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.

On her twenty-first birthday Patria Channing becomes sole owner of Channings, Inc., America's greatest chain of arms and ammunition plants, and simultaneously sets executrix of a $100,000,000 trust secretly created by her patriotic progenitors to combat the national peril inherent in "unpreparedness"—to which cause Patria dedicates her life. Japanese secret agents directed by Baron Huroki of Tokyo try to steal the Channing Trust. With the aid of Captain Parr of the United States secret service, Patria frustrates all their efforts.

FOURTH EPISODE

Double-Crossed

Though not a sound disturbed the room's tranquillity, the tenant of its silk-clad couch was not asleep. And yet she was by no means awake. Normal youth had had its fill of slumber; now she rested in a delicious state of drowsiness, less than sleep, little if any less than dream, vaguely aware of her identity and of the familiar gloom of her bedchamber, but still with brain bemused by the glamour of that romance which colored her every thought were she waking or sleeping, who for the first time loved and who knew her love was not wasted.

The little French gilt traveling clock upon her dressing table chimed once, softly and sweetly.

Simultaneously the door to the adjoining drawing room was opened just far enough to frame the amiable features of her maid.

The girl in a sleepy voice inquired the hour.

Informed that it was just half after eleven she sat up smartly with a little exclamation of dismay:

"And Captain Parr calling at one to take me to lunch at Claremont!"

Immediately Patria slipped from between the sheets and into a gossamer garment so exquisite that it were sheer profanity to name it bathrobe.

So it was nearly midday before, once more abed but now wide awake, and all a-tingle with the vitality stimulated by a cold plunge, she disposed of a poor apology for a breakfast, and skimmed through her morning's mail.

In it was a note from Rodney's mother, Mrs. Gilbert Wrenn.

Her complaints were gentle but incessant. They must be answered. Patria selected a telegraph form and wrote swiftly:

Mrs. Gilbert Wrenn,
"Shadow Lawn"—Newport.

Do not be impatient with me—you've no idea what an interminably stupid business taking formal possession of one's own property can be. I don't stop on in this sinning city because I like it—and if nothing prevents, shall come home tomorrow night by the Fall River boat—

Patria paused and frowned a little, thoughtfully. Then, with a shrug and move that meant she intended to have

Handed Her a Roll of Bills.

her own way irrespective of her chaperon's approval, she added a single line:

Shall bring Fanny Adair with me.—Patria.

Giving Anne the telegram for dispatch without delay, Patria permitted her thoughts briefly to linger upon the young woman whom she had just named.

Fanny Adair's maiden name was her main title to her place in the sun—that and a cheerful personality coupled with perfect breeding. Her family had been one of the oldest and most-respected as well as one of the wealthiest in Manhattan. But that comfortable fortune which might have been hers had been dissipated by her paternal extravagance; Fanny had been penniless when she married young Adair for his money—a sordid motive whose meanness had been atoned by her candor in owning to it as by its ill success. For Adair had lost everything in Wall street and had taken his life during the ensuing fit of despair.

Since that time Fanny had lived upon the increment of her arts and charms.

It was quite natural that steady-paced matrons like Mrs. Wrenn should disapprove prudently of Fanny Adair.

Patria, however, liked the girl; and recently finding her temporarily marooned in a shabby boarding house in town for lack of funds or invitation to any country house, had promptly taken Fanny under her wing, providing her with accommodations as luxurious as her own in the hotel and impulsively promising her a month at "Shadow Lawn" when the time came for Patria to return.

Could she have seen Fanny at that moment, Patria would have been less charitably disposed, would have granted that more cogent reasons existed for repenting of her hasty invitation than the fear of Mrs. Wrenn's displeasure.

It was, noon precisely when Mrs. Adair alighted from a town-car as irreproachably turned out as her engaging self, and with furtive glances right and left, approached the entrance to a faultlessly quiet residence in a sober side street of the Murray Hill quarter.

Her ring was answered by a sleek little man-servant with close-cropped hair as black as eyes that resembled jet beads set aslant in a saffron mask.

Indubitably he recognized the caller. Bowing with a deference that was somehow subtly insolent, he admitted Fanny.

Upon a mat in the middle of the room a Japanese gentleman of high rank sat clothed in the rich simplicity of the robes appertaining unto his nobility.

He was a man of middle-age, yet younger than his years. The habit of authority was his, tempered with the most suave urbanity.

