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.

Patria, last of "The Fighting Channings," while en route to Newport, her summer home, is thrown to drown from a Sound steamer by agents of Baron Huroki, chief of the Japanese secret service, who, conspiring to embroil the United States and Mexico, desires control of the extensive Channing munition plants, owned by Patria. Her physical counterpart, Elaine, a notorious dancer, in Huroki's pay, substitutes for the supposedly dead woman. But Patria's life is saved by Captain Donald Parr, late of the United States secret service and secretly Patria's fiance.

SIXTH EPISODE

"Alias Nemesis."

Rendezvous at Noon.

Superbly mounted though he was, the horseman rode with slack rein and specious air of aimlessness. Suffered to select its own pace, his cob ambled indolently through the avenues of Newport-town and out into the basking countryside, choosing a way along the eastern shore, often within sight of the Sakonnet river.

For the beauties of nature in general Capt. Donald Parr cared no snap of his fingers; his thoughts, like his heart, were exclusively centered upon one single beauty. His purposeless gesture, his semblance of indifference to the flight of time, were alike misleading; he had a most particular goal in mind, and secretly was in the maddest haste to arrive at it. Lastly, his interest in the charming views was positively nil; but his interest in making certain that none followed him was acute.

Had any one of his languid reviews of the road he was traveling discovered a single sign of anything remotely resembling a follower, Donald's ride would have ended back in the summer city by the sea without a pause. As it was, though well persuaded that none spied upon him, he came to his destination by a most circuitous way, doubling back on his path for the matter of two miles before, while passing a lonely patch of woodland between road and river, he elected to disappear.

A twitch at the rein with a touch of the spur swung his horse sharply aside into an almost imperceptibly marked path.

Winding tortuously through the forest, the path presently debouched into a little glade from which, through a thinning growth of trees, the shimmer of sunlit waters was visible.

Here Captain Parr pulled up, dismounted, tethered his horse to a sapling, and went on afoot, striding rapidly toward the river, with a marked manner of eager anxiety.

A turn in the path, rounding a thicket, brought him abruptly face to face with the object at once of his happiness and all his cares.

He stopped short.

"Patria!" he cried in a voice vibrant with the wonder that her loveliness never failed to arouse.

As she offered both hands to his ardent clasp, her smile seemed a trifle wistful.

"Don!" she said. "At last! I knew you wouldn't be late—but even when you're most punctual, it always seems so long a time of waiting!"

Patria and Captain Parr Enter Patria's Home Where Elaine Holds Court.

"I meant to be earlier today," he said, falling in by her side as she turned back toward the shore, "but was unexpectedly detained."

She looked round quickly with eyes filled with inquiry. He nodded affirmatively.

"Yes—at the Casino. I was just about ready to start on my well-known morning ride—purely," he laughed, "in the interests of my health, of course—when Huroki and De Lima turned up with the changeling."

"Elaine!"

"Your volunteer substitute. So I had to wait till they were otherwise occupied before I thought it wise to leave."

The two came out by the river's edge in a little rock-bound cove with a sandy floor. Inland, more than half-hidden among the trees, a modest bungalow of unsurfaced logs was visible—on its veranda the simple person of Anne, Patria's maid, placidly rocking and sewing.

"Sit down." The girl sank, feet crossed beneath her, to the beach. "Tell me about this creature. Does Elaine really—?"

"Get away with it?" Parr laughed again. "I should say she did. The girl's a consummate actress and mimic. Only a close observer can detect in Elaine's manner the inevitable, occasional gaucherie, when she's at a loss how to behave out of her element, momentarily without Fanny Adair at her elbow to prompt her. As a diplomat, however, she conspicuously lacks finesse—either that, or she's vilely ill-advised."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean she goes about ridding herself of dangerous encumbrances in the crudest fashion imaginable. Well, you know how she quarreled with Anne on the flimsiest pretext, and sent her packing; and how she couldn't resist the temptation to slap my face with the confidential announcement of her engagement, as Patria Channing, to Juan de Lima. And today, desiring to get rid of Mrs. Wrenn and Rodney, she has caused this announcement to be published, without saying a word to them. The newspaper gave the first hint Mrs. Wrenn got of the affair."

