaineers. All drew rein a little. "Suppose I cover the rear till we see what this is," suggested Lefever, limbering up as the other two looked back. "Push ahead with Sassoon. These fellows won't follow far."

"Don't be sure about that," muttered Scott. "Duke and Gale have got the best horses in the mountains, and they'd rather fight than eat. There they come now."

Dashing across a plain they themselves had just crossed, they could see three horsemen in hot chase. The pursued men rode carefully, and, scanning the ground everywhere ahead, felt as-



They Locked Sassoon Up.

sured of their escape. Though their pursuers rode in at times with a show of rushing, the chase was a stern one, and could be checked whenever necessary. Halting at times to breathe their horses, De Spain with his two companions and their prisoner rode into Sleepy Cat, locked Sassoon up, and went to the Mountain house for breakfast.

CHAPTER VI.

Maintaining a Reputation.

The abduction of Sassoon, which signaled De Spain's entry into the stage-line management, created a sensation akin to the exploding of a bomb under the range. The whole mountain country, which concentrates, sensibly, on but one topic at a time, talked for a week of nothing else.

Experienced men in the high country—men of that class who, wherever found, are old in the ways of the world, and not promptly moved by new or youthful adventure—dismissed the incident after hearing the details, with the comment or the conclusion that there would hardly be for De Spain more than one additional chapter to the story, and that this would be a short one. The most active Morgans—Gale, Duke and the easy-going Satterlee—were indeed wrought to the keenest pitch of revengeful anger. It was an overwhelming insolent invasion—and worst of all, a successful invasion, by one who had nothing but cool impudence, not even a budding reputation to justify his assault on the lifelong prestige of the gap clan.

De Spain himself, somewhat surprised at the storm he had kicked up, heeded the counsel of Scott, and while the acute stage of the resentment raged along the trail he ran down for a few days to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Both Gale and Duke Morgan proclaimed, in certain public places in Sleepy Cat, their intention of shooting De Spain on sight; and as a climax to all the excitement of the week following his capture, the slippery Sassoon broke jail and, after a brief interval, appeared at large in Calabasas.

This feat of the Morgan satellite made a loud laugh at De Spain's expense. It mitigated somewhat the humiliation of Sassoon's friends, but it in no wise diminished their expressed resolve to punish De Spain's invasion. Lefever, who as the mixer among the stage men, kept close to the drift of public sentiment, decided after De Spain's return to Sleepy Cat that the stage-line authorities had gained nothing by Sassoon's capture.

"We ought to have thought of it before, Henry," he said frankly one night in Jeffries' office, "but we didn't think."

"Meaning just what, John?" demanded De Spain without real interest.

If De Spain is wise will he shoot on sight any member of the Morgan gang he meets, without waiting to ask questions or see what his opponent is going to do?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Remove Warts or Corns.

An excellent preparation is made as follows: Salicylic acid, 20 grains; alcohol, one-eighth ounce; flexible collodion, one ounce. Mix together and apply with camel-hair brush over hard surface of wart or corn for three nights. Soak in hot water, when a layer of skin will come off. Then repeat as before until wart or corn is removed.

MAGIC
WASHING STICK
not a soap, nor a bicling, but a
SUBSTITUTE FOR WORK.
25 cents at grocers or from
A. B. RICHARDS CO., SHERMAN, TEXAS

Hupmobile
ask Any owner

WEBER IMPLEMENT & AUTOMOBILE CO.
1900 LOCUST ST.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PATENTS
Watson E. Coleman, Wash-
ington, D.C. Books free. High-
est references. Best results.
Style pamphlet free. Reader
Store, 2342 N. Grand, St. Louis, Mo.

Shoes at Retail
No Danger.
Ella—I have a mind of my own.
Stella—Don't worry about anybody
laying claim to it.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY
is her hair. If yours is streaked with
ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Cre-
ole" Hair Dressing and change it in
the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

All He Had Was Sympathy.
During the severe storm that flood-
ed Galveston and caused some loss
of life and much damage to property,
an artillery officer, on leave of ab-
sence, telegraphed to his superior officer
in command of the coast defenses
at that point:

"Sympathy to the regiment; where
are my clothes?"
The answer was:
"Sympathy from the regiment—you
have no clothes."

HAVE SOFT, WHITE HANDS
Clear Skin and Good Hair by Using
Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the
Ointment to soothe and heal. Besides
these fragrant, super-creamy emol-
lients prevent little skin troubles be-
coming serious by keeping the pores
free from obstruction. Nothing better
at any price for all toilet purposes.
Free sample each by mail with Book.
Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L,
Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

World Laves Music.
An estimate based on figures gath-
ered by the manufacturing department
of the Aeolian company places the pro-
duction of pianos in the United States
in 1916 at 450,000, compared with 226,
000 in 1914. For the first time in sev-
eral years the American piano manu-
facturers find their plants working at
maximum capacity.
Prosperity accompanying the war
has stimulated domestic buying to an
unusual degree, according to the com-
pany. This, coupled with our increas-
ing export business, has created a de-
mand that is taxing factory capacity
in this country. Foreign buying from
new and unexpected sources is ap-
pearing in the market every few days.

Tried Out Motorcar Fender.
Just to prove to an interested pub-
lic that he had a new motorcar fen-
der which would eliminate all acci-
dents, James Locorriero gave a demon-
stration. He had assembled a party of
guests, photographers and moving pic-
ture men, and uninvited persons lined
the sidewalks.

Locorriero stood in the middle of
the street. At a signal a car going at
the rate of 25 miles an hour bore down
on him.

Patrolman took him to a hospital
where physicians dressed his wounds
and permitted him to go home.

He said the accident was caused be-
cause the fender did not hit him
squarely.—New York World.

Friendly Suggestion.
She (romantically)—There are times
when my whole life seems to be filled
with unsatisfied desires.
He (practically)—I used to have the
same trouble until I got the habit of
using the newspaper want columns.

Doomed.
"I wrote this poem to kill time."
"Well, you may be sure that time
will have revenge and kill the poem."

He's a poor musician, who is unable
to play upon your feelings.

**Before starting the youngsters
to school give them a piping
hot cup of**

Instant Postum

School teachers, doctors and
food experts agree on two
points—that the child needs
a hot drink, and that the
drink shouldn't be coffee.

Postum fills the need admir-
ably and its very extensive use
among thoughtful parents,
coupled with the child's fond-
ness for this flavory, nourish-
ing food-drink, show how
completely it meets the re-
quirement.

"There's a Reason"
No change in price, quality,
or size of package.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE

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

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.

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

DIRECTORY

Village Council.

Frank Begnoche, mayor.
Jos. Grill, clerk.
E. J. Stelter, treasurer.
E. A. Marcotte, attorney.
F. L. Martin, E. Gonderman, Harry Baker, Fred Lambert, E. A. Bade and James McCue, trustees.
Meets at Village Hall first and third Monday of each month.

Board of Education

Meets every first Friday following the first Monday of each month at the school hall. E. J. Stelter, Pres., C. W. Reincke, Sec'y., M. J. Mulligan, Peter Belmore, 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, second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

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.
Meets the first Monday of the month at Woodman's Hall, Bradley, Ill.

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

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

St. Joseph's Court No. 190

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

Roman Catholic Church, Bourbonnais

First mass, 7:30 a. m.
Highmass, 10:00 a. m.
Vespers, 3 p. m.

FATHER CHARLESBOIS, 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. E. S. WAMSLEY, Pastor.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Low mass, 8 a. m.
High mass, 10 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. JOHN CODY, Pastor.

Village of Bourbonnais.

F. E. Legris, president.
Eli Marcotte, clerk.
John Flageole, treasurer.
C. T. Morrel, E. J. Lamarre, George Arseneau, Oscar Byron, E. A. Marcotte and A. F. Marcotte, trustees.

Meets every second Monday of each month.

Mystic Workers Lodge 1242

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

S. S. P. and Z. Austrain Society
Meet first Monday of each month at Staudohar Hall.

Bradley Pleasure Club

Meets every Wednesday night at Suprenant Building, West Ave.

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 Staudohar 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.

An Ordinance

Providing for the sale of Lot six (6), in Block thirty-three (33) in the Village of Bradley, County of Kankakee and State of Illinois.

WHEREAS, the Village of Bradley, a municipal corporation of the County of Kankakee and State of Illinois, is now the owner in fee simple of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, which said above described real estate is now vacant and,

WHEREAS, in the opinion of the Board of Trustees of the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, said above described real estate is no longer necessary, appropriate or required for the use of such Village or profitable to, or its longer retention for the best interests of the said Village, therefore:—

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE SAID VILLAGE OF BRADLEY, COUNTY OF KANKAKEE AND STATE OF ILLINOIS:—

SECTION I. That proper steps be taken to obtain bids for the sale of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, in accordance with Section 144, Chapter 138 of Courtwright's Statutes of the State of Illinois, which said described real estate is now owned in fee simple by the said Village of Bradley, Illinois, and which said described real estate is now vacant and not used by the said Village.

SECTION II. That bids for the sale of the said above described real estate be received up to 7:30 p. m., of the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, by the Village Clerk of the said Village, and that said bids be considered and opened at the regular meeting of the said Board of Trustees, to be held at the Village Hall in said Village of Bradley, on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 7:30 p. m. of said date.

SECTION III. That the Village Clerk of the said Village be authorized and directed to publish this ordinance and proposal of sale, in the Bradley Advocate, a weekly paper duly and regularly published in said Village of Bradley, Illinois, for a period of not less than sixty (60) days, in accordance with the provisions of the Statutes of the State of Illinois, in such cases made and provided.

