Patria
by
Louis Joseph Vance
The Great Romance of Preparedness

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., UNDER THE DIRECTION OF WHARTON, INC.

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THE CAST.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Patria Channing.
MILTON SILLS as Donald Parr.
WARNER OLAND as Baron Huroki.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

SYNOPSIS.

Baron Huroki, chief of the Japanese secret service in America, conspiring to embroil the United States with Mexico, desires control of the great Channing munitions plants owned by Patria—last of "The Fighting Channings" and sole executrix of the $100,000,000 trust secretly created by patriotic progenitors to combat the national perils inherent in "unpreparedness." His schemes failing through the opposition of Patria and her fiance, Capt. Donald Parr, Huroki in revenge causes the destruction by fire of vast stores of munitions in the Channing freight yards near Bayonne—a holocaust in which Patria and Donald escape annihilation by the narrowest of chances.

NINTH EPISODE

Cat's Paw and Scapegoat.

THE CONVENTIONAL THING.

That night had been sultry, a night of heat rendered the more oppressive by humidity, a true Manhattan night of August. But the day that followed broke upon the uneasy city in dawnlight so pitilessly clear that at least one belated wayfarer, half dulled senses suddenly stirring to appreciate that the friendly cloak of darkness was no more for him, was seized with a little fit of shivering, as if chilled.

His trembling fingers strove to draw together the front of his coat, a fruitless effort. Looking down angrily, he discovered a wine-spattered expanse of white gaping between the edge of his dress coat—something, of course, not built to be buttoned.

Mumbling pettishly an inane oath, the belated one glanced furtively round to see whether, by mischance, anybody else were abroad to be a witness to the witlessness; then, reassured to find himself the lonely tenant of an empty side street, pulled himself together after a fashion and resumed a desultory course toward his lodgings.

This was the figure, in the role of rejected suitor for the hand of Patria Channing, cut by Mr. Rodney Wrenn—in his sober senses not inaptly to be termed a gentleman.

As his struggling feet wove their uncertain way upon the sidewalk, a motor car of the touring type overtook him, rounded the next corner, and disappeared. Mr. Wrenn was aware of its transit, but was likewise sufficiently aware of his condition to wish not to be seen, even by strangers. He held his face averted till the car had passed. Had he looked up he would have recognized the face of the woman he loved, or thought he loved, but the recognition would have been one-sided.

She lay, with eyes closed, as if she slept, in the arms of Capt. Donald Parr, her head pillowed on his shoulders, her body enveloped in a coarse, damp blanket, her hair in a disorderly tangle framing a face whose pallor was the shade of parchment.

Donald Wrested the Instrument From Her.

Captain Parr was scarcely less pale, though his eyes were open wide and his face set in a cast of grave solicitude for the woman in his arms.

With him in the touring car were two operatives of Miss Channing's recently organized secret intelligence bureau—Mr. Ryley and a subordinate, both showing the effects of an experience scarcely less trying than that which Miss Channing and Captain Parr had patently undergone.

If any of these identified the man in the street as Mr. Wrenn, he kept it to himself.

After an indeterminate duration in his befuddled consciousness, he found himself unexpectedly at home, the door to his sitting room shutting out the wakening world.

He shivered again, bethought him of a certain decanter whose contents ought to provide temporary relief for jangled nerves, and in search for it came abruptly upon a framed photograph which decorated his study table.

The face that was pictured therein was the face of Patria, smiling, exquisite, provokingly coquettish.

A phase of mock sobriety possessed the mind of Rodney Wrenn as he picked up the photograph and stood staring hungrily at it.

He recalled a day that was scarcely six weeks old, when Patria, the selfsame girl whose counterfeit presentment was smiling into his eyes, had seemed to be wholly his, pledged to become his bride by an understanding no less complete if tacit.

They had been light-hearted lovers on that day, and on many a day that had gone before.

Then, in a twinkling, Donald Parr had stepped between them.

In the opinion of Rodney his subsequent sufferings had aged him swiftly to full manhood. But he was herein self-deluded; he remained a boy, of man's stature but of youthful mentality. As he was presently to prove.

His look grew still more morose as he reviewed the events which had followed the coming of Captain Parr.

There had been a brief time when Donald had seemed to be high in the favor of the girl. So constantly were the two together that the gossip of Newport had excusably bruited their engagement. And that was something which Rodney, for all his resentment, had been able to understand. The boyish hero-worship which he had always accorded Donald Parr still maintained its sway upon his thoughts. It was quite conceivable that the girl should become—perhaps only temporarily—infatuated with such a man.

But all the time she was changing, her very nature was changing incomprehensibly. Hardly had society settled itself to accept Captain Parr as the fortunate suitor when, following one of Patria's business trips to New York, all that was off. Donald was in deep disfavor and Baron Huroki, that sly, suave Japanese, and his constant associate, Senor Juan de Lima, the lanky, crude Mexican millionaire, were constantly at Patria's elbows, with Fanny Adair forming a triumvirate of her intimates.

Coincident had been the banishment of Rodney and his mother, who since Patria's childhood had stood in loco parentis to the girl, managing her several households in town and country, supervising her education, chaperoning her social life.

And now, but a few weeks later—weeks unmarked by any token of contrition from Patria or even of remembrance of their existence—the papers were publishing formal announcement of her betrothal to Juan de Lima!

It was all incredible to Rodney. Such heartlessness, such inconstancy, passed comprehension.

Rage clouded his wits and senses. "Jade!" he muttered sullenly.

Heedless of risk to his hands, he shattered the glass in the frame with a blow of his fist, ripped out the photograph, and tore it across and again.

Then, as the fragments fell to the floor, he sank into a chair, dropped his head on a forearm on the table, and sobbed gustily.

Almost immediately he fell asleep.

At precisely the same time Donald was carrying the semi-conscious girl into the sitting room of his own lodgings, his assistant Ryley hovering in attendance, ready to lend assistance if needed—or permitted.

The door was opened by a half-frantic woman of middle age—Patria's maid—who took the girl to her maternal bosom as soon as Parr relinquished her.

"Oh, my dearie!" she cried. "Where have you came from in such a state?"

"Out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell," Parr answered for Patria. "If you had obeyed orders, Anne, and stayed awake till she was asleep, this would never have happened. She followed me to the Bayonne docks last night; there was a fire—caused by those accursed Japs—and we were caught in it. How we escaped—ask Ryley. I don't know. . . . But don't stand there, staring. Get Miss Channing to bed immediately—get her out of those wet clothes and wrap her up warmly. Don't talk! Do as I bid you!"

The girl had revived sufficiently to walk. As, supported by the maid, she disappeared in the direction of the bedchamber, Parr turned to Ryley.