Parr drew from his pocket a folded paper, and displayed to Patria one of her own photographs, wretchedly reproduced in half-tone, above a story headlined somewhat in this fashion:

MISS PATRIA CHANNING
Multimillionaire Heiress Stirs Newport Society by Announcing Her Engagement to Senor Juan de Lima, Wealthy Mexican Mine Owner.

With a little exclamation of exasperation Patria read the article through, then angrily crumpled the paper in her two hands.

"And what came of it?" she asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Wrenn protested, of course—insisted that 'Patria' retract the announcement. And the row Elaine had been spoiling for was on, ending with her informing Mrs. Wrenn that, if she disapproved so strongly, Fanny Adair would relieve her of responsibility as 'Patria's' chaperon. So Rodney and his mother are leaving."

"When?"

"Today, I presumed."

"Oh!" the girl declared in deepest indignation, "this is intolerable! I can't stand it, I won't, another minute! Don, you must let me come out of hiding and expose these imposters!"

"Please, dear!" Donald begged. "Give me another thirty-six hours; I'm watching them more closely than they suspect; they do nothing I don't know all about, either through personal observation or through my agents. I only want to spare you publicity and annoyance. Give these fools rope enough and they'll hang themselves as high as Haman, and spare us the trouble. But let them once suspect you live, and your life's worth—well, hardly that!"

"That!" was a snap of Parr's fingers. "Don't let me alarm you with my exaggeration," he added, with a reassuring smile. "But Huroki can move as swiftly as a rattlesnake, when he wants to, and strike with as deadly effect. I'm confident of my ability to protect you. And you don't want to die just yet, with your work undone!"

Her hand stole into his. "I don't want to lose a lifetime of being in love with you," she corrected. "So—I'll do as you say."

Less than an hour later Parr left, to return to Newport, and resume his task of espionage.

ESCAPADE BY MOONLIGHT.

What little wind there was went down with the sun.

Around about the little bungalow on the Sakonnet shore the hush was absolute.

Only Patria was restless and ill-at-ease. Impatience and dissatisfaction with the lot imposed upon her by Donald Parr's arguments, prayers, will and wishes, raged in her bosom.

Alone upon the little veranda, she fought temptation as long as she could, till suspense in inaction galled her intolerably, then rose and stole into the house as noiselessly as any cat, to reappear after a lapse of time incredibly brief clothed in dark bathing suit and sandals, a light silken beach wrap covering her shoulders.

Like some shadow of the night she crept down to the beach and launched her canoe. It was a matter of several miles, but she made nothing of the cruise to the beach beneath the cliffs crowned by her summer home.

Effecting a landing there, as secret as her launching had been, she dragged the canoe up on the sands, hugged the cloak more tightly round her, and with a delicious shiver of daring sought the private flight of steps that zigzagged up to the grounds of the Channing cottage.

At the top Patria sought the friendly shelter of the nearest shadows, then made a furtive way towards the house. There were on the ground a dozen coigns of vantage known to Patria whence spying would be practicable and safe.

In the nearest of these, close by the wide veranda, she resigned herself to wait with far less composure than her motionless pose might have been taken to indicate.

Even so, her patience was not severely taxed. Within a very few minutes the light in one of the French windows of the drawing-room was twice eclipsed, as two people came out and began slowly to pace the veranda, side by side—Elaine and the unspeakable Juan de Lima!

Moonlight flooded the face and figure of the changeling with unearthly brilliance. Patria could have cried out in amaze, so extraordinary seemed the vision she gazed upon.

