PATRIA

THE GREAT ROMANCE of PREPAREDNESS

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Novelization of the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name Produced for the Mutual Film Corporation, Inc., Under the Direction of Warner Lee.

THE CAST.

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

SYNOPSIS.

Baron Humbert, chief of the Japanese secret service in America, conspiring to embroil the United States with Mexico and Japan, plans to blow up the munitions factories and powder plants owned by Patria Channing, daughter of a \$100,000,000 financier. Humbert's agent, Donald Parr, is in love with Patria, but she scorns him. Donald's friend, Fanny Adair, is also in love with Donald. Parr, refused by Patria, plots to ruin her. Donald finds himself involved in a series of the Channing plants.

EIGHTH EPISODE

Red Night.

THE SPIRIT OF HER PROGENITOR.

Since early morning an unwonted, unnatural and ominous quietness seemed to brood over the Channing plants, the whole of the towering brick chimneys stained the skies only with treacherously faint wisps of amber vapour.

Inside the factory buildings all machinery stood idle. The whistles had not blown to admit at eight sixteen and at noon without exception, the hosts of laboring men and women had streamed away from labor in a solitary hand.

No endless strings of freight cars heavy laden with explosives, arms and ordnance trudged up the short branch line to the rim of those encircling hills, on the first stage of their brief journey to Chanmiles' tidewater yards and docks near Bayonne.

The premises were all but lifeless; a scanty company of armed guards on vigilant patrol; a little knot of some half a dozen people in conference just outside the main gateway to the most extensive powder mill—and that was all.

The strike was fourteen hours old. As yet no overtures toward a conference had been made by either party, employers or employees. The latter, indeed, seemed in no mood even for any regular subintercourse; to canvas their action in walking out at the previous midnight, the employers know of nothing more than a few minor grievances on the part of the men, matters susceptible to speedy adjustment through, and scheduled for early submission to, process of arbitration. The major demands of the strikers remained unstated.

But more than one of those who were waiting at the gates could have guessed what was behind the strike. Ever since the beginning of the war, and the consequent boom in the munitions industry, organized labor had been growing more and more insistent in its demands for higher wages and shorter hours. Agitators had been busy among the foreign element in the employ of the Channing plants, and the leaders of the various labor unions had been quick to take advantage of the general prosperity to press their claims upon the great gun and gate that this fraternally

"Cease Firing! All of You."

have been working for, I want that man's job," someone to stop instantly. If you don't, I'll be there instantly toward, it is said by my order, and I pledge myself to have your wrongs set right. But first you must tell me what you have to complain of."

She waited an instant but got no response. The strikers stirred uneasily and murmured a little together, but none appeared to spokesman. Finally Patria addressed them, lifting an arm and voice at once: "Is there no one to speak for you?"

"You have an intelligent face—and you—and you. Come forward, please, and tell me what it is that you want. Then you take this attitude toward Chanmiles."

Almost reluctantly, certainly sheepishly, the men indicated moved toward her.

She began to speak, a brawny creature with a face of thoughtful cast, but that surprise quite unstifled its passions. His voice was low-pitched, his words were hesitatingly distinct. He was Donald; but he talked earnestly and, indeed, well—distinctly and to a point, and finished to approving nods from his companions.

Instantly the girl replied in tones that carried distinctly to the farthest rank of strikers.

"If what you say is true, the matter shall be set right without a day's delay. And every reasonable demand that you may make is granted—I, Patria Channing, give my word of honor to that—upon two conditions."

She paused briefly; the silliness of

Donald Parr Clinging to the Mast, It Toppled Into the Sea.

individuals and respectful attention was accorded her.

"I want every man of you to agree to train himself at my expense for military service in the defense of the United States. Chanmiles will meet every bill, for your time and for everything else, if you will consent to prepare yourselves to defend your homes against foreign aggression. Do you consent?

Spontaneously a cheer answered her, and cheer after crashing cheer followed. It was some minutes before she could get to continue. In fact it never her quick eyes, searching the crowd, picked out her enemies—the only two well known to her on the outskirts of the crowd—and noted that they showed no cheer after these, failed to reflect the enthusiasm her words had excited.

Presently, she cried, when at last she could be heard, "I accept your offer. I want your promise to have no more to do with this foolish and unjustified strike. I do not mean you are to be coerced into it, or to give up your union, but that you must cast out from your midst the traitors of the enemy. For those leaders who have misled you are the tools of a conspiracy of the enemy who brought this strike about. Japan conspires to embroil the United States with Mexico in order to pave the way for the Japanese invasion of the west coast. Therefore Japan would like to get control of the plants that are destroy the Chanmingor munition plants. Remember, gentlemen, that Christian conspirators paid agitators to bring about this strike. . . . I mean those men."

Her scathing arm dramatically designated the two on the edge of the crowd.

"I mean Baron Herold, Jean de Lille—and the man who is with them."

There was a sudden turning of heads and many eyes were in the indicated direction. Those nearest Herold's party pressed back, leaving him exposed.

But a third figure stood before the man, and, not only taking care of him, but also shielding him from the fury of Patria's keep moving. The girl was quick to see that the man was not Donald, but a stranger dressed on the style that Donald had been wearing when he left the house.

In some manner, of which none remained coherent enough to explain, through some miracle—the three remembered only that it happened—Lucie got in the schooner.

Then Patria on the night wind had already set fire to the vessel. To remain where it was, to attempt to put out the fire, they had to cross a dark that spurred away from the land.

At a little distance he looked back, and cried out in wonder to see the figure of Lucie standing in the bow of the foremast—the hungry flames leaping high behind her.