"It's six," he announced, taking out his watch. "Don't sleep till you get hold of a magistrate and swear out warrants for the arrest of Huroki and De Lima on charges of criminal conspiracy, and causing the Bayonne explosions. Bring the warrants here to me at one o'clock. I'll execute them personally and with bitter vengeance."

"At what time?"

"One o'clock—I must get a little sleep."

"To your hotel?"

"No—here. I'll call here about twelve-thirty to take Miss Channing to breakfast. If we're not in, Anne will tell you where to find us."

"Very good, Captain Parr."

The door closed behind Ryley. Too tired to think, unconscious even of the fact that he still held his watch between thumb and forefinger, Donald dropped into a chair to await Anne's return. Naturally, it was impossible for him to leave before he received first-hand assurance that Patria was resting comfortably. His eyes closed. He was instantly asleep. . . .

It was high noon when he awoke.

Profoundly fatigued as he had been, a constitution inured to all manner of hardship and fatigue had profited tremendously by those scanty hours of repose. If his muscles ached a trifle from resting in an unaccustomed pose, his head was clear and all his faculties alert almost with his first blink.

He started to his feet with an exclamation of dismay; by the watch that remained in his grasp the hour was twelve.

"The deuce!" he grumbled anxiously.

It was too bad; to have turned himself out of his lodgings to provide Patria with a safe hiding place from Huroki, to have moved ostentatiously to a hotel in order to forestall evil-minded gossip if it ever should by mischance transpire that the girl had used his rooms, and then to have this happen! Nothing, not even the utmost liberality in the matter of tipping, would prevail to stop the tongues of the hall attendants from clacking!

And it couldn't be remedied.

"Why didn't you awake me?" he demanded angrily of Anne when that one appeared from the direction of the bedchamber.

"You were so tired, poor dear!" she told him, with a beaming affection that disarmed his temper. "I just couldn't bear to disturb you, after all you'd been through."

"Well," . . . he grumbled uncomfortably. . . . "How is Miss Channing?"

"Still asleep—the lamb!"

"I'll run over to the hotel. . . . Or, wait a minute."

A haphazard glance at himself in a pier-glass had shown him a figure clothed in garments shockingly the worse for close contact with fire and prolonged immersion in salt water. He was in no shape to be seen in the streets.

"You'll find a change of clothes for me in that hall closet," he said. "Please fetch it instantly. I want to clear out of this with the least possible delay."

The woman bustled off, brought back all he desired, made herself scarce. He effected the change with all possible expedition, but was still in his shirtsleeves, knotting his tie, when a knock sounded on the hall door.

Donald hesitated only an instant before opening the door. This would undoubtedly prove to be Ryley, a bit ahead of time. And Ryley was both intelligent and trustworthy.

But it was Rodney Wrenn who stepped in over the threshold as Donald opened the door.

For a moment embarrassment blinded Donald to Rodney's condition. But as soon as the latter spoke, it was unmistakably manifest.

"Look here, Don; I'm sorry to trouble you, but . . . Well, it's this way, mother's all broken up about this row with Patria and . . . And so'm I. It's driving me mad. I've always been foolish about her and—and all that—and it seemed pretty tough to be cut out even by you. But you were at least white. And now the papers say she's going to marry that damn Greaser!"

The boy paused. Donald regarded him uneasily. There was no questioning the evidence of his furred enunciation, his abnormally flushed face and unsteady eyes; he had been drinking, and drinking heavily. A dangerous caller, one to be got rid of with all possible haste.

"Well?" Donald suggested coldly.

"Well . . . I just wanted to ask you for Patria's address. She was at the Ritz, but she's left, and . . . I thought you might know where I could find here."

"I'm sorry—I can't help you out."

There was a little pause. Rodney's gaze wandered past Donald and became fixed. His face even more deeply congested.

"You liar!" he said quickly.

With a groan of dismay Donald rounded on his heel, to see, poised lightly on the threshold of the adjoining bedchamber, Patria—a charming vision of innocent loveliness in the negligee which she had donned over her nightdress when roused by the sound of voices in the sitting room, but a vision of disastrous omen in Donald's sight.

"So this—!" Rodney began furiously.

If he failed to complete what he would have said, it was thanks only to the hand with which Donald forcibly sealed his lips.

"Be quiet, you young idiot!"

With an oath the boy broke away, aimed an uncertain blow at Donald and ran from the apartment.

Without daring to look in the direction of the girl, Donald snatched up his coat and, shrugging into it, pursued.

Overtaking the younger man on the steps outside the front door of the building, Donald caught his arm and held it against his struggles.

"Rodney!" he pleaded. "Listen to me. Be reasonable. You're wrong—all wrong! I can easily explain—"

"Liar!"

The epithet sounded simultaneously with the impact of a gloved hand on Donald's lips. Instinctively this last released Rodney who promptly took to his heels and pelted up the street.

Remembering that he was hatless and wore an unknotted cravat, Donald reluctantly relinquished further pursuit for the time being.

In the Wreckage of the House Lay the Body of De Lima.

"I'll find him at his rooms," he reflected moodily as he turned back into the house. "I'll make him listen. It oughtn't to be difficult; Rod's sensible enough . . . sober!"

AN EXIT.

It was nearer two o'clock than one when Mr. Ryley found Donald and Patria breakfasting in the name of luncheon in the grill room of a quiet hotel.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he apologized. "I'd have been on the dot only for Mr. Huroki. Looks as if he's got wind of these warrants already, somehow—or else he suspects it's high time we were taking some drastic action in his case."

"How so?" asked Donald.

"He's been flying around pretty lively all morning—ever since nine o'clock—calling on the Japanese consul, visiting his bank and a couple of lawyer's offices, and things like that. We had a man after him all the time, of course. Here's his report."

The detective offered Donald a leaf from a pocket notebook blackened with memoranda in a minute hand; the majority of which was a simple, concise record of an active man's busy morning, all going to indicate hurried preparations toward a change of address, the final item alone excited uncommon interest on the part of Donald.

"Stopped at Walton," he read to himself—"lunched in grill with woman he picked up in lobby. Headwaiter says woman is Iris Mayne, common to the town. (Qy.: Is this the Badger Queen?) Joined at lunch by boy with hang-over whom Mayne called from the other side of the room. Couldn't find anybody who knew boy. Mayne and boy hurried away before Huroki finished. H. then returned to residence."

"Is he still there?" Donald inquired, returned the memoranda.

"That's all I was waiting for—to get him bottled up. We've got cops and plain-clothes at both ends of the block in addition to our own men. He won't get away from us so easily this time."

"And De Lima?"

"At last accounts, still abed in his hotel. If Huroki's planning an evasion, he evidently means to leave De Lima to shift for himself. . . . Here are the warrants," Ryley pursued, delivering the papers, "and here's a note that came for you just as I stopped at the house to ask Anne where to find you. Thought perhaps I'd better bring it along."

