# 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 Gallagher.
MILTON SILLS as Donald Parr.
WARNER OLAND as Baron Hurski.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

SYNOPSIS.

Patria, last of "The Fighting Chance," returns to Greenwich Village, where she is known to her friends as Mrs. Vernon Castle, after a year's absence in the capitals of the European belligerents. Although the United States are not at war, the country is in a state of preparedness. The physical counterpart Elaine, a beautiful girl, is also in New York, and waits for Patria's return.

## FIFTH EPISODE

### The Island God Forgot.

In the breathless hush of that bright midsummer day the island rested amid still waters like a great pellucid emerald of glowing sapphire.

No land was visible in any quarter, but the island was not remote.

Early as the hour, little more than an overgrown sandbar, a desolate patch of salt-bitten sand plodding up vegetable valuable than coarse beach grass, it was charted and known by long-shore seafarers as Limbo Island. But few if any of those had ever taken occasion to visit it; they knew it by tradition but what it was, or passed it by. Only of late years had it grown accustomed to the shelter and shade of the colony of Japanese fishermen having chosen it for their home.

As the sun rose, so did these simple folk; by twos and threes they emerged from their rude dwellings and went about their business. Some embarked in battered craft to draw the nets and coax the seines with which they were used from the sea an apparently perennal abundance. Others swarmed upon a little shoop that had come in overnight to a crude dock that jutted out into the least exposed harbor of the island, and began loading and emptying its hold of a cargo of miscellaneous provisions. A man who kept beery packing cases, one who were under the supervision of the master of the habit of authority together with the wreck of what had once been a khaki uniform, the customary inhabitant of the island seemed to have no set task; and this was not a Japanese.

The sun was high when Patria Gallagher awoke at its rays, lounging sullenly out of a dwelling slightly more pretentious than its neighbors', a prevailing tone, wellnigh white dark, of countenance of Latin cast; his clothing of the simplest; he carried no shirt, trousers worn and patched, an old belt with a rusty buckle and no more, not even shoes.

The gaze with which he reviewed the too familiar aspect of sea and sky was eloquent of unaltered ennui. His mouth twitched; his eyes fared with ty; he dismissed it with a gesture of passionate discontent; shrugged, picked a coarse cotton bag of tobacco and a packet of brown papers from a hip-pocket, deftly with one hand rolled a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled exhaustively, and slouched off. He bare feet following indifferently the beaten pathway out of the dunes.

Near the dock he paused with a little lackluster gaze regarding the activities of his Japanese associates shoving

Patria About to Escape From the Island.

the sloop. Then turning his back to these he drifted idly down the beach in the wave-parted sands. A few hundred yards farther on, and he checked abruptly, with a low-pitched cry of wonder. A curve of the island had brought him within view of the body of a woman that lay huddled on the beach, half in, half out of the water. The woman's face was hidden, but the hand exposed to the light he knew by the ring on the second finger of the left. It was Elaine, the woman he loved. A convulsion of fear and rage shook him. He stood with the name of a Fall River steamboat on its stern.

Starting down into that exquisite face, a look of mingled consciousness and cruel kindled in the eyes of the man. Rising abruptly, he raked his surroundings with furtive and suspicious glances. At length satisfied that none watched him, he stooped, gathered that frail young form in his arms and darted swiftly away, not as he had come, but inland through the dunes. Two short minutes sufficed for the journey; he came into the fastness of the lava stealthily, pausing to make sure it was unmolested before hurrying into his dwelling. But the hut was not with him; without his knowledge, he was observed; the door had not closed upon him and his salvage when a little Japanese slipped quietly from the adjoining hut and trotted hastily toward the harbor. . . .

The girl opened dazed, uncomprehending eyes upon a scene so strange as to seem unreal. But, for a moment, she was afraid to confess to herself that she had awakened from a dream. Others swarmed upon a little shoop that had come in overnight to a crude dock that jutted out into the least exposed harbor of the island, and began loading and emptying its hold of a cargo of miscellaneous provisions. A man who kept beery packing cases, one who were under the supervision of the master of the habit of authority together with the wreck of what had once been a khaki uniform, the customary inhabitant of the island seemed to have no set task; and this was not a Japanese.

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"Senorita, you have been washed ashore on Limbo Island."

