Patria

by Louis Joseph Vance

The Great Romance of Preparedness

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., UNDER THE DIRECTION OF WHARTON, INC.

THE CAST.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Patria Channing.
MILTON SILLS as Donald Parr.
WARNER OLAND as Baron Huroki.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

SYNOPSIS.

Anticipating the long-threatened Japanese invasion of the Southwestern States, Patria Channing, an American girl of great wealth, assisted by her fiance, Captain Donald Parr (late U. S. A.), converts her vast ranch properties along the border into what amounts to an armed camp. Baron Huroki and Gen. Nogi, commanding the allied Japanese-Mexican forces secretly encamped in the Mexican mountains, suspect Patria's purpose and despatch a reconnoitering party which raids an outlying homestead on Patria's property and brings back as prisoner Bess Morgan, sister of Bud Morgan, foreman of the Channing ranch hands.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

Wings of Death.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

It was midafternoon of a Sunday uncommonly warm, even for that season, when Bud Morgan, on his saddle and bridleless horse, found his way—less consciously than guided by the instinct of the homing pigeon—to the hacienda of Patria Channing's rancho.

None witnessed his arrival. Because it was a day of rest, no house servants were in evidence, busied with their accustomed week-day tasks. Mrs. Pillsbury was in her room, napping away the hour of the siesta. Her son, Rodman, general superintendent of the Channing ranch properties, had ridden off soon after breakfast on some idle errand. Patria and Donald Parr were alone in the library, conning a great topographical map of the neighboring country.

Not a sound disturbed the peaceful hush of the hacienda other than their low-pitched accents, before they heard the rumble of approaching hoofs; and this was a noise so ordinary and commonplace that they were not even aware of it.

It required the shuffle of uncertain footsteps on the graveled walks of the gardened patio to distract them from their engrossing occupation.

Patria looked up first from the map, glancing inquisitively out of the window. It was her cry of pity that drew Donald's attention. Following the direction of her gaze, he saw the wounded and semidemented man at pause in the middle of the patio, glaring witlessly round him, a bloodied and ghastly figure, a vision as incongruous to that time and place as an apparition from the grave in a kindergarten.

Jumping up, Donald ran out, wound his arms round Morgan, and helped him into the library.

Thus it was that, for upwards of an hour, the tale Bud had to tell, of terror and tragedy, of a homestead burned, a mother and a child murdered, a sister kidnaped by raiders from across the border, was known only to Patria and Donald.

When he had finished speaking and bowed his wounded head on arms folded upon the library table, there was nothing more said by anyone for many minutes. The two stared at each other across the shoulders of the man in speechless consternation and bewilderment.

"What are you going to do?" Patria demanded presently.

Donald said: "First of all, get Bud to bed."

"But—Bess?" the girl protested.

"We will, of course, start an expedition to rescue her as soon as we dare."

"Dare!"

"It would be worse than useless to let our boys cross the border by daylight. You know well enough how instantaneously—almost—the Mexicans can spread news by their underground telegraph. Unless we wait till nightfall and smuggle our men across unseen, we might as well telegraph Zelaya or Huroki, or whoever is responsible for this atrocity, to prepare to receive us."

"And in the meantime—what happens to Bess? Oh, I cannot understand how you dare suggest waiting here till dark!"

"Because I am determined to rescue her—and because I feel sure no harm will come to her."

"How can you say that?"

"I am sure that this is a move dictated by Huroki. You know how persistently his spies have haunted this neighborhood and how consistently they have failed to find out anything concerning our preparations—all except those three who died suddenly of finding out too much!" Parr smiled grimly, then once more was grave.

"Not one had seen anything or lived to tell the tale of what he saw. Therefore Huroki has done this thing—I would stake my life on it—in order to get hold of somebody presumed to be in your confidence—somebody from whom he can persuade the information he desires. . . . Make your mind easy. Bess will come to no harm—until Huroki finds that she will tell him nothing; and he won't find out that before we effect her rescue."

"And you will send after her—?"