"Thank you."

With a word of apology to Patria, Donald opened the note. Written in Rodney's unsteady hand, it read as follows:

Dear Don:

I'm frightfully sorry I was such an ass. I ought to have known better. But I'm so broken up about Patria and everything I couldn't see straight. As soon as I get over this katzenjammer, I'm going to ask her to forgive me. For the present, I must ask you not only to overlook my boorishness but to help me out of a bad scrape I'm in.

It's a woman, and it isn't my fault. I'm in wrong—that's all. Only it'll get me in bad all round if anything gets into the papers. Please don't say anything to anybody—just come secretly to this address as soon as you can.

Respectfully yours,
Rodney.

The address was written below the signature: "Hotel Baltimore. Ask for me by my name."

Thoughtfully, Donald refolded and pocketed the note. He was fond of Rodney, and could not refuse the boy's request. At the same time, its urgency complicated matters a trifle.

Summoning the waiter, he settled his account.

"Please take Miss Channing back to my rooms," he requested Ryley. "Then go on to Huroki's. I'll join you there in the course of half an hour or so. Don't do anything pending my arrival. . . ."

The Baltimore was well-known to Donald by unsavory repute.

A sardonic clerk delivered Captain Parr to the guidance of a cynic bell-boy, who left him at the door of a room on the fifth floor. His knock was answered by a handsome creature of some thirty animated years, a woman whose complete self-possession and alluring negligee assorted well with the implications latent in Rodney's note.

"Captain Parr?"

Her tones were as professionally dulcet as her smile was worldlywise. Donald bowed coolly.

"I am looking for Mr. Wrenn."

"He is expecting you. Won't you please come in?"

Donald entered. The woman closed the door and paused momentarily with back to it. He swung around sharply, suspecting that she had turned the key and withdrawn it—for the first time suspecting that Rodney's note might have been a forgery.

"Where is Mr. Wrenn?" he demanded.

"He was called away unexpectedly, but will be back at any moment. Please sit down."

"Thank you—no."

Donald moved quickly to the door. The woman sought to interpose herself between him and it, but he was too quick. A twist of the handle confirmed his surmise; he was locked in with this dangerous animal.

"Be good enough," he said brusquely, "to open without delay."

"But surely you can wait—"

"I have no time to waste. Do as I say!"

"Am I so repulsive, then?"

He shrugged impatiently. "I'm in no mood for nonsense. Open that door!"

"But listen to me . . ."

She came closer, with a sudden lithe movement threw herself upon him, arms clasping his neck.

"You're right, it is a plant, dearie. Mr. Wrenn isn't here—won't be. I sent you that note because I'm mad about you—wanted to get you here—"

"Oh—rot!" Donald ejaculated in disgust; and breaking her hold, threw her from him. "I'll give you one minute to unlock that door!"

For an answer he received a mocking laugh.

"Do you hear?" he asked.

She laughed again. Impatiently he turned from her and looked round the room for something to aid him to break open the door. A stand of fire-irons near the chimney-piece offered a substantial brass poker. Seizing this, he made for the door. Behind his back, the woman seized the telephone and screamed into the transmitter.

"Help! Help! A strange man has me locked in here!"

By the time she had said that much, Donald had wrested the instrument from her.

She relinquished it without much resistance, then darting beyond his reach, paused and again laughed in his face while hurriedly disordering her hair and attire in such manner as to indicate a struggle.

This time Donald answered her laugh with a quiet smile.

"Well," he said, dropping the poker, "you've got me—Mrs. Mayne!"

That was a shot at random, suggested by sudden suspicion; but it told. The woman's hands fell limp; she stared and gasped.

"How did you know?"

He gave a gesture, signifying that her question was immaterial. At the same instant a thunder of heavy blows sounded on the door, and it yielded to a passkey, admitting three sturdy and willing porters.

They made for Donald in a concerted rush, but only to bring up with lifted hands at the point of his pistol.

"Easy!" he ordered. "Steady! Into that room there—all of you. Step lively, and don't crowd! You, too, Mrs. Mayne!"

Herding the quartette into the adjoining bedchamber, he locked its door, and tossed the key out of the open window an instant before three policemen entered. At sight of these Donald quietly showed the badge of a special officer of the New York police department.

"You'll find the people you want in there," he said, jerking his thumb toward the bedchamber door. "Take

"Be Quiet, You Young Idiot."

four of them to the station-house and don't let them go till you've put the fear of the law into their hearts."

He walked out, summoned the elevator, and paused on his way through the lobby long enough to communicate confidentially with the sardonic clerk.

"Just one more break like that, my friend," he said, smiling sweetly, "and you'll lose your license. Remember I have warned you."

Without waiting for response, Donald left the hotel.

As he did so, a taxicab drew up at the carriage block and Rodney Wrenn jumped out and turned to help Patria, who uttered a little cry of pleasure at sight of her betrothed—a cry that, drawing Rodney's attention to Donald, struck the former limp with surprise and dismay.

"Why, Don! I didn't expect to find you here! Rodney persuaded me to come with him to see Mother Wrenn and—"

"Just wait!" Donald interrupted, signaling the taxi man. To Rodney he said quietly:

"Do I understand you told Patria your mother was stopping at this hotel? Or is the truth of the matter that Huroki put you up to this trick, and you brought Patria here to see me led away under arrest—disgraced?"

The boy could neither find words to answer him with or endure his eyes, but stood with head bowed in shame.

Still no answer; but Donald knew that he had guessed shrewdly at the truth.

"Come, dear," Donald said to Patria, and assisted her to re-enter the cab.

Within ten minutes they joined Ryley at the corner of that quiet street in the Murray Hill quarter.

"You're just in time," he informed them; "the trap is ready to spring. Nobody has come out since Huroki returned over an hour ago; but De Lima has just gone in."

"Did he see you, or suspect—?"

"I think not. Only one thing worries me; he used a passkey to open the front door after ringing the bell several times and getting no answer."

"Get your men together. We'll waste no more time."

Ryley's whistle brought up half a dozen men, plain-clothes detectives and subordinates of Patria's private force. Together they moved toward the modest little residence in the middle of the block.

As they approached, Donald, searching its windows with suspicious eyes, detected a face at one—a face that peered out furtively, then disappeared. The brief glimpse he got of it reminded him of De Lima—a badly frightened and bewildered De Lima.

Then they were at the door. One of the men produced a stout jimmy and stooped to apply it to the lock.

Simultaneously a frightful detonation thundered within the building. It rocked upon its foundations. The glass panels of the door broke and fell outwards, shattered by the force of the explosion.

When Donald's party was able to enter, the entire interior of the house was found to be in ruins, completely demolished by dynamite.