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

The above and foregoing ordinance was duly passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 18th day of December A. D. 1916.

WM. DRESSLER,

Village Clerk.

Approved by me this 18th day of December, A. D. 1916.

FRANK BEGNOCHE,

President of Board of Trustees.

Notice of Proposal of Sale of Real Estate

Public notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an ordinance passed by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Bradley, Illinois, on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1916, sealed bids will be received by the President and Board of Trustees of said Village, for the sale of Lot six (6) in Block thirty-three (33) in said Village of Bradley, Illinois, which said above described real estate is now vacant and not used by the said Village.

That said bids will be received by the Village Clerk of said Village, up to the hour of 7:30 p. m., on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, and that said bids will be considered and opened at a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Village, to be held at the Village Hall in said Village on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 7:30 p. m. of said date.

The President and Board of Trustees of said Village reserve the right, by a majority vote of said Board, to reject any and all bids.

Dated this 19th day of December, A. D. 1916.

WM. DRESSLER,

Village Clerk of the Village of Bradley, Illinois.

Looking Backward

Items taken from THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE of three, two and one years ago, that will refreshen your memory of things that have passed and will serve to remind you of the fact that you are growing older.

Three Years Ago

An infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Staranish died of diphtheria. Mrs. Elva Tighe had a narrow escape from serious injury when she slipped and fell on the ice on the porch of her home.

Open
Evenings

CASH IS KING

Open
Evenings

Several years of merchandising and a close study of a liberal credit system has taught us, that the man who pays his bills has to pay a high rate of interest, not only on his own bills but also on the debts of the fellow who does not pay. Therefore, under a liberal credit system, the honest prompt paying man is pay-too much for the goods he buys, while the slow pay, or dead beat is getting his goods too cheaply. In fact, we all know that the "good pay" are paying for their goods, and about one half of the other fellows. To eliminate this bad feature in our business, we will on February 10th, 1917, adopt the following credit system;

On all purchases amounting to \$5.00 or more, we will require cash or a note bearing 7 per cent interest. All purchases amounting to less than \$5.00, will be handled as a book account, and become due and payable on the 10th of the month following purchase. No more than \$5.00 credit will be extended any one, and credit automatically stops, when the account reaches \$5.00 until bill is paid in full.

These terms apply to all persons having an established credit rating. This new credit policy is not due to the fact that we have found our customers poor pay. On the contrary, we have no fault to find in this respect. We have simply found that we can give you more and better goods for your money, when we sell for cash, or bankable note, as we then have the use of our money in our business instead of having it tied up in book accounts.

Our Store Is Headquarters

for everything needed for the home. We can and will quote you money saving prices on everything needed for the home. See us before buying. Our line consists of paint, wall paper, beds, mattresses, springs, furniture, hardware of all kinds, tinware, enameled ware and aluminum ware. We handle the Famous Free Sewing Machine and the Motor High Speed Washing Machine, the only washing machine on the market that is guaranteed to run easier loaded than others do empty. Every part of this machine is guaranteed for five years. Let us cover your floors with our high grade linoleum. You will be well satisfied. REMEMBER—We guarantee every article purchased at our store to give satisfaction.

Open
Evenings

THE ECONOMY

Open
Evenings

Bradleys Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave.

Bradley, Illinois

Watch THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for our weekly advertisements quoting money saving prices.

Good Things To Eat

The freshest of bakery goods, bread, pies, cakes and rolls. Soft drinks of all kinds. Cigars, tobaccoes and candies. A full line of school supplies. We sell the Guarantee Tablets.

MAT PALZER

Opposite School House

The Eagle Bar

Math. Gerdesich, Prop.

Hot Roast Beef Every Saturday Night

A Pleasant Place to Spend a Pleasant Evening

The best of

Liquors, Wines, Cigars and Sandwiches

Our draught beer is always just right

Tony's Place

Broadway

Bradley, Ill.

THE Fashion
FOR MEN QUALITY CLOTHES FOR BOYS
252 East Avenue, Kankakee, IL

There were two big fires at the State Hospital one destroyed a barn and 26 head of cattle and the other destroyed one of the cottages.

The officials of the Bradley Wks. were entertained at an antique banquet by White, McNamee, LaRue and Rynders at which everything from fuel oil to pig iron was served.

Two Years Ago

Mrs. Philomina Amoit, mother of Wesley Amoit of this city, died at the home of her daughter in Seneca, Ill.

Miss Marie Baisaillion and Zephire Regneir were married in Bourbonnais.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Al McCarthy.

A young son of Mr. and Mrs.

Harry DeLude died.

Joe Beland plead guilty to the charge of assault and was sentenced to one year in the county jail.

Miss Anna Minok and Adam Wiesnoski were married.

An infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stotz died.

An infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Saindon died.

Joseph Chaplinski of the east side underwent a surgical operation.

One Year Ago

The County Club and Botany Club were entertained at the Bradley Mfg. Wks.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Stone.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Art King.
Miss Bernadette Tetrault and Edmond Regneir were married at Bourbonnais.

Compare these times, on my brethren, to the old days when the husband was supposed every time he left his home and also upon his return to kiss his entire brood, which included also in some instances the hired girl and any other female who might happen to be temporarily within kissing distance. Now when we hear a man of 50 sighing for the good old days, we'll have something of an idea as to what he is sighing for.

Life is the same as a poker game. Ask and real poker player who gets the bluffers money.

Mrs. Hanson of Chicago is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ed Gillen.

Fred L. Martin has accepted a position in the office of the David Bradley Mfg. Wks.

G. H. Searle and family will move to Exline in the near future where they will engage in farming.

Albert Hubbard has said, "Life consists of Holy Trinity of Love, Laughter and Labor." How many of us live as if we believed that it consists of eating, working and sleeping.

Man works forty years to get enough money to quit working, and then is in misery if he can't find something to do.

A Short Course in Household Science

The members of the Kankakee County Home Improvement association have been enjoying a week of instructive talks and lessons at the Masonic temple. The following is the program that each and every one has thoroughly profited by and enjoyed each and every days course.

PROGRAM

Monday, February 5
Morning Session
9:00-9:30—Registration.
9:30-10:00—Welcome, Mrs. Smith, Miss Viall, Miss Edmundson.
10:00-11:00—"Three Meals a Day," Miss Newburn.
11:00-12:00—"The New Science of Housekeeping," Mrs. Hessler.
Afternoon Session
1:15-2:15—Recreation and Games, Miss Nellie Bussell.
2:15-2:30—Music, Miss Naomi Robinson, Miss Helen Hawk.
2:30-3:30—Personal Hygiene, Miss Fannie Brooks.
3:30-4:00—Tea—Hostess, Mrs. C. D. Cary.
Evening Session
8:00-9:00—Games in Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium under direction of Miss Nellie Bussell.
Tuesday
Morning Session
9:00-10:00—Sewing and Textile Side of Domestic Science, Miss Hjertstedt.
10:00-11:00—Proper Food vs. Patent Medicine, Miss Brooks.
11:00-12:00—Possibilities of Home Millinery, Miss Edmundson.
Afternoon Session
1:15-2:15—Breads, Miss Newburn.
2:15-2:30—Music from St. Patrick's School.
2:30-3:30—"Some New Lessons in Food Economy," Mrs. Hessler.
3:30-4:00—Tea—Hostess, Mrs. Merle Faxon.
Wednesday
Morning Session
9:00-10:00—Some Short Cuts in Making of Undergarments, Miss Edmundson.
10:00-11:00—Diet for School Children, Miss Brooks.
11:00-12:00—The School Lunch, Miss Newburn.
Afternoon Session

1:15-2:15—"Casserole Cooking," Mrs. Hessler.
2:15-2:30—Music, Mrs. W. R. Bond, Miss Mary Eshbaugh.
2:30-3:30—"Are We in Danger of Mineral Starvation?" Mrs. E. L. Wilson, M. D.
3:30-4:00—Coffee—Hostess, Mrs. Louise Foerster.
Thursday
Morning Session
9:00-10:00—Milk Products, Miss Wheeler.
10:00-11:00—Care of Mothers, Miss Brooks.
11:00-12:00—"Building a Life," Mrs. Hessler.
Afternoon Session
1:15-2:15—Cooking of Meats, Miss Newburn.
2:15-2:30—Musical, Miss Ethel Elliot, Mrs. J. C. Bohmker.
2:30-3:30—"The Business of Housekeeping," Miss Bevier.
3:30-4:00—Tea—Hostess, Miss Grace Morey.
Evening
8:00—Informal Party. Pioneering in Illinois, Mrs. Hessler.
Friday
Morning Session
9:00-10:00—Care of Infants, Miss Brooks.
10:00-11:00—"The Cooking of Vegetables," Miss Newburn.
11:00-12:00—"Art in the home," Miss Bevier.
Afternoon Session
1:15-2:15—"The Girl's Room," Mrs. Hessler.
2:15-2:30—Music, Miss Catherine Curley, Miss Frances McIntosh.
2:30-3:30—Music for the Home, Professor Erb.
3:30-4:00—Tea—Hostess, Miss Potter.
Evening
An Entertainment. Watch papers for announcement.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE—A good seven room house, full lot on Wabash Ave. A bargain. Inquire at the Advocate office.

FOR SALE—Cheap—good residence lots in Bradley. Inquire at The Advocate office.