"Where is that?"

"Southeast of Newport—about thirty miles."

"And why are such great quantities of high explosive stored on Limbo Island?"

"Senorita—I cannot nothing from you—I am your slave—"

"Answer my question."

The muzzle of the pistol remained in close proximity to the tin of silvered tooth-powder.

"Perquoi?" he stammered "because Japan uses this island as a secret depot for munitions—"

"To be used in the event of war with the United States?"

"Si, senorita—yes."

"Thank you, Gregory. . . . Now fetch me food . . ."

### CHANGELING.

About mid-morning, a young man becomingly attired in riding clothes surrendered his horse to the care of a groom and ascended the steps to the veranda of the Channing cottage on the Cliff walk.

To the doorway a footman waited in great him with the manner of welcoming an intimate of the household.

"Good morning, Captain Parr. It's a pleasure to see you again, sir."

"Thank you, Gregory. Is Mrs. Wrenn at home?"

"I believe so, sir."

"And . . . Miss Channing?"

"Miss Patria arrived by boat early this morning, sir."

"Please say to her, I am waiting for me ride she promised me . . ."

"Very good, sir."

The footman stepped back into the house and disappeared. Captain Parr remained on the veranda, seeming idly to admire the view, in reality oblivious to it, preoccupied with private considerations of no unpleasant complexion.

Sounds of stifled lamentation disturbed him.

He discovered a pleasant-faced young woman in nurse's uniform standing behind against the newel-post at the foot of the staircase, weeping loudly and copiously.

"Why, Anne! What's the matter?" The woman showed a blowsy, tear-stained face. "Oh, Captain Parr, my heart's broken! I don't know what to do at all. It's discharged I am, sir."

"Discharged? Parr could hardly believe his ears.

"Miss Patria is after discharging me—



"Keep Away!" Ordered Patria.

without notice, sir—and all these years I've served her and never a cross word—"

"But why? What did you do?"

"It's my crumstances, sir. I happened to drop her hand mirror, and it broke. I'll did. And then it was like herself, sir, for the few into a rage, and she and stamped her foot at me, and called me a clumsy fool, and said after all them seven years' bad luck, and wouldn't have me about the house, and told me to pack my truck and go, that myself, and . . ."

"Did she say 'fired,' Anne?"

"Yes, sir, Captain Parr—"

"It doesn't sound like Patria—"

"It doesn't, sir. For the matter of that she ain't seemed like herself about the whole affair on the boat last night."

"What dreadful affair?"

"You haven't heard about it, sir? A terrible accident in the afternoon near Miss Patria went out of her boat and overboard and was drowned, sir."

Comprehension disappeared as Mrs. Gilbert Wrenn, Patria's chaperon, appeared from the house and hurried to her son Rodney. At sight of Parr they stopped, wondering exclamations from her half-sobbing.

"Rodney—a boy of yours—"

"Leave him to me—I know! I pull the trigger!"

Parr threw himself coldly at the door, wrenched it open, started out. Rodney barred his way. From a sash-loop he set on a rifle presented by a stocky, bull-necked Filipino. "Captain Parr!"

"Captain Hakuwell's orders: you no passa a prisoner till you give up the woman!"

Between the devil and the deep sea, the Mexican threw himself on the muzzle of the gun.

"Senorita—in the name of pity—!" he screamed shrilly. "Come in—shut that door—lock it . . . Now tell me food . . ."

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Donald's heart like an icy hand. . . . Donald knew that if the last night were the night of the Fall River steamboat's departure.

Pausing only in his mind, Parr reviewed the situation. He knew that if the woman who might or might not be Elaine were not she, he had no right to turn on him for bodied gravely.

Parr felt pity for the poor girl, but, if do so want you to be the first to have promptly to carry out Hurski's orders.

To the Mexican, alert to rise with the brilliant smirk of self-satisfaction and bow. "Senorita—I am your slave—"

Donald's mouth twitched; his eyes fared with ty; he dismissed it with a gesture of passionate discontent; shrugged, picked a coarse cotton bag of tobacco and a packet of brown papers from a hip-pocket, deftly with one hand rolled a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled exhaustively, and slouched off. His bare feet following indifferently the beaten pathway out of the dunes.