"My dear Mrs. Adair—"

He bowed over her hand so low his lips seemed to brush it.

She began to speak in agitated accents: "Baron Huroki—"

He deprecated her emotion with a slight gesture.

"You have come to tell me something I very much wish to know—eh?"

Her hands worked together in her lap. "I have come to say, I wish to be released from our agreement."

A second small gesture dissented. Her voice failed. She stared at him with pitiful eyes.

"It is impossible, my dear Mrs. Adair." His tones were as bland as oil, his intention as firm as adamant. He smiled intimately up at her. "Why distress yourself?"

"I don't like what you make me do," she faltered. "Patria—she is too good to me, too kind and sweet. I can't get my own consent to continue spying on her!"

"You do not need it, dear Mrs. Adair. You have mine."

"Baron Huroki—"

"Please—ah, please do not make me remind you of certain unpleasant matters which must inevitably become public should you fail to carry out my instructions with respect to the amiable Miss Channing. It is my wish that you continue to be her friend; you must become her bosom friend, her closest confidant; when that is accomplished, I shall secure through you certain information essential to my—oh—happiness; and then I shall permit you to go free of all obligations to me. Meantime—must I remind you, your services are well paid?"

She was silenced. And while she sat twisting futile fingers together and striving to contrive some way out of those toils in which she was so hopelessly enmeshed, a servant entered, bowed, and announced Senor Juan de Lima. At sight of Mrs. Adair he addressed her with the informality of an intimate acquaintance:

"Ah-h, Senora Adair! Of all women the one I am most anxious to see! And where, Fanny, dear, were you last night, when I see Miss Patria dancing with Montmartre?"

"I—last night? Patria at Montmartre!"

The eyes of the baron narrowed. "But yes—I tell you, I am at Montmartre at two thees morning, with a friend. And suddenly I see Miss Channing there, dancing in costume, a character dance, like a public dancer, all alone!"

Mrs. Adair elevated delicately pencled brows. "Patria was in bed before midnight. I sat at her bedside talking with her, for half an hour, before she turned out her light."

"Then she must get up and steal out when you are gone!"

"That's likely!"

Baron Huroki interposed smoothly: "A case of mistaken identity, I imagine, de Lima. It's not credible that a young woman of Miss Channing's standing should disport herself as a public dancer in a place like Montmartre."

"Maybe so." The Mexican conceded to the Japanese what he would have perished rather than concede to the American woman. "But I cannot understand. These people of Montmartre, they tell me she is Mademoiselle Elaine, she dance there every night. But to me she is la Senorita Patria to the life."

"No matter. I have other business of greater importance to discuss with you. Dear Mrs. Adair, do you mind—?"

But she would not be dismissed so cavalierly. She stood her ground.

If she must play the traitor in Patria's camp, she meant to have her stipulated price.

The baron shrugged and smote his palms softly. The servant who slid back a screen in response interpreted his gesture in a twinkling, and was instant to bring his master a lacquered coffer. Huroki handed her a roll of bills.

Her funds replenished from this store of gold and bills, Mrs. Adair went her way.

Alone with Senor de Lima, Baron Huroki somewhat peremptorily demanded a repetition of his story about the dancer of Montmartre.

"Assuming that this resemblance exists—that it is as close, as striking as you declare—why should we not buy this public woman, couch her to play Patria, and so compass our ends?"

The Mexican drew a deep breath.

"You mean you would—?"

"Eliminate Miss Channing, put Mademoiselle Elaine in her place? Precisely! What could be simpler?"

FROLIC.

Few days are long enough for lovers—so they be not apart. And since the companionship throughout of

"To Me She Is La Senorita Patria to the Life!"

Fanny Adair provided slip sufficient unto the conventions, Miss Channing and Captain Parr recognized no excuse for failure to prolong this day its extreme, and then a bit beyond.

The luncheon at Claremont seemed merely a natural prelude for a motor jaunt out Westchester way to escape the withering heat of town. Then after tea at a quaint roadhouse there was a homeward drive to edge their appetites for a little dinner on Delmonico's roof, in the course of which it transpired that Parr happened (oh, most adventitiously!) to have been presented with three seats for the premiere of a famous summer revue, an annual theatrical event not lightly to be ignored.

It was an hour past midnight when Patria was admonished by Fanny Adair that she really ought to return to the hotel.