"As soon as it's dark enough for our men to move without being seen—the strongest force we can spare, and the best mounted. For the present, however, we must keep this quiet; if the boys get so much as a hint of what's happened, there'll be no holding them. Not a soul must know—"

The gravel of the patio walk crunched beneath a firm and alert tread. Parr looked up.

"Except Rodman," he amended, recognizing the newcomer. "Him we must tell, of course; and if anything does leak out before we're ready, he can control the boys if anybody can."

Throughout this conversation Bud had neither moved nor made a sign to signify that he understood the subject of discussion. And when, some ten minutes later, Donald and Rodman tried to rouse him, he stirred to the touch of their hands only to lift up a face from which every trace of intelligible expression had been erased; its eyes were blank; its firm lines were relaxed; its mouth gaped like a cretin's. The kindly words they spoke to him had no effect upon a mind unhinged by the anguish it had suffered.

Gently, then, the two men lifted him and, one on either side, holding his arms over their shoulders, led him away to a bedchamber, undressed him, bandaged his wounds, and put him to bed.

Leaving Patria to watch by his bedside for a time, Donald and Pillsbury returned to the library to plan the rescue.

An hour later Patria in panic found them there with the news that she had left Bud's side for a few moments, thinking him sound asleep, only to find the room empty on her return. In an amazingly short time the man had wakened, dressed and made his escape.

Their search for him ended half a mile from the house, at the corral where a number of the cow-punchers had been amusing themselves by trying to tame a half a score of unbroken bronchos. Bud had found his way thither and was babbling out fragments of his story to a circle of sympathetic but bewildered friends.

If it was too late to stop him, Rodman's influence with his employees proved to be all that Donald had asserted it was.

In earliest dark of night, then, a picked force of forty-eight cow-punchers, led by Rodman himself, rode quietly by twos and threes, rendezvoused at an agreed place, crossed the border in its most isolated secretion, and vanished silently into the black mystery of Mexico.

AIR LANES.

There was little sleep for Patria that night. Visions of the fate of women kidnaped across the border, memories of tales she had heard since her arrival at the ranch, haunted her.

In the cool blue twilight of dawn she was up and dressing herself in her aviating clothes.

She went down to the patio to find Donald there, watching for the day, awaiting the word it must bring them, with a face drawn and haggard with sleeplessness.

Together they breakfasted poorly, choking down a few mouthfuls of food and some coffee, then motored out through the still hush of the newborn day to the aviation field.

Early though they were, they did not forestall the men of Patria's flying corps. Already two machines were in the air, aglow with the young sunlight, rising like petals of gold windswept through the blue. Six more were preparing to rise. The remaining eight biplanes of the air squadron were still nested in their hangers.

Her impatience would not let Patria wait for the reports of those who were already climbing the skies, inspecting the countryside south of the border.

Ordering out her own biplane—the machine, that is, in which she had gained all her practice and experience as an aviatrice—she took the pilot's seat and, refusing to permit Donald or anyone else to accompany her, grasped the controls and shot home the switch which operated the self-starter.

Winging up in a long slant, the biplane gained the thousand-foot level, then began to move southward in wide-curved sweeps.

There was little air astir—just a gentle and steady breeze from the west. Aerial navigation offered no problems to distract Patria's attention from the landscape beneath it. Her keen, youthful eyes, sharpened by solicitude, inspected it closely, missing no salient feature. Her gaze traced every highroad and tortuous byway, probed every covert, penetrated every gulley and fold in the foreshortened hills, recognized the familiar movement of provincial Mexican life that formed the landscape—but nowhere found any token of that which she so longed to see, the cloud of dust which should mark the progress of a large body of horsemen.

The little expeditionary force had moved rapidly and with craft, effacing itself completely from the face of the country side, long before sunrise.

For upwards of an hour Patria pursued her fruitless reconnaissance.

At length, discouraged and disheartened, she turned back to her starting point and dropped down to the private aviation field.