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## TEACH YOUR SON CITIZENSHIP

**Few Mothers Realize Ideals of Citizenship Carried by Son, Must Be Fostered in Childhood.**

It was not long after the war broke out that Queen Alexandra of England protested 5 little that her footmen's pea-coat was not in keeping with the uniform of the country.

And it was King Alfred who first made the suggestion that it would be well for me to teach him how serious a thing it is to be a citizen.

Every mother should surely some at some time the desire to see her son grow serious a thing it is to be a citizen."

In fact few mothers realize that the ideals of citizenship which their sons should have them more or less fostered in their boyhood days.

Every time a mother teaches her son to regard the interests of the family above his own she is teaching him to be a good citizen. And every time she teaches her son that being a member of a family carries with it obligations as well as privileges she is teaching him the meaning of citizenship.—New York Evening Sun.

**When Frankness Hurts.**

Candor and frankness are such boon companions of things that it is a pity they should ever be allowed to degenerate into mere brutality. Sincerity can be truth and tactful. Bluntness turns the truth into a sort of blindness with which to beat down and destroy. Frankness can be the truth a helping hand held out to rescue.

## LUMINOUS HATS IN LONDON

**Devised to Check Rise in Night Accidents in Streets of the British Metropolis.**

Under the heading "Luminous Hats for London, or a War-Time Device for Darkened Streets," the British official press bureau has issued the following article, the New York Times states:

"London has invented, for war-time use, a luminous hat whose dull phosphorescent glow helps to reduce the risk of collision in London's darkened streets. Both men and women are wearing the new luminous hats, which warned thereto by the terrible rise in the number of street accidents since precautionary measures against Zeppelin compelled the blackening of the street lamps. These accidents, most of them occurring after dark, long ago 24,000 during the first nine months of 1916. Of these 677 were fatal. Recently a coroner suggested that motorists should wear white hats at night time. A tradesman took the hint and invented the luminous hat. This is the story:

"The difficulty, of course, was to find a suitable substance. Phosphorus is too dangerous—it is inflammable. It also smells and would probably damage the hat. I discovered a firm who are employing a mixture of sulphides made into a liquid. It does not damage the material, is tasteless by day, and gives off a striking bluish light at night. Moreover, the more it is exposed to daylight or artificial light—the more it shines. The hat-brim used is saturated with the luminous liquid, and is then dried. Another method is to paint the brim with a brush dipped in the liquid. The effect is equally good.

"The cost is small—a penny or twopence per hat. The hats are not expensive, and can be washed with soap and water. They are not affected by rain, and will last for months. Their use is entirely voluntary, but they are rapidly becoming popular."

## FINALLY OVERTAKEN BY FATE

**Neat Comment Made by Brother Officer When Informed of Illness of Well-Known Looter.**

Lieut. Ben L. Maloney, who is a well-known figure on the western front, who directed a government motor-truck company in the Philippines, is a study of the famous Chinese philosophers.

"A certain officer in the American forces failed to preserve the proper reputation of his corps in the matter of looting," writes Lieutenant Maloney. "Whereas most American soldiers gathered souvenirs of the war, and sent the Chinese by the way in which they refrained from robbing the natives, this one officer vied with the European troops in looting. He was especially partial to ancient brass and bronze images. Sincerity can be such and tactful. Bluntness turns the truth into a sort of blindness with which to beat down and destroy. Frankness can be the truth a helping hand held out to rescue.

"Another contingent fell ill and was sent to the field hospital. Two fellow officers were discussing the matter.

"'What's the matter with Captain Yonker?' asked one.

"'Oh, suppose he's finally fallen a victim to vertigris poisoning,' said the other."

**Reparies.**

Being clever at repartee consists of having at your tongue's end the words which come to others an hour later.

**The Plain Truth.**

"We are going to entertain company tonight."

"Some people you like, I presume."

"Mercy, girl! We would lose our social standing if we entertained people we like."

**That's Easy.**

Wife—You can't believe everything you hear.

The Husband—Oh, no; but you can repeat it

The Rescue.

It doubt existed in her mind as to the identity of its pitiful burden. Elaine it was, and she was cruised by his hail.

Quick—swift—off to meet the sloop! Patria was no more afraid; without hesitation he dived and struck out.