Almost pouting, the girl assented. From that betrayal Parr took his cue.

"It seems altogether too late and too early a perfect day," he protested. "Couldn't we go some place and have a dance—just one?"

Patria's sympathy was instant. "I'd love it."

"Then where shall we go?"

Over a question so weighty the young woman knitted her brows.

"I know!" she declared, after a moment—seriously ignoring Fanny's remonstrances. "Let's go to a good roof garden!"

So they taxied over to the roof of one of the theaters, and thanks to the lateness of the hour, had little difficulty in securing a table; for the performance was over, by the time they entered.

Almost immediately, Patria repented her impulse. Well aware that she figured prominently in the public eye, she was unprepared to find herself so promptly recognized by so many people.

Or was it wholly recognition? In the manner with which the head waiter greeted them, Patria thought to detect something like bewilderment promptly dissembled. The impression persisted that the sensation she excited was less curiosity than astonishment.

This impression was deepened by an odd incident shortly after they were seated. Patria's first glance was drawn as if by hypnotic magnetism, directly across the room to the face of a young man who, alone at a table for two, had swung squarely round to stare at Patria as if he could not credit the testimony of his vision.

It wasn't long after that the orchestra struck up a waltz, and Patria nodded gayly in answer to Parr's quick invitation. She was very fond of dancing, most of all fond of waltzing with her Captain Parr.

Surprisingly, then, there came a burst of handclapping from the tenants of other tables.

Patria hesitated, with an inquiring glance up into Parr's face. He shook his head.

"I understand no more than you," he averred, laughing. "Let's pretend we notice nothing. I dare say we'll get some sort of a clue to the mystery before very long."

They danced, but they danced alone. By common consent all others turned to watch them. And when they paused with the music and moved back toward their table, applause again pursued them.

Embarrassed beyond measure, Patria gave over trying to conceal it.

"Do let's go," she begged. "I can't stand this sort of thing."

Patria was waiting for Parr to hold her cloak when she felt her arm imprisoned in the brutal grasp of one who had stolen up on her from behind. Instantly she was swung round and identified her assailant with the man at the adjoining table who had been glaring at her so disconcertingly.

"What d—— foolishness is this?" he demanded, thrusting a bloated face so close to hers that Patria was almost sickened by the reek of the alcoholized breath. "Do you think I'm going to stand any nonsense from you, my girl? You can't sit with swells and cut me dead—stare at me as if I was dirt—and then get up to go away without me! You—"

He broke off with an oath as Parr, striking his wrist smartly forced him to free Patria's arm, and at the same time stepped between them.

Pale and trembling with rage, as he was, Parr did his best to pass the affair off without further trouble.

"You've made a mistake," he told the man sternly. "You're drunk, or I'd punish you for it. Get out of our way!"

For reply he got a sudden blow on the jaw. Half-staggered, he stepped back and retaliated with telling effect until seized by waiters—even as the drunkard was seized and held helpless, and, for all his frothing struggles to break free and get at Parr, dragged off behind the scenes of the stage.

Hurriedly, to escape the uproar excited by the incident, the captain escorted his companions to the lobby. Attendants at the door prevented them from being followed by interested patrons. But there was no elevator immediately available. And while they waited, Patria uttered a low cry of dismay.

"My flexible bracelet!" she said. "It's gone!"

"I'll find and fetch it," he said. "Wait here."

As he vanished through the swinging doors to the roof Patria sunk weakly down in a chair, while Fanny Adair moved off toward the dressing room and disappeared.

A shadow bulked large between her and the lights. She looked up with a start. The drunken fool who had created that scene stood over her, in his eyes a baleful glare, which froze the cry of fright on Patria's lips. She looked up, petrified with terror.

"Get up!" the man commanded in a thickened accents. "Get up and come with me, or you'll be sorry! Do you hear? Or don't you believe what I'm telling you?"

He flourished a hand, palm outward, before her face. In the palm she saw the hilt of a knife whose long, shining blade was half-hidden in the cuff.

"If you want a taste of that—!"

She found her voice and cried out. Blaspheming, the fellow bent over and picked her bodily out of the chair.

His strength was extraordinary. She was helpless in his arms.

Parr had just recovered the bracelet from a waiter when he heard Patria's cry in the lobby.

He dashed through the doors, to find the place empty of all but four or five liveried men.