Near the front door the body of De Lima lay, pinned between two great timbers, his back broken; the man's death had been mercifully instantaneous.

Further investigation established the fact that Huroki and his creatures, making their escape by way of a secret passage to a house on the downtown side of the block, had planted an infernal machine at the mouth of this passage, so wired that the first attempt to follow would bring about the explosion.

De Lima, arriving too late to accompany the fugitives, and seeking to escape the police, had thus been left to bring about his own annihilation.

(END OF NINTH EPISODE.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say—
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

OCCASIONAL DISHES.

For the family which has toast daily and often have the slices trimmed and crumbs that are left from preparing sandwiches as well as crusts, the problem of wasting none needs careful thought. The crumbs should be well dried, ground through the meat chopper, then made into bread. Take four cupfuls of hot water, a half cupful of molasses, one yeast cake, two cupfuls of graham flour, and three cupfuls of bread crumbs, mix and add enough white flour to make a stiff dough, let rise, work down, place at once in tins, let rise again, and bake.

Four Quarts of Grapefruit Sherbet.—Sometimes when entertaining it may be convenient to use the following: Two and a half cupfuls of water, five cupfuls each of sugar and grape juice, three teaspoonfuls of gelatin, one and a fourth cupfuls of lemon juice. Soften the gelatin in an additional fourth of a cupful of water, boil the sugar and water 15 minutes, cool, add fruit juice and freeze as usual.

Chili Con Carne.—Take two pods of fresh or dried chili peppers, two pounds of round steak, one-fourth of a cupful of pork fat or drippings, one clove of garlic, a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of dried beans, four tablespoonfuls of flour. Soak the beans over night and let simmer in fresh water until tender. Discard the seeds in the peppers or if the dried ones are used soak them until soft in warm water, then scrape the pulp into the water and discard the skin. Cut the steak in small pieces and cook in fat until well browned, add the flour to the fat in the pan and stir until well browned; add the chili peppers and water and stir until boiling. Cut two gashes in a clove of garlic and add it with the other things to the meat. Cover and let simmer two hours, adding water as needed, add salt. Meanwhile the beans should have become tender, season with salt and pepper, and mix all together.

Deviled Ham.—Cut cold boiled or baked ham in uniform slices. Mix together two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, then add Worcestershire sauce to stir to a paste. Spread a little of this on both sides of the ham and broil about two minutes on each side. Serve hot as a luncheon dish.

This is the truth as I hear it:
The clouds are rolling away,
And Spirit will talk with spirit
In the swift-approaching day.
War from the world shall be driven,
From evil shall come forth good,
And men shall make ready for heaven
Through living in brotherhood.
—E. W. Wilcox.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

Prepare strips of stale bread about an inch and a half wide and four inches long, spread with butter on both sides and set into the oven until delicately browned on both sides. When ready to use, spread with mayonnaise dressing, press chopped white of egg in a narrow row all around the pieces of bread, then a row of the yolk of egg, in the center place a tip of tender cooked asparagus and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serve a single canape as one service.

Hamburg Roast en Surprise.—Remove all the skin from a pound and a half of round steak, put the meat through a food chopper; add one egg, beaten light, one tablespoonful of fine chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of salt, one fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, and a third of a cupful of soft bread crumbs. Mix and shape into a loaf longer than wide and set into a baking dish; take out some of the mixture in the center to leave an open space equally distant from each end; into this break two eggs, cover with the meat and sprinkle the top with crumbs mixed with melted butter. Bake a half hour, basting five or six times with pork or bacon fat. Parboil a pint of potato balls, cut with a French cutter, fifteen minutes and place them around the meat when it goes into the oven. Baste the potatoes as the meat is basted. Serve around the meat. Make a sauce after the meat is removed from the gravy in the pan, adding flour, catsup, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper for seasoning. If water is needed to add to the gravy save the water the potato balls were cooked in as it is rich in mineral salts.

Rice With Raisins.—Drop a cupful of rice into a kettle of salted water and keep it at a fast boil so that the grains do not stick together. When tender, drain and add a cupful of seeded raisins and pack into a buttered mold. Steam for 10 minutes, turn out and serve with plenty of butter and scraped maple sugar.

Nellie Maxwell

A Gentle Hint.

He—Do you ever suffer from that "gone" feeling, Miss Flip?
She—Oh, no; there are times when I positively enjoy it.

Pictorial Exercises.

"Does your son indulge in piscatorial exercises?"
"No; he don't care for nothin' but to go fishin'."

The plant from which camphor is obtained in China has been discovered growing wild in the Philippines.

Revelations.

Teacher—Can any of you boys mention any other creature which belongs to the brute creation?
New Pupil—My papa does; that's what my mamma calls him.

Carefree Fellow.

"What sort of a chap is Flubdub?"
"Well, I once knew him to spend his last dollar getting his fortune told."

Troubles never come singly, as some one said and as Russia can prove.

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How the Airmen Fight.

The pitfalls and dangers which an aviator must avoid at the front are becoming more numerous every day. Anti-aircraft guns mounted on fast motor cars, chase around the country behind the lines and prevent the enemy airplanes and Zeppelins from remaining over our territory. This type of battery was responsible for the Zeppelins brought down at Compiegne in April, 1917, and Revigny, in April, 1916. In fact, this invention was one of the immediate causes of the Germans giving up their "strafing" with Zeppelins. The record for distance and height in hitting an airplane with this type of cannon is 15,000 feet in the air at 9,000 yards' distance across country. A very large crew is required to man one of these cannon. Besides the cannon a telephonist gets the report of the position over which the German machine is flying.—Carroll Dana Winslow, in Scribner's Magazine.

RED FACES AND RED HANDS

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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Wanted It Cut Down.

Mrs. Stickitt, a lady notorious for her saving habits, one morning entered the doctor's office, leading by the hand a stoutly-built boy nine years of age and of exceedingly healthy appearance.

"Well, Mrs. Stickitt," said the doctor, "who's my patient? I don't seem to recognize his face. Not a village boy, is he?"

"No, doctor; my nevvy from town."

"Not much wrong with him, I should say," laughed the doctor, pinching his red cheeks.

"It's about his appetite, doctor," said the boy's aunt in a low tone.

"What?" exclaimed the doctor, staring at the well-fed young patient. "Surely he doesn't need an appetizer?"

"Good gracious, no, doctor!" replied the lady, in horrified accents. "I want you to give me something to make his appetite less. He'll eat me out of house afore his month's holiday is up if his appetite ain't cut down!"

The Alternative.

Prisoner—What are my chances?
Lawyer—If I can't hang the jury, you will.

Economy.

"Don't you think gas ought to be lower?"
"Why, it always is in our parlor."

The fewer creditors a man has the easier it is for him to look the world in the face.

The best sardines are sardines. Poor sardines are smelt.