FOR SALE—A six room house, a good home. A bargain. Inquire at the Advocate office.

MARTIN & SON

Coal and Transfer

Moving A Specialty

Magazine Prices Going Up!

But Our Price To You Remains The Same

OUR OFFER IS EFFECTIVE UNTIL SEPT. 1, 1917

Today's, Women's World, Home Life and Better Farming is by far the biggest magazine value of the season. We've told you so all along. We believe you agree with us.

But Here's More Good News

Today's Magazine has recently announced the purchase of The Housewife, a 50c publication of high standing, and beginning with February, 1917, issue the two magazines will be merged under the name Today's Housewife. The result will be a bigger and better magazine than ever before. The subscription price which is now 50c will be increased to 75c or \$1.00, and will probably become effective April 1, 1917.

Woman's World had just announced that its subscription price will be raised from 35c to 50c. This change will take place early in the Spring, and will be accompanied by a corresponding improvement in physical and editorial make-up of the magazine.

It's Like Striking Oil In Your Back Yard

We are still offering these magazines, together with a year's subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for \$1.75. Get your subscription in today.

The Bradley Advocate

The wise buyer knows that the biggest values to be had in

Hardware, Furniture, Enameled Ware, Aluminum Ware, Stoves, Ranges, Carpets, Rugs, Tools, Cutlery and Household Necessities

are at

The Economy

Bradley's Handy Shopping Store

Broadway and Grand Ave.

Bradley, Ill.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING SERUM

Specialists Find Way to Produce a Clear Sterilized Product Free From Foot and Mouth Virus

A new method of preparing anti-hog cholera serum, which permits the economical production of a clear sterilized product, has just been described in the Journal of Agriculture Research or the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The advantage claimed for the new method is that it makes possible the production of an anti hog cholera serum which can be quickly sterilized by heat to a point that will absolutely kill any germs of foot and mouth disease and so yield a serum that is absolutely safe even if taken from a hog which might harbor foot and mouth disease and yet give no indication of being infected.

The method as described by its discoverers, Dr. Marion Dorset and R. R. Henley, of the Biochemic Division, Bureau of Animal Industry, consists in adding a slight amount of an extract from ordinary white navy beans to the defibrinated hog cholera immune blood which has been the form of the serum used in the past. The addition of this bean extract causes the red cells of the blood to agglutinate and when the mixture is whirled on a centrifuge the red cells pack together and form a rather stiff jelly like mass. It is then possible to pour off a clear serum, leaving behind the red cells which play no part in preventing hog cholera and which in fact simply tend to dilute the serum and render its sterilization by heat impracticable. To increase the yield of clear serum the discoverers added a small amount of ordinary salt and found that they obtained from 70 to 74 per cent of clear serum. The clear serum thus obtained it was found could be heated for 30 minutes at a temperature of 60 degrees centigrade without changing its consistency or lessening in any way its effectiveness in preventing hog cholera. The heating to this point for this time is more than sufficient to kill any germs of foot and mouth disease which might accidentally be present. Practical tests with hogs show that probably all the antibodies useful in combating hog cholera were retained in the serum and the red cells extracted contained so few, if any, of these valuable bodies as to make the residue of red cells useless in preventing the disease.

Before the clear serum was developed, many attempts were made to sterilize by heat in a practicable way the ordinary defibrinated blood. It was found, however, that heating the old product up to 60 degrees Centigrade resulted in more or less complete coagulation of the defibrinated blood and in the destruction of the serum so far as its commercial worth is concerned. It was found that the highest temperature that could be used was 50 degrees centigrade and it was necessary to keep the old serum at this temperature for twelve hours to make certain that the virus of foot and mouth disease was killed. Heating serum at a steady temperature over this long period of ordinary practice is difficult and too expensive.

Attempts also were made to make a clear serum by centrifugalizing. It was found, however, that while the centrifuge would separate to some extent the red cells, they were in such shape that it was difficult to separate the serum completely. An important quantity of antibodies were left behind in the red clot, and the resulting product was a cloudy rather than a clear serum. With this process, moreover, it was possible ordinarily to secure only about 50 per cent of serum. Under the new method it is possible to secure as high as 74 per cent of clear serum, which in actual test has proved to be fully potent. This clear serum, moreover, can be completely sterilized in 30 minutes, whereas the old serum had to be heated steadily for 12 hours.

The new form of serum as far as the Department knows is not yet being made or put on sale by the commercial serum laboratories. As this process was discovered by the Federal government, any one in the United States is free to use it.

RURAL SOCIAL CENTERS

We need social centers where our young people can be entertained, amused and instructed under the direction of cultured, clean and competent leadership, where aesthetic surroundings stir the love for the beautiful, where art charges the atmosphere with inspiration and power, and innocent amusements instruct and brighten their lives.

To hold our young people on the farm we must make farm life more attractive as well as the business of farming more remunerative. The school house should be the social unit, properly equipped for nourishing and building character, so that the lives of our people can properly function around it and become supplied with the necessary elements of human thought and activity.

A screen has been patented that is raised and lowered with a window so as not to interfere with the light when the window is shut.

The latest aeroplane invention is the use of a recording phonograph by which the operator may make notes of his observations.

Laws should be enacted compelling young physicians to practice on cats—because one life out of nine would not be missed.

Radeke Beer---the Doctor's Order

This better beer stands supreme as a beneficial beverage for the tired, fagged and run-down. It aids ailing appetites and deranged digestions. It strengthens and invigorates. It pleases—satisfies—gratifies. It is a master brew of nourishing barley-malt and tonic hops. YOU try it.

A food product of golden barley and aromatic hops

Radeke Beer

Made in Kankakee

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

This May Happen to You WHY TAKE THE CHANCE?

News Item from Kankakee Republican

Thousands of Dollars worth of property is burnt and many people injured and killed every year by explosions of this kind.

DOING NICELY

Mrs. Frank Enos who was severely burned about the face several days ago when she was cleaning some clothing with gasoline, and the fumes from the escaping gas was ignited, is doing nicely.

CAUTION FIRST SAFETY WILL FOLLOW

Send your clothes to this Modern Cleaning Plant and don't take a chance of this kind for the small amount it cost to have your

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

Neatly and promptly done in a MODERN AND SANITARY WAY

THE PARIS CLEANING COMPANY

M. E. CHAPMAN, Prop.

Bell Phone 450. Ind. Phone 1013. 147 North Schuyler Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

Bradley Agency: B & M BILLIARD HALL, Bell Phone 1697

179 Broadway, Bradley, Ill.



you. We buy direct from factories. 200 N. East Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

Having the right kind of a "pull" usually takes all of the "push" out of many a good man. Don't depend on a "pull" to get thru life. "Push" your way thru.

A thirst for liquor beats an umbrella for keeping some men dry.

A man who buys a blind horse should also consult an oculist.

□□□□□□

THE VALUE of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere

□□□□□□

DR. E. G. WILSON

Physician and Surgeon
Kankakee, Illinois

Res. Phone 888-1 Res. Phone 1257.
DR. C. R. LOCKWOOD
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Room 6 and 7
City National Bank Building
BELL PHONE 377

Mrs. Louis Gauthier was called to Kentland, Ind., this week on account of the illness of her mother.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

—13—

Our daily actions are controlled by a variety of opposing influences which are like threads pulling at us from various directions. When for any reason certain of these threads are snapped and the balance is disturbed we are drawn into strange pathways, and our whole lives may be changed through the operation of what seems a most trivial case. In Bob's case the cause approached, all unheralded, in the person of Mr. Richard Cady, a youth whose magnificent vacuity of purpose was the envy of his friends. Comelike, he was destined to appear, flash brightly, then disappear below the horizon of this tale. Mr. Cady greeted Bob with listless enthusiasm, teetering the while upon his cane like a Japanese equilibrist.

"Haven't seen you for ages," he began. "Been abroad?"

Bob explained that he was spending the summer in New York, a statement that filled his listener with the same horror he would have felt had he feared that Bob was passing the heated season in the miasmatic jungles of the Amazon.

"Just ran down from Newport," Cady volunteered. "I'm sailing today. Better join me for a trip. I know—" he cut Bob's refusal short—"travel's an awful nuisance; I get seasick myself."

"Then why play at it?"

Cady rolled a mournful eye upon his friend. "Girl!" said he, hollowly. "Show girl! If I stay I'll marry her, and that wouldn't do. Post-tively not! So I'm running away. I'll wait over if you'll join me."

"I'm a working man."

"Haw!" Mr. Cady expelled a short laugh.

"True! And I've quit drinking."

Now Cady was blunt, but he had a heart; his sympathies were slow, but he was not insensible to misfortune. Accordingly he responded with a cry of pity, running his eye over his friend to estimate the ravages of temperance.

"Up against it?" inquired the other.

"So says my heartless father. He has sewed up my pockets and scuttled my drawing account, hence the dinner pail on my arm. I'm in quest of toll."

"I'll bet you starve," brightly predicted Mr. Cady, in an effort at encouragement. "I'll lay you five thousand that you make a flivver of anything you try."

"I've quit gambling, too."

"As they shoo hands Cady grunted: "My invitation to globe-trot is withdrawn. Fine company you'd be!"

