# PATRIA

## THE GREAT ROMANCE of PREPAREDNESS by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

*Novelization of the Mission Picture Play of the Same Name Produced for Paramount Film Service, Inc., Under the Direction of Thornton Fox.* — *Copyright by Louis Joseph Vance.*

**THE CAST:**

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

**SYNOPSIS.**

Patria, leaf of "The Fighting Channings," is betrothed to Donald Parr, prominent banker, is thrown by Baron Hurwitz, dound stranger, by agency of Baron Hurwitz, into the hands of Edward Patris, alias Hurwitz, a German secret service agent in the United States and Mexico, desirous control of the Channing Munitions Manufacturing Company, of which Patria, the president, is stockholder. Elaine, a notorious dancer, in Hurwitz's employ, is sent to Patria's home to "entertain" Patria's father, who is a retired Captain Donald Parr, late of the United States navy service and security Patria Sains.

**SIXTH EPISODE**

**"Alias Nemesis."**

**Rendezvous at Noon.**

Superbly mounted though he was, the horseman was with stark rein and spacious air of aimlessness. Suffered to select its own pace, he ran on amble indolently through the avenues of Newport town and out into the banking countryside, choosing a way along the eastern shoulder of Aquidneck Island of the Sakonnet river.

For the benefit of nature I's general Capt. Donald Parr cared no snap of his fingers; he thoroughly like his heart, were exclusively centered upon one single beauty. His preposterous gentrice, his semblance of indifference to the flight of time, were alike assumed jog; he had a secret particular goal in mind, and secured to use in the nodded home to arrive at it. Lastly, his interest in the charming views was positively all; but his interest in making certain that none followed him was acute.

Had any one of his hanged reviews of the road he was traveling discovered a single sign of anything resembling a follower, Donald's ride would have ended back in the summer city by the sea without a pause. As it was, though well persuaded that he had shaken off his pursuer in the last destinated spot, he had no intention whatever of doing anything else than doubling back on his path for the number of two miles before, while pausing a lonely patch of woodland between road and river, he elected to disappear.

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

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

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

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

He stopped short.

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

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

"Don!" she said. "At last! I knew you wouldn't be late—but even when you made good quickly with eyes fixed upon me, he nodded and, dreamfully.

"Yes—at the Gallon. I was just about ready to elicit on my well-known patience—you're right, I'm laughed, for the interests of my health, of courses, Hurwitz and De Lima turned up with the changeling."

"Elaine?"

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

The two came arm in arm by the river's edge, and Patria, seated once with a sunny disc, leised, more than half-hidden among the trees, a modest hillside of unarmed bugs was well in sunnie, so extraordinary seemed the vision she gazed upon.

De Lima wooed her after the manner of his kind, aesthetically, crudely, with patent interests, inching closer, inches by inch to him.

But Elaine would not suffer him. "Don't—don't—don't!" she told him, in the choice of words that come most naturally to her. "I'm going to marry you—yes! Marrying you is part of my contract with Herzel—I wish to God it wasn't. I'll go through with it because I agreed to, but—for my own sake—I'm not going to be a slave. Marriage is one thing—kisses are something else again!"

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

Patria stepped back and sought a way round to a point whence the moonlight was through the windows. Taking sign did she belong the terror that engrave from the silence, she ventured to raise the window and step within. Her heart was beating so fast and hard without any warning, she was seized, enfolded in the arms of a tall man whose face had been spying upon her from behind a tree.

A villainous reek of alcoholic breath stuff straight for the girl as her copier seized his face toward hers.

"Quiet, you!" he muttered thickly. "Not you, or lady, with the goods on! You will these me down, will you? You will leave me go to the devil! Awhile you know around with another personding you're what you ain't, never have been! Well, I'm, I'm onto your little game, Elaine, my beauty! And I'm in it, or I'll expose so hard that you can hear me in the office of the prosecutor attorney. Stop struggling! I can tell you! Stop, you! Stop, you! Stop,