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 Hureki.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

SYNOPSIS.

Anticipating the long-threatened Japanese-Mexican invasion of the southwestern states, Patria Channing, an American girl of great wealth, with the assistance of her fiance, Capt. Donald Parr (ale U. S. A.) converts her vast border ranch-lands into what is virtually an armed camp. Baron Hureki, commanding the allied Japanese-Mexican forces, learns of her preparations, and thinking to crush them before they can become formidable, orders the invasion to begin immediately. Warning reaches Patria at the eleventh hour.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE

Border Peril.

DAYBREAK.

In the library of the Channing hacienda lights burned late into the night. Round a great oaken table in the middle of the room some ten persons sat in conference. The surface of the table was strewn with maps and papers—the former large-scale and minutely detailed topographical maps of the Channing properties and the adjacent country, both north and south of the border.

A council of war was in progress. Something after midnight it drew toward its conclusion. A hush of thoughtful silence settled down upon the gathering. Patria and Donald Parr and their aides—those commanding the several divisions of Patria's little force of "watchmen"—mentally reviewing what had been said, recurring point by point such instructions as had been issued in anticipation of action which had been agreed upon.

It was vitally important that nothing should be neglected, forgotten, or overlooked.

This business to which they were committed was so desperate, their hopes for its success so meager and forlorn, that the little company of patriotic adventurers dared neglect no least item of precaution.

According to reliable information a great army was marching to invade the soil of the United States—an army made up of the allied forces of Mexico and Japan which had for so long been encamped in the fastnesses of the hills immediately south of the border, awaiting Tokio's word to advance.

Today, apparently, that word had been spoken; it was known that the allied troops had broken camp and were in motion toward the border.

And it needed only a most superficial examination of the maps on the table to demonstrate that the one feasible path of invasion lay through the Channing properties.

And the forces which Patria had gathered together to oppose this long-threatened invasion were so pitifully outnumbered that their sole hope of surviving lay in the thoroughness of their preparations; only courage that held life a thing of little moment guided by cool-headed intelligence of the highest order could render effective the plans these few had made to surprise, outwit, and repel the invaders.

The shrilling of the telephone bell interrupted the silence. Parr took up the instrument, spoke briefly into it, and handed it to Patria.

"A telegram for you," he said.

The girl listened attentively to what was communicated to her by the telegraph operator at the nearest railroad station, some twenty miles away, then thanked him and coolly hung up.

"Washington," she said, "acknowledging my wire warning them of this invasion." There will be an investigation ordered immediately, and if my information proves well-founded troops will be sent."

"Nothing could be fairer than that," Parr commented grimly.

"I think," said Patria to the company "we have said all that could be said tonight. We all know our duties. The instructions you have received are not subject to change except in emergency—and then you must rely upon your wits to save yourselves—and the rest of us. Now let us adjourn, and if we can, get a little sleep."

There was a general movement of chairs being pushed back from the table. The men rose, and waited in little groups while one after another went to say good-night to Patria. She shook the hand of each, and Donald did likewise. There were few words spoken—but the handclasps were firm and significant.

These were possibly their last farewells. This unuttered thought informed every mind. Dawn would find each at his post. Where sunset should find them, none dared guess.

One by one they went their ways into the night. At length Patria was alone with Donald Parr. He turned to her, offering to take her in his arms, but she shook her head with a little smile.

"Not here," she begged, "not here. Don dear—while there's moonlight in the patio!"

Catching his hand she drew him with her through the doorway. . . .

The patio was very still and peaceful and deserted. The moonlight silvered it exquisitely. Its air was sweet with the scent of flowers. In the shadow of the old well in its center, Patria released Donald's hand, and turned to him, lifting up her face to his lips. . . .

Perhaps for the last time.

How she found it possible to let him go, in the end, she never understood. With a sense of the unreality of it all she watched his soldierly figure, in its khaki field uniform, stride away through the chiaroscuro of milk-white moonlight and inky shadow, till he disappeared in the passageway leading to the front of the house.

And for a long time after he had gone she stood clasping the hands upon which his parting kisses had been pressed, and staring at the spot where she had last seen him.

