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. Copyright Star Company.

THE CAST.

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

SYNOPSIS.

Baron Huroki, chief of the Japanese secret service in America, conspiring to embroil the United States with Mexico, desires control of the great Channing munition plants owned by Patria, last of "The Fighting Channings," and sole executrix of a $100,000,000 trust secretly created by patriotic progenitors to combat the national perils inherent in "unpreparedness." His schemes fail, thanks to Patria and her fiance, Capt. Donald Parr, whose determined opposition at length drives Baron Huroki into hiding.

TENTH EPISODE

War in the Dooryard.

IN TIME OF PEACE.

The banishment of Baron Huroki proved to be as complete an affair as heart could wish, a mystery as profound, as finished, as thoroughgoing as could reasonably have been expected even of Oriental subtlety, cunning and forehandedness, leaving no room for doubt but that the head of the Japanese secret service in the United States had long anticipated and planned against precisely such contingency as had at last driven him out of public life.

Without the slightest considerable lead into that blind labyrinth of underground life wherein the Japanese had taken refuge, Patria's private bureau of investigation, under the direction of Donald Parr, worked tirelessly for weeks upon the problem, leaving no stone unturned in its efforts to track down the fugitives.

At last Parr, innately incredulous, suspicious and solicitous for Patria's welfare, was drawn to admit that Baron Huroki must have fled the country.

He was at once glad and reluctant to believe this—reluctant because he feared lest some disaster impossible to foresee develop through overconfidence; glad because with Huroki eliminated from the land, Patria was free ...

... nosed reporters, denied admittance to the grounds of the various Channings works, lurked in the offing with ears a-prick for every hint and every syllable of incautious gossip. Inevitably there dawned a day when the news was bruited to the world.

It was the day preceding that on which Patria purposed starting, in her private car for the border ranches, to see for herself what was the truth about the situation in the Southwest, as well as to inspect her flying corps, take personal instruction in aviation, and supervise such preparations against armed invasion as might, in her judgment and Donald's, be deemed wise.

What was really going on along the border and south of it was masked in rumor, misinformation and official censorship. The country's half-trained and ill-equipped militia had been mobilized and transported to the Southwest; following which it had accomplished—by all reports—precisely nothing.

To look into these conditions, then, to find out for herself how grave the danger was of invasion following the prospective withdrawal of the American troops from Mexican territory, and to make due provision to protect her own properties—since she would in all probability be prevented by administrative ukase from extending such protection to others—was the main purpose of Patria's contemplated journey.

And because she had become one of the widely advertised personalities in the United States, since her accession to sole control of Channings, Inc., she had caused her plans to be made with all possible secrecy.

None the less they had become public property. While she dressed for her last trip to Powder Town, to review her employees there, a newspaper story advised her that she could hope to make few moves without the knowledge of the people.

Beneath a portrait of herself, in display headlines, she read:

Miss Patria Channing
America's Bertha Krupp,
who is rapidly converting her extensive arms and ammunition factories into armed camps, forsakes society to safeguard her vast properties in the Southwest—is reported to have said she will spend $100,000,000 to protect this country against peril of Japanese ...

... drilled persistently and made familiar with rifle practice."

"In other words, they are being made into a private army of trained men, ready to be offered to the country's service in event of war."

"Excellency—yes."

"I must see for myself. A dangerous business, a dangerous precedent; should many American captains of industry adopt this scheme, the United States will have a standing army too soon, far too soon. We must find some way to discourage this young woman—some way to sterilize her efforts toward preparedness before she can prove them practicable."

Kato bowed assent. After another moment Huroki dismissed him upon his errand.

Within ten minutes the two, thoroughly masked against recognition in their motoring garments, left the house and took their places—Kato at the wheel—in a high-powered motorcar of the roadster type.

Tooling the car along in discreet recognition of traffic regulations as long as they traveled city streets, once they had gained open country Kato drove at a pace which would have been foolhardy in a driver less adept.

For a time, en route, their way ran parallel with railroad tracks. For as much as a mile the roadster raced a light special train. Then, admonished by Huroki's touch on his sleeve, Kato modified the speed and permitted the special to draw ahead. As it did so, Huroki identified unmistakably the slight, girlish figure that sat alone on the observation platform.

So Patria Channing was likewise bound for Powder Town!

Even had he been without a mask, the face of the Japanese would have betrayed no trace of emotion. Yet the sight of the girl had set astir in him passions which had for some time lain dormant—dark passions bred of hatred and chagrin. For, alone among the many men and women with whom he had come in contact in the course of a long and active and varied career, Patria had proved a stumbling-block to his ambition, stubbornly opposing her puny strength to his—and overcoming him, persistently thwarting his shrewdest schemes—and paying no penalty.

