PATRIA

THE GREAT ROMANCE of PREPAREDNESS

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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 of Tokyo, conspiring to enbroil the United States and Mexico in order to pave the way for the Japanese invasion of the Pacific coast, is hunted from the country by Patria Channing, sole executrix of the $100,000,000 trust secretly created by patriotic progenitors to combat the national perils inherent in "unpreparedness." Establishing himself just across the Mexican border, Huroki schemes to be revenged upon Patria, who owns vast properties just north of the border.

TWELFTH EPISODE

"Peace" Which Passeth All Understanding!

BEFORE THE STORM.

The punishment administered by the Channing ranch hands to the raiding party which, under the leadership of that redoubtable scoundrel, Pancho Zelaya, had descended—literally like wolves upon a sheepfold—upon Patria's hacienda in the quiet of early morning, seemed to work with salutary effect upon the understanding of Senor Zelaya and his Japanese confrere, Baron Huroki.

Days of complete peace followed that abortive raid, lengthening into weeks.

Scouts sent out by Captain Donald Parr, acting for Patria, reported that Zelaya and Huroki had apparently never again ventured forth from the mountain fastnesses to which they had been driven by the Channing people, after their rescue of Patria and Donald.

Nor was there perceptible any indication of concentration of Mexican soldiery in the country south of the border—whether troops of the de facto government or followers of Zelaya's outlaw fortunes.

In natural consequence that vigilance which had been excited among border landowners by the raid insensibly relaxed. The stronger guards which they had established against further attempts against their lives and properties were weakened by degrees. With a single exception, they relapsed into that fatally false sense of security which had therefore been theirs, thanks to long immunity from such outrages as had been visited upon other sections or the border country.

That solitary exception was a noteworthy one—Patria Channing, who had suffered too much at the hands of Baron Huroki and his associates to believe that anything short of complete preparation to cope with further attentions would discourage the enemy.

Such measures, then, as Patria and her counselors reckoned she must take to provide against possible disaster, must necessarily be put into effect with the greatest secrecy. A minimum of show must mask a maximum of intelligently directed protective efforts.

Patria spent days riding over her lands in company with Donald, Rodman Pillsbury and a small staff of chosen lieutenants. The topography of the countryside was examined with minute attention.

The tremendous acreage of the Channing ranch favored such secrecy. It would have been almost possible to mobilize and maintain a great army within its boundaries undetected—it would have been altogether possible had the resources of the land been sufficient to clothe and equip and provision such a force.

As it was, a very considerable number of men was added to the normal population of the ranch without attracting any attention whatsoever.

Picked employees rode forth from the hacienda well-nigh daily, for a time, on long tours into the interior and east and west along the border. And—few results of their adventurings appeared daily, by twos and threes and singly—seasoned horsemen all, alert, clear-eyed, determined patriots. As a rule they timed their arrivals to occur during the hours of darkness; and as soon as they had reported to Donald Parr, they were assigned to specific duties at a distance from the main ranch houses, and disappeared into the night as silently as they had come. The hinterland of the ranch swallowed them up; in its remoter stretches they lived and wrought sedulously at their tasks, all ready for that summons which might come at any hour. Meantime they drilled quietly, as cavalry, as artillerymen, and as machine-gun crews. Within the space of time surprisingly brief, Patria had at her command a secret legion of trained fighting men, ready for any emergency, inured to hardship, familiar with the border country, resolute and willing.

Only the drills of her flying corps could not be kept under cover; but these had been going on for weeks before her arrival at the ranch.

Occasionally their reconnaissances carried these swift sentries of the air lanes south of the border; but the reports of their observers were invariably destitute of alarming information. Apparently the Mexican population was apathetic, resigned to the pursuits of peace. There was no more gun-running that could be discovered. There was no movement of troops perceptible. There were no raids. There was not even a lonely case of sniping to keep the patrols on the qui vive.

For all that, Patria's preparations were pushed forward with unbated energy.

There came a day, several weeks after Zelaya's futile raid, when this young woman rode out to review her modest but wonderfully efficient forces.

She returned to the hacienda in the quiet of evening, weary but exhilarated.

"I'm not afraid," she told Donald with a nod. Of her head indicating the Mexican mountains in the south—their ragged ramparts looming in purple shades against the silvered skies of a perfect moonlight night. "Let them come!"

He laughed sympathetically, but shook a reproving head.