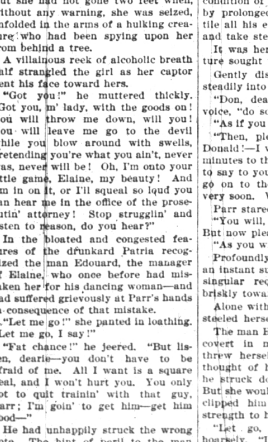
De Lima wooed her after the manner of his kind, ardently, crudely, with patent intention. Inching closer, he essayed to kiss her.

But Elaine would not suffer him.

"That's as far as you'll go!" she told him, in the choice of words that came most naturally to her. "I'm going to marry you—yes! Marrying you is part of my contract with Huroki—I wish to God it wasn't. I'll go through with it because I agreed to, but—lay off me whenever we're alone. Marriage is one thing—kisses are something else again!"

She swung brusquely back through the window. With an imprecation in his native tongue, the Mexican followed.

Patria stepped back and sought a way round to a point whence she might see through the windows. Taking courage from the silence, she ventured to raise the window and step within. But she had not gone two feet when, without any warning, she was seized, enfolded in the arms of a hulking creature who had been spying upon her from behind a tree.



Patria Coolly Impersonates Elaine.

A villainous reek of alcoholic breath half strangled the girl as her captor bent his face toward hers.

"Got you!" he muttered thickly. "Got you, m' lady, with the goods on! You will throw me down, will you! You will leave me go to the devil while you blow around with swells, pretending you're what you ain't, never was, never will be! Oh, I'm onto your little game, Elaine, my beauty! And I'm in on it, or I'll squeal so loud you can hear me in the office of the prosecutin' attorney! Stop struggling' and listen to reason, do you hear?"

In the bloated and congested features of the drunkard Patria recognized the man Edouard, the manager of Elaine, who once before had mistaken her for his dancing woman—and had suffered grievously at Parr's hands in consequence of that mistake.

"Let me go!" she panted in loathing. "Let me go, I say!"

"Fat chance!" he jeered. "But listen, dearie—you don't have to be afraid of me. All I want is a square deal, and I won't hurt you. You only got to quit trainin' with that guy, Parr; I'm goin' to get him—get him good—"

He had unhappily struck the wrong note. The hint of peril to the man she adored maddened Patria. She fought like a woman possessed, beating Edouard's face with her small fists at first, in endeavoring to catch and stay her hands, he relaxed his embrace, and she leaped back to freedom, then took to her heels and ran as she had never run before.

Accident more than design directed her flight toward the cliff.

Three minutes more and Patria was again afloat, paddling frantically toward the place of safety she had so unwisely left.

TWO AND AN EXTRA.

Oddly enough, considering the anxiety on Donald Parr's behalf inspired by the threats of Edouard, Patria slept a deep and dreamless sleep, and wakened so late that, by the time she had taken her morning swim and dressed and breakfasted, it was hard upon noon.

As the hour of their daily rendezvous approached, she found it difficult to contain her impatience, so impatient was she to be reassured as to the safety of her betrothed. Had Donald been five minutes late he would have found her half-hysterical with dread.

He was, however, a trifle earlier than usual.

None the less, she was beforehand with him in the glade. And the relief with which she saw him riding, sound and whole, to meet her, translated itself into so violent a seizure of trembling that he could not have failed to remark it.

He did not even wait to tether his horse, but ran to her the instant his feet touched the earth, seizing her hands and drawing her to him.

"Patria! what has happened?"

"No—nothing!"

"But you were never like this! You're quivering like a frightened child! Something must be the matter!"

"Only—only I have fretted so for fear of some accident to you, dear. I am so glad to see you safe!"

His arms closed round her; for a little her face was hidden in his bosom.

Like a naughty child, she had feared to own the truth about her overnight adventure. But now the need of confession was strong upon her.

From the haven of her lover's arms she stared thoughtfully off into the forest.