Uneasy lies the head that is full of schemes to get even with somebody.

YOU BET I'M HELPING SAVE THE WHEAT says Bobby
POST TOASTIES
For me 3 times a day

WANTED TO BE INTRODUCED

Bringing In of New Foreman Led to Strike in Munition Factory in English Town.

A novelty in the way of strikes was described at the munitions tribunal, Caxton Hall, England, recently.

It appears that 240 men struck for two days because their employers had shown lack of courtesy in introducing a new foreman without notifying the men of the appointment, says the Chronicle. Proceedings were taken against 25 of the men.

For the workers, the court was told that it was the custom to introduce a new foreman with the remark, Mr. ——, this will be your new foreman in future." The first they heard from the new foreman was a threat to suspend a man.

Mr. Gibb (manager) said it would be impossible to introduce a foreman to 40,000 men.

The workmen replied that there were only 50 men concerned. They did not expect Mr. Gibb to introduce the man to the whole factory or to the young ladies in the shop.

Another workman said that they did not know the foreman's name. He was ordering the men about and they thought that he was a policeman.

The court would not impose any penalty, and hoped in future things would work harmoniously.

An African frog sounds a call under water that can be heard for several miles.

HOW TO MANICURE CANARY

It Is a Job That Must Be Done, But Extreme Care Should Always Be Used.

As a canary grows old, it will be noticed that its claws get long and catch on the perches and wires as it hops about the cage. In a state of nature the activity of the bird as it moves about on the ground or among twigs and limbs keeps the claws properly worn down. Confined in a cage, the bird's claws become entirely too long.

It is necessary, therefore, to trim them with a pair of sharp scissors every few months. It is important to watch the condition of the claws carefully, as by catching they may cause a broken leg. In each claw a slender blood vessel extends well down toward the tip. This may be seen on close examination through the transparent sheath of the claw. In trimming cut well beyond this canal and take special care not to break the leg while handling the bird.

In cage birds the horny covering of the bill, as well as the claws, sometimes becomes distorted through growth without sufficient wear. The tips of the mandibles may be pared down with a sharp knife, but care must be taken not to cut deep enough to reach the quick.

Little Pitchers.

"Mr. Smith, have you got a goat?"
"No, Tommy. Why do you ask?"
"'Cause pa told me he was goin' to get it."

NEW APPARATUS FOR DIVERS

Recently Invented Air Lock Places Worker's Base of Operations at Sea Bottom.

A recent development of the apparatus of deep sea diving is the air lock, a German invention. This is a steel chamber—it is made in all sizes for two or more divers—which is lowered to the sea's bottom (limit 325 feet) to become the diver's base of operations. The chamber is, of course, connected with the surface by the usual air hose, containing telephone cable, etc. It contains all the modern improved tools used by the diver in his work and serves as a ready and convenient refuge in case anything goes wrong with his suit or apparatus.

The advantages of the air lock over the method of working from the surface are described in an illustrated article in the Scientific American. The diver, says the writer, is enabled to use the self-contained diving suit. "Equipped with this, he is cumbered with no air hose, and cannot be suffocated by the failure of the hose or the formation of a kink in it by current or other means. He carries his own air with him in a compression chamber strapped to his back. . . . He has an air purification circuit, by means of which the carbonized air which he exhales is passed over caustic soda or potash, restored to its pure state by chemical reaction, and returned to his nostrils. This operation is repeated indefinitely. . . .

"Finally, he is much less at the mercy of the rapid currents which are so common under the surface. . . . The effects of strong currents upon a vertical cable are to drag the diver up to a higher level and make a sharp kink in his cable and hose. This danger is eliminated by the air lock, for the latter can be lowered to the level on which the diver is to work, making all his connections horizontal."

White Whale in Big Demand.

Ben Nygren, who, with his partner, Sam Torkelson, is making a success of the white whale industry at Cape Nome, is in town. He says that white whales have been plentiful this season.

At the white whale plant at Cape Nome no part of the animal is wasted. Hides, flesh, oil and bones are all utilized. The hides bring a good price and are made into the strongest kind of leather. After the oil is extracted the meat is dried and sold for dog meat.

The oil of the white whale is said to excel the oil of any fish. Some of the local product is so clear and transparent that one can look through it and easily read a paper held on the other side. It sells in England at the remarkable price of $500 a barrel. One single fleet carrying the products of the Norwegian white whale industry recently sold its cargo for more than 26 million dollars.—Nome Nugget.

Rude Boy.

Miss Flirt—"Jack told me last night that I was his very life." Her Brother—"Jack will soon find out how uncertain life is."

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

Foresighted.

Wyse—My dear, there's no use for you to look at those hats, for I have only two dollars in my pocket.
Mrs. Wyse—You might have known when you came out that I would want a few things.
Wyse—I did.

Baking powder men should be able to rise to the occasion.

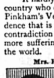
After a man has been married a couple of years he thinks his unsuccessful rivals ought to vote him a pension.

A Medicine for Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Relieved the Sufferings of Women.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

Mrs. Kieso Cured After Seven Month's Illness.



Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my house work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for herself how good it is."—Mrs. Karl A. Kieso, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Could Hardly Get Off Her Bed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I want you to know the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was in such bad health from female troubles that I could hardly get off my bed. I had been doctoring for a long time and my mother said, 'I want you to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I did, and it has certainly made me a well woman. I am able to do my house work and am so happy as I never expected to go around the way I do again, and I want others to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Josie Copner, 1668 Harrison Ave., Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND
Puts a ... Stop to all Distemper
CURES THE SICK
And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and $1 a bottle, $5 and $10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses.
Spohn Medical Co., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Bound to Be Tidy.

A fastidious old gentleman was enjoying a cigar with a friend.

The guest, having reached the end of his Havana, hurled the stump onto the well-kept lawn.

"What made you throw your cigar there?" said the old man, angrily. "See how unsightly it is on the lovely grass."

"That surely won't do any harm," said the other, "for nobody would notice a little thing like that."

"My dear fellow," solemnly replied the old grumbler, "it's just little things like these that constitute tidiness, and tidiness is half the comfort of life."

His friend said no more for a time, and in a few moments he arose hurriedly, disappeared, and was absent for a full twenty minutes.

"Where on earth have you been?" said his host, when he returned at last.

"Oh, I've only been across the meadow to spit in the river."

Too Late.

He was a great pedestrian, but one day his physical energy seemed to give out. Weary and worn and sad, he was beginning to despair of finding rest and refreshment when a small wayside house came into view. The good lady of the house executed her commission to supply her visitor with eggs, toast and tea.

"May I open the eggs for you?" she asked, smilingly.

The young man nodded assent, but, although the shell looked well enough; appearances are often deceptive, and that egg would not have done credit to any self-respecting hen.