His arrangements were now all made for a furtive, unostentatious exit from the country which Patria had made too hot to harbor him longer. He was, in effect, being driven out by this insignificant wisp of womanhood—outlawed, a failure, disgraced, in ill favor with his emperor.

And he had been prepared to go without further attempt to balance his score with Patria. But this accidental encounter—of which the girl had remained so serenely unconscious—made him change his mind. Secretly he determined, before the special had rounded a bend ahead and vanished from his view, upon one final essay to avenge his wrongs ere he fled.

An hour later it stood empty with engine idle on a by-road near the summit of a hill overlooking the little valley ...

... half of whose length was sheathed in black wrappings.

With this in hand, she addressed briefly the nucleus of her private forces. Having spoken, she offered the pole to the officer commanding under Captain Parr.

Unsheathing the flag, the commanding officer held it high, its brilliant colors radiant in the autumnal sunlight, before delivering it to the color guard.

A great roar of cheering broke out in the ranks and was carried clearly to the ears of the watchers on the hilltop.

With an angry gesture Huroki turned and strode back to his roadster.

"Drive home," he ordered; "follow the railroad tracks as closely as you can. I must find some way."

THE TRESTLE.

A mile or so beyond the ridge-pole of the hills walling in the little valley, the road dipped down into another valley, rather more shallow, which the railroad spanned by means of a long high trestle.

Through this valley meandered a river, broad but not deep, some two hundred feet below the trestle at this, its highest point.

Well watered though it was, this valley offered little temptation to the agriculturist. Its soil was somewhat sterile and thickly sewn with outcroppings of rock. Nevertheless, one farmer had thought well enough of it to establish a home near one end of the trestle.

This optimist was a Japanese. His utmost efforts, aided by those of his family and one or two helpers of his own race, wrung but the barest livelihood from the soil. Yet he persisted, year in and year out, patient and uncomplaining.

It is a singular fact, to be interpreted at the whim of the reader, that any great railroad work in the United States seldom lacks a Japanese neighbor, such as this toiling little farmer.

It is not known that these hardy tillers of the soil have stores of dynamite or other high explosive cached conveniently; but if they had, they could readily at an hour's notice cripple the transportation facilities of this country and render efforts to rush troops to the western seaboard futile.

At the dwelling of the Japanese farmer in question, Baron Huroki alighted from his motorcar and engaged his countryman in a conversation which engrossed both till well past noon; at which time Patria Channing's special train was observed crossing the trestle, homeward bound.

When it had passed from sight, Huroki's course of action was mapped out to the last detail.

Summoning Kato, he delivered to him certain instructions, some by word of mouth, others written on scraps of paper in Japanese characters, and dismissed him with an injunction to make all possible haste upon his various errands.

Huroki himself retired to an afternoon of inaction in the house of his compatriot.

Huroki's Men Set Fire to Powder Town.

Huroki's Followers Lose No Time In Attacking.

HIS HOME IN STATE OF WAR

LET YOUR WORK BE PERFECT

HUNTING FIREFLIES IN JAPAN

The KITCHEN CABINET

MORE GOOD THINGS.

THE TRESTLE.

HELPFUL AND ECONOMICAL HINTS.

Nellie Maxwell

CROUP

VICK'S VAPORUB

BAKER'S COCOA is pure

Purity in cocoa means carefully selected, scrupulously cleaned cocoa beans, scientifically blended, skilfully roasted, and with the excess of fat removed, reduced to an extremely fine powder by a strictly mechanical process, no chemicals being used, the finished product containing no added mineral matter.

AND IT HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

Made only by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd. DORCHESTER MASS. Established 1780

WOMEN SUFFERERS NEED SWAMP-ROOT

JOFFRE'S VALET DID WELL

Grape-Nuts

Boys & Girls THRIVE on the easily digested wheat and barley food Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

PATROL WORK IS FULL OF THRILLS FOR MEN OF NAVY

Blindfold Campaign of Submarine Chasing Is Replete With Surprises.

"TORPEDO FISH" IS FOOLER

Interesting Sidelight on Work of Navy in Fighting U-Boat Peril—Many an Encounter With a Table Leg or a Swab Handle.

New York.—Leaves from the diary of the commander of a destroyer and sidelights on the thrills that come to the men aboard the vessels of the United States navy in the war zone were made public in a statement issued by the navy publicity bureau of 318 West Thirty-ninth street.