It seemed so hideously wrong that these things could be, that this world so beautiful could be made the slaughter-pen of embattled humanity. She thought of France, the land she knew and loved so well; her last night in France had been a summer's night, moonsmitten and warm and sweet—even as this night. She had sailed for New York the next day; and a week later the great war had broken out. And now all northern France was the theater of horrors unspeakable.

And tomorrow would see the inception of an effort to render her own United States a counterpart of France . . .

The most she could hope for was that the preparations she had made would check temporarily the invading forces, give the country time to realize its peril and arm against it. For the invasion, once launched, would never be stayed but by overwhelming force. If checked where the Channing property met the border, it would only recoil to strike a new and more effective blow. Even assuming the impossible—that the Channing ranch should prove an impregnable obstacle in its path—it would need only to sweep round it in order to reach a peaceful and defenseless land soon blacken it with the infamy of war, turn it into a place of death and terror and torment and hideous waste, make it a sister to Belgium.

And all because a purblind people refused to see that the one way to stave off the sin of war was to make the country so strong for defense that no invader would ever dare set foot across its borders.

Slowly the girl ascended to her bedchamber.

Its windows overlooked the south; she stood in one of them for a long time staring incredulously at the mysterious distances that lay beyond the boundary line between the two countries, the shadowed enigma of Mexico that rested so quietly there in the face of the moon.

Somewhere out there, somewhere between the border and those serrated mountains that walled in the southern horizon, thousands upon thousands of men, armed and equipped, were marching northward; troops of cavalry were marching with them; trains of ammunition, companies of artillery, machine-gun corps, all the divisions of modern military service, were astir, under the cloak of the night.

Her imagination conceived that army of invasion in the guise of a great serpent crawling through the shadows to strike at the heart of a sleeping giant, a loathy, deadly, vicious thing that squirmed foully upon its way to do a deed of inexcusable treachery and cruelty. . . .

The vision of that great serpent haunted all her dreams. She slept ill, fitfully. Between naps she lay awake, staring wide-eyed into the darkness; every sense alert, straining to hear any sound that might be the overture to tomorrow's tragedy, fancying that she heard the confused but rythmic shuffle of those thousands of marching feet.

Towards dawn she fell into a profound and dreamless slumber of exhaustion, from which she was awakened in broad daylight by the sound of distant firing.

Leaping from her bed she seized binoculars and ran to the window.

But the glasses showed her nothing, at first. The sounds of firing persisted—great thudding detonations accompanied by the screaming of shrapnel in the air and shattering explosions as the shells found their billets. But nothing in the face of the land beyond the border revealed the source of the firing or betrayed the fact that any considerable body of troops was nearing the boundary line.

Only in the air three warplanes hung, like buzzards, soaring, darted, swooping above the border country and from them, now and again, smoke bombs were dropped, signaling in code to the gunners of that hidden battery.

Dressing in the maddest haste, Patria ran from her room, and without pausing to find and question anyone who might be about the house, left the patio by the passageway.

In front of the house her motor-car was waiting—by peacetime order—in charge of an orderly. From him, as she drove toward the aviation field, she learned little or nothing. He had arrived at the house with the car at about the time when the firing began. He could tell her no more than that the end of a sleepless night had found every man upon the ranch at his post and prepared to sell his life to the highest bidder.

On the way they passed a squad of men operating an anti-airplane gun—which they had just brought into action. They worked steadily, methodically, intelligently, as if they were well-accustomed to their business instead of the novices they were in all save drilling.

And the accuracy of their firing was astonishing. By the time Patria arrived at the aviation field, a lucky shot had brought down one of the hostile aircraft, another was winging southward as fast as its engine would move it, and the third was engaged in a duel with two planes sent up by Patria's corps.

Fascinated, she stood watching this spectacle long after her own biplane had been wheeled out of its hangar and made ready for her ascent.

The three in the air were so high that they seemed little larger than swallows, and like swallows they wheeled and swooped, spitting fire at one another, their planes flashing in the young sunlight like swords.

In the end the invader took refuge in flight, the two defenders snapping at his heels; and so they drifted from sight, far south of the border.

The distant firing had now become more fast and furious.

