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 WARWICK DEMING. COPYRIGHT 1916 BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

THE CAST.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Patria Channing.
MILTON ROSS as Donald Parr.
WARNER OLAND as Baron Hurski.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Addin.

SYNOPSIS.

Baron Hurski, chief of the Japanese secret service, conspiring to embroil the United States in war with Japan, plans to destroy the Panama canal. Channing, a munitions broker owned by Patria—last of the "Patria" line of battleships—and Donald Parr, the latter of the latest addition to the Patria fleet, a notorious dancer and fiancee of Hurski, are among those who, he plans, shall be destroyed. Hurski's plot is also arranged as Elaine to Hurski and his confederates.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

Red Dawn.

COUNTERPLOT.

In a band at once feminine and of decided character, the message was superscribed:

GIBSON BERTRAM, Esq.,
General Manager,
Channing Interests,
Introducing 87 Broadway, New York, Capt. Donald Parr.

The addressee accepted it from the hands of Capt. Donald Parr with a slightly bored air which was swiftly dissipated when he had scanned the dozen or so lines composing the body of the note.

With a somewhat startled expression Mr. Bertram peered over his desk at this Captain Parr—a brief scrutiny which Donald endured with composure until Mr. Bertram (with the manner of one challenging the correctness of his own senses), returned unfaltering attention to the disturbing reading of the missive. Then a twinkle of amusement crossed in Donald's eye, he communicated this emotion in a quizzical glance to his companion, and again masked it with a semblance of impassivity.

Having verified his first impression of the name of the communicant, Mr. Bertram clicked his tongue against his teeth meditatively—"Tch! Tch!"

"Miss Channing proves a—pardon me—a positive stranger to you, Captain Parr," he commented.

"I hope to prove worthy of her trust," Donald declared with all due humility.

"I used the term surprising in view of the fact that it has been my misfortune never to have heard of you as a friend of Miss Channing's."

"Don't apologize," said Donald calmly—and let it go at that.

"Of course," Mr. Bertram nonended hastily, "I am Miss Channing's servant. Her will is my law. Pray set mine on in what way I may serve you."

"Permit me first," Donald suggested, "to introduce my friend, Mr. Ernest W. Ripley, late of the United States Secret Service, now associated with me in the private capacity of adviser to the plans which I have organized for Miss Channing and her protection."

Mr. Bertram looked, if possible, more than ever startled.

"Secret service!" that!" he said, mechanically shaking hands with Mr. Ripley.

"It is Miss Channing's desire that I inform you concerning it, in strict confidence—naturally."

"Naturally," echoed Mr. Bertram, and assumed a receptive attitude.

Briefly Donald sketched for the benefit of the general manager an outline of the existing relations between Patria Channing and himself, on the one hand, and those on the side of Baron Hurski and his associates.

As he drew to a conclusion Mr. Bertram betrayed boundless amazement.

"Extraordinary!" he commented, and rather needlessly dropped his voice. "May I ask—?"

"Anything, Mr. Bertram. It is not only my duty, I am only too happy to tell you everything."

"Why—since those Japanese and Mexican complications—so openly shown their hands—!"

"I won't interrupt you," Donald interrupted with a smile. "They have been very shrewd and cunning. It has thus far been our good fortune to keep the sentiment of Mr. Ripley here—to penetrate their intrigues and thwart their every move."

"But surely you have ample excuse for arrest and warrants for their arrest!"

"If we do that," Donald explained patiently, "we merely exchange for enemy we know for one we do not know. Japanese conspiracy will not die out in this country if we expose and punish Baron Hurski; another will take his place; and warned by Hurski's fate, will work more secretly and surreptitiously. But as long as Baron Hurski is suffered to remain head and forefront of the intrigue, we know where to watch and, through our experience with his methods, how best to forestall his machinations."

"But why—in the name of sanity—permit Miss Channing to expose herself to needless danger by continuing to masquerade to Baron Hurski as this creature, Elaine, whom he tried to put in Miss Channing's place?"

"It is not my wish, but Miss Channing's will. She herself conceived the notion of playing Elaine to Hurski, and she insists on going through with it."

"But why—"

"As long as Hurski believes he has fooled masquerading as Elaine, he will have free access to Patria from her—and consequently—from us."

"But if he discovers his mistake—!"

"I am doing all I can to provide against any serious upshot."

"Miss Channing is a very brave young woman."

"I would be a poor American were I not heartily glad to hear you say so. Miss Channing in this work?" he exclaimed. "Tell me how I may help!"

Donald consulted his watch. "Miss Channing is due aboard Central Pier now," he announced. "Unless Hurski has changed his plans, they will call on you at once—or thereabouts—with a request for payment at the interview."