Little more than a minute later Parr was at the sloop's side, and in the midst of the pandemonium, then to a seat beside the helm, with Elaine's head resting riches-belted over the waters and his own arm supporting her shoulders.

She was no more than settled in her place than Parr, with a single glance at the controls and the seaplane skimmed the water and the harbor in a long, graceful curve, then began to rise.

Parr, looking back, saw Hakuwell below the biplane, Captain Hakuwell with the expression of a man who has been defrauded of his rightful revenge, and who has been robbed so quickly the wrong has not had time to register.

For the shark was in a state of siege; the Mexican was in a state of collapse; and Parr could hardly believe his eyes when he found himself in full possession of his sublimated.

**Fall River, June 27.—While the** Fall River steamboat Elaine was **wealth was off Point Judith last night,** the body of a woman, **invalid suffering from melancholia,** was found and identified as that of **side by jumping overboard.**

Coroner Thomas Wilcox, City Direc**tory does not contain the name of Mrs.** John Ferdinand Smith.

Slowly Donald lowered the newspaper, staring at the printed page with a dazed words of that morning's issue. Above it his eyes met Elaine's, and he read in them the dreadful fear of the truth.

What . . . Horror gripped


## A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Your money will be refunded if DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR does not relieve your Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Shortness of Breath, Wheezing, Nervousness and Sleeplessness. Sold by druggists everywhere. Trial package by mail FREE. Dr. R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

## DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

A Few Grades.

Senator Kern got a letter from an old friend who has a little country place and wanted fish to put in a cute little pond.

"Send me a school of bass," request ed the friend.

"I'm not sure about your school," wrote Senator Kern wrote back, "but I'll try to send you a few grades."—Republic.

**Swiftly Changing.**

"What is the principal change in the countries in Europe?" asked the teacher.

"Rulers," answered the observing young student. "I knew them yesterday, but today's paper hasn't come yet."

# Too Sick To Work

## Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

### Convincing Proof of This Fact.

Ridgway, Penn.—"I suffered from female trouble and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I had four doctors and three different ones getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health so I now do all of my housework which is a large family. For three years old."—Mrs. O. M. Hinkes, Ridgway, Penn.

**Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.**

Tyrrell, Ga.—"I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for my family. I had a dull, tired, dizzy feeling, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got the right medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited."—Mrs. W. E. Lindsey, R. H. 3, Tennille, Ga.

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

## PATENTS

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Books free. Highest references. Best results.

## Agents!

**His Best One, Too.**

The newly-elected mayor of farmers in a little market town, when in stalked in a state of Val Gardena went.

"Whatever's the matter, Stitz?" asked his friend. "You look quite ill."

"Why, that bill collector has been to see me and has abused me."

"What did he call you?"

"He called me concerned with him."

"How did that affect you?"

"I don't know—wit I broke my best pitchfork handle over him."

**Hi-ny Tootin.**

A pompous man's setting a Mr. Modre at dinner party when hearing about his ancestors, and said: "And pray, Mr. Modre, where do you come from?"

"Oh," said his Highter, "I am a humble native of Dixie."

"How do you make that out?" said the pompous one, turning to the lady next him.

"Is this way," said Mr. Moore, smiling. "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one more!"

**Still Worse Prehament.**

Mary Jane Potter was telling about a horse running away with a woman, and she was laid up for six weeks.

Boastful Ben—That's nothin'. A friend of mine once fix away with a horse, and he was laid up for six years.—Bray Station.

**Better Unsold.**

She (compunctiously)—So many people tell me I sing like a bird. Do you think so, Mr. Jobbins?

He—Well, I've heard a bird do you sing, but I've heard a nightingale.

She—Oh, like a screech owl.

A wise man never attempts to guess the use of fancy work made by a woman.

It's better to be honest and sleep well at nights than go have money and worry.


Who wants bread and butter when a feller can have

POST TOASTIES

says Bobby

MADE OF CORN



## Do you feel tired, sleepy, have no ambition? If Tutt's Liver Pills

Stop the system in perfect order

Give You Appetite

Make you strong

## In Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA

Fac-simile Copy of Wrapper.