Clambering into the seat of her biplane, Patria grasped the controls and gave the word to start the engine.

Five minutes later she was at an elevation whence she commanded a view of the country north and south of the boundary line.

That report had not erred in saying that the Japanese and Mexicans meant to strike in force was disagreeably disclosed. The roads to the south of the arroyo which marked the international line were choked with regiments of horse and foot. Patria's wildest fears had not prepared her for the sight of so vast an army. Her heart sank; the knowledge of the odds which she had thought to oppose this army seemed more than ever pitifully inadequate. She had expected them to be outnumbered ten to one; the truth was that they were outnumbered a hundred to one.

Yet they were fighting gallantly—as gallantly as if they imagined that the odds against them were less brutally disproportionate. Which none did.

Under cover of the sand-bag parapet of the first trenches—immediately to the north of the bridge spanning the arroyo—several companies were doing good service under galling conditions, sweeping the approaches to the bridge with machine-gun fire while suffering a rain of shrapnel.

This last came from that battery which had awakened Patria with its first shots. It was sheltered behind a hill at some distance south of the bridge, and its gunners, having got the range of the trenches, were subjecting them to a bitter fire, constant and deadly. Already (Patria saw) there was a constant procession of wounded moving by commerating trenches to the rear, either in stretchers or making a laborious journey afoot—assisted, perchance, by some courade's shoulder. And already the ground beyond the parapet was littered with bodies of their dead.

And this was only the beginning. . . .

To the man in the observer's seat by her side Patria communicated certain instructions which he swiftly translated into wireless to be picked up by the operator at the headquarters Patria's people had established well back of the main line trenches. Within five minutes the effect of her orders was apparent. The first line trenches were being rapidly vacated, their occupants hastening back to the greater security of the main line. While one of Parr's masked batteries, going on information communicated by Patria, got the range of the Japanese guns beyond the hill and began to pound them mercilessly.

The evacuation of the first-line trenches was accomplished barely in time, even as Patria had foreseen when issuing the order. They could have been held only at a cost too high for their value. As they were emptied, regiment after regiment of Japanese infantry which had been waiting till the batteries had prepared their way, charged across the bridge with irresistible impetus and swept over the trenches like a living wave.

Not, however, entirely without opposition. One man had, for reasons of his own, elected not to retreat. Alone he greeted the onslaught with machine-gun fire, spraying death over the bridge and its approaches. Dozens of the charging troops fell before he ran out of ammunition or was silenced by a shot well aimed; Patria never knew how the fellow met his end. He was, one minute, working his weapon busily and methodically; the next, he was silenced; and his fate was masked by the heroes that took possession of the trenches.

As this happened, Patria's observer touched her arm to draw her attention to their personal peril. So absorbed had she been in the action beneath her that she—and for that matter, her observer—had well-nigh altogether neglected to look after the safety of the biplane.

It was now menaced by no less than three Japanese air scouts—lightly armored biplanes carrying two passengers and equipped with machine guns.

Soaring out over the battlefield at a great height, these assassins of the air had chosen shrewdly the right moment to strike at Patria's plane. The latter happened to occupy the lower levels of the air alone, at that time; no other machines of Patria's flying corps were at hand; the two which had pursued the first hostile airplane beyond the border were lost to view in the heat haze that veiled the south, their fate a mystery; all others were still in the hangars or delayed by minor circumstances at the aviation field.

Upon the lonely craft piloted by Patria, then, the three Japanese dropped down from their high level with the ferocity of hawks, opening fire with their machine guns as soon as they got within range, and attacking the devoted biplane from three sides.

Taken utterly by surprise—with no more than the touch of her observer's warning hand upon her arm by way of preface to a hailstorm of bullets—Patria did the only possible thing permitted by the conditions, that is, sought safety in forthright flight. And since she was hemmed in on the north, east and west, she was obliged to drive into the south.

For a few moments she expected to be her last. Bullets whistled and sang between the planes or tore their flimsy surfaces or glanced from twanging struts and cables like sleet through the ribs of a careless umbrella. It seemed nothing short of miraculous that none found lodgment in either Patria or the observer.

