Patria

by Louis Joseph Vance

The Great Romance of Preparedness

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME, PRODUCED BY THE NATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HERBERT BRENON. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

THE CAST.

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

SYNOPSIS.

Anticipating the threatened Japanese-American war, Patria Channing, daughter of Senator Channing, Washington multi-millionaire, and granddaughter of Commodore Parr, U. S. N., of Civil War fame, has taken up her abode in virtually an armed camp, the Channing estate adjoining the Parr estate on Morningside Heights, New York City, and intending to stay there in the event of war, rather than go back to Europe.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Sting of Victory.

DARK HOURS.

It was shortly after sunrise when the first shots signaled the attempt of Patria Channing's little flotilla of patriotic adventurers to storm the invasion of America and by the allied forces of Mexicans and Japanese commanded by Baron Harokl.

Patria's first move, then, was to disable the wireless plant on the roof of the United States army as well as to Washington, giving notice of the invasion and asking for help.

Within an hour, Japanese field batteries, shelling with shrapnel the advanced trenches which commanded the International boundary line, had rendered them untenable and Japanese infantry, covered by the fire, began the pursuit of the retreating defenders.

At the same time Harokl, mounted and his staff, taking possession of Patria's hacienda, had converted it into field headquarters. From its patio Harokl directed the efforts of his troops to overcome the resistance of the defenders.

The latter had meanwhile occupied their main intrenchment, a fair strong position, extending for about a mile in range of low hills lying back of the hacienda and something slightly less than a mile north of the border line.

Here they took rest stubbornly. Despite the disparity between their numbers and those of the invaders, they were in no danger of being driven by Japanese and Mexican infantry, without artillery and machine guns—things on which they spread the contempt with death as a garden hose sprays a lawn with life; while their batteries, cunningly screened back of the hills and directed accurately from spotters, kept the guns of the invaders too busy replying to their fire to do anything much damage to the trenches.

But if the defenders fought with the valuable determination and fearlessness, they fought with despair in their hearts. For their commanding officer, permitted them to overlook all the land between them and the boundary, and they could hardly help being aware that it was full of Japanese troops which was sweeping across the border and arriving against them.

Again urgent prayers for aid were dispatched to the authorities.

As before, they gained an acknowledgment of any sort.

Failing to take the main line trenches by assault, Harokl ordered his forces to fall back and dig themselves in.

Donald Was Wounded.

active to—which they did with truthful exposition and efficiency, throwing up a line of entrenchment roughly paralleling those on the hillcrest.

And their batteries, presently finding shorter, ranged shells upon the American to keep down their fire, until Patria's guns again searched them out.

Thus the day wore on, with neither adverse phase of big gun duelling and the infantry had a little time to breathe and take account of its losses.

These last proved astonishingly slight, but none the less terrible in Patria's understanding. Already the field hospital accommodations which she had provided were overcrowded and the staff of surgeons with their assistants and nurses overworked. And Donald was not among them.

But wherever the tanks moved—and nothing served to reserve them for a time—wherever, indeed, it chose to take—the ranks of the enemy melted into disorganized, panic-stricken fugitives.

A shell from the howitzer found the Channing barracks and laid it in flaming, smoking ruins along the axes of Harokl and his staff.

Thirty minutes after the tanks had begun their work of destruction the enemy's lines had been turned into a rout. The roads beyond the hacienda were choked with fugitives. Harokl and his personal aides forced their crowned motorcar through the milling mob upon the bridge at the border and acquired Mexican soil a few minutes before the last of Patria's defenders had crossed the International boundary line and Japanese troops had arrived to support them.

The last action of importance was an engagement between Japanese cavalry and Mexican cavalry, in which the latter, attempting to cover the rear of the defeated army, were vanquished, dissipated, and scurrying into the south in disorder as great as that of the Japanese and allies whom they had sought to aid.

But in this engagement Rodman Delaney had killed instantly in action.

Ordering her batteries up to the boundary line, Patria instructed them to open fire upon the enemy's trenches. Then this line she would not permit.

Harokl, however, was not to be driven. Again aggression she had acted without orders. Again reprisals were to be visited upon the innocent. And again the authorities of the government of her country—and Washington.

Thus the invading army of Baron Harokl, with its Mexican allies, was permitted to set up its camp and equip and arm and bills of Mexico, Japan and the United States.

SAMURAI.

In the hotel at Nogales themselves after upon the armored motorcar, a great many officers were assembled when the motor guns and gray by its heavy armor. Last and the crimson-gold of Harokl swept it were, hinged boom and the wide sweep of the Mexican military road penetrating the sacred soil of the United States—and Patria touched on a downgrade with the

The Caterpillar Tank Wins the Day.

artillerymen of an expert death into the great valley devoted to the purpose of checked by some invisible but impenetrable barrier. Then, while the building dedicated to the uses of the commander in chief, infantry, artillery, afield as well as personal, began to debouch from the hacienda, now without battalion, and streak in the direction of the border, which had been its sweeping courses.

Then, with a long, trembling hiss—Katie forced on to the title of an old lady's aide in the field uniform of the Japanese army—the tanks began to move in front of the headquarters building. Their commander, Lieutenant Hiroki, a note of their common destination. Then, with a grinding roar that penetrated faces, in those red-rimmed eyes which stared out of the window, the tanks were set in motion, and, with a lurch, began to move.

Foremost in their number was Baron Harokl, that arch-conspirator and plunder incurable—a presence of commanding distinction even in the garb of defeat, disgrace, and death.

Of the heels and spurs of the officer who was whose devotion and loyalty to his master had been proved by the test of battle, only the dim ghost of his unconquerable spirit remained. His head was bowed, his shoulders were sagged, his figure in the robes of his race was huddled.

Even the plain canvas cot which Baron Harokl had been using for a couch was magnificently embroidered robes of state.

Of the great Observatory on a hill had contained those robes, and Harokl had worn them on his person as a special adjunct to Harokl's transformation.

Assisted deftly by Kato, Baron Harokl had changed his clothes, donning clothing fetched and dressed in the Japanese manner.

Throughout entire entered a single word.

Then