"Where's the lady who was waiting for me?" he demanded of the nearest man.

"Gone off with her manager," the other grinned. "They had some sort of a row and he picked her up and—"

"You fool!" Parr cried. "That lady has no manager! She is Miss Channing—Patria Channing!"

"G'arn!" was the reply. "She's Elaine, the dancer, and the man's Jules Edouard, her manager. You better keep out of this, she's his girl, and he's a hard man—"

But Parr was already running down the corridor. It led him out upon an empty roof beneath the stars.

The faintest echo of a call for help drew him to the head of the fire-escape. How he got down that fire-escape, he never knew. When he reached the bottom, it was to find the paved court destitute of any trace of the kidnaper and his prey. He dashed round it in frenzy, trying door after door. One yielded, disclosing a long and tunnel-like passage between two buildings. At a venture he ran down this. Coming out at the far end, he saw the basement door to a dilapidated Forty-first street residence closing, and threw his weight against it, with the added momentum of a short run, full-tilt.

Entering a basement hall, he saw before him a flight of stairs leading to the first floor. At the top of these he paused to listen. From some indeterminate point in the upper stories he heard a sound of heavy pounding. He took the stairs to the third story three at a stride.

The sound of hammering came from behind a closed door at the back of the hallway. But that door was not locked; Parr thrust it open and discovered Patria's persecutor standing over an old trunk against one wall of what was evidently used as a storeroom for discarded articles of furniture and the like. Of Patria there was never a sign. But the drunkard seemed possessed with the notion that she had hidden in that trunk, which he was insanely endeavoring to break open.

In one bound Parr was at grips with the man, who turned just in time to escape being taken at a disadvantage.

A struggle ensued that demanded every ounce of Parr's strength and determination, every atom of his wit and will. The fellow fought with the power and fury of a demented thing, and presently contrived to trip Parr backwards across the trunk. The captain was up again almost as quickly as he had been thrown—but only to see his man throwing himself across the room toward a knife which Parr saw for the first time, lay on the floor close by some rolled-up rugs.

In a trice Parr was upon his back, and the contest was renewed.

At the moment of final extremity, when the captain was on the point of giving up and trying to find something wherewith to defend himself before it was too late, one of the rugs became amazingly animate. It rolled like a live thing across the floor, unrolling as it came. From it Patria emerged, a creature of cat-like grace and quickness. Her hand closed upon the knife in the nick of time.

The man leaped to his feet as Parr released him. But now the disadvantage was his. Parr closed in, raining blows upon him. He sought vainly to guard against them until one caught the point of his jaw, his head jerked sharply back, and he fell like a discarded marionette, cleanly knocked out.

ASSASSINS.

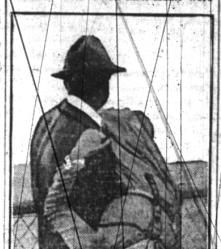
Dawn, a formless sheen of gray, trembled in the skies when Captain Parr sought his bed.

He spent hours after leaving Patria at her hotel in the care of Mrs. Adair (whose attention seemed unnatural enough), in cross-examining the chauffeur of the kidnaper's car, and with plain-clothes men searching a cheap Forty-seventh street hotel for two guests who were not there.

The sum of his investigations was as follows: On the words of half a dozen creditable witnesses the woman, who danced nightly under the name of "Mademoiselle Elaine" was strikingly like Miss Patria Channing. The woman had a dancing partner known as "Monsieur Edouard." The two resided at the same theatrical hotel. Recently Edouard had been drinking too much, and Elaine had broken with him because of that fact. He had persisted, however, in haunting the scene of her nightly exhibitions, making himself a general nuisance there. On this particular night he had raised violent objection to Elaine's convivial with two gentlemen of a foreign habit, both unknown to deponents. To get rid of him Elaine had taken the foreign-seeming gentlemen to her dressing room. In her absence Patria had entered the restaurant. In his befuddled state, he was accosted, doubtless had mistaken her for Elaine and had determined to kidnap her. His plan frustrated by Parr's interference, he had returned to the hotel only long enough to pack a handbag and change his clothes. Curiously enough Elaine had elected to disappear in much the same manner. She had decamped, leaving no address.

It was not until late the following afternoon that he found cause to revise this opinion.