He drew back his chair with a sigh.

"Hasn't it been boiled long enough, sir?" queried the lady.

"Yes," he replied, wearily, "but it was not boiled soon enough."

Resourceful.

Stude A—I need $5 and I've only got $4.
Stude B—That's easy. Pawn the $4 for $3 and sell the pawn ticket for $2.

Down to Fact.

"Do you work by systematic arrangement?"
"No'm; I work by the day."

The important event in many a man's life is an accident of birth.

CATARRH
For head or throat Catarrh try the vapor treatment
VICK'S VAPORUB

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
[illegible]

Quite True.

"Would you consider marriage to a count these days?"

"Oh, yes," replied the American heiress. "Some of those foreign noblemen have behaved gallantly in the trenches."

"So they have."

"And after a man has proved himself a hero, the public is willing to overlook his disinclination to work."

Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, sallow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

A Poor Financier.

He—We'll have to give up our intended trip. My account at the bank is already overdrawn.

She—O, John, you are such a wretched financier. Why don't you keep your account in a bank that has plenty of money?

Subsidized.

Mrs. Townley—What! You pay a girl ten dollars a week to cook for you?

Mrs. Subbubs—Not exactly. We pay her four dollars for cooking; the other six dollars are for staying.

J. B. Perry of Alaska gave up a $30,000 a year job to volunteer as an army engineer.

A word to the wise is sufficient—if he is paying for it at his end of the long distance telephone.

C. L. Dickey of Canaan, Me., has 23 living children. He is fifty-eight.

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

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 42–1917.

Where Croesus Cashed His Checks

(BY ELMER E. HURCH IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT)

Nowadays, when everyone is adjured to save every spare dollar for the rainy day, it is interesting to know how rich and poor of ancient times conducted their banks and banking

Ancient Greek Treasury

EVER since man began to collect gold and jewels he has been engaged in designing and building strong boxes in which to keep them safely. Designing persons are always trying to secure what does not rightfully belong to them and there never has been a relaxation from the efforts to keep valuables from the reach of such unscrupulous persons. The result of the thousands of years of such efforts is the modern safe deposit vaults.

The history of man's efforts to retain possession of the gold and jewels he had accumulated is romantic and fascinating, from the time when he used to bury them to the present day. A local trust company has issued an attractively illustrated account of these efforts, which was gotten up for it and copyrighted by a Boston printing company. By their courtesy the following has been prepared:

That burying treasure was once the ordinary method of concealment is indicated by such references as appear in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." Syria and other eastern countries are said to be full of treasure buried before battles and never dug up. No one can estimate the world's buried treasure.

As soon as America was discovered it was overrun with Spanish adventurers attracted by stories of the buried treasure of the South American Indians. The aborigines of Columbia, the Chibchas, built mounds in memory of their dead and filled them with sacrificial stores of gold and jewels. The invaders secured immense booty from these mounds, and it is said that one chief gave up treasure worth $18,000, another $20,000 worth in gold strips and still another $65,000 worth of emeralds and gold. But it was the booty from the sacred lake of Guatavita that the Spaniards most desired. At the great religious festivals on this lake it is said that offerings of gold, silver and gems were thrown into the water to appease the serpent reputed to dwell at the bottom.

Although various efforts were made by Spaniards to drain the lake and secure the gold and gems it was not until seventeen years ago that an English company secured leased rights from Colombia and succeeded in draining off the water. It has been estimated that there are on the bottom of the lake 120,000,000 pounds of gold, however correct that may be. Many thousand dollars' worth already have been recovered.

Odd Hiding Places.

Stories are told of other treasures hidden and never recovered, including the $15,000,000 national treasure of Peru, then it is pointed out that gradually man became aware that better protection must be afforded. The Egyptians concealed much in the soft walls and floors of their houses, probably to outwit the tax gatherers, who called not infrequently. The Egyptians had wooden chests for clothing and family treasures, but they used them little for keeping gold and jewels. In Egypt the church and state were identical, and the crown jewels and public revenue, as well as the sacrificial offerings, were kept in the well-built treasure houses within the temples, the only buildings in the country erected with durable materials. The earliest public treasury of which there is public record belonged to Rameses III, who is reputed to have reigned about 1200 B. C. It was a large stone affair and vaulted. The treasure was kept in clay vases with covers in the form of human heads. Among the temples with secret crypts was the one of granite, at Edfu.

Keys recently found in the ruins at Thebes with straight shanks five inches long and a bar at right angles with three teeth prove that the Egyptians were familiar with certain principles of lock-making until lately supposed to be modern ideas; it is evident that they used tumblers to hold the bolt fast until moved by the key. Keys were first designed only to move the bolt and were not removable. The first mention of a key to be taken from a lock occurs in Judges, 3:23-25; used to fasten the summer parlor of Eglon, king of Moab.

Treasuries of Greek temples still stand. The oldest and the one best preserved is at the oracle of Delphi, built in 655 B. C. It guarded the gifts brought to the shrine. The state treasury of Athens was in the Opisthodomos, a chamber in the back part of the Parthenon, separated from the rest of the temple by heavy bronze doors. Once in four years inventories were taken of the contents of the treasure house. In 431 B. C. Pericles said that there were 6000 tons of coined money on the Acropolis.

Savings in "Thrift" Boxes.

Arrangements for guarding the treasure in the sanctuary of Apollo at Delos were absurdly inadequate in the earliest days. The Greek word for thief, toikorukos, means one who digs through the wall, suggests that premeditated burglary was not uncommon. Chests were the depositaries for valuables among the Greeks. Often they were very elaborate. The Romans evidently made considerable progress towards security, their locks being more efficient than any known to the Greeks. The Roman strong boxes excavated at Pompeii show that they were often of wood, iron bound, and fastened to a block of granite by rods. In Rome, as in Egypt and in Greece, the public funds were placed in temples for safe keeping. The state treasury of Rome, the Aerarium, was in the temple of Saturn. From Roman days to the present century the poor kept their savings in small "thrift" boxes—receptacles of pottery holding from a pint to a quart with only one opening, a small slot. Savings could not be removed without breaking the receptacle. These pottery receptacles often took on odd shapes, pigs, cats, fish, etc. Modifications of the Roman strong box were used as treasure chests in all the countries of Europe during the middle ages and down into the last century. Puzzle locks were one of the developments of early days.

When banking started in Florence in the thirteenth century and large sums of money began to be accumulated by the money lenders safeguarding of valuables became more imperative. Necessity began invention and gradually, through the centuries, progress has been made toward safe-locking devices and veritable strongholds in which to keep gold, silver and all valuables. Yet at the beginning of the nineteenth century strong boxes were not much more secure than those of several centuries before, though they looked more formidable with spikes and iron bands. No serious attempt had been made to secure fireproofing, but the increase in paper money, bonds and stocks and other evidences of indebtedness written on paper made progress in fireproofing essential. The first attempt to secure real fireproof safes took place in France, where they were made with double walls, the space between being filled with non-conducting materials.