"Let us not fall into the pit of overconfidence," he said. "I know how you feel. It's wonderful to know that we have all these fine fellows to rally to our defense in case of need. But after all, they're only a handful; and what I fear is that the next act of aggression, when it comes, will be invasion in overwhelming forces. We have gone as far as we can in the matter of making these men the toughest kind of hard-hitting fighters; but there aren't enough of them to withstand an army's advance. From now on we must devote all our energies to the planning of means to equalize superior numbers with superior intelligence. We must be prepared to deliver a staggering blow before the enemy can find out how insignificant our forces are."

They sat in silence for a little, both gazing out over the shadowed distances beyond the border.

"It is too quiet—too quiet altogether," Parr ventured aloud. "I can't forget that Huroki is somewhere out there—hiding, planning, restlessly scheming to serve his country's purposes and at the same time to gain his revenge for the setbacks he has received at our hands."

"Nor can I forget it," the girl replied. "Of one thing we may feel assured: if Huroki has any voice in the councils that are taking place down there, the blow, when it comes, will fall here first of all."

The shadow of premonition darkened her mood transiently. She shivered a little.

"I wonder," she said, "what iniquities he is hatching down yonder?"

There is a certain psychic sympathy between the minds of those that hate well, even as it is with those who love; there was less coincidence than might be thought in the fact that, at approximately the same time, Baron Huroki was uttering substantially similar observations concerning Patria, at a distance of something like a day's ride from the hacienda.

The scene was the main room of an adobe dwelling of somewhat more pretentious proportions and appointments than is commonly to be found in the wilder sections of inland Mexico.

There were a number of other adobe houses near it; but this was the largest of the lot; and it was further distinguished by a restless going and coming of orderlies and officers of superior rank in the field uniforms of the Japanese army—though there was not lacking a sprinkling of others attired in the livery of the troops loyal to the de facto government of Mexico.

The dwelling was, in short, the headquarters of General Nogi, commander in chief of the allied Japanese and Mexican forces which had been secretly gathered together in this remote retreat and were now marking time, under arms, against receipt of word from Tokyo to proceed with the long-planned invasion of the southwestern United States.

From the slight eminence on which the headquarters building stood the valley sloped away in dimly moonlit perspective; and as far as one could see it was a city of dust-colored tents and as soon as they had reported to Donald Parr, they were assigned to specific duties at a distance from the main ranch houses, and disappeared into the night as silently as they had come. The hinterland of the ranch swallowed them up; in its remoter stretches they lived and wrought sedulously at their tasks, all ready for that summons which might come at any hour. Meantime they drilled quietly, as cavalry, as artillerymen, and as machine-gun crews. Within the space of time surprisingly brief, Patria had at her command a secret legion of trained fighting men, ready for any emergency, inured to hardship, familiar with the border country, resolute and willing.

Only the drills of her flying corps could not be kept under cover; but

In that presence the blustering, valiant Zelaya diminished to his right stature, that of a rowdyish braggart, not lacking in courage and initiative, conspicuously deficient in education, wisdom, judgment.

Only less dwarfed was the representative of the Carranza interests, General Torreon, a trim and intelligent Mexican, well grounded in the fundamentals of his trade—which was simply and exclusively war.

Baron Huroki alone seemed able to address Nogi in terms of equality—if without once suggesting any reluctance to accord the commander in chief the deference that was his due.

This, perhaps, was quite natural, in view of the authority with which Baron Huroki had been clothed by the imperial government at Tokyo—an authority only second to that of General Nogi, who was Huroki's only ranking officer in the allied camp.

The occasion which had brought about this conference was the failure of the Mexican system of espionage to secure any accurate information as to conditions immediately north of the border.

This was due to the uncommonly thoroughgoing and tireless system of patrols organized by Donald Parr and maintained by Patria and her neighbors.

For several weeks spy after spy had sought to penetrate the lines—and invariably had been obliged to give up the attempt. No less than three, through unchronicled mischance, had vanished utterly and inexplicably. And no information of any real value had been reported back to headquarters by those who, acting under instruction, had confined their efforts to long-distance observation with the aid of powerful binoculars. They saw Patria's biplanes hanging in the skies or swiftly coursing through them; but that was all.

And hour by hour it was believed by all those present at this conference, the moment drew nearer when the word to advance would be given out by Tokyo.