As she descended, in spite of the preoccupation of every faculty imposed by that most difficult task known to aviators, that of negotiating a successful landing, she was conscious that strangers watched her from the body of a huge gray motorcar on the edge of the field.

Alighting beside her stationary biplane, she saw a group of some half a dozen moving toward her from a car. Donald was one of these; the others were all men in the field uniforms of the regular army of the United States. She identified one or two faces made familiar to her by production in the pages of newspapers and magazines—the faces of men who had risen to high places in the service of their country. One wore on the collar of his tunic the insignia of a brigadier general.

Her heart warmed to their soldierly bearing—then sank as she was reminded that all they stood for, of gallantry, loyalty, bravery, intelligence and efficiency, must count for nothing in event of war, because the country they served refused them men enough to lead successfully against any but the most pitifully impotent enemy.

Introduced by Captain Parr, the brigadier general greeted her with grave courtesy, presented formally each member of his staff, and complimented Patria on her own skill in aviation, as well as the skill of her corps of airmen.

"I have seen a great deal of wonderful flying," he said, "but what I see going on here surpasses anything that has come under my observation, for snap and precision—comes near to what I have heard of the work of the French and English flying corps. I could wish," he added, a trace wistfully, yet with a perceptible twinkle in his eyes as they held Patria's, "my own command were as well off!"

"My men and my machines," Patria told him, "are always at the service of my country."

"In event of need, then, I shall not hesitate to call upon you."

"You need not. I am doing"—Patria hesitated briefly; yet this official visit proved that the secret of her preparations had leaked out—"what I am doing solely as a patriot and a soldier's daughter."

"It is because you have proved yourself to be that—a worthy daughter of my own comrade," the general said, "that I have ventured to make this uninvited call. I would be glad if you could give me a few moments of your time to discuss a question of public policy."

There was no way to escape. Patria bowed gracefully to the inevitable.

"If you will be good enough to accompany me to my home," she said, "we can find there a quiet place in which to talk. And I shall be honored if you and your staff will be my guests for luncheon."

The invitation was eagerly accepted, and the party motored back to the hacienda.

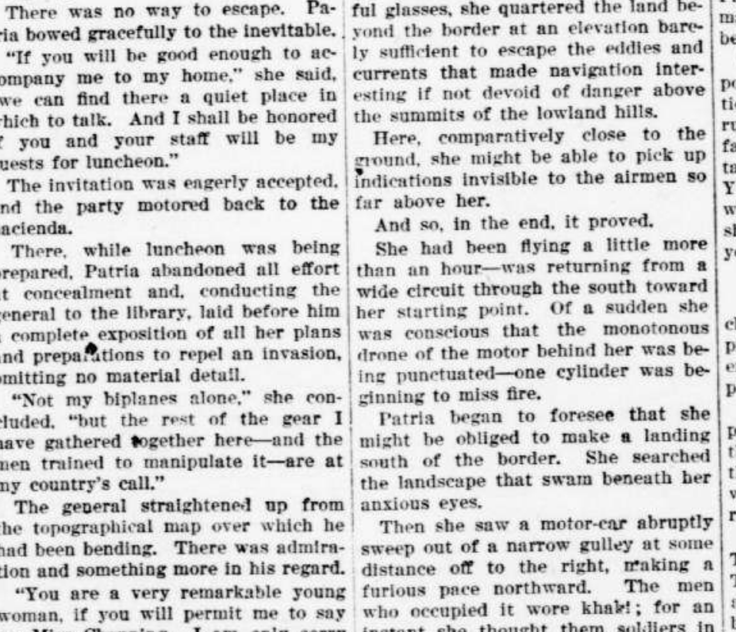
There, while luncheon was being prepared, Patria abandoned all effort at concealment and, conducting the general to the library, laid before him a complete exposition of all her plans and preparations to repel an invasion, omitting no material detail.

"Not my biplanes alone," she concluded, "but the rest of the gear I have gathered together here—and the men trained to manipulate it—are at my country's call."