Then, however, the slightly superior speed of the American engines began to make itself felt. Patria drew slightly ahead and at the same time tilted the nose of her machine and began to climb. Immediately the firing of the machine guns ceased, and the three Japanese closed in behind and stretched out in determined pursuit.

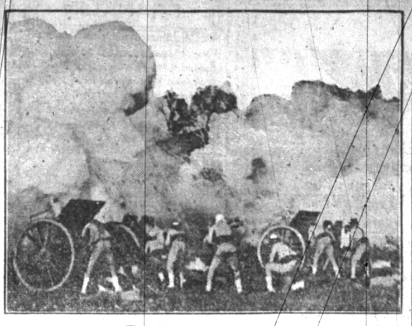
The four swept away into the southern skies like leaves whirling before a squall.

Climbing steadily, Patria gained the 5,000-foot level at a distance of some miles within the Mexican side of the border, her three pursuers outpaced but undiscouraged hovering in the offing like wolves that wait for a winded stag to fall.

But now fortune chose to favor the American for a little. Out of the haze in the south a fifth aircraft was approaching. For some time in doubt as to whether it was another enemy craft or possibly an American survivor of that triangular duel which had resulted from the first air skirmish of the day, Patria was quickly able to recognize certain peculiarities of construction which unmistakably identified the newcomer as one of her own corps.

There was, however, no way of telling how it was manned, whether by its original crew or by the Japanes who might have captured the plane. But all doubts as to this were soon set at rest by the action of one of Patria's pursuers in abandoning his first objective and sweeping off at a tangent to engage the stranger—who cheerfully greeted this new antagonist with a withering blast of machine-gun fire.

Circling warily, like prizefighters sparring for an opening, spitting fire and hatred, the two were temporarily forgotten by Patria, who had pressing personal matters demanding instant attention.



They Were Fighting Valiantly.

With this re-enforcement reducing the odds against her to two to one, she executed a maneuver which her superior speed had made feasible through diving for a tolerably long lead, wheeled figuratively on her heel—that is, in as narrow a circle as the biplane could compass—and gave battle.

Handling the machine gun emplaced beside her, the observer opened fire at long range, as soon as he could bring the weapon to bear, and scored first blood by winging one of their two antagonists so severely that he was forced to abandon the combat and descend for repairs.

The other proved more elusive and stout-hearted. Driven with superb skill, it danced through the air with apparently as little stability as a midge, making itself a target well-nigh as fugitive as a mote in a sunbeam.

Belt after belt of ammunition was fed by Patria's observer into his machine gun and wasted on empty air, thanks to the evasiveness of the Japanese.

That the latter had no better luck in scoring off Patria's plane was little satisfaction. There was only room for conjecture in the minds of the Americans that the end must be so long delayed—aside from the settled determination that weighed upon their senses with the power of obsession that the duel could and should end but one way—with the extermination of their opponent.

Providing that were accomplished, and assuming that the other American biplane was similarly successful in the contest now raging between it and the Japanese, something like a thousand feet below them, the hostile air fleet would be rather effectively crippled—judging by the number of planes which it had thus far discovered—and the disparity between the forces of invasion and defense would, by that much at least, be reduced.

And yet—moment after moment passed without either side scoring a crippling hit. The planes of both were fairly riddled by the streams of bullets they exchanged; Patria's observer had suffered a slight flesh wound in the shoulder. She herself had repeatedly felt the wind of bullets winging past her face—as though the icy tongue of Death were licking it.

As for the other side, there was reason to believe, from what they could see, that the pilot was nursing a wounded hand. But this had not served to discourage him. He pursued his efforts to enable his observer to deal Patria's craft a mortal blow with unabated grimness, skill and cunning.

Then, of a sudden, it was manifested that the store of ammunition at the command of the Japanese had run out. He fired one final gust of bullets, then in a twinkling abandoned the field, dropping almost headlong from that high level whereon they had fought.

With no more notion of mercy in her humor than she would have felt had the Japanese been a tiger-shark, Patria tore down the air lanes in pursuit, the planes of her machine at times so steeply inclined that they seemed well-nigh vertical. Only the most consummate mastery of the art of flying could have made such a feat possible.