"It is not only humiliating," Huroki was declaring, "it is madness, downright madness, to contemplate a movement in force without first-hand information as to what this accursed girl is up to. It is insensate folly to underestimate her ability and anxiety to hinder and embarrass us. It is all very well for you gentlemen"—he addressed himself superficially to Zelaya and Torreon—"to point to our forces and say the United States can muster nothing to withstand it. That is true—as far as we know. But you make the mistake of thinking you have only the regular army and the National Guard to reckon with. You have something else—this puny slip of a girl, this insignificant Patria Channing. I know her, as you do not; and I tell you she is like a living flame of patriotism; she is intelligent, resourceful, unafraid, and she controls 75 per cent of the arms and ammunition industries of the United States. In addition, she has at her command this immense treasure, this hundred-million-dollar trust, which she inherited and declares she will spend it for the sole purpose of defeating our plans . . . since, as it appears, her country is too niggardly and short-sighted to spend a dollar in its own defense!

"And we sit here in ignorance of her plans! We must know them, and we must know them without more delay—or we risk a setback that explodes our entire scheme of invasion!"

"How can that be?" Torreon inquired.

With a grunt of impatience Huroki pointed to a great topographical map spread out on the table between them.

"Have you forgotten that our chosen line of march strikes directly through the Channing ranch property? And what are we going to find there? What is this girl doing there, all this time while we sit here twiddling our thumbs? She isn't idle—I promise you that. She can purchase, if need be, the best military intelligence in the United States. Is it sensible to suppose that her advisers have overlooked the fact that via the Channing ranch is the shortest and quickest route toward our goal?—that, if we strike at us from this quarter, it will naturally and surely be along that line? And, such being the probable case, is it wise to imagine she is taking no steps to prepare a trap for us? . . . I tell you, we must know! Your spies have thus far failed; we can employ none of ours, for it would be fatal to have a Japanese caught in an act of espionage."

"What would you suggest, then?" Torreon asked thoughtfully.

"Find some way to stimulate the efficiency of your system. Get us some trustworthy information—no matter how."

"If I may make a suggestion—" Zelaya ventured. At a nod from Nogi he proceeded, pulling at his mustache to mask the smile of relish with which he anticipated permission to commit yet another atrocity on American soil.

"It is a long time since we have broken the peace of the border hereabouts. And these Americans have short memories. Let me send a few—a mere handful—of my men to execute a flying raid on the Channing ranch. I will guarantee results."

"How so?" Nogi demanded.

Zelaya bent over the map and with the blunt end of a greasy forefinger indicated a certain point.

"Here is a house fully twenty miles from the nearest habitation," he said. "It is the home of the man named Morgan, ranch foreman. He lives there with his son, his sister and his mother—his wife is dead. Both Morgan and his sister are deep in the confidence of the Senorita Channing. Let my men bring in either of these . . . ."

He paused and showed his teeth in a smile of gruesome significance. "And I will promise to induce him—or her—to tell us everything we want to know."

Eagerly Huroki's eyes sought the face of his commander in chief. It told him, however, nothing. Impassively General Nogi deliberated; it was nearly two minutes later when he delivered his verdict.

"Let this thing be done," he said; and rose, ending the conference.

"PEACE WITH HONOR."

Gomez was the name of the man chosen by Zelaya to do the work he had suggested—"Gomez the Killer" was the sobriquet by which he was known to his fellows; a quiet-mannered, sad-faced Mexican of something a little under the average build of his breed.

Listening gravely to the instructions of his superior, he nodded gentle comprehension, and sallied forth to execute Zelaya's will with no more compassion in his heart than he would have felt if ordered to exterminate all but one or two of a nest of rattlesnakes.

He journeyed northward that night by motorcycle, and spent the following day in what appeared to be desultory riding about the country just south of the border, pausing at the dwelling of his friend and that to pass the time of day.

In all he made just twenty such calls. Then he retired to well-earned rest.

In the gray dusk of the next dawn twenty mounted and armed Mexicans rendezvoused with the Killer at a point some two miles south of the boundary line of the Channing ranch, and about twenty miles from its hacienda.

He was well-informed as to the habits of the patrol—both that maintained by the United States government and that which Patria Channing had organized. Since it was the custom for raiding parties to cross the border by night or in earliest dawn, Gomez refrained from doing anything as commonplace. He recognized no necessity for a clash with the patrols when it could be avoided by the exercise of a little patience.