The general straightened up from the topographical map over which he had been bending. There was admiration and something more in his regard.

"You are a very remarkable young woman, if you will permit me to say so, Miss Channing. I am only sorry that there are not more women—and men—like you in this land. If there were—"

The wistful look possessed his eyes again, but he shook that humor off.



"You Will Fly as I Direct and Land Where I say."

"No matter. I must not criticize—what I must not criticize. Furthermore, it is my duty to whisper in your ear a word of advice."

"If you please," said Patria simply—surmising what was coming.

Yet the general hesitated.

"You understand," he said, a trace embarrassed, "I am acting under instruction."

"I quite understand."

"Then I must tell you—frankly—that you are coming perilously near to usurping a power which the Constitution vests with congress alone."

"The right to raise and maintain a standing army," Patria added.

"Precisely. If that is not what you are doing—on a small scale, but none the less in an admirably efficient way—I have misunderstood all you have shown and told me here today."

"Perhaps," Patria agreed, smiling. "And yet you will find, upon investigation, that every man in my employ, aside from the ranch hands and others who have definitely peaceable labors to perform, is carried on my pay rolls as a watchman!"

"An army of watchmen!"

Again the eyes of the general twinkled.

"Precisely. The Constitution does not prescribe the citizen's right to protect his own property, I believe, by employing men and arms to guard it. That is all that I am doing here on my lands. I have my property and my people to safeguard, and I mean to do it."

No further reference was made to the object of the visitation, but the understanding was implicit that a report must be made to Washington and that Washington would then take such action as it might see fit.

Noon—and still no word from Bess Morgan or the party which had ridden forth to rescue her.

But Patria betrayed no inkling of the anxiety which gnawed at her mind. To confess that she was waiting the outcome of an armed invasion of a nominally friendly land which she, Patria Channing, had authorized! Even the favor her patriotic spirit had found in the esteem of her guests could hardly mitigate the disaster to her plans which must follow any such discovery.

And it was nearly two o'clock before she was finally rid of them.

With heartfelt gratitude she saw the dust of their wheels drift away down the road—then turned and jumped into her own motor car and had it moving back toward the aviation field almost before Donald could take his place beside her.

One of her fliers was making a landing as Patria alighted at the field.

He had nothing to report.

Again clambering into the pilot's seat of her own particular biplane, Patria committed her fate to the adventure of the air lanes.

For a little she climbed steadily, but not for long; content to leave the greater range of observation to those on the higher levels, with their powerful glasses, she quartered the land beyond the border at an elevation barely sufficient to escape the eddies and currents that made navigation interesting if not devoid of danger above the summits of the lowland hills.

Here, comparatively close to the ground, she might be able to pick up indications invisible to the airmen so far above her.

And so, in the end, it proved.

She had been flying a little more than an hour—was returning from a wide circuit through the south toward her starting point. Of a sudden she was conscious that the monotonous drone of the motor behind her was being punctuated—one cylinder was beginning to miss fire.

Patria began to foresee that she might be obliged to make a landing south of the border. She searched the landscape that swam beneath her anxious eyes.

Then she saw a motor-car abruptly sweep out of a narrow gulley at some distance off to the right, making a furious pace northward. The men who occupied it wore khaki; for an instant she thought them soldiers in American uniforms. Then she saw that they were men of an average stature smaller than that of American troops. They were standing up in the tonneau and firing pistols back into the mouth of the gulley to the rear.

Only a moment after she had caught sight of the car, Patria saw the pursuit issue from the gulley—between twenty or thirty horsemen whom she had no difficulty in identifying with the Channing cow-punchers who had ridden out the night before. They were firing from the saddle, using revolvers—weapons which they preferred to the automatic pistols.

As they came into sight, two of the cow-punchers broke from the woods, and the road as well, striking off across country toward the bridge at the border, spurring their mounts to utmost speed.