"You don't want my signature to your plans? How am I to excuse your presence?"

"By this." And with a few words of explanation Donald committed to the consideration of Mr. Bertram a legal document he had completed and had the process of stupefaction inaugurated by the letter of introduction.

After a time he nodded. "I understand. What else?"

"I want you to go down to Powder Town—as soon as you can leave after the interview with Hurski—and take the situation there in hand."

Mr. Bertram's tone was edged with satire. "What situation there?"

"Are you ignorant of the fact that there is a certain amount of disaffection among your employees, in spite of munitions-contract wages, short hours, and general prosperity?"

"I give you my word, I blow nothing of the sort," was the indignant reply. "If none the less exists—"

"How do you know?"

"Through the activities of Mr. Ripley's assistants, who have been in Powder Town in one or another capacity—some even working in the mills in the Channing mills—ever since Channing, Limited, purchased Miss Channing's interest. I mean—that Hurski was going to have operatives there to compass Channing's acceptance of the Mexican munitions contracts."

"You astound me!"

"Will you go?"

"Without losing a moment's time."

"Then," said Donald, rising, "there's nothing more for us to arrange until we have had our talk with Hurski. I will be back at half-after three."

* * *

Punctual to the moment of his appointment, he anticipated the appearance of Patria and Hurski by little more than a quarter-hour.

As he dropped into a chair by the side of Bertram's desk that gentleman announced himself the muffled agent of his private telephone, and after giving the name and number of Donald, handed the instrument to Donald, accompanying the action with a gesture of surprise.

"Channing, New Jersey," he said. "Powder Town, I suppose—just as I expected, according to the United States postal authorities. Yes, I'm calling Miss Donald Parr."

Awaiting receiver to ear, he called: "Yes. This is Captain Parr."

Then he heard—across the response over the wires—"speaking from Powder Town."

Donald nodded. "Bertram," he said.

"Bertram?" Patria's voice was heard. "The girls think with you—but they say love and violence are being publicly preached, and we are to have no more just when anything interesting is happening. I'm sick to death of Japs in the streets; they pretend to be interested in petty business running restaurants and that sort of thing, but it's a bit too much to be close touch with Hurski and his entourage. I'm coming over to-night, Captain Parr."

Donald replied: "Don't you think—?"

"What makes you think so?" Parr asked as the other ceased abruptly to speak.

For all answer he heard a deadened sound of voices, the end of the wireless sound closely resembling that made by the receiver upon the folding-desk of a delayed "send-him" boost.

"Hello! Hello! Parr!" What the deuce! Hello!"

No answer.

As the instrument was returned to Mr. Bertram announced Miss Channing with Baron Hurski and Donald rose to Lisa.

Once more Patria commanded Donald's unstinted wonder and admiration for her consummate histrionic ability; from the instant she entered the room with Hurski she gave no proper hint of the girl piqued to perfection for role for which she had cast herself.

"Oh, Mr. Bertram—how do you do?" Patria offered that gentleman a dejectedly awkward hand. "How glad to see you looking so well. Permit me to introduce my friends, Baron Hurski and Senor de Lima."

With his usual formidable address, Hurski recovered from his disgust on the instant of meeting and acknowledging Donald's presence with a slight, cool nod, turned to exhibit marked cordiality toward the general manager of Channing, Inc.

Then, the secretary placing chairs for the party, they disposed themselves to the business of the hour.

Ignoring Donald completely—turning toward him a cold shoulder behind—Hurski served its master fill since it provided Donald with an opportunity to place Patria's chair near his own—the Japanese lieutenant his selected victim with his very best grade of urbanity.

"It is a pleasure to meet by the acquaintance of one with whom I am to transact so much business," he averred at—"as our great mutual profit, I trust."

"I'm sure I hope so," Bertram agreed, pleasantly. "But may I inquire the nature of the business?"

"Miss Channing has not yet advised you—?"

Bertram responded to Hurski's arch look of surprise with one of blank non-comprehension.

"Then—permit me—perhaps these papers will best explain."

Bertram accepted a bundle of legal-cap documents and leaned back in his chair to examine them.

"Agreement between Channing, Inc., and Senor Juan de Lima," he read aloud the inducement on the upper—"one million guns and ammunitions for the de facto government of Mexico."

He managed a moment of embarrassment. "I am sorry, gentlemen, but the strictly defined policy of Channing, Inc., does not permit us to accept these contracts."

"I am sorry to seem rude," Baron Hurski said suavely; "but if you will be good enough to examine the signatures you will find that the president of Channing, Inc., has seen fit to reverse your policy."