## DAGGER IN THE BACK

(END OF FIFTH EPISODE)


## HIS OLD DREAM CAME TRUE

**Miner Was Killed in the Manner That Was Foretold in Vision Twenty Years Before.**

In a lecture at Blackwood Rev. M. Griffin of Cross Oak, a district in the Welsh mining region, which as vigorous as ever, referred to the supernatural and mysterious power that controls us in every moment. Outside the chapel one of the miners whom he had known as a boy was killed by a fall of coal. Inside the chapel, on the same one night, that the meeting was held, the miner's sister fell on the floor and died.

The dream was so vivid he gave it to the congregation in his old age. America. Twenty years later he returned to Blackwood and sought work in his old colliery. He was told that there was no room in the mine, but he still stuck to his old, and was engaged for him in the impending strife. While engaged there his pick accidentally struck a prop, which fell and divided him from his old mate, there and then the twenty-year-old dream was fulfilled.

## BRAZIL'S WEALTH IN IRON ORE

Brazil is said to have the largest known deposits in the world of 70 per cent iron ore, practically free from phosphorus. The state of Minas Geraes alone is estimated to have 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 tons about 300 to 400 miles from the seacoast, and bodies of iron ore exist in other states of Brazil, according to Percival Farquhar in an address at a meeting of the federal trade council, New Orleans. Our eastern mills, says the Engineering Record, have expanded, should take a new phase with our increasing export of steel and steel products, can use this ore to advantage, as well as limonite, where it will allow low-grade and high phosphorus ores to be used by mixtures.

According to the department of labor statistics, wages in all parts of the country during the year just passed have advanced from 5 to 15 per cent.




## A PHYSICAL WRECK

**Laid Up in Bed, Barely Holding Onto Life. Doan's Effected Marvelous Recovery.**



"Without wanting I was dragged to the brink of the grave by malignant kidney disease," says Mr. Wm. Boyington, 116 Columbia street, Bay City, Mich. "I continued to stop eating and lost 40 pounds in weight. My back ached so I could not stand erect. Dizzy spells and nervousness added to my misery. Doctors did me no good. Then I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a few days I felt relief coming and in a short time I was entirely cured. I have had no return of the trouble since."

Mr. Wm. Boyington

Despite the best of treatment, I grew worse and was taken to the hospital. I didn't improve, however, and was brought home again, where I lay suffering for six months.

"Toward the last of 1913, a friend brought me Doan's Kidney Pills and I began using them. The first box helped more than all the doctors had done and I continued to use them as directed when I was completely cured. I have had no return of the trouble since."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Get Doan's at Any Store. Ask a Man

DOANS KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

## Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Shortness of Breath, Wheezing, Nervousness and Sleeplessness. Sold by druggists everywhere. Trial package by mail FREE. Dr. R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

## DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR



Indigestion produces Biliousness and Constipation. Celery-Quinine Nerve and Liver Pills prevent Indigestion. 25c. Adv.


**Not Such a Fool!**

There is an amusing little story about Sir Eric Geddes on a boy which shows the new first lord of the admiralty composed of supercilious at an early age.

He was somewhere about ten when, on being given half-a-crown by his father, he went to the forthwith went and pocket money for a second or third hand spent it all on a pair of boots. The extra expenditure was discovered, and the culprit was, of course, severely reprimanded. The next day he returned, having sold the boots—blacker for \$15.


## CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION

**While You Sleep With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.**

On retiring, gently smear the face, especially where a refrigerant is used, with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and continue bathing a few minutes with the Soap. The influence of this treatment on the pores extends through the night.

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

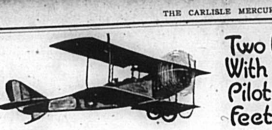

**Tempted.**

"Children," said the very quiet and persuasive elocutionist, "do you ever feel tempted to tell a lie?"

"Yes," commented Broncho Bob, "sometimes when a feller's tempted to bet the town barkshite, as that a temperance lecturer is a drunkard, or that he wake us up with one of those good old-fashioned shivers."

**Wound Up.**

A member of parliament had emptied the contents of a bottle of Kruschen Salts, according to the leaflet, and was looking around at the empty bottle when his friend asked: "I am speaking to posterity." "Don't you mean your own audience before you?"



Much can happen in a brief time; in a sky filled with friend and enemy—but aviators forget there's death on all sides during battle

Written by a Captain in the Royal Flying Corps for the New York Herald Magazine.