As Bob walked up the avenue he pondered deeply, wondering if he really were so lacking in ability as his friends believed. Money was such a common thing, after all; the silly labor of acquiring it could not be half so interesting as the spending of it. Anybody could make money, but to enjoy it, to circulate it judiciously, one must possess individuality—of a sort. Money seemed to come to some people without effort, and from the strangest sources—Kurtz, for instance, had grown rich out of coats and trousers! Bob halted, frowning, while Ying peered out from his hiding place at the passing throngs, exposing a tiny, limp, pig-ribbon tongue. If Kurtz, armed only with a pair of shears and a foolish tape, had won to affluence, why couldn't another? Stock broking was no longer profitable; and old Hannibal's opposition evidently forced a change of occupation.

The prospect of such a change was annoying, but scarcely alarming to an ingrained optimist, and Bob took comfort in reflecting that the best-selling literature of the day was replete with instances of disinherited sons, improv-



"I Should Like to Know Nice People," Lorelei Confessed.

erished society men, ruined bankers, or mere idlers, who by lightning strokes of genius had mended their fortunes overnight. Some few, in the earlier days of frenzied fiction, had played the market, others the ponies, still others had gone west and developed abandoned gold mines or obscure water powers. A number, also, had grown disgustingly rich from patenting rat-traps or shoe buttons. One young man had discovered a way to keep worms out of railroad ties and had promptly bludgeoned the railroad companies out of fabulous royalties.

Over the stock-market idea Bob could work up no enthusiasm—he knew too much about it—and, inas-

The AUCTION BLOCK

A NOVEL OF NEW YORK LIFE

By REX BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS By F. PARKER

Author of
"The Iron Trail"
"The Spoilers"
"The Silver Horde" Etc.

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much as horse racing was no longer fashionable, opportunities for a Pittsburgh Phil future seemed limited. Moreover, he had never saved a jockey's life nor a jockey's mother from eviction, hence feedbox tips were not likely. Nor did he know a single soul in the business of inventing rat-traps or shoe buttons. As for going west, he was clearly of the opinion that a search for abandoned gold mines or forgotten waterfalls wasn't in his line; and the secret of creosoting railroad ties, now that he came to think of it, was still locked up in the breast of its affluent discoverer. Besides, as the whole episode had occurred in the second act of the play, the safety of building upon it was doubtful at best. Bob's wrinkled brow smoothed itself, and he nodded. His path was plain; it led around the nearest corner to his tailor's door.

Mr. Kurtz's greeting was warm as Bob strolled into the stately showroom with its high-backed Flemish-oak chairs, its great carved tables, its paneled walls with their antlered decorations. This, it may be said, was not a shop, not a store where clothes were sold, but a studio where men's distinctive garments were draped, and the difference was perfectly apparent on the first of each month.

"Kurtz," began Bob, abruptly, "I just bet Dick Cady five thousand dollars that I can make my own living for six months." This falsehood troubled him vaguely until he remembered that high finance must be often conducted behind a veil.

Mr. Kurtz, genial, shrewd, gray, raised admiring eyes and said:

"I'll take another five thousand."

But Bob declined. "No, I'm going to work."

This announcement interested the tailor deeply. "Who's going to hire you?" he asked.

"You are."

Kurtz blinked. "Maybe you'd like to bet on that, too," he ventured. "I'll give you odds."

"Work is one of the few things I haven't tried. You need a good salesman."

"No, I don't. I have seven already."

"Say, wouldn't you like the trade of the whole younger set? I can bring you a lot of fresh customers—fellows like me."

"Fresh customers" is right," laughed Kurtz, then sobered quickly. "You're joking, of course?"

"I'm so serious I could cry. How much is it worth to you to make clothes for my crowd?"

"Well—" the tailor considered. "Quite a bit."

"The boys like to see Dick trimmed—it's a matter of principle with them never to let him win a bet—and they'd do anything for me. You're the best tailor in the city, but too conservative. Now I'm going to bring you fifty new accounts, every one good for better than two thousand a year. That's a hundred thousand dollars. How much am I offered? Going! Going!"

"Wait a minute! Would you stick to me for six months if I took you on?"

"My dear Kurtz, I'll poultice myself upon you for life. I'll guarantee myself not to slide, slip, wrinkle or skid. Thirty years hence, when you come hobbling down to business, you'll find me here."

Mr. Kurtz dealt in novelties, and the idea of a society salesman was sufficiently new to appeal to his commercial sense.

"I'll pay you twenty per cent," he offered, "for all the new names you put on my books."

"Make it twenty-five on first orders and twenty on repeaters. I'll bring my own luncheon and pay my car fare."

"There wouldn't be any profit left," demurred Kurtz.

"Good! Then it's a bargain—twenty-five and twenty. Now watch me grab adolescent offshoots of our famous Four Hundred." Bob took a bus up the avenue to the College club for luncheon.

At three o'clock he returned, accompanied by four flushed young men whose names gave Kurtz a thrill. In spite of their modish appearance they declared themselves indecently shabby, and allowed Bob to order for them—a favor which he performed with a rajah's lofty disregard of expense. He sat upon one of the carved tables, selecting samples as for a quartet of bridegrooms. Being bosom cronies of Mr. Cady, the four youths needed little urging. When they had gone in to be measured Kurtz said guardedly:

"Whew! That's more stuff than I've sold in two weeks!"

"A mere trifle," Bob grinned, happily. "Say, Kurtz, this is the life! This is the job for me—panhandling juvenile plutocrats—no office hours, no heavy lifting, and Thursdays off. I'm going to make you famous."

"You'll break me with another run like this. You don't think they're bluffing?"

"Why should they bluff? They'll never discover how many suits they have. Now figure it up and tell the bad news."

Mr. Kurtz did as directed, announcing, "Fifty-five hundred and five dollars."

"Fikera!" exclaimed the new sales-

man; then he began laboriously to compute 25 per cent of the sum, using as a pad a bolt of expensive white silk vest material. "Thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents is my blackmail, Kurtz. That's what I call a safe and sane Fourth. Not bad for dull times, and yet it might be better. Anyhow, it's the hardest thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars I ever earned."

"Hard!" The merchant's lips twitched, oscillating his cigar violently. "Hard! I'll bet those fellows even bought your lunch. I suppose you mean it's the first money you ever earned." He seemed to choke over the last word. "Well, it's worth something to get men like these on the books, but—thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars—"

"And twenty-five cents."

Mr. Kurtz gulped. "In one day! Why, I could buy a farm for that. How much will you have to 'earn' to cover your living expenses for six months?"

"Ah, there we journey in the realm of purest speculation." Bob favored him with a sunny smile. "As well ask me how much my living expenses must



He Made Love Openly, Violently, Now.

be in order to cover my earnings. Whatever one is, the other will be approximately ditto—or perhaps slightly in excess thereof. Anyhow, nothing but rigid economy—bane of my life—will make the one fit into the other. But I have a thought. Something tells me these boys need white flannels, so get out your stock, Kurtz. If they can't play tennis they must learn, for my sake."

Bob's remarkable stroke of fortune called for a celebration, and his four customers clamored that he squander his first profits forthwith. Ordinarily such a course would have been just to his liking; but now he was dying to tell Lorelei of his triumph, and, fearing to trust himself with even one drink, he escaped from his friends as soon as possible. Thus it chanced that he arrived home sober.

It was a happy home-coming. Bob was in a state of exaltation. He had no desire to blind himself to Kurtz's service for six months or for any other period; nor had he the least thought of living up to his agreement until Lorelei began to treat the matter seriously. Then he objected blankly:

"Why, it was all right as a joke, but I don't want to be a tailor. There's no romance in woolen goods."

"How much do you owe?" she asked. "Really, I've no idea. It's something you don't have to remember—somebody always reminds you in plenty of time, and then you borrow enough to pay up."

"Let's forget the romance and pay up without borrowing. Remember you have two families to support." Noting that the idea of permanent employment galled him, she added, craftily, "Of course you'll never sell another lot of clothes like this, but—"

"Why not? It's like selling candy to a child."

"You can't go with that crowd without drinking."

"Is that so? Now you sit tight and hold your hat on. I can make that business pay if I try, and still stay in the Rainmakers' union. There's big money in it—enough so we can live the way we want to. I'm sick of this telephone booth, anyhow; we'll present it to some nice newsboy and rent an apartment with a closet. This one's so small I don't dare to let my trousers bag. Besides, we've been under cover long enough, and I want you to meet the people I know. We can afford the expense—now that I'm making thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents a day."

"I should like to know nice people," Lorelei confessed. "I'm sick of the kind I've met; the men are indecent and the women are vulgar. I've always wanted to know the other kind."

Bob was delighted; his fancy took fire, and already he was far along toward prosperity. "You'll make a

hit with the younger set; you'll be a perfect rave. Bert Hayman told me today that his married sister is entertaining a lot, and, since the drama will be tottering on its way to destruction without you in a few days, I'll tell him that we're invited out to Long Island for a week-end."

CHAPTER XXII.

Under Lorelei's encouragement Bob put in the next two weeks to good advantage. In fact, so obsessed was he with his new employment that it was not long before his imaginary bet with Cady assumed reality in his mind. Moreover, it became gossip around his clubs; and in quarters where he was well known his method of winning the wager was deemed not only characteristic but ingenious. His exploits were famous; and his friends, rejoicing in one more display of eccentricity, and relishing any mild misfortune to Dick Cady, in the majority of cases changed tailors.

Business at Kurtz' increased so substantially that Bob was treated with a reverential amazement by everyone in the shop. The other salesmen gazed upon him with envy; Kurtz' bearing changed in a way that was extremely gratifying to one who had been universally accounted a failure. And Bob expanded under success; he began to feel more than mere amusement in his experiment.