Something moved among the trees. The head and shoulders of a man rose slowly from cover of a breast-high growth of underbrush. Patria looked straight into the eyes of Edouard, bloodshot in a mask of features that worked with rage.

She drew a long breath. By no other sign did she betray the terror that assailed her. Edouard was lifting into sight a pistol, but his anger and the condition of a nervous system wrecked by prolonged debauches rendered futile all his efforts to level the weapon and take steady aim.

It was her Donald whom this creature sought to kill.

Gently disengaging, she looked up steadily into her lover's eyes.

"Don, dear," she said in a small voice, "do something to please me."

"As if you needed to ask—!"

"Then, please—please, Donald, my Donald!—I want to be alone for a few minutes to think over something I have to say to you. If you'll humor me and go on to the cottage, I'll follow you very soon. Will you, dear?"

Parr stared. "I don't understand—"

"You will, as soon as I can tell you. But now please do as I ask."

"As you wish, my dear girl."

Profoundly perplexed, yet never for an instant suspecting the cause of this singular request, Donald strode off briskly toward the shore.

Alone with the fear of death, Patria steeled herself against the worst.

The man Edouard broke through the covert in murderous haste. Patria threw herself in his way without a thought of hesitation. With an oath he struck down her imploring hands. But she would not be denied; her arms clipped him; she exerted all her strength to hold him.

"Let go, you jade!" he rasped hoarsely. "Let me go! I promised to get him, and I will, so help me—!"

"No, Edouard, please—no! Listen to me. You are mistaken—"

"Hell! Let out of my way before you get hurt!"

"Edouard, please—please listen! I will do anything you wish—I will go back to New York—anywhere you say—"

The man hesitated, looking down strangely at her.

"You promise that?"

"They give me a kiss to prove it!"

Instantly she offered her lips to his. He tightened an arm round her, lowered his head. She seized the pistol, planted an elbow against his chest with wicked force, fought wildly to break away and disarm him.

What followed was so blurred with fear, desperation, panic-stricken struggings, that she retained no clear understanding of the affair.

She knew only that it culminated in the explosion of the pistol. She saw Edouard reel back, catching wildly at the air, and fall. She stared incredulous at her hands that held the weapon. Instinctively she fled that place like a hunted thing.

BAL MASQUE.

Parr, alarmed by the pistol shot, ran back toward the glade to meet midway and receive in his arms the wellnigh demented girl.

It was many minutes before he succeeded in gaining a disconnected account of what had come of Patria's infatuated attempt to sacrifice herself.

"And then," she wailed, "the pistol went off in my hands, and he fell—dead, dead! I murdered him!"

On the echo of that cry both heard the sound of drumming hoofs deadened by the forest mould.

"Dead?" Donald doubted. "Oh, I fancy not. Either Edouard has already recovered sufficiently to steal my horse, or he had a confederate to do me that service. Come and see."

The glade, when they again entered it, was empty. Both Elaine's manager and Donald's cob had vanished. There remained only the echo of flying hoofs to testify that either had been there.

"How he managed to trail me here without my knowledge is what mystifies me," Parr complained when, some time later, the two sat together before the little bungalow. "He could hardly have done it unassisted. I see Huroki's hand in this; the man is shrewder than I credited him with being—and that's saying a lot."

"And what can we do?"

"There's only one thing to do now. Every hour's delay now means added danger—for if Huroki doesn't know it already, he'll learn quickly enough now from Edouard that you still live; and he won't waste much time before he tries to rectify that fatal flaw in his calculations. We've simply got to beat him to it."

"And how—?"

"Tonight there's to be a bal masque at the Channing cottage. If we lie low till nightfall—I won't leave you again—we can take advantage of this masquerade, I fancy, quite effectively."

Rapidly and clearly he outlined a plan of operations.