The First Safe Deposit Vaults.

Successful burglaries and great conflagrations gave impetus to making safes stronger and brought about the first safe deposit vaults. It was a battle royal between burglars and safe and vault makers for years, but now the latter seem to have completely overcome the burglars.

The highest skill of the safe maker is now devoted to making strong rooms or safe deposit vaults for banks, says the pamphlet. The early vaults were merely rooms of brick or masonry fitted with a safe door of large dimensions. The next step was to line these rooms with metal. Such vaults were possessed by many banks. The first public safe deposit vaults in the United States were built in 1865 for Col. Francis H. Jenks and were located at 140-2 Broadway, New York. The lowest rental charged for these vaults was $20 a year. Two years later Col. Henry Lee built the Union safe deposit vaults, the first of their kind in Boston, at 40 State street. In 1871 there were six safe deposit companies in the country.

At first only a small part of the public appreciated its need for the protection offered by these fireproof vaults. But the great Boston fire of 1872 proved an impressive object lesson. Guarded by troops, the Union safe deposit vaults were a center of excitement. Frantic box-holders, alarmed by the annihilation of property on every side, had to be forcibly restrained from taking possession of their valuables. After the fire was over it was found that properly constructed vaults preserved their contents unharmed, while safes of the very best make could offer no effectual resistance to the fire. This conclusion has been confirmed by every great fire, notably the fires of Baltimore and San Francisco.

The structural strength of safe deposit vaults has been gradually increased to a point exceeding all possible demands upon it. A vault made of solid plates of manganese several inches thick and nine feet square, so hard that it cannot be machined once it is cast, is encased in a concrete wall two feet thick. The vault rests upon a foundation especially prepared for it and is usually so constructed as to be entirely separate from the walls, floor and ceiling of the building in which it stands, so that it may be patrolled on all sides by watchmen who are on duty day and night. The structure of steel has thick double doors with complicated locks of which only one person knows the secret, or the secret may be divided between two or more persons, no one having the entire combination. The inner door is provided with a lock set on different combination from the outer and known only to another person or set of persons, and this will work only upon the running down of a clockwork mechanism at a certain prearranged time. Thus at least two responsible persons are required to open the vault, and they cannot do it between time of closing and that set for opening.

The time lock obviates the possibility of a person being compelled by burglars to open the vault, and its construction also prevents the insertion of an explosive.

During business hours these heavy double doors stand open, and an inner door or gate of light grilled construction is used. The inside walls of the vault are lined with steel compartments of various sizes. To gain access to one of the boxes kept in these compartments two keys are needed. The custodian has a key which must be turned in the lock before the key of the tenant will open it. The key to each compartment is different, and no tenant can open any box but his own, nor even that without the assistance of the person in charge. No tenant can enter the vaults or gain access to his own rented compartment without being accompanied by the custodian. In addition to these safeguards, efficient burglar alarms are provided which give immediate notice of any tampering with the vault.

WORSE THAN AUSTRIAN FOE

Italian Soldiers, Fighting in the Alps Find the Snow and Sun Their Worst Enemies.

The Italians holding down trenches in the Alps have two enemies to deal with, the Austrians and the snow. Of the two the Italians prefer to encounter the Austrians. As it is, they have to face both and get along as best they can, says Popular Science Monthly. In order to do this they supply themselves with gunpowder and rifles for the Austrians and black grease and glasses for the sun.

A recent photograph shows four members of an Italian scouting party about to partake of their midday meal. Their faces and hands are besmeared with black grease to protect them against the burning rays of the sun, which are doubly strong when reflected from the snow. They prefer to use vaseline, but that is too expensive. The snow not only burns the faces of troops, but it injures their eyes, so that sun glasses have to be worn. Needless to say, the black grease and the sun glasses make the Italians excellent targets against a background of white snow.

However, the Alpine Italian troops do not always use grease and sun glasses. When there is hot fighting to be done in the Alps, they don snow-white suits and even paint their rifles white. In such a uniform they are practically invisible.

Never joke a man about his salary.

Rod for Chastisement.

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge" or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the choristers and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the scepter" implied the holding of regal dignity. The scepter with the dove possessed the additional signification of the holy ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereigns. The same idea was conveyed at Reims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.—Good Words.

Salt Health Essential.

"If the human race should be deprived of salt even for a period of a few months," said a physician, "we would not only lose a natural healthful incentive for our food, but disease, with all its attendant miseries, would spread with such relentless speed as to defy the efforts of the most skillful doctors of the land.

"Ailing persons frequently refuse sugar, but they seldom turn up their noses at common salt. That is because there is in the body a deficiency of chloride of sodium, and nature intuitively excites the desire for it.

"Salt is essential to health and life and is as much a food as bread or flesh. If there is no wish for salt in a person doctors uniformly conclude that disease in some form is lurking unsuspected in the system."

GUILTY FLEE, NONE PURSUE

Two Abandon Auto and Whisky in South Dakota When Conscience Stricken.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—A combination of guilty conscience and booze resulted in the Lincoln county authorities capturing an automobile which had been abandoned by the owner. In the automobile was found a quantity of liquor, which the driver of the car had smuggled into South Dakota, in violation of the state-wide prohibition law.

Worth Feldman was trying out a new motorcycle behind the automobile. The occupants mistook him for an officer, stopped the car and fled.

The machine bearing an Iowa license number was confiscated.

Passengers Brave Sea's Perils.

An Atlantic Port.—An American passenger steamer in the coastwise service went aground in a shoal off the New England coast, but was floated, apparently uninjured, after eight hours. The passengers and crew remained on board.

Requisitions Space on All Vessels.

Paris.—President Poincare at a cabinet meeting signed a decree providing for the requisitioning of cargo accommodations on all vessels—French, allied and neutral—for the service of the government.

The army wants photographers and telegraphers. They will help take the place of the old-time scouts.

THROUGH STEEL FOOT THICK

Great Power of the Fifteen-Inch Guns Now in Use in the European War.

We hear much and have read more about the power of big guns and havoc they create, yet very few people really understand the immense power behind one of these modern engines of destruction, writes a war correspondent. What, for instance, do you understand by the "power of a 15-inch gun?" To get some idea, suppose a wall 12 inches thick and made of the hardest steel; then take an automobile and drive seven miles away from the wall. Arrived at that point you will find a big gun aimed at the wall you have left seven miles behind and which you cannot see. Go over to the gun and pull the lanyard. The steel that you release by pulling this lanyard will travel through the air the entire distance you have come by automobile and will go right through the 12-inch steel wall.