Patria knew what that maneuver indicated. The road cut a wide curve through the country; by this short cut the two riders would reach the bridge considerably in advance of the motor-car—providing nothing happened to hinder them. On the other side of the bridge there was a hidden switchboard, its wires communicating with mines secretly planted in the road—one of the first preparations made by Patria's order against an attack in force advancing along the road.

The two vanished from view, while the pursuit pounded on after the carload of fugitives. Three cow-punchers, better mounted than their fellows or better riders, contrived to race their steeds alongside the car, and threw themselves from the saddle bodily into the tonneau, heedless of the rain of bullets that greeted them.

Their fate remained sealed to Patria's knowledge; for at that moment her biplane lurched and dipped perilously.

She caught another glimpse of the chase a few minutes later, but dared not give it any heed. She knew only that it was drawing near the bridge. At the time all her wits were wanted to cope with the task of landing on strange ground; the failing motor was enforcing a pause for repairs.

Patria's skill proved equal to the occasion, however; the biplane settled down gently near the edge of a wide area of clear ground—none too smooth for comfort, but still naked of trees.

As soon as it had come to a full pause the girl hopped down from the seat and began an examination of the engine; but it took some time to locate the seat of the trouble, and longer still to repair it.

At length, however, she was ready to resume her flight.

As she closed the tool box and started round the plane toward the front of the machine, a pistol shot sounded behind her, and a bullet perforated the lower plane within a foot of her side.

Before she could turn she was hailed in a voice strongly colored with the accent of a Japanese—and badly broken by panting.

"Halt—as you stand, please! Put up your hands! Right!"

She heard hasty footsteps behind her. Then a Japanese gentleman of rather more than middle age came into view covering her with his pistol. Pausing he deftly whipped her automatic from its holster attached to her belt, and grinned unpleasantly.

"Thank you very much," he gasped politely in spite of his winded condition—for it was evident that he had run a considerable distance at a very fast pace. "Now be good enough to take your seat. I will sit beside you. You will fly as I direct and land where I say—please understand—or I shall be reluctantly obliged to shoot you."

FROM THE BLUE.

Without demur Patria turned and climbed to the pilot's seat. With surprising agility, considering his apparent age, the Japanese followed to the place alloted to the observer.

"You will start immediately," he pursued with a significant gesture of the pistol in his hand, "and aim for those mountains in the south. When we are high enough I will further direct the course."

Patria switched on the self-starter. The propeller began to revolve noisily. The drone of the motor sounded clear and sweet and true. The biplane bumped forward over the uneven ground, lifted, and began to climb.

Behind it half a dozen exasperated cow-punchers broke from the woods, reined in to fire, then recognizing the pilot of the airplane, refrained—but cursed fervently.

Of this Patria knew nothing. Her attention was concentrated on the business of being a good pilot for a passenger armed and desperately ready to shoot.

He sat watching her with a malicious grin while she made her craft climb to the thousand-foot level. The noise of the motor prohibited conversation, but his gestures were understandable enough to perceptions quickened by the fear of death. At the thousand-foot level the Japanese bade Patria to stop climbing and fly directly into the south.

Watching him out of the corners of her eyes, she saw that he was a man of the highest intellectual caste, a person of authority and high rank. The insignia on the collar of his tunic disclosed his rank as that of a general, if she were not in error. Further than that, she could guess nothing about him—though she was satisfied that he had been one of the passengers in the motor-car pursued by the cow-punchers. Whether that automobile had been wrecked by the explosion of a mine or another accident, this one had escaped and been, as he interpreted it, providentially guided to the spot where Patria waited with her temporarily stalled biplane.

The way she flew in accordance with his commands carried the machine high above the rampart of the hills and on until at length a wide valley was opened up beneath them—a strange, wild valley, secreted in the heart of the highest hills.

And it proved to be the site of a great encampment, a place where an army was established; for its length and breadth were dotted with mushroom-like tents of khaki in orderly rows broken only by roadways and drill grounds.

Here her captor desired Patria to descend. There was a glitter of ill-humored amusement, of triumphant malice, in his eye as he touched her arm and pointed down into the valley.