"Publicity we must avoid if possible, both for your sake and for the sake of the work you have yet to do as executrix of the Channing Defense Fund," he concluded. "If we can quietly put the fear of God into the heart of Elaine and send her back to town, and at the same time persuade Huroki and Company it's far more comfortable to leave the country than stay to face charges of criminal conspiracy—I think we may call it a good day's work and let it go at that, without hankering for more spectacular revenge."

It was nearly eleven when Parr brought the canoe to the beach where on Patria had landed the previous night. The girl, again in bathing suit and beach cloak—the only things Patria had been able to muster from her bungalow wardrobe in the way of costume—jumped out lightly and lent Donald a hand he didn't need to carry the canoe well up out of reach of the tide.

At the top of the cliff they paused only to adjust their masks; there was no need for further discussion of plans already definitely formulated.

Viewed from a little distance, the scene on the lawns was distractingly interesting. As Parr had foretold, so it had fallen out, all Newport—all that social colony which makes Newport what it stands for in the comprehension of the world—had forgathered on the lawn of the Channing cottage in brilliant costumes and gayest spirits.

But Patria and Captain Parr did not linger. Their time was too precious.

Entering the house by a side door little used, they separated immediately, Parr strolling nonchalantly to a prearranged point of assignation with his assistants, Patria slipping quietly upstairs to her dressing room.

She threw open the door and entered without ceremony, courageously prepared to do what she had come to do, but at first disappointed and a bit relieved to find the room tenanted only by an astonished maid.

"I wish to see Miss Channing," Patria demanded.

"Madam will find her on the lawn," the maid replied, eyeing this strange masquerader with considerable suspicion. "She has just descended to dance for her guests."

One of Patria's hands brought from beneath her beach wrap a treasury note.

"Please find her for me—ask her to come here without delay."

"And whom shall I say—?"

"Tell Miss Channing a friend of Edouard's wishes to see her on important business."

The money changed hands; the maid departed on the errand; Patria selected a chair close by the door and sat down, retaining her mask.

Minutes dragged interminably. A murmur of applause, hand-clapping commingled with cries of "Encore! Encore!" came from the lawns.

Patria rose and went to the window. She could make out nothing more definite than a general movement of the crowd.

Prefaced by scurrying footsteps in the hallway, the door was opened. Elaine flung herself excitedly into the room. Patria arose, put her back to the door, turned the key. Elaine swung sharply to confront her.

"Who the deuce are you?" she demanded.

Silently Patria removed her mask.

With a low cry that was half a groan, the dancing woman reeled back to the wall, her face ghastly beneath the rouge.

The Enraged Lover Attacks the Girl.

Dropping her beach wrap, Patria uncovered her pistol.

"Be good enough," she said coldly, "to let me have that costume you are wearing. I give you this chance of escape, but warn you not to waste time. The police will be here in ten minutes!"

Dumb in despair, Elaine began to fumble with the fastenings of her attire.

The door was tried; from the hallway the voice of the maid became audible:

"Miss Channing! do you need me?"

"Not in the least," Patria replied. "Go away and don't come back for half an hour."

Patria moved across the room and picked up the costume out of which Elaine had just stepped, a Spanish dancer's dress.

But it was far from easy to manage the change and a pistol at one and the same time. On sudden decision Patria unlocked the door.

"Put that beach cloak over your underthings," she ordered Elaine, "and go!"

Submissively, Elaine picked up the cloak and went to the door. Patria crossed to a cheval glass on the far side of the room, on the way putting her pistol on a little table in the recess of the window. A moment later, while hooking up the dress before the glass, she saw Elaine fling the door open and dart toward the table.

Patria moved, but Elaine had moved too quickly for her. Her hand closed upon the pistol.

Simultaneously a man's hand was thrust in between the window draperies, holding a revolver. This last was discharged with what, in that small space, seemed deafening detonation. Without as much as a sigh Elaine fell. She was dead before she lay at rest.