Conducting his command to a point where they could skulk under cover of wooded ground, secure from spying eyes, he scouted on afoot to a spot whence, lying at length on the crest of a little hill, he could spy through the undergrowth that concealed him.

Below him, just beyond a shallow arroyo, lay the Morgan homestead.

It was a Sunday morning, very quiet and warm. The peace of unaccustomed indolence enveloped the homestead. By convention it was a morning for a late breakfast—late, that is, in the esteem of folk in the habit of rising with the sun. So it was all of two hours after sun-up when the smoke began to ascend from the chimney of the peaceful Morgan kitchen.

In the dooryard Bud Morgan and his sister Bess were watching with unbridled amusement the efforts of Bud's little boy, Sam, to ride an aged and well-informed donkey—a sad-eyed creature who demonstrated his intelligence by lying down as often as the child got firmly seated on his back.

Their laughter came clearly to the ears of the Killer. His own eyes twinkled sympathetically. He too yawned and hoped that their summons to breakfast would not be too long delayed. It bored him to wait there in the heat and dust without the solace of a cigarette.

He fondled the grip of his revolver and repined that his orders had been strict—that he might not shoot now, when the three offered him such fair targets, and have done with the business without delaying to take two of them prisoners if possible.

In due time, however, the mother appeared in the doorway and called them in. The donkey was abandoned to crop his own breakfast. The dooryard was left untenanted. Gomez subjected the surrounding landscape to one final, prolonged scrutiny, then turned, squirmed back through the underbrush, rose to his feet, and hurried to rejoin his fellows.

Leading their horses, the Mexicans moved forward furtively, surrounding the home without rousing the suspicions of its tenants.

To these the attack came like thunder from the blue. They breakfasted behind doors closed and bolted—by habit of precaution; that circumstance alone provided them with a chance for their lives.

There came a sudden rush of feet in the dooryard, and the front door was furiously battered with rifle butts. Simultaneously a window adjoining the table was smashed in. Bud Morgan had barely time to spring to the cartridge belt and holster which hung on the wall behind them when the first shot sounded. He emptied a revolver at the window in response—meanwhile urging the two women and the child into the adjoining bedchamber.

As they disappeared the front door began to give to the blows of an ax. Bud had a second revolver ready for the rush that followed its breaking in. The satisfaction of seeing two of the raiders fall was at least his before he was charged and overturned to the floor by half a dozen Mexicans.

Why he was not shot outright passed his understanding. His weapons empty, he fought madly with his bare hands. He was a young man, and hard and powerful; the combined exertions of the six men avail not to keep him down for long. One after another he struck and kicked them off, then struggled to his feet. At the same time he was assailed from behind; a staggering blow from a gunbutt stunned him.

Sick with pain, he reeled out through the doorway. There others awaited him. He went down again under their assault, again fought his way to his feet, this time with a revolver which he had wrested from the grasp of one of his adversaries.

Gomez the Killer confronted him as he rose—weary of eye, almost diffident of manner, watching his prey warily, revolver poised. It was becoming plain to Gomez that this man was not to be taken alive. As Bud caught sight of him, he fired. The American's head jerked back sharply, there was a look of agony on his face, swiftly erased by the blankness of unconsciousness, his knees buckled, and he dropped—one side of his head a mass of blood.

It never occurred to the Killer to doubt that his bullet had penetrated Bud's brain. He wasted no more thought upon the unhappy man—after irritably kicking him—and passed on into the house.

The bedchamber door was down. Within, Bess Morgan was fighting for her life. A dead Mexican just beyond the threshold testified to the skill with which she had used the revolver which, its every chamber discharged, she was now employing as a club.

Slender and young, a mere slip of a fair-haired girl barely out of her teens, she fought with science and the desperation of one who faces, if not death, worse than death. She had no reason to anticipate any sort of mercy; her mother lay dead, a bullet through her heart, in a far corner of the room; her little nephew had just dropped out of the window to be ruthlessly shot down as he fled round a corner of the house.

Lounging in the doorway, a shoulder against it, Gomez rolled and lighted a cigarette, watching her struggles with a glimmer of approbation. Gringo women like this, with such spirit and strength, were worth fighting for. The Killer regretted that he must hand her over to his superior. What a woman—once he had tamed her!