THE high command considered it a brave bombing expedition, but I thought of many things as I sat in the mess waiting for the hour to arrive. I knew that I was young, but he was to be married in a month, and I thought of him with it.

He was generally known as the "Lark" of singing in the air. His name was Lorrimer, and he was a favorite with all the officers. I mused on my fate against the fortune of war, and wondered what the end would be.

"Good," said Captain Lorrimer. "Then we need not worry. A tension is going into me—I can feel it—and my eyes are going."

"No, I have to stay here and arrange about these machines that are coming out."

"Well, you might ask the machine gun officer to test my gun, will you? It jambs rather yesterday. It may be intermittent," and the second in command turned off.

All that afternoon the mechanics worked at the machine guns, and by evening they were in a fit state to "strafe" the Huns. It was a perfect night, and that night the five pilots were detailed for the operation.

The sun was just beginning to rise when the machines were ready for the dash to the front. Lorrimer's machine was the last to leave the ground. He was the pleasant little fellow, and I remember that we had breakfast together. There are always two pilots in each machine, as well. Take your time from me and watch for the machine guns. Remember, it is the last man who counts. Good luck to you."

The party broke up and the flight commenced. Then the machines were served with naval engines.

One of the ting spinners at the mill were the watched them as they ascending, and promised to send a cab for them, as was London Pie Day.

The cab duly arrived, and the two brothers entered and were driven off. Before even one of the machines had reached the drive to the wedding, the engine of the cab, which was a new one, ceased to run, and the party could see that the driver was in trouble.

All went well until the cab came to a level crossing railway arch, which the train was just entering. The driver succeeded back to take his bearings, and, seeing the train, put on a spurt and got over the line, but in so doing struck one of the windows on either side, stopping the train.

Early hours are kept in France, and

## CONDENSATIONS

Africa is three times larger than Europe.

The supply of singing birds has been cut off by the War and canary prices have risen.

Rejected cartridge shells have been used by burglars to force and made pin-hole flower vases.

Many a man whose name pall cannot be changed often a knock-down blow when he hears his name called.

Argentina has built near Bahia Blanca the largest dry dock in South America, capable of handling the largest battleships of its navy.

A hammock-shaped life-saving boat has been invented in Russia, large enough for a man to lie in and paddle with his hands and feet.

A new piece of farm machinery is a sheep-shearing machine with rotary shears and it is self-loading.

Electricity is being used to kill insects in a receptacle in which fumigation is done.

Scientific fishermen use boats with glass bottoms, through which they watch fish so that they leap over the sides into the boats.

Egyptians build their houses and even their tombs of sun-dried bricks, and the ancient Egyptian tombs are still standing while other things of that period have disappeared.

Eggs are preserved in a solution of water glass, which is a cheap and effective method.

Water is sometimes found in the Sahara desert at a depth of 1,000 feet.

Embezzlement is a fraudulent appropriation of another's property by a person to whom such property has been entrusted or into whose hands it has lawfully come. Embezzlement differs from larceny in that the property was lawfully in the embezzler's possession when he converted it to his own use, while in larceny the criminal intent and the taking existed at the same time. Embezzlement implies a relationship between the parties beginning with criminal intent.

## "Frozen Music."

The saying "frozen music" as applied to architecture, has often been attributed to Mme. de Staël. To her we also owe that "the dull ear of the North is deaf to the delicate and changeless melody." The dictionaries of quotations credit Goethe with the German, Schelling. Erkermann, in his "Conversations," attributes the saying to Schelling.

## Optimistic Thought.

Men are striking; principles every thing.

## RAZOR SLIPS, CUTS HIS KNEE

**Unusual Accident in Easily Explained When the Facts in the Case Are Known.**

New York—The client at one of the big hotels knows a tall Scot from trouble was when a razor slipped from his hand, but that he wanted some explanation, because his razor had slipped and nipped his shin.

The Scot's face was free of blemish.


## Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

**Harvest the Crops — Save the Yields**

In the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States Forces and the Canadian Overseas Contingent are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom of the Seas. Canada has sent 400,000 men to the front, and has many more out of the harvest period requires the assistance of every man, woman and child in the country. Canada needs help to harvest her crops, and the call is urgent. Canada must have help, and she looks to the United States to help her in her hour of need.