The most powerful land guns ever made are the German howitzers, or 16.5-inch guns. The most formidable steel and concrete forts are cracked open by these huge guns as though they were made of paper. Naval guns cannot be developed to the same size as land guns because it is more difficult to handle one of these aboard a ship. For that reason the greatest effective range with a naval gun is from eight to ten miles. The largest naval gun is the 15-inch gun on the famous British superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth, while the German 42-centimeter howitzer, which reduced Antwerp and other fortresses believed impregnable, is the most powerful land gun. The great guns aboard the Queen Elizabeth fire projectiles which weigh a ton. The United States, however, now has guns defending the Panama canal and New York, which hurl through the air a mass of metal weighing almost 400 pounds more than the British superdreadnaught's guns.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 30 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Wonderful Cow.

According to this advertisement in a Connecticut paper there is a cow in New England which is possessed of rare accomplishments:

"Wanted—A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

A Long Wait.

Clerk—But you just bought this novel and paid for it.
Customer—Yes.
Clerk—Then why do you wish to return it?
Customer—I finished it while waiting for my change.

Not There.

"You are praising up this suite as extremely desirable, but I can't see the point."
"Of course not, ma'am. This is a flat."

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today eases the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1696 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

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

A Natural Mistake.

The Manager—What's the kick about the sleepers I sent to fill up the band?
The Bandmaster—No brains. That rummy with the saxophone is smoking his instrument.

His Caliber.

"The noble Brutus was a cad."
"How do you make that out?"
"Didn't he cut an old friend?"

Very Generous.

"Do you always let your wife have her own way?"
"Yes, and mine, too."

Character.

"Is she a good nurse?"
"She must be; she's awfully homely."—The Lamb.

J. A. Page, dead in Boston at ninety, was 50 years headmaster of Dwight school.

W. M. Van Nordon of New York wants 500,000 Chinese imported to work American farms.

WRIGLEY'S

S. O. S.
Send Over Some
WRIGLEY'S

Keep your soldier or sailor boy supplied. Give him the lasting refreshment, the protection against thirst, the help to appetite and digestion afforded by Wrigley's.

It's an outstanding feature of the war—"All the British Army is chewing it."

AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavor Lasts

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT LEAF FLAVOR
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

Rolling Rapidly.

Tom Moore called on Campbell one evening, and in the course of conversation Campbell mentioned a poem he had just composed and the manuscript of which he showed to Moore. It was entitled "The Battle of Hohenlinden," the last line of the first verse of which read:

"Of Iser rolling rapidly."

When Moore was departing he slipped on the stairs, which caused Campbell to ask:

"What's that? What's that?"

"I, sir, rolling rapidly!" instantly replied Moore.

Different Methods.

The prison visitor on his usual rounds noticed that a new man occupied a cell that had been empty for some time.

"My friend," he began, "may I ask what brought you here?"

"The same thing that brought you here," replied the convict; "a desire to poke my nose into other people's business, only I generally used to go in by the basement window."

Why buy many bottles of other Vermifuges, when one bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will act surely and promptly? Adv.

Money Talks.

"Reginald Grabcoin asked me to marry him last night," said Miss Gadder. "I've never heard a more eloquent proposal in my life."

"Did he use flowery language?"

"Oh, no. He said, 'Miss Gadder (Marjorie), my father is worth $10,000,000 and I'm his sole heir.'"

Unfair Question.

"I'll never ask Jibway to lend me another cent!"

"Did he hurt your feelings?"

"I should say so! I asked him to lend me a dollar until Monday and he asked me, 'What Monday?'"

Luck.

"Are you superstitious?"

"I believe some men are luckier than others. But I never in my life met one who would own up that he was lucky. So what's the difference?"

We must learn to read before we can read to learn, and learn to listen before we can learn by listening.

When a young man trifles with that which is sinful he is in danger of becoming trifling.

Jennie Seiler succeeds her drafted brother as mail carrier in Greenwich, Conn.

A pretty girl is apt to be less interesting than the bank account of a homely maid.

Some men can be eternally on the job and still not accomplish much.

Didn't Win by His Teeth.

A Philadelphia dentist had the nerve to publish a picture of Washington with this statement underneath:

"Our first president owed his wonderful health to sound teeth."

I assume that the dentist knows more about teeth than he knows about history, writes a correspondent in the Philadelphia Ledger. Washington's teeth were his one physical defect. They amounted almost to a facial blemish when he smiled, and one sour critic of our first president who knew him well said the reason he so rarely laughed was his dislike to showing the ravages of decay in his mouth.

Learn to Listen.

Men like the girl who can chatter, but they love the girl who can listen. There are so few of us who learn this in early youth. But as we get older we realize that people in general would rather talk to a good listener than to be entertained by the most brilliant conversationalist in the world.

If you are not popular with men and with women, make up your mind to find out why you are not. Study yourself and try to realize if you are disloyal, unsympathetic, opinionated or selfish.—Exchange.

How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

"Twilight Sleep" Has Competitor.

"Twilight sleep," it is said, will be superseded by the use of nitrous oxide-oxygen gas to make childbirth painless. The latter gas, the new use of which was discovered by Dr. Carl Henry Davis, in Rush Medical college, is practically harmless, while "twilight sleep" is regarded by American doctors as being extremely dangerous to the patient.

Nitrous gas, according to Doctor Davis, deadens all pain, but allows freedom of thought and action. A patient under its influence can follow instructions, and it need be inhaled only in small quantities and at infrequent intervals to be successful.

A Polarity Indicator.

An ordinary potato may be used to tell which is the positive and which is the negative terminal of a circuit. Insert the two current-carrying wires into the freshly-cut surface. A green stain, due to dissolved copper, indicates the positive wire. If both wires are surrounded by dark-colored stains the current is alternating. If you haven't a potato handy, place both terminals in water. Bubbles will collect at the end of the negative wire. If the water is in a metal vessel be very careful not to let the wire touch the metal or a short circuit will be formed.

A Letter From Washington

The Food Administrator Writes Us:

"The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration. The wheat needed for export is thus conserved, and at the same time healthful food for our own people is provided. The circulation of recipes providing for these uses would be of assistance in carrying out our plans."

The following recipes for Corn Bread and Rye Rolls save wheat flour and make attractive and wholesome food for every day when made with

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

CORN BREAD
1½ cups corn meal
½ cup flour
4 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening
Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well; pour into well greased pan and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

RYE ROLLS
2 cups rye flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¾ cup milk
½ tablespoon shortening
Sift dry ingredients together, add milk and melted shortening. Knead on floured board; shape into rolls. Put into greased pans and allow to stand in warm place 15 to 20 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Our red, white and blue booklet "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar recipes sent free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, Dept. W, 135 William Street, New York.