"It is stimulating from the maze of convoy and submarine search work to untangle vivid threads of adventure," the statement said. "For the first half of a certain month a few points stand out for emphasis or visualization."

They are these:

"Enemy operations have been largely in the southern part of our area. Calm weather and the moon have favored them. Merchant ships have assembled thickly at the rendezvous, and the sight has been frequent of one destroyer—often of the older type—with four or five great vessels on her hands before others assigned have joined the escort.

"Many rescues of crews have been successfully made.

"In 'behind the net,' however, it is less easy to borrow the lookout's eyes, set for the pin thrust of the distant periscope through the blue frets of the quiet, treacherous ocean. Or to hear in the dark small hours the throbbing general quarters alarm, the blowers hum in a racing crescendo, and the gun crews—like Tweedledums and Tweedledees in their slate-hued life preservers—tear the covers from the ammunition boxes. It is a tension to bear down at 25 knots upon the lean tramp that makes no response to the flap-flap of your searchlight blinker, spelling out the challenge; to distinguish whether the phosphorescent streak that at night flashes across your bow is made by a Hun torpedo or the animal skippers have named the 'torpedo fish' a blackfish or porpoise. Survivors come mutely up the side, often Lascars and Cingalese, muttering of Allah and America indistinguishably. Given cigarette 'makes,' they 'roll a pill,' calmly stick it behind the ear, and as the surgeon uncorks his iodoform in the washroom for gashes made by wreckage, some old gunner of the reserve takes pneumonia from his hours of exposure, and is put ashore at X say, on a stretcher, and with his hours of life numbered.

Two Ships in the Thick of It.

The Y and the Z have been in the thick of such incidents. At 18 minutes past 1 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the X was steaming singly at 15 knots, with a quiet sea and good visibility for that hour. The captain was smoking a cigar on the bridge, wondering, he told me, whether Mrs. G. would ever have the pleasure of putting roses on her old man's tomb up the Hudson. A heavy explosion, without flash, shook the darkness about three miles over the port bow. A whistle bleated three times, and the radio shack called up the tube that the steamer Kioto was torpedoed 20 miles southwest by west of Fastnet Light.

"The X switched on her general alarm for battle, changed her course to 228 degrees true and plunged thither at full speed. In two minutes she made out the staccato sparks of a blinker, repeating over and over, 'Torpedoes!—Torpedoes!'. In five, she changed her course 19 degrees faster east, and at half-past one the flush decks of a single stacker of about 4,000 tons loomed over the cocoa matting and thrust men about a gun.

"She was now nearing the freighter, bow on, a bit to port. Suddenly out of the darkness to the right a livid beam rushed straight and shimmering at her under the sea. We put over full right rudder. The torpedo passed close aboard across his bows, to the left, just ahead of the Kioto, and as the luminous wake receded like a muffled searchlight it seemed to break spent upon the near horizon. 'Anyhow,' said the captain afterward, 'it was worth crossing the ocean to see and feel that instant. It made those roses seem a lot nearer.

"The destroyer began to circle the Kioto at high speeds, with alternate right and left rudder. Her blinker stammered on, that she had been hit in ...

"Neither submarine nor destroyer had used gunfire. The German was not even sighted. Only two torpedoes were known to have been fired—the one which crossed the X's bow, and the one which settled the Kioto.

"Only two days before the X had had a better brush with a 'sub,' and may have got her; skippers put in the claim on evidence as good. She was steaming in the same area, under like conditions, when at ten minutes past eight in the evening she sighted a pronounced wake. One could even estimate the speed at which the submarine had been submerged—about eight knots.

"The X worked up to full speed, turned with left rudder, and ran down on the right hand side of the slick. In six minutes she had reached its 'head,' ready to drop a depth charge; four minutes to run to the end of the wake, two more to allow for the 'sub's' run beyond—and she tripped the pump. With the charge, which was set for 80 feet, was dropped a calcium torch pot to mark the place. The explosion audibly jarred the blowers, and within three minutes bubbles swirled to the surface. But in the 20 minutes that the X circled the vicinity, hoping the injured enemy would rise to the surface, no further sign of damage was revealed.