Thoughtless of danger, Patria reached the window in time to see a man leave the foot of a ladder whose topmost rung rested on the window-sill, and scurry off in desperate haste.

As she turned back she heard several people hurrying down the corridor, talking with more or less animation. The suave accents of Baron Huroki were distinguishable.

At her feet the pistol glistened temptingly; the rays it reflected struck fire from Patria's brain. Hastily she picked it up.

Followed by Fanny Adair and Juan de Lima, Baron Huroki unceremoniously entered the room.

"The maid said she was afraid you were in some sort of trouble—," he began, and checked in stupefaction, staring down at the body of the dancer.

"Shut that door," Patria brusquely told De Lima.

"What does it mean?" Mrs. Adair whimpered.

With a hint of contempt Patria looked from face to face.

"Mean?" she said. "It means that Patria Channing is accounted for at last. Somebody had to do it—and you men bungled every time you tried it. Now I've done my part; it remains for you to cover this up. I'm going back to my guests before they miss me."

She left the three staring, dumb-founded, aghast.

In the lower hallway she encountered Parr, drew him aside, told him what she had done.

"But why? To what end?" he stammered.

"As long as they think me Elaine, and therefore are sure that Patria is dead—I am inside their councils," she explained. "I shall become intimate with all their schemes—and disclose to you all I find out!"

* * * * * * *

In the dim gray twilight of dawn the body of Edonard was found at the foot of the cliffs. It was surmised that—blinded by remorse and drink—in the haste of his flight, he had stumbled over the fatal beach cloak.

The discovery furnished Baron Huroki and his circle with a way out of their dilemma. The story they gave out was to the effect that Edouard had shot Elaine in a fit of jealous rage, and then killed himself.

(END OF SIXTH EPISODE.)

BRAZIL HOVERS ON BRINK OF WAR

DECLARATION OF NEUTRALITY REVOKED BY CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

RESEMBLES U. S. SITUATION

Embarking of Brazilian Merchantmen Makes State of Neutrality Untenable, President Declares.

Rio de Janeiro—The chamber of deputies by a vote of 19 to 3, revoked the declaration of neutrality in the war between the United States and Germany.

The resolution empowers President Braz to take necessary steps to protect and defend Brazil's integrity against aggression, past and prospective.

The first step is expected to take the shape of a declaration of war. The situation strikingly resembles that in the United States prior to the final break between that country and Germany.

A state of neutrality was rendered untenable, both the president and premier had informed the congress in speeches, by the sinking of a second Brazilian merchantman by a German U-boat.

One of the first acts of the government will be the utilization not confiscation of German vessels interned in Brazilian ports.

UNCLE SAM HITS DRAFT FOES

Secret Service to Arrest Agitators Against Conscription.

Washington—The entire secret service force of the department of justice has been brought into action to ferret out persons and organizations in various parts of the country who have more or less candidly urged defiance of the selective draft registration provisions.

Ever since the president signed the bill that will require more than 10,000,000 Americans to hold themselves ready for a call to the colors, evidence of efforts to defeat the law has been piling up.

The government will demand the severest penalties upon any persons caught interfering with the operation of the registration next Tuesday.

That a person is sincerely an advocate of peace and believes the conscription law "undemocratic" will not save him. Agents of the department are particularly active in New York, Illinois, parts of Missouri and on the Pacific coast, where the I. W. W. is reported to have waged a campaign against registration.

ITALIANS ON WAY TO TRIEST

General Cadorna's Armies Continue Smashing Advance.

London—Across the prostrate body of the Hapsburg empire leads the road to final victory."

An eminent military critic thus commented on the news from the Austro-Italian front, recording smashing advances by General Cadorna's armies, especially his right wing, toward Triest.

Judging by reports pouring in from all sides it seemed that this comment strikingly sums up the situation as created by the Italian drive, and its consequences.

The Italians have fought their way forward to within two miles of Duino, the most formidable natural barrier between them and Triest.