Later while on the point of leaving his rooms to board the Sound steamer on which Patria and Mrs. Adair were



She Was Lifted and Thrown Bodily Athwart the Rail.

to journey to Newport, Parr was arrested on a warrant charging him with assault and battery on the person of one Jules Edouard.

Protestations and credentials alike availed Captain Parr nothing. He was without choice other than to accompany the detectives who served the warrant. And by the time a brief talk with a magistrate had set him free (the complainant in the case being nowhere to be found) he had missed his boat.

He did not for an instant doubt his arrest had been deliberately planned in order to prevent his accompanying Miss Channing.

But it was too late to do more than send her a wireless explaining what had detained him, promising to be with her in Newport the next morning, and warning her to be on her guard.

Patria wandered uneasily, unhappily, about the decks long after the majority of passengers had sought their staterooms.

Even after midnight Patria lingered—on deck, rather than return to the stuffiness of her stateroom.

Resting her forearm on the rail, she stared blindly into the clear darkness of a moonlight night.

A light footfall started Patria out of the somberest of reveries.

Without the least warning a thick soft cloth, like a heavy woolen band-age, enveloped Patria's head.

She essayed to scream, and the folds of cloth settled between her teeth, well-nigh choking her.

Other hands seized her legs. She fought desperately, in blind panic, to no avail. Relentlessly she was lifted and thrown bodily athwart the rail.

Then she was free of the hands, but hurtling down the side of the ship.

Shouting waters leaped to receive her. She went under, came up strangling, then let the waves have their will of her while she fought to free her head of the bandage.

By the time this had been accomplished she was far astern.

In the stateroom adjoining that occupied by Fanny Adair, a woman in nurse's garb consulted a wrist watch, then nodded brusquely to a girl who stood supporting herself with both hands on the foot of a brass bedstead—a girl whose eyes, watching the nurse, were as the eyes of Patria Channing, wide with fright, even as the rest of her was Patria Channing to this life.

"You'd best shift now," said the nurse with a nod toward the forward stateroom. "In two minutes more"—she grinned grimly—"I'm going to whoop and carry on about your suicide!"

With a short, dry gasp of terror and disgust, the girl who looked like Patria tore herself away from the bed and reeled out to the deck.

The door to the next stateroom was open. Thy light within silhouetted the form of Mrs. Adair—Fanny with ghastly face and every limb trembling beneath her frivolous silken negligee.

Blindly the girl stumbled in and shut the door and put her back to it.

For a moment the two stared at each other with eyes of horror.

Then Fanny gasped one word: "Elaine!"

The other interrupted with passionate protest informing her in tremulous accents:

"Don't call me Elaine! Don't you dare. I'm Patria Channing—don't you understand, I'm Patria Channing now? We—we're both guilty—guilty as sin—and you've got to stand by me!"

(END OF FOURTH EPISODE.)

NOW DANCE IN BIG HOTELS

"Society" No Longer Bothers to Take Trouble Which the Giving of a Ball Entails on Hostess.

Where social pleasure reigns and day after day is given to entertainment, in such surroundings "only the trouble of living" is left to disturb the equanimity of the pleasure-seekers. The social correspondent of a newspaper in a large American city, writing of balls and ball-giving, says: "It is a most convenient way to give a ball at an hotel, now that so many people live in the country the greater part of the winter. The guests can defy the elements, blizzards and cyclones alike. They motor to town in the morning and take their time to get their hair dressed, their face massaged and their hands manicured. Their dainty person once thoroughly attended to, after lunching at a friend's and getting in full dancing trim they give a dinner party at the hotel, go to the opera or hear 'Siegfried'—the soothing music of which induces cat-naps of beauty sleep while the lights are down—the acts are long you know, and there are four of them in 'Siegfried!' So they arrive freshened-up for the-ball about midnight. It is all so easy. No hustling about anything only the trouble of living. No anxiety as to everything being in good shape. If it is not—sometimes it is not, you know—well, it is not your affair. Your guests blame it on the house, and you do, too."

DO YOU MAKE $1,500 A YEAR?

If Not, It Will Be Quite Useless to Ask One of These Girls to Marry You.

If any of our gay young Lotharios or Romeos of this bustling and enterprising village have designs on the charming co-eds at the University of Omaha, they are warned to look to their checkbooks. Big, black eyes, pompadoured locks, glistening white teeth and neatly manicured nails don't cut any ice with the Omaha co-eds.