Four days later the —— turned her convoy over to the —— at two hours before daylight, and returned to her regular patrol. About five o'clock in the morning she took under her wing the steamer Pentwy, bound for Manchester. At a quarter to eight Captain Lyons sent a quartermaster aloft to the main track to clear a fouled commission pennant. Scarcely had the quartermaster reached it when he called down to the watch on the after deckhouse, 'Periscope, two points abaft the port beam!' The thing was 1,500 to 3,000 yards from the ——, who was 400 yards ahead of the ——, one point on her port bow. The whole body of the submarine was distinct to the quartermaster though, oddly, invisible both to the bridge and the fore top lookout. The periscope seemed headed westward, and she at once started to submerge. Within 20 seconds, as the destroyer came to general quarters, first one torpedo, instantly followed by a second, radiated from the point where she had vanished. Both were making surface runs, for the sub's conning tower hatch still must have been near the surface. They threw spray up fully 20 feet, clearly visible against the choppy sea. All hands on the bridge and decks saw them—as did the ——, astern; for she swung sharply to starboard, presenting her tail to them. At the same moment the —— sounded six blasts on her whistle, followed by two, to mean that the attack was being made to port.

Miss by Small Margin.

"Both torpedoes missed the ——, but by the smallest margin. The ——, making high speed, swung with full left rudder toward the submarine. At five minutes past nine o'clock a third torpedo was fired at the convoy, apparently from another submarine about 200 yards ahead of the first. It approached from the broad on the ——'s beam, also making a surface run at about the same range as the first two, and missed.

"But now the —— was in sight, some four miles distant, ready to relieve the —— of her convoy. She, too, made full headway on signal, 'Make all speed to us; submarine in sight;' and searched in the vicinity of the ——, while the —— followed the 'sub's' slicks. The first wake tended east, but in ten minutes lost itself among the whitecaps. The second and plainer one led westward, irregularly, as if the 'sub' had been zigzagging. A depth charge was dropped at its end, but a half hour's search found proof of nothing. The —— really had saved herself by quick and efficient handling.

"The ——'s adventure with the steamship Tarquah cannot be told until that flivver comes into port. The ——, —— and —— had a hand in it; and the first's account of the sinking of the Obuasi—where she arrived long after the deed—shows the defective functioning and poor marksmanship of German torpedoes. The —— reports to the same effect. At half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 13th she picked up in her sea area two boats and 23 survivors of the Greek steamship Charilaos Tricoupis. Two hours before, two torpedoes had been fired at her, at an interval of 25 minutes. The first struck the starboard quarter, between rudder and propeller, and, failing to detonate, did little damage; but the crew abandoned ship. The second hit the starboard side amidship, blowing up the deck so that she sank in five minutes. Between the two shots the submarine came to the surface, but instantly submerged. Not a man appeared on deck. This submarine, like all others reported for the fortnight, are declared to have been of the U-50 to 60 types.

"So, as yet, no blood has been spilled on any of our gun mattings. The mean, blindfold campaign continues with small apparent losses either in 'subs' or shipping. We follow oil slicks with the thrill of a woodsman striking a strange cross-trail in the forest; we mass guns over a 'periscope' that turns into a swabhandle or table leg; vide the ——'s and ——'s famous battle with a ventilator off the French coast. And the —— and ——, I hear, have celebrated the chagrin and thrills of it all in ballads which I shall try to send you."

German People Are Starving

Teuton Wife of American Soldier Tells of Conditions There.

HARD FIGHT TO GET AWAY

Woman Has Harrowing Experiences in Trying to Leave Country—Says People Are Fleeing When They Can.

San Francisco.—The real conditions in the fatherland were described here by Mrs. George B. Szadelski, the German wife of an American soldier. Mrs. Szadelski arrived here after a plucky fight of over five months to get herself and three children out of Germany and over here, where she could join her husband, who is with the quartermaster's corps, United States army, at Honolulu.

"Germany is starving. Her people do not want war, and are fleeing the country when they can. Not so much the war, but food and where it is to come from is what the German people are thinking of," said Mrs. Szadelski.

"When the people crowd up too eagerly in the street, waiting to get their small bit of food, men come out with whips, or pour hot water on them to make them orderly. That is in the town of Mecklenburg; there we stand waiting two hours or more in rain or snow. But in Berlin it is worse, and men and women wait in line all night.

Buy With Cards.

"All things are bought by cards, even clothing and shoes. If I need a new suit or my little boy needs new underwear, I must go to the officials and explain the need and show them the worn things. ...

... home to make a revolution. The women look at one another and shake their heads. 'When the men come back,' is the word they pass around. We have men of fifty and seventy for home defense, and as doctors and officials. And we have boys of fourteen. All other men are in the army."

Mrs. Szadelski said she never received $500 which her husband sent her last February. A woman friend of hers who went to the authorities for money sent from America was told that no more money from the source would be given to any private person.