And then, in a twinkling, it was all over. They were dropping like twin plummets, the Japanese airplane some two hundred feet below Patria's and a little distance to one side. The observer, training his weapon with the greatest coolness, ran his last belt of cartridges through the machine in one last roaring blast—and scored.

The Japanese plane seemed momentarily to be mysteriously checked in midflight. It hung for a little as if checked by the grasp of some great, invisible hand. Then, as if that hand were slowly closing upon it, the thing crumpled like a broken toy—crumpled pitifully in upon itself and fell fluttering aimlessly, turning over and over with ever increasing rapidity, and throwing off two limp, sprawling shapes of men that distanced it to the earth, whirling horribly.

With a supreme effort Patria righted her machine, brought it to an even keel, and steadied it upon a homeward course.

Only fired refusal to permit herself to think of what had happened enabled her to accomplish this. She was afflicted with violent inclination to nausea. Of all forms of death, for the time being, this seemed to her the most terrible—this death of violence in midair which she had savagely dealt out to the enemies of her country.

But what was needed to restore her nerves to their normal steadiness was presently accorded by the enemy himself.

The final act of the tragedy had taken place barely fifteen hundred feet above the earth; and in the ensuing struggle with herself Patria had neglected to tilt the plane so as to lift them to a higher atmospheric level. Now abruptly something that sounded astonishingly like the voice of an angry dog barked sharply at them from below, four times in swift succession, and a second later four shells of shrapnel sprayed out a trifle to the right of the biplane and well above it.

An anti-aircraft gun, a two-pounder pom-pom mounted in an armored motorcar, was getting their range. Its next belt of shells would explode in much more uncomfortable proximity to them—and did. But by this time Patria was aiming for the zenith at the sharpest angle compatible with safety.

For something like five minutes the shells pursued them, then gave up the task as hopeless, and diverted their attention to the other American airplane, which had apparently come off a victor in its encounter, and was winging borderwards about half a mile astern of Patria's plane.

But in this instance, as well, the pom-pom failed to accomplish more than to frighten its target to a level beyond its range.

As they swept back across the boundary line the progress of the battle raging below was disclosed to them in painful detail.

The initial reverses dealt out to the defenders were being often home by the Japanese and Mexicans in the most methodical and businesslike fashion. Thousands of troops had been thrown across the border, occupying the first-line trenches abandoned by Patria's order, and busily intrenching themselves still further close in under the main-line trenches, undismayed by the withering rifle and machine-gun fire that was sleeted upon them from the latter.

Elsewhere they were taking advantage of everything left open to them. The hacienda—left open in capture through design—was a center of amazing activities, apparently having been commandeered as a field headquarters. The Japanese and Mexican flags flew above it. Armored motor-cars were parked before it. A field telephone was being wired to the central switchboard established in one of its rooms. Men in uniform swarmed in and around it like ants.

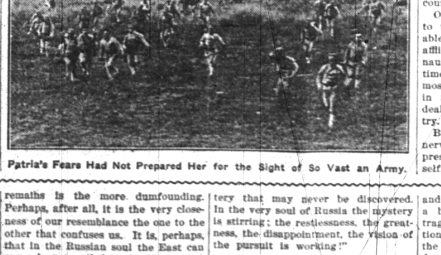
Beyond the ridge that stood between it and the border, a field battery was unlimbering to shell the main-line trenches.

As Patria descended to the aviation field, stretcher bearers were moving along one side of that cleared space in apparently interminable procession, to each pair its burden of mangled and tormented humanity.

With a sharp pang of fear for Donald, Patria ran to the field headquarters and had herself put into communication with the main-line trenches.

It seemed that she was never to succeed in getting Donald to the telephone. Not till his accents greeted her was she able to draw a free breath.

(END OF FOURTEENTH EPISODE)



Patria's Fears Had Not Prepared Her for the Sight of So Vast an Army.

RUSSIAN IS CALLED MYSTIC

His Character on Surface Seems to Be Readily Grasped But He Furnishes Surprise, Says Novelist.