An income of at least $1,500 annually is the first inducement bachelors with an inclination to leap into the matrimonial sea with an Omaha co-ed must make. So the co-eds answered Prof. Harry De Lamatre, instructor in economics, when he asked them what they considered a suitable salary for a man who is going to be married.

When De Lamatre said he believed an income of $1,000 a year was quite sufficient from an economical standpoint, the fair young things burst forth with a simultaneous shout of protest and incredulity: "Who would want to live on that?" they demanded. The Omaha co-eds demand luxurious limousines, birds of paradise for their hats, ermine coats or bejewelled shoes, but they insist it takes $1,500 a year to keep a home going.

Young Artist.

Among the paintings displayed last month in a Fifth avenue art gallery were the water colors of a ten-year-old girl artist.

PREPARE MORE LAND —GROW MORE FOOD

"Seed and Feed" the Slogan of the Year.

The papers are filled with the appeal for soldiers, sailors and farmers, and all are timely, all are necessary. The sailor is needed to man the ships that protect the shores, police the seas and clear the ocean of tormenting and meddlesome masked buccaneers, to give help to the allies, to make more efficient the present fighting units that are keeping free the sea lanes and ocean routes. The soldier is required to keep alive and intact the unity of the nation and the freedom of the world, to protect the lives of its citizens from incursions without and raids within, to guard the honor and preserve the dignity of the great United States, to render not only sentimental but practical assistance to those who for two and a half years on the battlefields of Flanders and the steppes of the East have been fighting for the freedom of the world against a dominant autocratic and militarist Prussianism, which, were it to become successful, would mean autocratism, militarism and Prussianism, and a "get-off-the-sidewalkism" over the entire world. The allies are proud to welcome these new accessions to the fighting forces, which mean an earlier termination of the war and the dawn of an era that will be historic, one that we will all be proud that we lived in. Throughout all Canada, Great Britain, France, and all the allied countries, when the news was received that the United States had entered the war, a thrill went up and down the nation's sides, and the pulses throbbed with a new life, keenly appreciative of the practical sentiment that had brought to their sides an ally of the strength and virility of the United States.

But the soldier and the sailor need to be fed, and therefore the cry for agricultural enlistment. The strength of the fighting man must be maintained. In his absence from the field there comes the necessity for provision to take his place. The appeal for farm help is well timed, opportune and important. There are vacant lands aplenty in the United States that, given a fair opportunity under competent advisement and reasonable help, will produce abundantly. Western Canada also provides an excellent field for the prosecution of work in growing wheat and other grains, and while it is not the desire of the Canadian Government to draw from the resources of the United States, believing that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to do all he possibly can to build up the stores of depleted foods and making use of every energy at home, the wish is to lay before the public the fact that Canada has millions of acres of excellent land capable of producing wonderful crops. If for any reason the reader, having patriotism and a love of his country in his heart, and a desire to forward the cause of the allies, cannot avail himself of the opportunities afforded in the United States, Western Canada will be glad to render him any assistance it can in locating him on its vacant areas, where large crops can be grown at minimum of cost. Let us grow the grain, raise the cattle, produce the food to feed our soldiers, our sailors and provide food for our allies, no matter whether it is done to the North or to the South of the boundary line that in the object in view should not be known as a boundary. Let us keep up the spirit of patriotism, whether it be growing grain in the United States or in Canada, but Canada, fully alive to the necessity, joins in the appeal of its allies—the United States—for more food and more food.—Advertisement.

His Job.

"Judge, you know I ain't guilty; won't you give me another trial?" pleaded the frequent offender.

"Sorry, I'll give you another if you get into this court again. Ten dollars and costs."

OLD SORES, ULCERS AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 49 Wilder St., Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 25 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, and money back if it isn't the best you ever saw. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

"Peterson's Ointment is the best for bleeding and blind piles I have ever found."—Major Charles E. Whitney, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

"Peterson's Ointment has given great satisfaction for Salt Rheum."—Mrs. J. L. Weiss, Cuylerville, N. Y.

All druggists sell it, recommend it. Adv.

The Reason Why.

"The man you see passing is a queer one. He makes only a bald pretense at earning a living."

"How is that?"

"He is a hair-raising specialist."

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine — double strength — is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Silent contempt is responsible for many an undelivered blow.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. At your druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.