It was borne in upon the girl's understanding, in that instant, that the man had guessed her identity. She was not only the instrument of his own escape, but she was the very prize, no doubt, that he had set forth to snare.

And she had little doubt what would prove her fate, once she had made a landing in that valley.

Thoughts such as these nerved her to heroic measures. What she must do was murder—but so are most acts of war. And this was one of her country's chiefest enemies.

A heavy wrench rested in a pocket, convenient to her hand. She watched her chance, whipped it out and—as the Japanese, startled by her unexpected action, turned toward her—threw it with all her might at his face.

He received the blow squarely between the eyes.

Patria heard him groan.

An eddy of air, upflung from the broken earth, caught the biplane and

Huroki Was Questioned by the Cow-punchers.

for a moment tossed and played with it as though it were a feather. It heeled dangerously, spinning upon its left planes as upon an axis.

Instinct alone—and a bit of luck to boot—helped Patria right the machine.

But when she had accomplished that, she rode alone; the observer's seat was empty.

Resolutely forcing herself not to think of that poor hulk of a body dropping like a plummet to a death which would render it unrecognizable, a shapeless, featureless pulp, the girl swung the biplane round and headed for home. Two hours later she descended in her aviation field and was helped down by Donald Parr. From this one she learned, succinctly, what had happened.

Pillsbury's force, after a night and a half day of fruitless scouting, had fallen afoul of two motor-cars filled with Japanese and Mexican officers, northbound from the secret encampment for a reconnoissance along the border. Chief among these officers were Baron Huroki and General Nogi. The car containing Nogi had broken through the resistance offered by the cow-punchers and fled northward, hotly hunted as Patria had seen. The two cow-punchers who had taken the short cut had arrived at the bridge just in time to explode a mine beneath the car as it careered downhill toward the bridge. Somehow Nogi had escaped destruction in that business; but he was alone in this respect.

So it was Nogi who had been carried back to his command by Patria.

In the meantime Huroki had been captured and questioned by the cow-punchers; had protested utter ignorance of the whereabouts of Bess Morgan; had changed his mind about that, confessing that she was a prisoner at headquarters, when Pillsbury caused him to face a firing squad. Whereupon Pillsbury had liberated one of Huroki's companions, instructed by the Japanese to bring back Bess alone and unharmed. Otherwise Japan was to lose one of its most loyal and efficient servants. Pillsbury had promised Huroki that.

Upon the return of the officer with Bess, Huroki had been released, in accordance with the terms Pillsbury had made, and had started back for the encampment in the hills, while the cow-punchers had ridden joyfully homeward with the rescued girl.

The arrival of this party at the hacienda had anticipated Patria's return by less than half an hour. And with the restoration of his sister, Bud Morgan's mind had been made whole again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horticultural Points

GETTING APPLES TO MARKET

Small or Family Packages Successfully Used by Eastern Growers—Many Packing Plans.

Several Eastern apple growers were very successful last winter in marketing apples in small or family packages. Some sold direct to the consumer, while others sold to retail stores and fruiterers or consigned to commission dealers. One grower put practically his entire crop in half-bushel peach baskets which were handled by a commission dealer. He used 3,500 baskets, which sold at 75 cents to $1 each. The results in each instance were generally profitable and satisfactory.

Several styles, types and sizes of packages were employed. Some used cartons holding 12 or 15 apples in individual compartments, like egg boxes. One big grower used a similar type of box holding either 50 or 100 fruit. These are made with compartments of four sizes and are especially adapted to supply fruiterers with fancy apples, peaches, etc. Apples were shipped successfully in them from Massachusetts to California.

A popular family package is one holding a peck of fruit. A western Massachusetts grower used many of them and sold them at 50 cents direct to retailers who got 65 cents for the same. He supplied them daily as needed, making deliveries each morning and taking orders to be packed and filled the next day. In this way there was no shrinkage or loss for the retailer to stand.

PORTABLE LADDER IS HANDY

Often of Great Advantage in Spraying Trees, Picking Fruit and in Pruning Work.