His marriage had become public, but the affair was too old to be of much news value. Now that he had escaped the disagreeable notoriety he had expected and was possessed of larger means, Bob—inordinately proud of his wife's beauty and boyishly eager to display it—undertook to win social recognition for her. It was no difficult task for one with his wide acquaintance to make a beginning. Lorelei was surprised and delighted one day to receive an invitation for her and her husband to spend a week-end at Fennelcourt, the country home of Bert Hayman's sister. She had not been sorry to give up her theatrical work, and the prospect of meeting nice people, of leaving for good and all the sordid, unhealthy atmosphere of Broadway, bathed her in a glow of anticipation.

Fennelcourt is one of the show places of the Wheatley Hills section. Bert Hayman drove the Whartons out from the city, and Lorelei's first glimpse of Fennelcourt was such that she forgot her vague dislike of Hayman himself. Bert, who had met her and Bob for luncheon, had turned out to be, instead of a polished man of the world, a glib youth with an artificial laugh and a pair of sober, heavy-lidded eyes. That he possessed a keen appreciation of feminine beauty he showed by surrendering unconditionally to Lorelei's charms.

As Hayman's car rolled up the driveway and the beauties of Fennelcourt displayed themselves, Lorelei found her heart throbbing violently. Was not this the beginning of a glorious adventure? Was not life unfolding at last? Was she not upon the threshold of a new world? The flutter in her breast was answer.

Bert led the way through an impressive hall that bisected the building, then out upon a stately balustraded stone terrace, where, in the grateful shade of gaudy awnings, a dozen people were chatting at tea tables.

Mrs. Fennell, the hostess, a plain-faced, dumpy young matron, welcomed the newcomers, then made Lorelei known. As for Bob, he needed no introductions; a noisy outburst greeted him, and Lorelei's heart warmed at the welcome.

A few moments of chatter, then she and Bob were led into the house again and up to a cool, wide bedroom. As Lorelei removed her motor coat and bonnet she exclaimed, breathlessly: "What a gorgeous house! And those people! They weren't the least bit formal."

Bob laughed. "Formality is about the last thing they're famous for. There's liable to be too much informality. Say! You made those dames look like the Monday morning wash-ladies' parade. I knew you would."

"You said this was the younger set—but that awful Thompson-Bellaire widow is here, and that blonde girl I met with her."

"Alice Wyeth?"

"Yes. I thought she was going to kiss you."

Bob grinned. "So did I. She will, too, if she feels like it."

"Won't you have anything to say about it?"

"What could I say? Alice does just as she likes. So does everybody else, for that matter. I've never gone in for this sort of thing very much."

After a moment Lorelei ventured, "I suppose they're all hard drinkers—"

"That wasn't spring water you saw in their glasses."

"Are you going to?" Lorelei eyed him anxiously.

"I can't very well make myself conspicuous by refusing everything; I don't want to look like a zebra in a henyard—and a cocktail before dinner wouldn't hurt anybody." Noting his wife's expression, he kissed her lightly,

"Now don't spoil your first party by worrying over me. Just forget you're married and have a good time."

Music greeted them as they descended the stairs, and they found some of the guests dancing to the strains of a giant orchestra built into the music room. Hayman promptly seized upon Lorelei and whirled her away, but not before she saw the Wyeth blonde making for Bob as an eagle makes for its prey.

Guests continued to arrive from time to time; some from Westchester and the Connecticut shore, others from neighboring estates. One couple in riding clothes, out for a gallop, dismounted and stayed for a trot. The huge tiled terrace began to resemble a Broadway dance.

There was more freedom, more vivacity than Lorelei was accustomed to, even in the gayest downtown resorts; the fun was swift and hilarious, there was a great deal of drinking. Bob, after a manful struggle against his desires and a frightened resistance to the advances of Miss Wyeth, had fled to the billiard room.

Lorelei became interested in watching Miss Courtenay, the girl in the riding habit, one of the season's debutantes, who, it seemed, was especially susceptible to the influence of liquor. Lorelei was glad when it came time to dress for dinner. As she went to her room Mrs. Fennell stopped her on the stairs to say:

"My dear, Elizabeth Courtenay was frantically jealous of you."

"Of me? I don't understand."

"She and Bert are great friends—and he's gone perfectly daft over you. Why, he's telling everybody." Lorelei flushed, to the evident amusement of her hostess, who ran on: "Oh, Bert means it! I never heard him rave so. Quite a compliment, my dear! With a playful pat she went on her way, leaving the young wife weak with dismay. When Bob came in he betrayed an elation only too familiar.

"You've been drinking!" cried Lorelei.

"I had to; I ran fifteen three times. My abstinence is the marvel of the whole party."

"I'm afraid—"

"Say! You can't help sneezing when you have a cold. What's a fellow going to do in a crowd like this? But don't worry, I know when to quit."

In truth he did seem better able to take care of himself than most of the men Lorelei had seen, so she said no more.

As he throttled himself with his evening tie Bob gasped: "Having a good time?"

"Ye-es!" Lorelei could not summon courage for a negative answer; she could not confess that her dream had turned out wretchedly, and that what Bob seemed to consider simply the usual thing impressed her as abnormal and wanton.

"Well, that's good," he said. "I'm not strong for these week-end slaughters, but it's something you'll have to do."

"Is all society like this?" she inquired.

"Um-m, yes and no! Society is like a layer cake—"

"Because it's made of dough?"

Bob laughed. "Partly! Anyhow, the upper crust is icy, and while the lower layer is just as rich as those above, it's more indigestible. There's the heavy, soggy layers in between, too. I don't know any of that crowd. They're mostly Dodos—the kind that endow colleges. This younger set keeps the whole cake from getting tasteless."

After a while Lorelei ventured: "I'm still a little nervous. I wish you'd stay close to me this evening."

"Can't be done," Bob declared. "It's a rule at Fennelcourt that husbands must ignore their wives. Betty doesn't invite many married couples, and a wife-lover is considered a pest. When in Rome do as the tourists do."

Lorelei finished dressing in silence. Dinner was quite different to anything Bob's wife had ever experienced, and if the afternoon had been embarrassing to her the evening was a trial. As the cocktails were served, Harden Fennell distinguished himself by losing his balance and falling backward, to the great amusement of his guests. No one went to his assistance; he regained his feet by climbing a high-backed chair, hand over hand, and during the dinner he sat for the most part in a comatose state, his eyes bleared and staring, his tongue unresponsive.

Lorelei had little opportunity of watching him, since Bert Hayman monopolized her attention. The latter made love openly, violently now, and it added to her general disgust to see that Bob had again fallen into the clutches of Miss Wyeth, who made no secret of her fondness for him.

Lorelei was not the only one to take special note of the blonde girl's infatuation. Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was equally observant and at length made her disapproval patent by a remark that set the table laughing and drove the blood from Lorelei's face. Sometime later Lorelei heard her explain to the man on her right:

"We weren't surprised in the least. Bob's always doing some crazy

thing when he's drunk. . . . His latest fancy . . . pretty, of course, but . . . from some western village, I believe . . . can't possibly last. Why should it? The words were purposely made audible, and during the rest of the meal, when Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was not bitingly sarcastic to Lorelei, she was offensively patronizing.

After dinner Lorelei had a better opportunity than during the afternoon of becoming acquainted with the women of the party, but the experience was not pleasant. She was made to understand that they regarded her not as Bob's wife in any real sense, but rather as his latest and most fleeting fancy. His marriage they seemed to look upon as a bizarre adventure, such as might happen to any man in their set who was looking for amusement.

There was more dancing during the evening. Miss Wyeth continued to monopolize Bob, and Lorelei was offended to note that his resistance gave signs of weakening. She smothered her feelings, however, and remonstrated gently, only to find that he was in no condition to listen. The dinner had been too much for him.

There were many gayeties to enliven the party, and, although outward decencies were observed after a fashion, Lorelei was sickened by the sheer license that she felt on every hand. She had a wild desire to make her excuses and escape from Fennelcourt, but Bob had disappeared, and she gathered that he and Bert were playing off some fabulous wager in the billiard room. Pleading a headache, she excused herself as soon as she could.

"So sorry," said Mrs. Fennell; then, with a knowing laugh: "There's no likelihood of Bob's annoying you for some time."

Once in her room, Lorelei gave way to the indignation that had been slowly growing in her breast. How dared Bob introduce her to such people! If this was the world in which he had moved before his marriage, he had shown his wife an insult by bringing her into it. Surely people like the Fennells, Bert Hayman, Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire, the Madden woman, were not typical members of New York's exclusive circles! Applied to them, "smart" was a laughably inadequate term; they were worse than fast; they were frankly vicious. This was more than a gay week-end party; it was an orgy. Lorelei's anger at her betrayal was so keen that she dared not send for Bob immediately for fear of speaking too violently, but she assured herself that she would leave in the morning, even though he chose to remain.

Still in a blazing temper, she disrobed and sat down to calm herself and to wait for her husband. A half-hour passed, then another; at last she sent a maid in quest of him, but the report she received was not reassuring; Bob was scarcely in a condition to come to his room. Lorelei's lips were white as she dismissed the servant.

By and by the music ceased. She heard people passing in the hall, and distinguished Betty Fennell's voice bidding good night to someone. Still she waited.

When at last the door opened Hayman stood on the threshold, peering at her. She saw that he was considerably drunker than when she had escaped from his attentions, but evidently he knew quite well what he was about.

"Kindly get out, and close the door after you," she directed, still without raising her voice.