**The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.**

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers between the United States and Canada has been arranged by the Governments of the two countries. Under this arrangement workers will be admitted to Canada free of duty, and will be granted transportation at reduced rates. Those who can help should communicate with the Director of Colonization, Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, who will furnish all information necessary. Farmers who can help should write to the Director for information.

**HELP FOR CANADIAN HERCHEONS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED !!!**

**Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of the 12,000,000 ACRE WHEAT YIELD.**

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to Confinction and the return is the concession to the United States.

**High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings**

Apply to Canadian Consul, Canadian Government Agent, or to Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Information Bureau, 19 Rector Street, New York City, N. Y.

**W. S. NETHERY, Room 82, Interurban Bld. Bldg., Columbus, O.**

Canadian Government Information Bureau.



## WRIGLEY'S

As beneficial as it is enjoyable—in other words, doubly beneficial: that's why

**WRIGLEY'S**

is popular the world over. Many a long watch or a hard job is made more cheerful by this long-lasting refreshment.

## BEGINNING OVER

By ANDREW PHELPS.

That was surely a love match between Ned Richards and Dorothy Wilkins. Ned was a bookkeeper and Dorothy was a stenographer when they met, but Ned "just a girl" living at home, there a poor boy and a voracious, but he generally spent it at the soda fountain. What he didn't know about the country and agriculture would have filled a big book. Dorothy knew about bookkeeping would have filled another.

As for Miss Dorothy, she knew that there was from grass, and that milk came from cows, but those facts had never interested her much and she had never gone beyond them.

They loved. It doesn't make any difference whether they fell in love at first sight, or waited for three months and when Miss Dorothy had promised to be Ned's wife, they started in to be a big garden behind it. Ned's idea was to grow all the vegetables they could consume, and sell the rest. There should be a large acreage of potatoes, for a big garden behind it should keep Dorothy supplied with at least two years. Ned knew about how much potatoes he must be needed, however, and it was in this moving that he got his first jolt.

Ned knew how to buy a lawnmower and a hoe, and they rented a horse and wagon with it, but he did not know that potatoes were sold by the bushel, and it after this instead of pushing it he had to buy a wheelbarrow. He got a hoe and laughed, to his humiliation, when he found that Dorothy could get a ball day off and went to a ball game with Ned's friend, Jack Hunter, a carpenter came with lumber and said he would build a chicken house.

They had planned to keep geese, and they had the carpenter build a pen for them.

In July and far past planting time Ned's hoe had accomplished about three rows of corn and potatoes and the chicken house was finished. Ned had provided with a hoe to "...as a cosmetic," and Dorothy had found it a beautiful harvest. Had a dozen down and sold on credit, and Ned had got paid black at an enemy. All round them the vegetables were growing, and were so much about agriculture as they did about bookkeeping. Dorothy was the wife undertook brought a present to her husband, and he owned. When the hens were brought home Dorothy was sure they were laying eggs, and they began to die off. It was only after the last one had died that Ned was sure he had been watered that they had been poisoned.

The leader looked at his watch, "Phew! Five minutes late and no mistake. Now, then, Ned, look out, C. O. says!"

The turret at once for home, followed by the other three." But the machine gun officer's machine . . . It must have been attacked on the way home. They circled round, looking for the machine, and fell in for inspection. Their patrol had vanished.

## FRANKLIN LOVER OF PEACE

**Philosopher Emphatic in Declaration That "There Never Was a Bad Peace or a Good War."**

I felt with you most cordially in your hatred of war," wrote Franklin, "I hope it will be lasting and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason enough to settle their disputes without cutting throats; for I cannot but think it wicked and detestable trade, and destroying the harvest of all the earth by the misery of one poor family."

Franklin's hatred of war was not confined to the "carnage" of battle. He knew that the "calamities" of the soldier begin rather than end with the battle. The leader looked around to see how the others were faring. The machine gun officer's machine was missing badly. He was unable to keep up with the wing his duties. And other things were missing.

## A True Shot.

Two Hun machines were passing a thousand feet below them. As they were the leader and his observer started for earth, but the other machine gun officer's machine was missing. He was unable to keep up with the rest of the wing his duties. And other things were missing.

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