In spraying trees, picking fruit and in pruning the orchard it is often a great advantage to have some sort of portable ladder. Here is the plan of one declared to be very satisfactory:

It works on the principle of a stepladder that will always "stay set," and which may be taken from tree to

Portable Stepladder.

tree with a minimum amount of labor. The illustration explains the construction of the ladder fully. Anyone using a barrel-pump sprayer without a tower attachment will find it particularly valuable. It will enable him to throw the spray upon the topmost branches.

CUTTING THE SPRAYING COST

Ways of Reducing the Expense Is to Buy Materials in Quantities and Use Substitutes.

Buying in quantities and the use of substitutes offer ways of reducing the cost of spraying materials, which has increased markedly since last year.

An important saving usually can be effected in the consolidation of orders for insecticides from a neighborhood or their purchase through fruit growers' associations or other co-operative buying organizations.

The importance of this saving is realized when it is remembered that the difference in cost of certain insecticides, as arsenate of lead, in small packages at retail stores over the cost in larger quantities from manufacturers or jobbers often is 100 per cent.

INNER WORKINGS OF A TREE

Heart Wood Is Useless Except for Giving Stiffness—Descending Sap Builds New Wood.

The heart wood of a tree is useless except for giving stiffness to the stem; the sapwood carries the ascending sap; the cambium or inner layer of bark carries the descending sap, and the outer bark is useless except as protection. Only the descending sap builds new wood.

ATTENTION TO SMALL FRUITS

Should Be Placed ... Soon a... Picked—Sur... and K...

Strawb... fruits sh... soon a... their ... if all ... lengt... fron...

PEARLERS' LOT IS HARD ONE

When Divers Do Not Succumb to Hardships Attending Work the Sharks Get Them.

The lot of the native pearlers of the Persian gulf is a hard one, for all run the risk of getting scurvy from the lack of fresh food. Ice, of course, is unknown in the fleet, and the impure water breeds worms. The boiling and filtering of water do not appeal to Oriental people as yet. The saibs, or rope pullers, get palms as hard and cracked as an ancient Bedouin's heel. They could prevent this by wearing gloves, but that would be a sign of effeminacy, and bring ridicule upon them.

The exposure in the water gives many of the divers weak hearts and tuberculosis, and many of them become deaf because the weight of the water breaks their ear drums. Sharks do not create the scare that one recently did on the Atlantic coast. They abound in the gulf and many divers have had a hand bitten off. One young Arab was brought to the American dispensary at Kuweit with his whole side laid open by a shark that had gotten a wide mouth hold upon him. The boy survived. We asked him if he would give up diving now.

"No," he said, "I will go back next year. I have to."

The danger of drowning is great, for sometimes a strong current carries the diver far away from his boat, and before the rope puller can bring him back he is drowned. The Arabs have no pulmotors, and they are not efficient in giving "first aid." If a man remains too long under the water, it was "written on his forehead," and that is all there is to it.—E. E. Calverley in the Scientific American Supplement.

Some Odd Expressions.

Here are a few funny mistakes: Home-made pize (sign in bakery). Small steak, 20 cents; extra small steak, 25 cents (card in restaurant). Its bright red color is permanent and will remain permanent (roofing advertisement). J. Huckbody of Wausau, lost 30 chickens by freezing to death (Milwaukee newspaper). The holder of this coupon when properly punched is entitled to one of our beautiful photographs (on a coupon). The girls were instructed in plain cooking; they had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves (English report on education).

Macaroni Beans.

The "macaroni beans" of North Manchuria, a peculiar product described in a recent commerce report, are consumed entirely by the Chinese farmers. The beans are of two kinds—a red and yellow variety that is very floury and a small green bean that is unusually glutinous—and for use the two are mixed together, ground into flour, and made into a paste, which is forced through small holes into long strings or noodles. These dry quickly and keep well in any climate. They are cooked in water, like macaroni or vermicelli, and this method of using gives the beans their trade name.