The intruder took no warning from her crisp tones nor from the fact that her twilight eyes were as dark as a midnight sky. She stepped to her



Hayman Reeled Away.

dressing table and pressed the pearl push-button, holding her finger upon it and staring at Hayman. He moved toward her, but she snatched one of the candlesticks from among her toilet articles, swung it above her head, and brought the weapon down. Hayman reeled away, covering his face with his hands and cursing wildly; then, Lorelei, guided more by instinct than by reason or memory, found Mrs. Fennell's chamber and pounded upon its door with blind fury. She heard a stir from the direction whence she had come, and Hayman's voice calling something unintelligible; then Mrs. Fennell's startled face appeared before her.

"What's the matter? My dear! You'll wake everybody in the house."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WESTERN CANADA LEADS AS WHEAT PRODUCER

342,000,000 Bushels Wheat in 1915; In 1916 Many Farmers Paid for Their Land Out of Their Crop.

That Western Canada is indeed "Mistress of Wheat" to the extent that its 1915 crop exceeded, acre for acre, the production of any country on this continent is a striking fact proved by the following figures:

In 1915 the Dominion of Canada produced 376,000,000 bushels of wheat, which represented an average yield of 20 bushels to the acre. The United States produced 1,011,505,000 bushels, yield of 17 bushels per acre. The only serious competitors in wheat production in South America were Argentina, with 178,221,000 bushels, or less than 12 bushels per acre, and Chile, with 19,000,000 bushels or 13 bushels per acre.

The three Western Canadian prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced between them 342,000,000 bushels out of the total Canadian 376,000,000 bushels. It will be seen, therefore, that, outside of the United States, Western Canada produced considerably more than the combined production of North and South America. Canada is of course a new-settled country, and the fact that the crop of the United States was practically three times as much is no discouragement. The United States has at present more than twelve times the population of Canada in approximately the same area.

To illustrate further the greater productivity of Western Canadian land, we submit the following figures, showing the 1915 yields per acre in the three provinces of Western Canada and in the states which in that year produced the greatest quantity of wheat. The figures are taken from the U. S. department of agriculture's annual report and from the figures of the Dominion census bureau:

	Bushels per acre 1915
All Canada	20
Western Canada only	29.1-5
Province of Manitoba	28.4-5
Province of Saskatchewan	28.1-2
Province of Alberta	32.4-5
United States, all	17
Montana	26.1-2
Washington	25.1-5
Wisconsin	22.3-4
Ohio	20.2-5
Iowa	19.4-5
Illinois	19
Pennsylvania	18.1-2
Nebraska	18.2-5
North Dakota	18.1-5
Indiana	17.1-5
South Dakota	17.1-10
Minnesota	17
Texas	15.1-4
Virginia	14.4-5
Kansas	12.1-2
Missouri	12.3-10
Oklahoma	11.8-5

In 1916 the crop was not as heavy, but the yields in many districts were very large. So large, indeed, was the acreage under cultivation in 1915 that the resulting crop proved too large to be all threshed the same fall. It overloaded railroads, and made marketing slow. A less amount of fall plowing was done than would have been done in a less heavy year, because the average farmer was too busy with his threshing. All these conditions necessarily reacted upon the acreage seeded in the spring of 1916. Add to this that labor last year, owing to the great number of Canadians who have enlisted, was scarce and high-priced, and one factor in the decreased yield—smaller acreage under crop was evident.

Another factor is that this year Western Canada has experienced, in common with the entire North American continent, conditions that have been less favorable to the production of big crops. The conditions have resulted in smaller yield per acre and reduced grade of grain in certain localities.

The average yield of wheat in the three western provinces is estimated by the government at about 16 bushels per acre, oats 43 bushels, and barley 27 bushels.

The financial value of their crops to Western Canadian farmers has been greater this year than ever before. Owing to the high prices of grain that are prevailing, returns have been received that are extremely profitable. With wheat standing at the present time at over \$1.90 per bushel at the Great Lakes, a wheat crop at present figures would pay the farmer, even supposing he had only the average of 16 bushels per acre, over \$30.00 per acre. A large number are receiving \$50.00 per acre—some have received \$75.00, and a few even more than that.

This price, of course, is not all profit; it represents the gross return, and the cost of operation must be deducted. But it does not, even at the highest figures, cost more than 65 cents to raise a bushel of wheat in Western Canada, so that the profit can be figured accordingly. It must be emphasized that the first crop produces a \$30.00 crop costs the first case, probably less than that. In the United States the same class of land would cost in many districts from \$100 to \$200 per acre, and even then a return of \$30.00 would be considered extremely satisfactory. In Western Canada the best class of agricultural land, capable of producing crops that in size compare with any

country in the world except, perhaps, some European countries, can be obtained at, on the average, from \$20 to \$30 per acre, with irrigated lands somewhat higher. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that a number of Western Canadian farmers have paid for their land entirely from the proceeds of last year's crop, and this includes men who last year began for the first time.—Advertisement.

WORLD FULL OF CONTRARIES

Many of Them Are Hard to Explain, but It Is Certain That They Exist—Some Examples.

The most popular books for children have been written by the childless, and some of the most powerful stories of love and domestic bliss or misery have been written by unmarried women and men.

And then, as you probably know, almost everyone thinks he knows more about other branches of business than the one in which he is engaged.

The average man can recall the time when he thought the other fellow's job was much easier than his, and was haunted more or less with the notion that if he had taken up almost anything but what he had he would have made a great success of it.

It is said there has never, or hardly ever, been a great comedian who didn't believe or think he believed, that his forte was tragedy; and as if not to be outdone, the successful tragedian never ceases to curse the luck that prevented him from being a comedian.

You may not think this is a contrary sort of world, but there are a lot of people who do.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

History Fails to Repeat.

"Well, dad," remarked the modern prodigal, as he was about to shove his pedal extremities under the old man's mahogany, "is the obese calf ready for the slaughter?"

"Gosh, yes!" exclaimed the old granger. "I calkerlate it air; but, plague take it al, I feel kind'r sorry for yew, so I reckon I'll let yew live annuther week."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless

chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

She Had Been Thinking.

"Mother doesn't think she'll go to the theater with us tonight, Albert."

"Is that so? I have got three tickets. What shall I do with the third one?"

"Give it to the man you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us, and you won't have to go out and see him."

Many School Children are Sickly.

Children who are delicate, feverish or cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by mothers for 30 years. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

Scant.

"What is your father fussing about?"

"He was all ready to start for town and he could not remember whether he had brushed his hair or not."

"Good gracious, it would not take him a minute to glance in the mirror and find out!"

"He can't tell by looking at it, he has to remember."

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.

Professional Announcement.

Mrs. Knicker—What is your trade? Weary Willie—I'm a diet squad, mum.—New York Sun.

There is an average of about 350 births and 70 deaths a day in London.

GROWING GRAIN ON DRY FARMS IN WEST



WHEAT CROP IN SEMI-ARID REGIONS.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Humus and nitrogen are lacking more or less in the southern Idaho soils and the dry farmer on the plains is handicapped in furnishing these elements, because of lack of sufficient moisture in the soil to rot any great quantity of vegetable matter. Straw, manure, and legumes should be used to help build up the dry-land soils, but owing to the light rainfall this must be done very slowly.

The dry-farm soils, if properly farmed, will yield good returns. If a profitable rotation can be planned, a permanent dry-farm agriculture practically is assured.

Importance of Good Seed.

The selection and treatment of seed, particularly wheat, is important. Wheat growers and seedsmen often claim that wheat "runs out." Some of the best farmers in southern Idaho ship in Turkey wheat from other localities every three or four years because they say their seed is running out. These growers think that yields decrease and the percentage of yellow berry increases each year the crop is grown.

This is not really the case. If properly handled, the quality of the crop can be improved or at least maintained as long as it is grown in a community. The variety becomes adapted to local climatic conditions. If the conditions are severe, only the best and most fit plants survive.

The results of many experiments prove conclusively that the source of seed has nothing to do with the proportion of yellow berry in the crop in any year. It is proved also that decreased yields need not result from using home-grown seed. Other factors are responsible for the low yields.

Grading Seed.

Grading the seed with a fanning mill will do more to maintain yields than the introduction of new seed. Blow out all the chaff, straw and shrunken kernels. Sow only plump seed, which

contains plenty of food to supply the sprouting plant until the roots are able to obtain food from the soil. Plump grain also is less injured by the smut treatment and always germinates better than shrunken seed. Get a pure, high-yielding variety from your state experiment station or some other reliable source and then take good care of it.

Treating Wheat for Smut.

The first essential in treating wheat for smut is to get the seed to fan the grain well, thus blowing out all light material and any smut balls that may be present. If smut balls still are present, put the wheat in a barrel of water. They then come to the surface and can be skimmed off. The water is then drained out of the barrel, and the seed resacked and made ready for immediate treatment in the smut-destroying solution.

The formaldehyde treatment for smut requires soaking the grain about 10 minutes in a solution of 1 pint of commercial formaldehyde to 45 gallons of water. The seed should then be dumped in a pile, preferably on a canvas, and covered for two hours. This is done to distribute the formaldehyde gas throughout the pile and to prevent the escape of the gas. The seed then should be spread out thinly on a canvas, dried sufficiently to sow in the drill, and put in sacks which have been dipped in the formaldehyde solution. The hopper and tubes of the drill should also be cleansed with the solution, in order to keep the treated seed from smut. It is useless to treat seed and then sow it in a drill which has smut spores in the hopper or tubes. By using preventive measures a great deal of the loss from smut can be avoided. This treatment is also effective in preventing oat smut. For further information on the smuts of cereals, see Farmers' Bulletin 507, entitled "The Smuts of Wheat, Oats, Barley, and Corn."