Hugh Walpole has been much in Russia during the past two momentous years, says the London Mail. He has the keenest interest in Russia as a nation and the Russians as a people, apart from the service they are giving as a powerful unit in the allied repulse to German aggression. From first to last he has found Russia an object of study and in many ways a problem. The following analysis, taken bodily from his novel, "The Dark Forest," reveals the very spirit of Russia:

"However deeply a Russian may admit an Englishman into friendship, he can, to the very last, puzzle, confuse and utterly surprise him. The Russian character seems, superficially with its lack of restraint, its idealism, its impracticability, its mysticism, its material simplicities, to be so readily grasped, that the surprise that finally remains is the more dumfounding. Perhaps, after all, it is the very closeness of our resemblance the one to the other that confuses us. It is, perhaps, that in the Russian soul the East can never be reconciled to the West; that the Russian never reveals his sacred ideal, even to himself; far distant is it then from his friend. Whatever it be, the surprise remains. For to those whom Russia and her people draw back again and again, however strongly they resist, the sure truth stands; that here there is a mystery, a mystery that may never be discovered. In the very soul of Russia the mystery is stirring; the restlessness, the greatness, the disappointment, the vision of the pursuit is working."

Further Knowledge Desired.

"Ah, what an entertaining variety there is to the panorama that slides by as we gaze from a street car window," said professor Pate. "The monotony of the buildings is every now and then broken by brief glimpses that arouse our interest."—Kansas City Star.

He Was "Taken In."

A battered specimen of a man, with a bump on his head and bruises on his face walked into the office of a Muncie newspaper not long ago and said to the first man he saw there: "Say, I want you to make things right with me. You said in yesterday's paper, speaking of my joining a lodge, that I was 'taken in.' Well, I was, but I don't want everybody to know it."—Indianapolis News.

Strangers Profitable.

A stranger man in the congregation often means a round dollar in the collection basket.—Toledo Blade.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctors said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. My friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads."—Mrs. NELLIE FRITSCHEK, 1521 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Everyone naturally dreads the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

KIDNEY TROUBLE is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it, Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 5 0 cents by express, prepaid, $1.00.

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 60c and $1.00 at Druggists.

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED

We pay $1 to $15 per set for old false teeth. Doesn't matter if broken. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail. Highest prices paid. Mason's Tooth Specialty, 2007 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Earn $75 to $300 a Month Three or four people wanted in each county. Work at home in spare time hours. Investigation today. Harry Frisinger, Decatur, Ind.

EFFECT OF INSECTS ON WAR

Relationship Is Closer Than Most People Realize, According to U. S. Bureau of Entomology.

Entomology, that branch of zoology which treats of insects, has a much closer relation to war problems than most people realize, and the bureau of entomology has issued bulletins, circulars, posters, leaflets, etc., pertaining to war phases of the field of science be sent to its office in Washington, so that they can be assembled and classified for future reference, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Among the questions that properly come under this head and have a bearing on the war are those pertaining to the attacks of insects on crops, the prevention of mosquitoes, insects in food and water, and so on. While many publications will not possess material of special scientific value, all will at least have a historic interest.

Not Guilty.

In mighty wrath the sergeant came into the midst of the new batch of recruits and fixed his eagle eye on one who evidently was so horribly self-conscious that he simply hated to wash.

"Hi, you!" roared the fierce person. "Have you taken a bath?"

Mild indignation was in the raw un's voice as he answered;

"No; is there one missing?"—London Tit-Bits.

Heredity.

Jamie—Gee, your grandma is a sore old lady!

Jennie—Well, hadn't she ought to be? Her father lived to be a centaur, and her mother was almost a centipede.—Judge.

Preferred Pets.

"Mrs. Jones treats her husband like a dog."

"Lucky fellow! I wish mine did."

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley

skillfully blended and processed make

Grape-Nuts

a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

"There's a Reason"

No Help.

"Why don't you get married and have a wife to soothe your troubles?"

"I don't see much to it. Got a friend who even married two women. When he was pinched for bigamy neither wife went near him."—Kansas City Journal.

Maybe He's Modest.

"I can't understand it."

"What?"

"He's been working at his present job for two months now and doesn't claim that his pay has been raised three times already."