Bertram, scrutinizing the document in question, verified the foot of its last page.

"Channing, Inc., by Patria Channing, President," he read, and hesitated, and looked dubiously at Patria. "This is her signature, Miss Channing?"

"Why, certainly," Patria said, unconcerned as affirmative.

"You can hardly question its genuineness," Hurski commented with a considerably more than evident sneer; "surely do not mean to imply that the signature could be a forgery!"

"No," Bertram admitted mildly—"no. But I am surprised—yes, much surprised."

"But why?"

"Because—you know, of course, this contract is dated yesterday—and I still hold here"—Bertram exposed the document Donald had given him at their earlier interview—"an absolute power of attorney given Capt. Donald Parr by Miss Patria Channing ten days ago, by which it appears that any and all contracts signed by her and lacking the counter-signature were automatically invalid."

From the rostral severity of Baron Hurski was hastily proof against this blow. He took a rather long moment to recover.

"None the less," he said at length, turning toward Donald, "Captain Parr's authority ceases without question when Miss Channing requests him to withdraw it."

"I am sorry," Donald said easily, "but I cannot tell Miss Channing command, Baron Hurski."

"Captain Parr?" This was Patria's interjection, an excellently simulated cry of indignation.

"I am sorry," Donald repeated firmly. "But so long as this power of attorney rests with me, and so long as Japan conspires to embroil the United States with Mexico, by way of propaganda for the allied Japanese-Mexican annexation of the Pacific Coast states—and so long, indeed, as Japan maintains a secret base at Magdalena bay—just so long will Channing refuse to sell arms and ammunition to any Mexican faction whatsoever!"

"The power of attorney is, of course," persuasive," datum suggested mallbreast.

"If Miss Channing wishes to revoke it, that can doubtless be attended to without delay," Donald agreed. "Do you wish Mr. Bertram to call in a stenographer and a notary, Miss Channing?"

Now, as Elaine, Patria could not make a credible inquiry of the signature of Patria Channing; the extraordinary similarity of signature appended to the contracts in Bertram's hands were the work of Hurski's able counterfeiters. As Elaine, she dared not attempt to sign the name of Patria in the presence of witnesses.

"No, say," she said hoarsely rising—"not now, not today. I shall, of course, be at home to-morrow afternoon. This afternoon I haven't time. I'm already late for an appointment with my dressmaker."

"Then I shall expect a call from you tomorrow?" Bertram suggested.

"At about—two?"

"If telephone Patria ended. "If you will be good enough to call me up, please, Mr. Bertram."

"Then I shall expect you," Baron Hurski—Senor de Lima—said.

When he had courteously shut the door upon the backs of the discomfited conspirators, Bertram turned to Parr with a grin of unaffected delight.

"Good work," he chuckled.

But Donald did not respond. He was studying with a look of exasperation a small slip of paper which he had just unfolded.

"All about—what?" he asked.

"Read that!" Donald said him wearily. "You didn't notice—none of the others did—but Patria dropped her handkerchief and I picked it up. This message was in its folds. I missed it—and—read it. Read it, I say."

He passed furiously to and fro while Bertram deciphered the message, written in pencil, hastily, it was without date or salutation or signature:

"Don't come over to-night. Lima Lima tonight at eight at the Little Church around the corner. Must see you before I see Lisa."

POWDER TOWN.

At that stage Donald's delighted smile into dark of night, the softly glowing features of a clock on the desk. The figuration signified to a largely indifferent mind that the private watch-dog was being very quiet exercise indeed.

Within, in the radiance that bathed the room, Donald stood with his back to the left of Juan de Lima. On either hand of him stood a member of the staff of honor, respectively Baron Hurski and Count Andor Aldor.

Patria waited in a state of nervous tension in the background.

She did not doubt her Donald; she knew that he had come to her only to prevent the consummation of this interview, but she was not prepared for the surprise party.

The organ fell silent. Its sonorous echoes died away in the vaulted roof. The rubble have no excuse for rioting till the company should have left cover for the open—and it can't do that till to-morrow.

He found a time-table, scanned it hastily, and ran for the train.

A half-and-a fast-man-we caught the 7:30 express train, for Powder Town.

The door banged; incredibly, Patria was alone—alone, that is, except for Lisa.

She threw herself into a chair, and for the last sufficient time to change her facial garments for a delightful—

"Lisa, you're positively beautiful to-night!" she exclaimed, in a sledgehammer burst to spite of herself, toward Lisa, who was standing in her path to the door.

It was two when the telephone aroused her.