Do Not Want War.

"The people do not want war, but what can they do? They cannot even say what they think or there would soon be chains around their necks.

"Yet there is bitter feeling against America. I would be sorry for any American soldier that falls into the hands of the Germans, either the soldiers or the people. That is because the newspapers talk always of the evil-doing of America—and the people believe what they read. They began hating America long ago, when they heard it was aiding England. It is not France so much, but England and America that Germany hates."

Sergeant Szadelski had been an American soldier for years before he met and married the little German woman, during a visit to Germany several years ago, but he left just before the war. This led to suspicions that he was an American spy, and so when his wife wished to leave Germany last May she had an immense deal of red tape to untangle. For a month she had to go before the police each day; then she was summoned to Berlin. At the Danish border every scrap of paper but her passport was taken away, and in Copenhagen she was received coldly by the American legation ...

VETERANS BUSY IN LONDON

SQUIRRELS HAVE WAR CROP

CLEAN HEALTHY WHEAT SEED ESSENTIAL

SPLENDID CROP OF WHEAT IN COLORADO.

PLOWING TO CONTROL PESTS

KILL INSECTS IN GRAIN BIN

TEACH COLT TO LIKE GRAIN

MOST PROLIFIC OF BERRIES

DISPOSITION OF DEAD HOGS

ADVANTAGES OF FALL COLTS

FATTENING FOOD FOR DUCKS

PROFIT IN BALANCED RATION

Church Pension Fund Success.

Final returns sent to J. P. Morgan, treasurer of the $5,000,000 pension fund for the support of retired Episcopal clergymen, show that the fund was oversubscribed nearly 75 per cent, total subscriptions amounting to $8,712,000. Of this $5,164,555 has already been paid.

The church pension fund is the largest of the kind ever raised, and, next to the Red Cross hundred million dollar fund, the largest charitable fund ever gathered in America for any one purpose. It took just a year to do it. While $5,000,000 was the goal originally set, it was announced from time to time that an oversubscription was desired in order to give the fund the soundest backing possible.

Latest in Torpedoes.

A torpedo with a corkscrew course has been observed. It it misses the port side it turns and strikes the starboard; sometimes on missing there it overturns again, striking the port side. The ship's officer unaccountably omitted to add that after the explosion the fragments reunite and return to the submarine as a complete missile ready to be fired anew.—New York Sun.

What He Said.

"So it was a wheatless dinner?"
"No. I said witless."

Rockville, Conn., has dedicated new post office.

Fooling the Motorist.

The motorist had lost his way on a country road. Hailing the first pedestrian he overtook, he asked the way to Blankville.

"I don't know as I can explain it very clearly," replied the pedestrian, "but if you'll take me in your car I'll point it out to you as we go along."

"Good," said the motorist. "Jump in."

"First off," directed the pedestrian, as he took his seat in the car, "you drive straight ahead the way you were going for about two miles."

When the two miles had been traversed, he continued: "Now, if you'll let me out here I can show you the rest of the way without going along. Just turn around and go back three miles and there you are."

"Why didn't you tell me that in the first place instead of taking me two miles in the wrong direction?" demanded the motorist.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings right away by telling you you were going in the wrong direction," replied the other, "and, besides, I live here."

Quick Pay Roll Scheme.

For making up pay rolls a machine has been invented that drops into envelopes coins for which keys are pressed.

Diamonds are seldom marked down low enough to enable short people to teach them.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

Outfly the Birds.

Marvelous was the flight of an Italian aviator from Turin to London, 650 miles, without a stop. No bird known to the ornithologists could have made such a flight in seven hours and twelve minutes. Italy is in the van when it comes to airplanes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

For Cigarette Smoker.

Enough matches to light all its contents are attached to a recently invented cigarette box.

After one man has said a good thing lots of others wonder why they never thought of it.

The United States Government Food Administrator Says:

"Baking Powder Breads of corn and other coarse flours are recommended"

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes delicious muffins, cakes and coarse flour breads

CORN MEAL MUFFINS
¾ cup corn meal
1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven about 20 minutes.

NUT BREAD
2 cups graham flour
1 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ cups milk and water
¼ cup sugar or corn syrup
1 cup chopped nuts (not too fine) or 1 cup raisins, washed and floured

Mix together flour, baking powder and salt; add milk and water, sugar or corn syrup and nutmeats or raisins. Put into greased loaf pan, allow to stand 20 minutes in warm place. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Our red, white and blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar recipes, sent free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, Dept. W, 135 William Street, New York

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

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GOLD MEDAL

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