SATISFACTORY RULE FOR MEASURING HAY

Expert of Washington Experiment Station Tells How to Approximate Weight.

(By E. G. SCHAFER, Washington Experiment Station.)

Eliminating the number of tons of hay in a stack by measuring is often resorted to when it is inconvenient or impractical to weigh it. It is impossible to give a rule for measuring hay which is entirely satisfactory. The following one has often been used and approximates the correct weight:

"Width plus over, divided by four and squared, then multiplied by the length and divided by 512."

The above rule assumes that the cross section of a stack may be obtained by dividing the width plus over measurement by four and squaring it. Stacks vary so much in shape that this cannot be absolutely true with all stacks. The above rule also assumes that there are 512 cubic feet in a ton. The length of time a stack has been built, the size of a stack or the amount it has settled, also the kind of hay—all influence the weight of a certain volume of hay. The above or other rules should not be relied upon unless it is impossible to weigh hay when it is sold.

Problem—Assume that a haystack measures 18 feet wide, 26 feet over (distance from ground on one side up over the stack and to the ground on other side) and 30 feet long.

The solution would be: 18 plus 26 equals 44; 44 divided by 4 equals 11; 11 squared equals 121; 121 times 30 equals 3,630 cubic feet in stack; 3,630 divided by 512 equals 7.09 tons.

OVERCROWDING HENS PRODUCES DISEASE

Plenty of Room in Quarters Will Result in More and Better Eggs, Says Expert.

Overcrowding in the henhouse is one of the direct causes of colds and roup, according to Ross M. Sherwood, specialist in poultry husbandry in the Kansas state agricultural college.

"Egg production is lowered as a result of disease and uncomfortable conditions induced by overcrowding," said Mr. Sherwood. "Every fowl in the henhouse should have nine inches of lineal space on the roosts, and three or four square feet of floor space. If such housing is not provided, the hens will not have room for scratching.

GREEN MANURING IS GOOD ON NEW FARMS

Satisfactory Results Obtained Where Soil Is Deficient in Organic Matter.

(By M. J. THOMPSON, Superintendent Northeast Experiment Station.)

On some of the newer northern farms the soil is rather short in organic matter. With small clearings it is necessary to work the land intensively, and with small herds the quantity of manure available is insufficient to maintain fertility. Consequently animal manure must be supplemented by something else.

To meet this situation the Northeast experiment station at Duluth used the following plan in the orchard set out in 1915: A crop of rutabagas is grown among the trees. After this is harvested the ground is disked, and a crop of rye is sown. This is turned under the following June, and the land is replanted to a root crop.

This is what is called green-manuring. If it is done with care to prevent the possible souring of the soil after several years, excellent results ensue.

ALLOW HEN PLENTY OF ROOM

Exact Ratio Depends Greatly Upon Breed and Yarding—Give Leghorns Four Feet Square.

(By M. J. THOMPSON, Superintendent Northeast Experiment Station.)

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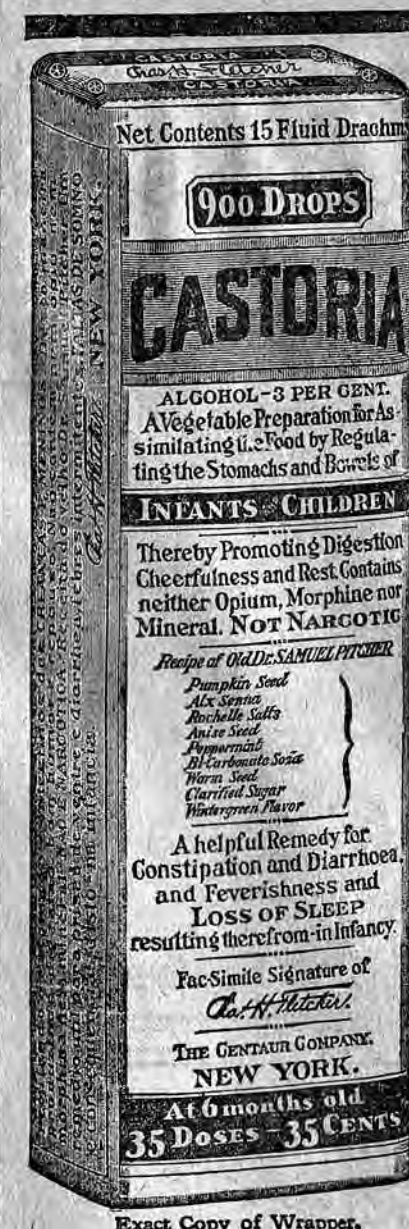
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WHY RHEUMATISM COMES WITH COLD WEATHER!

BY VALENTINE MOTT FIERCE, M. D.

A close connection exists between these two—cold weather and rheumatism. Prof. Alex. Haig, of London, has the most followers in the medical profession in the belief that the presence in the system of uric acid, or its salts in excess, is the real cause of rheumatism. Everyone has recognized the difference in the appearance of their water as soon as it gets cold; there is often a copious sediment of brickdust.



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

Natural Gas.

In the past there has been enormous waste of natural gas, and the total waste is still discreditable to the nation. In the Appalachian field the loss of gas from oil wells, flambeaux, from leaking pine lines and many other methods of waste was not less than 1,000,000 cubic feet daily, and probably much more. The heating value of 1,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas is roughly equivalent to that of 1,000,000 bushels of coal. In one state not less than 250,000,000 cubic feet of gas has been wasted daily, and possibly more than double that quantity, 80 per cent of which might have been easily and cheaply preventable. In the Caddo (La.) natural gas field at least 400,000,000 cubic feet of gas was wasted daily, practically all the waste being preventable. Two wells in this field having an estimated volume of 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 cubic feet a day blew out and burned for one or two years.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

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.

Anesthesia for Dogs.

For the benefit of dogs upon which surgical operations must be performed, Dr. George W. Little of the animal hospital conducted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York has introduced a substitute for ether as an anesthetic. This is nitrous oxide and oxygen, already much used by dentists. Doctor Little has devised a muzzle that is placed over the dog's nose; the nitrous oxide gas is pumped into this till the animal loses consciousness. Then the oxygen is pumped in and the dog is safe for several hours.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following 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.

Economy of Wickedness.

Knicker—Why don't you turn over a new leaf?

Bocker—With paper so expensive?

Very Poor.

"Is he so very poor?"

"Gracious, yes! He's so poor that merely to live is an extravagance!"

Twenty-three operations are necessary in the washing and ironing of a collar.

Men are born, but husbands are made.

Why Rheumatism Comes With Cold Weather!

BY VALENTINE MOTT FIERCE, M. D.

A close connection exists between these two—cold weather and rheumatism. Prof. Alex. Haig, of London, has the most followers in the medical profession in the belief that the presence in the system of uric acid, or its salts in excess, is the real cause of rheumatism. Everyone has recognized the difference in the appearance of their water as soon as it gets cold; there is often a copious sediment of brickdust.

Several causes may lead up to an accumulation of uric acid in the system, which, in turn, causes rheumatism or gout, or creaky joints, or swollen fingers, or painful joints. For one reason the skin does not throw off the uric acid, by profuse sweating, as in the hot weather, and the kidneys are unable to take care of the double burden. Another reason is that people do not drink as much water in cold weather as in summer, which helps to flush the kidneys. Again, they eat more meat in cold weather, and some people are so susceptible that they soon develop rheumatism after eating meat.

At all such times persons should drink copiously of hot water, say, a pint morning and night, and take Anuric three or four times a day. This Anuric comes in tablet form and can be had at almost any drug store. It dissolves the uric acid in the system and carries it outward. I would advise everyone to take Anuric occasionally, and continue for three or four weeks, and in that way avoid rheumatism, gout, and many of the painful disorders due to uric acid. —Adv.

Scandal Averted.

Little Gertrude had been very naughty and had been severely slapped, first by the nurse and then by mother, with a promise of another dose from father when he came home.

She sat on the floor, her eyes filled with angry tears. Suddenly she rose with a determined look upon her little face, and seized her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Out to tell the family secrets to the neighbors," said the child firmly. But she didn't go.

HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is a serious matter with housekeepers as food prices are constantly going up. To overcome this, cut out the high priced meat dishes and serve your family more skinners' Macaroni and Spaghetti, the cheapest, most delicious and most nutritious of all foods. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book, telling how to prepare it in a hundred different ways. It's free to every woman.—Adv.

The Reason.

"The cynical poet says a man's wife is a little dearer than his horse. Now that isn't true."

"Of course, it isn't true. She is a great deal dearer. A man doesn't have to buy his horse a new outfit every half year."

Many a man who follows a band wouldn't have the nerve to face the music.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE—Pleasant to take

In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS aids digestion; pleasant to take; does not gripe or disturb stomach. Adapted to children and adults. Just try a bottle for constipation or indigestion. 50c.

DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis

FOR ABSORBINE

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for manning, the antiseptic liniment for cuts, bruises, sores, swellings, Yaws, Venereal Pains and Inflammation. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Will tell you more, if you write. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Ends Rats, Mice, Bugs, Lice outdoors. 10c and 25c.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 5-1917.