Out of fear of force of private secret service agents was calling from Powder Town, Patria knew. But she was aware of the fact that according to the arrangement with Hurski, Lisa at that hour should have been in her own room. Donald should have been there with Ripley and a number of three hours.

In response to her catechism the report answered that the situation at Bertram's was unchanged and apparently static. A strike had been called at midnight by the labor agitator in the motor mills who had come off shift at that hour had not yet returned to work. Rioting was already in process; the grim forces were gathering. The telephone had been burned and looted; the bridge had been threatened, but not yet destroyed.

Instructing the man to seek Captain Parr at the mills, Patria left the telephone and descended to the lower floor of the bedroom which had been Donald's, which was now hers.

From the adjoining chamber sounded an unusual commotion. She stood for a questionably slight.

Then, with composition to avoid waking her, she glided across the floor, opened the door, listened. Interrupting loud protests of Lisa's maid, she heard telephone her garage to send her forthwith to the door of the servants' staging machine, round to the door.

It was twenty minutes to when at length she crept quietly out of the servants' entrance.

Dismissing the mechanic, she took the wheel alone.

Constrained within the limits of New York by its sanitary regulations, Hudson she gave the motor its head.

Patria knew the road well; she made no miscalculation as to her way. For all that, she was surprised when she reached the neighborhood of Channing Heights.

With madly throbbing heart, Patria began to recognize landmarks of the countryside that told her she was close upon Powder Town.

The sun was rising in crimson splendor when Patria, turning a corner, came of a hill overlooking Powder Town.

A Message Was In Its Folds.

Slipped Out of the Church.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

A woman that always has her bed head by what she knows, however it's not what she half-knows, or she knows, she will only cause thin.-Ibsen.

LESS MEAT IN OUR DIET.

It is no doubt true that the majority of people beef for food the things that appeal to the eye rather than buying the cheaper cuts which are equally nutritious and tasteful, and 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.

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Dept. 1 Times Building, New York City

RULER GIVEN SMALL SALARY

Swiss President Contented With Yearly Wage That Would Not Satisfy American Business Man.

The most modest and unassuming ruler in Europe is undoubtedly the president of the Swiss confederation. It is an honorable position to be in his own country but the salary is not what it appears to be by figures, and he does not need to be asked the name of Motta's official head he would deservedly express complete ignorance on that point.

The president, who is elected by the federal assembly, holds the office for only one year, from January 1st to December 31st, and usually the vice president succeeds him. His salary for duty is to direct his country's foreign policy, for most of the internal administration is in the hands of the cantons and communes. He is the only one of each of which is represented at the two houses of parliament.

The president this year is M. Edmund Schulthess, and his official salary is 4540, with an additional 1000 for expenses. He has a federal council of seven, which forms a sort of cabinet, and each member receives 1400 per annum.—London Tit-Bits.

Lifting the Blame.

Crawford—Life's quite a good art-ist. I don't see how he can devote himself to illustrating best-sellers. Penfield—He doesn't realize what they're doing. You see, he never reads them.—Life.

WOMEN'S TROUBLES IN WAR

Humorous Though Somewhat Pathetic Letters That Have Been Received by British Authorities.

Even the thankless task of solving the knotty points that arise in the settlement of separation allowances has its compensations. Some quaint letters that have had to be dealt with have been published already; but there are others. One correspondent, for instance, states: "My husband has been away to the Crystal palace and I don't think he non for sure but we are not married though I am entitled to my allowment regular which is so fault of Mr. Loy George who would stop it if he could and Mr. McKenna but if you know what he is as he is being in the Re. Regt Flag Corp for ever since he joined in January when he was invalided from his work for falling back at his box which was a wonder all the laundry where he worked. I have not had any money from his place he joined though he told Mrs. Williams, what lives on the ground floor that he was a pretty costlier for his shillings a week and lots of overclothings for the cold weather and I have three children what's to be'ed the father of them. Hoping you will be true as soon as you are well as I am to be present, I must now close hoping you are well. — Westminster (England) Gazette.

Uses for Postcards.

Mount the pretty cards on colored cardboard five by eight inches, attaching a cord or ribbon to the two upper corners for hanging. The result is a charming picture. People were delighted with groups of old cards mounted on colored cardboard, which had been pinked around the edges. The administrator declared "they were pretty enough to hang in our own home," but they were sent to some of the schools, and delighted the pupils, who saw few attractive things. The children could easily make these gifts for those across the sea.

The pretty motto and greeting cards may be converted into things of lasting use as well as beauty, for the schools are in some instances collecting a goodly number of these cards to send to the soldiers in the trenches.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Little Different.