With infinite exertion, slowly they managed to get the sagged sail of the dinghy.

A slight explosion sounded in the hold of the schooner. The flames shot higher. Then, with a deafening roar, escaped like a broken reed, and crashed down in a thousand fragments of

(END OF EIGHTH EPISODE).

Died Was Wise.

Junior had been in a fight with some boys two years older than himself. All the streets were covered with snow and ice. He had come home "looking" his sled on behind delivery wagons. He had received a severe beating and his sled had started up fast. In Junior's absence his father had come to the house and terrifying tales. Momentarily expecting the return of his son, he was filled with fear lest his son should be killed. He was in an agony of suspense. Finally Junior came home, and he said: "Oh, nothing; my sled don't want me to go home where there are mean boys around there that want to fight me."—Chicago Tribune.

Mystery Story.

"Do you read Addipate's novel, How did it come out?"

"It's a mystery to me. I guess he must have hypnotized the publisher."

The KITCHEN CABINET

If there is any one point which in the kitchen is of more importance than another, it is the flour. Flours differ and have agreed upon, or successively by experiment, we have found that the delicate white and crust people more than any other is the

PALATABLE COLD THINGS.

Those are always favorites at all times under most circumstances and conditions.

Farmer Beverage—This is a delightful cooling drink and a great favorite on the farm, take a quantity of a pound of setting it to cool. Then add a pint of sugar and the strained juice of four lemons. Add a half cupful of boiling water, and when cool add a few sprigs of

With Donald and Patria Clinging to the Mast, It Toppled Into the Sea.

blandly. "And—Germany will be pleased."

Five minutes later Patria laid her hand on the chandelier in a schoolroom and moved to the northernmost of the three windows. Harley swooped up from the schoolhouse side and made fast the painter to the bow of the dinghy. Then:

"You stay here, miss," he shouted, "and you, Lucie, you stay aboard where the oil the conflagration. "I'll find Captain Parr if I have to go to Canada and bring him back to you."

But when he made up the gangplank to the dock, Patria was by his side. She had not heard his instructions, or made no more protest, but hurried on before him to the street of rails that ran from the dock to the shore, they found a string of cars waiting, coupled and headed for the bridge.

Asking no questions, Harley and Patria climbed to the platform of the first car, and the motorman threw in the clutch and opened wide the throttle before they were well off.

At a little distance he looked back, and cried out in wonder to see the figure of Lucie standing in the bow of the foremast—the hungry flames leaping high behind her.

Ensemble when they lifted him up the white nose of his arms covered the shoulder of each, they dragged him to the dock and carried him, for safety, after a tow—a badly singed and badly frightened man, but in no way serious ly injured.

Eventually, on the verge of abandoning their efforts as hopeless, they stumbled across the body of Donald Parr, stretched on the floor of a shed beside the ruins of a freight car although not dead Comis back to life during, but his head was badly injured, ing Captain Parr on a matter of pressing business.

Informed as to the errand which had called Captain Parr to Canada, the liver manifested profound uneasiness. He ought to have gone in person, he protested. "He ought to have gotten in touch with us long before. That telephone message sounds like a plant to get him out of the way. Where can we have let him go?"

"I did my best to dissuade him—he wouldn't listen! What can we do?"

"I'm going after him."

"I'm going with you, then."

Wilson, interposing.

Ripley's presence were unavailing. Finally they left him in charge of Patria Channing's plants.

"How long will it take us?" she asked as they hurried to the motor car that stood in waiting.

"I don't know. It depends on the train service—and on the speed of that runs this late at night."

"Wouldn't it be better for us to go by water? I've got a fast power boat at Chanmiles—the Red Rover. Yacht club. If it would save time—"

Ripley was quick to see that in addition that it might save a great deal of time to go by water.

Before midnight, then, they were aboard the Channing yacht and under quiet Hudson, Patria at the wheel, Ripley and Wilson in the cabin.

At about half after twelve they passed Yonkers. Ripley was below at the heavy detonation roll across the water. He came on deck in time to see a column of flame shoot high in the air, and then a second explosion, followed by a heavy roar.

"Powder mills!" he cried, when at last he could be heard. "Some one has got to them!"

Momentarily now, as the power boat sped through the night, the sky was lit with flaming waters, the conflagration spreading from the powder mills to the docks, and amid terrifying flash Momentarily explosion succeeded explosion, each more terrific than the last.

Once a stick struck precisely—while the two were still at a safe distance—and came the most violent detonation of all.

The earth rocked, the sea quaked, the very firmament seemed shaken by the terrific forces unleashed by the destruction of their very base the heart of the seven million-dollar hoard of explosives. The waters vaulted like a volcano. Windows were shattered at a distance of ten miles.

Even after Herold strike never had the skilled patriotic workers been quieted. Out of this rather obvious proposition—that it was to their best interest to do so—the ignorance as to what the answer might be.

Only the leaders of the strike were by fatigued with the affair as a whole to take detail. They entrusted this phase to a self-constituted auditor of her convictions, and waited impatiently for favorable apprehensions.

Then Patria made no sound. But for a full minute she was quite still. Her face was pale, her eyes wide with emotion. When she breathed again, she was herself, her head held proudly erect, her spare and opened wide the throttle before.

"The Channing docks?" she called back to him.

He answered reluctantly: "Patria Channingmiles."

Momentarily now, as the power boat sped through the night, the sky was lit with flaming waters, the conflagration spreading from the powder mills to the docks, and amid terrifying flash