Chicago Dentists

DR. W. E. REID

DR. J. C. KAUFFMAN

High Class Dentistry

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

Located over

Court Theatre

241 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

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

BOTH PHONES: Bell 567; Ind. 184



It Depends Altogether

On How Early or How Late

You send us your order

Which Method of Delivery we use

We aim to reach you on time

Rice Pudding—Wash and boil two tablespoonfuls of rice in water to cover. Dissolve a quarter of a box gelatin in cold water, stir into the rice while hot, cool, add a cupful of sugar, two tablespoons of chopped preserved ginger, vanilla to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of preserved figs. Put on ice several hours; serve with whipped cream.

ORDER THESE EARLY

Nice Beef Roast, Sweet Pot Cauliflower, Choice Rutabaga Turnips, Head Lettuce, Cucumbers, etc. Choice apples for pie with cream cheese makes a very nice desert.

Don't forget to stop in

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

—THE FIRST CHANCE—

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

Worley Smith is a new employee at the Mann Coporation.

Mrs. E. Monell was on the sick the past week.

Joe Lagesse and son, Paul, attended a funeral of a relative in Chicago the latter part of the week.

Herman Martin has resigned his position as newsboy for the B. and M. and Romea Begnoche has taken his place.

John McAndrews, Jr., was on the sick list the past week.

Wm Lucas has accepted a position as fireman on the C. I. and S.

Dick Gorman is a new employee at the Bradley factory.

E. C. Harvey has moved his family from Kankakee to Bradley.

Leo Yott was on the sick list the past week.

Lee Graham was on the sick list the past week.

Oral Durand was numbered among the sick during the week.

Earl Hansen has been suffering with an attack of the measles.

Read your home paper THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

D. Lagesse has returned to his home in Kansas after visiting friends and relatives here.

Lawrence Thorp was a business caller in Harvey Wednesday.

Chas. Boudreau of Milwaukee is here visiting friends and relatives.

Chas. Atwood of Co. L., who are stationed at Fort Sheridan, was a visitor here this week.

Clean your carpets, prevent disease in the home by using dustbane. The Economy, Broadway and Grand Ave. Bradley, Ill.

Alex Batch who has been laid up with a broken rib for the past several weeks, is greatly improved and able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Kite visited at the Hanson home during the week.

Have you paid your subscription?

Have you paid your subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Raymond Wright and E. Burnett were Chicago business callers Tuesday.

Miss Rose Krumreich who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Dawkins, has returned to Chicago.

If you have not already paid your subscription to THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE, start the New Year right and do it now.

Joe Stone received a telegram that his nephew in Chicago died Wednesday.

Grandma Gusich, who has been laid up for six weeks with a badly bruised ankle, is able to sit up now.

Dorothy Wikoff is on the sick list.

Joe LaFlamme, who has been on the sick list, is able to go to school again.

Mrs. Minnie Switzer visited in Aroma Park during the week.

Watch your step and step right into the Economy and get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers.

Subscribe for THE ADVOCATE. You need the paper and we need the money.

(Continued from first page)

for Farmers," by H. W. Danforth, Washington, Ill.

2:15 "The Value of Grain Inspection to Farmers, and the new Grades of Corn," by Jas. F. Mallaney, Bourbonnais, Ill., Deputy State Grain Inspector.

2:45-3:00 "Report of Domestic Science School at State Fair," by Mae Mallaney.

2:00-3:15 Helpful Suggestions Gained at State Fair School," by Elsie Mann.

3:15-4:00 "Children's Ailments and How to Treat Them," by Miss Helen Harlan.

Evening

Northwestern Glee Club of Forty Members, at the Majestic.

EXHIBITS

1. Sanitation on the Farm.
2. Farmers' Office.
3. Feeds of Steers.
Feeds for Dairy Cows.
Feeds for Horses.
Feeds for Hogs.
4. Seed Breeders' Exhibit.
5. Farm Buildings and Plant.
6. Set of Tools Farmers should have.
7. Medicine Cabinet for Live Stock.
8. Medicine Cabinet for the family.
9. Great Exhibit from the University of Illinois.

See Pamphlet describing it in detail.

The Home Paper

The local paper is the only one identified with home interests. It takes note of every happening in your town and you will find a weekly record of everything of interest transpiring in the place. It furnishes a complete compendium of its history, and the longer it continues the more are its interests interwoven with yours. It gives your town notoriety and reputation aboard and puts it in close relation with the outside world. It is a living indicator of your daily business, and a chronicler of all that transpires from day to day and year to year. Stand by it and encourage it to go on improving and adding to your prosperity during the year 1917, and years to come.

Magazines at Bargain Prices

We can save you money on any magazine of any kind, see us.

The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 per year.

The Ladies Home Journal \$1.50 per year.

Etude and McClures \$2.25 per year.

When your subscription expires on any magazine you are now taking, send your renewal to us and we will save you money.

THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Lost

LOST—A cuff button with initial E engraved on it. Lost between Michigan Ave. and Grand Ave. on either Perry or Broadway. Finder leave it at this office and receive reward. 2t

Three cents a week pays for this paper. Can you afford to be without it at this price.

Harley Begnoche who is working near Hersher is visiting home folks.

Fred Frier is working at the Rantz celery farm.

Household necessities of all kinds at the Economy, Bradley's handy shopping store.

E. Gonderman attended the Automobile Show in Chicago the past week.

Tell your neighbor to mail in his subscription to THE ADVOCATE today. The price is only three cents per week; he needs the paper and we need the money.

Emile Allgaier has been suffering with an attack of rheumatism.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for all the home news.

Do it now! Subscribe for THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE.

Albert Marton has accepted a position at the Bradley Factory in the Export Dept.

Hazel Balwin visited friends and relatives in Chicago the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Beckhelm were week end visitors at Fort Sheridan, were they went to visit Mr. Beckhelm's old comrades, the boys of Co. L.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE for all the news.

Harold Chartier was on the sick list the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Lagesse visited in Chicago the past week.

Don't take a chance on the slippery sidewalk get a pair of Reliance Ice Creepers at the Economy and save doctor bills.

Read THE BRADLEY ADVOCATE it costs less the 3 cents per week.

Mrs. William Wade is recovering from a recent sick spell.

Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus \$150,000.00

OFFICERS OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

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



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

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

City National Bank

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN KANKAKEE

Kankakee County Trust and Savings Bank

Two Dollars A Year

will rent a private safe deposit box in our fire and burglar proof vaults.

\$2 is only a fraction of the amount you might lose should one of your valuable papers—such as a deed, mortgage, or insurance policy, be lost or destroyed.

The \$2 boxes are ample for the valuable papers of the average family.

We have larger ones for business firms, societies, and lodges.

Call at our office and reserve your safe deposit box at once!

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

NEW PRINCESS THEATRE

Four Big Days, Commencing FRIDAY, FEB. 9th

THOS. H. INCE'S MILLION DOLLAR CINEMA SPECTACLE

Bigger than
"Birth of a
Nation"

CIVILIZATION

Beyond Com-
parison or
Description

DEDICATED TO THE MOTHERS OF MEN

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD SEE THIS PICTURE

The Most Astonishing, Appalling Picture of Modern Times. "CIVILIZATION" will be shown at the PRINCESS exactly as shown in NEW YORK and CHICAGO

A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of EIGHTEEN

VOCALIST—EFFECTS!

FOUR SHOWS DAILY: Afternoons 1:30 and 3:45, Evenings 6:30 and 8:45

ADMISSION 25c and 50c. Fifty Cent Seats Are Reserved
RESERVED SEAT SALE NOW OPEN

Box office open daily at 10 a. m. Don't wait until the last minute to reserve your Seats. Do It Now and avoid possible disappointment

Special Performance Saturday Morning at 10 o'clock for Children Only.—Admission 10 Cents

WE HAVE BOTH PHONES

Tis True

Abe Martin says "Next to being as good as your wife's folks the hardest thing in the world is to sell sumthin nobody knows you've got." Reckene as how Abe must have been loafin around Bradley sum and heard our merchants kicken about hard times. If you will luk at the advertisin columns of this yer paper you won't find many of them that are advertisin. Reckene as how they jes expects people to cum up and buy without being told what they got to sell. Abe shore enuff must have been round Bradley when he spung that saying.

Resigned Position

Robt. Bell has resigned his position at the David Bradley Mfg. Wks., and will accept a position in Chicago.

TAXES

Bourbonnais Township

You can pay your taxes at: The Bradley Bank, Bradley, Ill. Mondays and Thursdays

Harvey Legris' Bank, Court St. and East Ave., Kankakee, Ill. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Graveline's Meat Market, Bourbonnais, Ill. Tuesdays and Fridays.

P. A. LONGTIN, Collector.

3-2t

Math. Gerdesich transacted business in Chicago several days the past week.

Charles Hutchinson has resigned his position at the car barns of the North Kankakee Electric Street Car Company and has gone to Chicago to work.



Say Farewell to Tub and Board

Use the modern labor-saving, youth-promoting washing machine that enables you to get the clothes on the line by nine o'clock, without hard work, slop, bent back or bruised hands. The

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

has ball-bearings—spiral cut gears—four winged wooden dolly—automatic cover-lift—metal faucet—beautifully finished tub. It runs easier loaded than others do empty; a child can operate it. Washes clothes as white as snow, won't injure even the most delicate pieces. Your money refunded in 30 days if you're not satisfied. A positive 5-year-guarantee with every machine.

Call to see it TODAY!

\$12.75
THE ECONOMY