Marcella—Did I understand you to say that Jack proposed to you in a sentimental way? Waverly—Not exactly, but a self-satisfied, she won't take me air all."

The whale yields on an average 2,000 gallons of oil.

A Delicate Subject.

Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Brown, I suppose you've heard that Mrs. Smith has been divorced? Mrs. Brown—Yes, I have, but I don't like to speak about it. Mrs. Jones—Why not? Mrs. Brown—Because I'm a friend of both parties.

The Roman "Penny."

The "penny" of the translated "penny," in each of the four quarters of the globe, was the silver coin of the Roman denarius, which was worth about 17 cents. Wherever in the vineyard it would take a denarius to hire a laborer, that was the going rate. Wherever a denarius was the ordinary pay for a day's labor (Mach. 20:2-13).

The Old Lady Again.

"My mother had to give up smoking entirely," said Mrs. Blunderby. "The doctor told him that the Nicotine in the tobacco was simply killing him."—Boston Transcript.

The Last Word.

Ruth was very fond of going to her grandmother's. One day after she had been playing with little baby sister a little roughly and her mother had spoken to her about it, Ruth said: "I don't you send me to grandma's, no I won't hurt her?"

"Gassing" Motes.

A Western farmer is "gassing" motes in his barn to keep them out of the house of his motor, conveying it to the barn by means of a hose. It kills the pests.

The Human "Penny."

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Nellie Maxwell

Skim Milk Is Profitable.

If skim milk is profitable it can be fed very profitably to growing chicks and to fattening pigs. The addition of beef scrap may then be reduced.

Welcome Punishment.

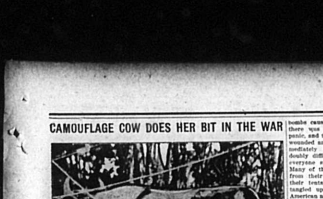
Ruth was very fond of going to her grandmother's. One day after she had been playing with little baby sister a little roughly and her mother had spoken to her about it, Ruth said: "I don't you send me to grandma's, no I won't hurt her?"

"Gassing" Motes.

A Western farmer is "gassing" motes in his barn to keep them out of the house of his motor, conveying it to the barn by means of a hose. It kills the pests.

POSTUM has been adopted as the table beverage in many a home because of its pleasing flavor and healthful nature

CAMOUFLAGE COW DOES HER BIT IN THE WAR



This "cow," though it is only a fabricated creature of wood and painted cloth, is doing its bit to help win the war. A recruiting station in the Innocent sense, of a cow peacefully grazing is a painted lure to conceal a machine-gun battery. The cow bombe caused Sierra in the hospital, there was not the smallest sign of panic, and the work of discovering the wounded and collecting them was immediately begun. This was most clearly officers by the orderlies, everyone sprang to it with a will. Many of the injured had been thrown from their cots, some even outside their beds, where they were found tangled up in the tent poles. The American nurse, although struck in the face by a fragment of steel from the bomb, continued to help the wounded, smiling at her task courageously to the end. A hospital orderly who worked unfailingly was found later to have been killed by the blast, and was carried away by his comrades.

HARVARD MEN IN HAIL OF BOMBS

Show Rare Pluck When Hospital Is Attacked by German Airmen.

4 KILLED AND 32 WOUNDED

Major Murphy, Red Cross Commissioner, Cables Full Details of Disaster to H. P. Davison.

Speed in Emergency.

Washington.—The manner in which Harvard men in the Harvard Hospital at Frauce was attacked by a German airplane, with the result that seven Americans were killed and wounded, and seven others injured, is told in a message received here by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the American Red Cross war council, from Maj. Grayson M. Murphy, Red Cross commissioner to Europe. The message follows:

"An American Red Cross inspector who has just returned to headquarters in Paris has brought from the United States Base hospital unit of Harvard university, one of the many similar institutions which have been sent out by the American Red Cross, a detailed narrative of the bombing of the hospital on the night of September 6 last, and of the splendid courage and promptness with which those in charge met the attack. Seven bombs were thrown, the explosions instantly killing Lieut. William F. Pitmanous of the Medical officers' training camp, Harvard university, and three Harvard students, Theodore D. Smith and Kim W. Whitbeck, U. S. A., and six privates, a woman nurse and a Red Cross worker, while 32 others were under treatment there for wounds.

Attack Occurred at Night.

"The airplane attack occurred at 11 o'clock at night. Just at that time the personnel on the evening shift was being received at the list of casualties which had been sent from the front. Those not on duty were in their quarters, and the wounded Lieut. Chas. Hall Ware, M. D., U. S. A., and six privates, a woman nurse and 27 others