She was standing off no less than three Mexican desperadoes—one she stretched out with a skull cracked by a shrewd blow from the butt of the revolver, even while Gomez watched. But the others were too many for her; stepping back to avoid their rushes, she tripped over the body of one of their fellows, and went down. That was the end; in another moment she was helpless in their hands.

Gomez straightened up from the doorway. "Come," he said quietly; "hold her fast, but don't hurt her."

Struggling hopelessly, the girl was dragged from the house and thrown into the saddle of a horse belonging to one of the fallen Mexicans. Two captors rode knee-to-knee with her, on either side. There was no possibility of escape, yet she would not lose heart. She affected a sudden weakness, sat drooplingly, with head bowed and hands clasped on the pommel. The cavalcade swept to the tune of rushing hoofs out of the dooryard, down into the arroyo, up its farther bank, and so southward toward those far purple hills.

Behind it the Morgan homestead roared with flames, a funeral pyre for the body of the murdered mother.

The girl would not let herself think of that. She understood now that she had been taken alive for a purpose. She must defeat that purpose, either by escaping or by bringing her own death about in attempting to escape. She dared not think of the horror that lay behind, lest it unnerve her and make her fail.

Leaving the open country, the raiders took to the highroad. If they had eluded the patrols, they did not hope for long to go unpursued. Their safest course lay in open flight by the fastest practicable route to the hills. They spared neither their horses nor themselves.

It so happened that the animal ridden by Bess Morgan was one of the poorest of the lot. It lagged. They who rode beside her were constantly drawing ahead, and then with curses reining back. Deceived by her apparent resignation, they gave her more room.

Ahead of them, when they had ridden for about twenty minutes, the road swung round a high-banked bend. Out of the slope a tree thrust a branch over the road. Bess saw, and took her one chance.

A furtive twitch at the reins caused her horse to lag still more decidedly. The others won to a full length ahead as they swept round the curve.

Raising both arms, the girl caught the overhanging branch and lifted herself bodily from the saddle. The horse rocketed on, relieved of its burden, at somewhat faster pace.

But the efforts she made to swing up on the limb of the tree and by that route gain the top of the bank was hopeless. She had put too great stress upon her strength in her struggle; it failed her now. She dangled helplessly for a moment or two, then dropped to the roadway.

As soon as that happened, terror lent her new strength. She turned and ran wildly back along the road, seeking some place where she might find temporary cover by the roadside.

That refuge was denied her. On the one hand was open country, destitute of anything considerable enough to hide behind; on the other, the concave wall of the bluff.

And already her escape was discovered. She could hear the thunder of returning hoofs. Still she held on, running as she had never dreamed she would be able to run, despite her straining lungs and aching muscles.

The hoofs were very close behind her now. She put forth one last endeavor—which failed in its inception.

Overtaking her, the Mexicans rode up on either side. As she ran, the riders swung down from their saddles, caught her arms, lifting her fairly off her feet and holding her so while they wheeled their horses and dashed back.

* * * * * * *

Scorching heat helped Bud Morgan's return to consciousness. He roused slowly, rolled over to get farther away from the flames that were devouring his home, and sat up with a splitting pain in his head.

The hand that he instinctively lifted to his temple came away dripping with blood. Yet he was not seriously wounded. The bullet had cut a deep furrow in the side of his head, but had failed to penetrate the skull. To the temporary unconsciousness that followed the wound, he owed his present liberty and his escape from a tortured death somewhere in those hills to the south.

Yet life was bitter to savor anew. As he staggered away from the burning house that entombed his mother, he came upon the riddled body of his son.

What his subsequent actions were he never knew. It was late afternoon when he rode up to the Channing hacienda, more mad than sane, on the back of a horse without saddle or bridle.

It was an hour later before he recovered sufficiently to gasp out his tale of horror to Patria and Donald Parr in the library.

When he had finished, the man bowed his head on his folded arms, and sat racked with dry, convulsive sobs.

On either side of him Patria and Donald sought, then avoided, each other's eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Within Bess Morgan Was Fighting for Her Life.

The Fight Was in Deadly Earnest.

WONDERS HAVE SHORT LEASE

Magazine Writer Shows How Rapidly Remarkable Inventions Tread on Each Other's Heels.

"Not a great many years ago a spectacled and skeptical old scientist wrote a long thesis in which he claimed that the world's great discoveries all lay in the past, that the future had no new wonders to disclose, and that all the really fundamental inventions, discoveries and researches had already been made," says J. S. Newman, in the February St. Nicholas.