Vienna stubbornly refuses to concede the Italian victories, but the map tells the story of General Cadorna's steady advance.

FOOD BILL PASSES HOUSE

As Soon As Senate Has Acted, Crop Survey Will Start.

Washington—The first of the administration food bills, carrying appropriations of approximately $14,770,000 for a survey and stimulation of the food supply, passed the house Monday without record vote. The senate has yet to pass the measure.

As soon as the measure becomes a law, the department will start its 17,000 employes and the 150,000 voluntary crop reporters to work.

Fort Huron—James Waterworth, 74 years old, for 40 years a Grand Trunk engineer, running between this city and Detroit, died from injuries he received when struck by an automobile several weeks ago.

Pontiac—Mrs. Mary Jewell, aged 70, was found dead in the basement of her home. She was stricken with apoplexy while doing a washing. A pan full of clothes left on a gas stove had burned up.

Detroit—Fort Wayne may be converted into a hospital for United States soldiers wounded in France. The government has requested the plans of the fort and they have been forwarded with this in view. Central location and proximity to the river are recommendations for using the buildings.

Port Huron—Frank Baille, a Sarnia fisherman, caught a sturgeon in Lake Huron containing 24 pounds of caviar, worth $150.

Flint—Though she was born in Germany, Mrs. George E. Marshall of this city has given two sons to the country's fighting forces. The sons are Earl, 19, and Elmer, 23. Both have enlisted in the national guard and have gone "somewhere in Michigan" to join the Flint troops. "I have four sons," she said, "and I am willing and glad to give two of them to this country."

JOKE WASN'T ON 'STONEWALL'

Students' Futile Attempt to Make Great Soldier Evince Even a Slight Sign of Fear.

"Maj. Thomas J. Jackson, later the famous 'Stonewall' Jackson, was our instructor in mathematics and drilled the students in artillery tactics," said General Armistead, an ante bellum graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. "'Old Jack,' as the students called him, with his worn uniform, faded cap, usually perched at a ridiculous angle upon his big head, rusty old cavalry saber and ungraceful gait, was in appearance far from our beau ideal of a soldier. Nevertheless, it was possible even then to guess at the real greatness of the man.

"The guns we used in our artillery drills were pulled by hand. As the drill proceeded, our instructor would become transformed into the very semblance of Mars himself, as, with form erect, waving sword and flashing eye, he would give the command 'Fire!' in a voice that rang over the campus like the blast of a bugle.

"One day, in a spirit of mischief, the students who were drawing the gun pretended to lose control of it as it moved rapidly down a gentle incline, directly toward Major Jackson. But the commander, instead of scuttling out of the way as the boys had gleefully anticipated, stood sternly erect and immovable right in the track of the gun.

"I tell you there was some lively hustling, and just in the nick of time, too, to keep Old Jack from being run over. That was our only attempt to play a practical joke at Major Jackson's expense."—Youth's Companion.

Coldest Over Equator.

Winds blow not merely along the surface of the earth but upward and downward throughout the atmosphere. They whirl about in all directions. So it is impossible to construct a weather chart that will really show the directions of the winds, for such a chart would have to be in three dimensions, says a writer in the Geographical Review.

Prof. Alexander McAdie of Harvard describes some of the recent experiments in the upper air performed by sounding balloons. The atmosphere has, roughly, two layers, the lower called the troposphere and the upper the stratosphere. The strongest winds are found just below the stratosphere, and it would seem that pressure changes originate in this region.

The stratosphere is highest over the equator and lowest over the poles, but its height varies with the season. "At the equator," says Professor McAdie, "as we rise in the air the temperature continues to fall to a much greater height than in temperate latitudes. Indeed, the lowest temperature is found above the equator."

Weeds and Plants.

A weed is a plant out of place. Lots of weeds could be cultivated into good citizens and plenty of our common crops become weeds when they mix up with what we're trying to raise.