PATRIA

THE GREAT ROMANCE of PREPAREDNESS by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Novelizations of the Mission Picture Play of the Same Name Produced for the International Film Service, Inc., Under the Direction of Courtot Sur Canevas.

THE CAST.

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

SYNOPSIS.

On the eve of inheriting sole control of Channing Munitions, Patria Channing, daughter of the late munitions king, is mysteriously approached from Newport by Donald Parr, a young American who claims her service. Baron Hurokl, chief of the Japanese secret service, learns himself to Patria's confidence, and, through the influence of Parr, secures the appointment to the staff of Capt. Donald Parr, United States Army, detailed to the Channing plant for the purpose of helping to extend the United States Army's facilities.

EPISODE TWO

"Treasure."

So young was the June morning that, though countless arrows of light flowed with unstilled swift sigh at the heart of the warm air and of the day, wide areas of shadow lingered athwart Fifth avenue. The great house lies still broad beasters of translucent shade.

The thoroughfare was as silent as Main street in the early hush of church hour of a Sunday; a drowsy quietness that was broken by the tatrish flutter of leaves and the broken song of birds.

A few blocks south of Fourteenth street the vehicle (fifties with a motor) became arguing the prospect of a substantial tip around the next corner or two wheels and came to an abrupt pause before a residence of the vintage caste.

The moment it stopped, out of the cab hopped a brisk young man and, on his heels, an exotic young woman who ran impatiently up the steps to white front door and the commotion started at the curb to settle with the chauffeur.

By the time he was free to join the young woman on the doorstep, she was ringing the bell with a sort of nonchalantly persistence.

"I can't understand why no one answers," she uttered with an air of mystery of apprehension. "I've rung and rung . . . You don't really think anything can have happened—do you, Captain Parr?"

"I hope not. Miss Channing—but I seem to find out pretty promptly."

She stepped back, and Parr planted a firm thumb on the bell-push, while the interior of the house came a remote hurting—seeking nerve. As he ventures the young man relieved the button and laid hold of the door-knob. To the surprise and somewhat to the consternation of both it yielded readily.

For a moment neither moved; only the eyes of each sought the other's, mutely endowed with apprehension by query. Then with a quick gesture which might have been interpreted as bidding the girl to wait outside, the young man crossed the threshold.

Turning on the servant sharply, Parr demanded to know the reason with a brusque command.

"Stop that horrible noise. Martin! Do you with Miss Channing to hear yourself? Tell me at once where can we put these bodies out of her sight?"

"Miss Channing's not in the house, sir," the person which communicated with the footman replied with a slight stutter that Parr and there left the bodies. Then, with a quick glance at the girl, he closed the door and followed the servant into the deserted, dubiously examining a fat sealed envelope which he had found in the pocket of the dressing-gown worn by the dead Japanese.

It was superscribed in the firm, minute writing of a master hand: "For the Honorable Miss Patria Channing—Private & Confidential."

He returned to the hallway. At sight of his ghastly troubled countenance Patria rose quickly from a chair and ran to him. Her face was pallid with concern.

"Prepare yourself," he said, "your guardian has been assassinated—by a Japanese. He left you this package for explains."

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

My Dear Ward: Tomorrow, your twenty-first birthday, will find you the head of "The Fighting Channings." On that day I pay will bequeath you my own interests and I will be relieved of the (particularly of your guardianship. I fortune—one of the greatest fortunes in United States, if not in all the world.

I write, rather than wait to communicate what I have to say, because I live in the shadow of death. I may not live to see you, personally to ask you for my forgiveness—although I may not live to see tomorrow's dawn, I shall be extremely unwilling to see your life may be when you have taken over your responsibilities. Your friends and enemies, Channings, Incorporated, Munitions, Limited corporation, Industries outside Germany—and the rear of the hall; and receiving as an answer a confirmatory gesture of the head set to it with an imperative hand. "There's a light burning in there still," he said; "you can see it beneath the door. Be so kind as to precede me."

Without protest the girl complied, stepped back, and Parr pinned a firm thumb on the bell-push, while the interior of the house came a remote hurting—seeking nerve. As he ventures the young man relieved the button and laid hold of the door-knob. To the surprise and somewhat to the consternation of both it yielded readily.

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They Gained the Open Air.

sleepy party when he done work late the night before!

"Did he work late?" he said. Dozily.

"He sho' did. Miss Patty—bein'says he done say he gonna tuh when he send her off to bed. Sump'n 'bout it."

"Is that the literary?" Parr asked, with a nod indicating a door aside.

BIRTH OF THE LINEN COLLAR

According to History, Blackwattle's Wife Invented Modern Man's Greatest Affliction.

The wife of a Troy (N. Y.) blacksmith is said to have been the first person to have made separate collars for men's shirts. This was in 1825, and men have been suffering ever since. Outside of inventing the separate collar, this woman did the family washing.

Accordingly she set herself to work making pieces of cotton cloth to her husband's shirts and then made enough to suit another man. Then her invention attracted the attention of Rev. Hyacinthe Stockbridge, a Methodist minister, and he, with the aid of the blacksmith's wife, went about selling collars. This was in 1829.

The first collar factory ever started was done by hand, for the sewing machine had not yet been invented. In these days not more than a dozen collars were turned out in a day. The number called for appears on any card, the owner strikes it out, the game being over by the time whose card is first cleared of its number is the winner.

TOMMY ATKINS PLAYS 'HOUSE'

Game of Chance That Is Much Indulged in by Soldiers of Every Nation.

It would be rather interesting to trace the origin of the soldier's game of "house," which has such a vogue among our men in France, both at the base and "up the line." "House" makes no pretension to be other than a game of pure chance, and as such it is recognized by the authorities, who, while vigorously suppressing all other forms of gambling, allow this outlet to the sporting proclivities of the Tommy who wishes to have a "flutter." To set up a "house" of this nature does not require much expensive outfit, says the London Chronicle. A quantity of printed cards, on each of which appear 15 numbers between 1 and 90, no two cards bearing the same combination of figures, is obtained. A bag of counters numbered from one to ninety is all that is necessary to complete the equipment.

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NAPOLEON'S IDEALS AND AIMS

Great Soldier and Statesman a Lover of High Tragedy—Purpose of the Arc de Triomphe.

I love high tragedy, the sublime, the fine, the heroic, and I think a great man are more truly great than in history. In the course of my life I criticise which unfold them, in the most striking and picturesque way, and so war not burdened with all the prejudices which sometimes attach to it. The Arcs de Triomphe would be to me the greatest genius of modern times. . . . I am especially fond of Caesar. Fraxis can be have produced a rival to Dante, Shakespeare or Moliere, but he is an equal among us. No, there is no reproach which can be compared with his.