"'For,' said the pessimistic philosopher, 'there are no more strange lands to explore, no more conceivable inventions for the benefit of mankind. The telegraph, electric light, telephone and electric motor are already here. The camera and microscope, telescope and linotype, printing press and sewing machine, airship and steamboat are already discovered. What else is there left that is really new?'

"But Mother Nature seemed to have kept her most wonderful secrets for just such an occasion. As if deliberately to disprove the foolish scientist, the next ten years brought out the most astounding collection of new inventions and discoveries the world has ever known. For in the period immediately following the bold claim of this doubting Thomas, Hertz discovered electric waves, Marconi invented wireless telegraphy, Roentgen stumbled upon the X-ray, Madame Curie isolated radium, Sir William Ramsay found five new chemical elements, Edison made his first moving picture machine, the Wright brothers conquered the air and countless greater or lesser discoveries astounded the scientific world.

"So the seven great wonders of to-day will become the commonplaces of tomorrow!"

Press Agents.

It is said that every man who ever succeeded recognized early the necessity of working with nature and not trying to do what is physically impossible. Yet an interested society sends us, in an envelope marked "You will find the matter inclosed worthy of your attention," copies of four addresses concerned with a policy it advocates. The number of pages is over 40, and this is remarkable for brevity rather than length. This particular organization bombards us with as much or more at intervals probably no greater than two months, and it is only one of hundreds. If this is our particular hobby, we probably read all of the inclosures. If not, we note that each of these gentlemen whose addresses have been printed is treated to a separate cover in an individual color, thereby adding to expense and postage. We wish the money had been spent in boiling down whatever was to be said to such proportions that it would be physically possible to give it the attention the subject deserves.—Milwaukee Journal.

Troubles.

It's easier to be philosophical about other people's troubles than it is to be quiet about our own.

Don't take chances this year! Use GOOD LUCK RED RUBBERS
They Fit All Standard Jars
Prevent tainting "cold pack" canning use GOOD LUCK rubbers. Insist on them. Don't let dealer substitute inferior rubbers, thinks to enrich after the jar is sealed. See that they have the "Good Luck" back on preserving or 10c in stamps for 1 doz. sent, 2 doz. dealer cannot supply you. Mention Dept. Ed
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The next time you suffer with headache, indigestion, biliousness or loss of appetite, try—
BEECHAM'S PILLS
Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

WHO IS TO BLAME
Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Thousands recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and inclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

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

DOG FANCIERS FACING RUIN

Dealers in England See Disaster in High Taxes Placed on Animals to Conserve Food Supply.

Dog fanciers in England, especially the women, say that the new dog taxes are going to kill the business they have been carefully building up for years. They do not object to the suggested increase on old licenses, but they fear the big tax on new dogs is going to frighten away all their customers.

There are many British women with small incomes living in the country who have invested most of their money in dogs as a business. They were willing to mark time till the end of the war, looking forward to a revival in their business afterward. Trade is of course slack just now, but with no money coming in at all they will be unable to retain their kennels.

One fancier spoke bitterly of the sensational stories told in certain quarters about pampered dogs and the impossible amount of food they were accused of eating.

A Paternal Error.

The young man of age had disobeyed his father and joined the colors preparatory to going to the border. After he had been in camp a month he got a day off to visit home.

"My son," the father greeted him sternly, "I didn't raise you to be a soldier."

The son gulped a great gulp.

"I know you didn't, dad," he replied, "but if you could only see the way those officers have been handling me to correct your mistake, you would kick yourself thoroughly, if you had the slightest filial regard."—Judge.

No Wonder.

The cynical person was standing in front of a part of an exhibition of local art talent labeled, "Art Objects."

The native, swelling with pride, awaited the visitor's verdict.

"What do you think of our efforts?" he asked at last.

"Well," said the cynical one, "I suppose Art does object, and I don't blame her, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it."

Distinction.

"Is that reckless orator an agitator?"

"No. He's merely an irritator."—Washington Evening Star.

Grape-Nuts
Made from choice whole wheat and malted barley, this famous food retains the vital mineral elements of the grain, so essential for balanced nourishment, but lacking in many cereal foods.
From every standpoint—good flavor, rich nourishment, easy digestion, convenience, economy, health from childhood to old age—Grape-Nuts food.
"There's a Reason"