Patria

by Louis Joseph Vance

The Great Romance of Preparedness

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.

On her twenty-first birthday, when she is to take over control of her fortune, Patria Channing finds her guardian assassinated by Japanese in her New York home. A letter written by the murdered man tells of a secret vault beneath the library containing $100,000,000, hoarded by Patria's patriotic progenitors to combat the perils of national "unpreparedness"—of which trust Patria is sole executrix—and warns against Baron Huroki, alleged head of the Japanese secret service in America. Japanese invade the house and set it afire while Patria is inspecting the treasure vault with Capt. Donald Parr of the United States secret service. The two escape by an underground passage to a garden behind the house.

EPISODE THREE

"Winged Millions."

When, some thirty minutes later, Patria Channing and Captain Parr reentered the walled garden they were no more alone; three men accompanied them, plain citizens all, of manner and appearance so little romantic that the girl found it somewhat difficult to accept them for what they really were, on the word of Captain Parr—highly efficient operatives of the United States secret service.

None but would have been readily lost in a crowd; and he whom Parr presented as a Mr. Ryley, his most valued co-worker in the service, possessed a personality so colorless and unassuming that he might have moved unquestioned in almost any stratum of society. Yet it was this one who took over temporary charge of the treasure with the utmost sang froid—for all the world as though he were asked to safeguard a hundred cents instead of a hundred millions of dollars.

Though by this time the firemen had extinguished the flames, the first and second stories of the house were a smoking, steaming mass of wreckage that precluded utterly any attempt to examine the approach to the treasure ...

As one man, Ryley, Harvey and the mechanic ducked to cover behind the wall, while Parr delayed only to grasp Patria almost roughly by the waist and drag her with him.

"That corner house," he said sharply to Ryley, indicating an unoccupied dwelling which adjoined the Channing residence on the Fifth avenue side—"somebody stationed in an upper room—behind those shutters—with a gun of some sort, Maxim-silenced. That shot couldn't have come from any other quarter. Here: take care of Miss Channing, please; don't let her expose herself. I'm going to have a try for our gay assassin."

Bent almost double, he ran in the shelter of the wall to the rear of the half-burned house, and, catching the low sill of a window, easily swung himself up and into the library.

The room had barely escaped becoming a total wreck—was in truth little better; yet there remained of the flooring a web of charred and greasy timbers strong enough to sustain a man's weight. Parr picked a gingerly way out to the entrance hall, found the stairs negotiable, and within a very little time was climbing out on the roof through a broken skylight. Nor was he in any way surprised to find the scuttle on the roof of the corner house open—recently broken open, if he read the signs aright.

Stealthily, then, automatic in hand, Captain Parr let himself down into the ostensibly vacant residence, stole back through the upper hallway, and suddenly threw open the door to one of the rear rooms.

Simultaneously a little man who had been kneeling at one of the shuttered windows swung round, and whipped two shots at Parr from a heavy revolver furnished with a Maxim silencer. Parr's answering shot rang brutally loud. The little man dropped his revolver and subsided into a curiously disheveled heap, quite dead. The captain delayed only long enough to make sure that there was no other occupant of the room, and to verify the fact, which he had all along suspected, that the murderer was a Japanese.

"Left here to discourage any attempt of ours to break into that vault," he surmised. "That means the enemy has surprised our secret—is probably even now trying to get away with the loot. . . ."

...

would prove to be the case, Patria sprang lightly through the breach.

Instantly a loop of stout lines settled over her head and shoulders, pinning both her arms to her sides. Another followed it and another, half hitches thrown with deft expertness. Before she could utter the cry that choked her throat she was bound and helpless in the power of a sullen ruffian who was deaf to tears and prayers, and proceeded calmly to rope the girl to the back of a heavy chair, and then knelt to strike a match and light a sputtering fuse. This done, he moved quickly out into the adjoining cellar.

She needed almost a minute before she comprehended her danger.

Then the vault echoed with her screams, answered by voices from beyond the steel door to the underground passage, where Ryley and his associates were at work with the acetylene torch.

But however rapidly it worked it could not possibly be swift enough to compass Patria's salvation.

Of a sudden the girl stilled her cries. In her struggles she had freed one hand from its bonds. And in the pocket of her coat, convenient to that hand, lay the dainty little revolver she had on impulse snatched up on leaving her boudoir in Newport the night before.

There was just a chance. She was a fair shot, and the fuse was slow-burning. If she could only contrive to break it with a bullet. . . .

Working the weapon with great difficulty out of her pocket, she aimed as best she might and fired.

Twice she missed. But the third bullet struck the fuse fairly and snapped it in twain.

Then the revolver slipped from her nerveless grasp and she sank back unconscious in her bonds.

Thus Ryley and the others found her when, some ten minutes later, they at length broke through the steel door.

The open air of the garden revived her. By the time a cab had been called she had recovered sufficiently to appreciate that Captain Parr had disappeared.

Her last instructions to Ryley were simple and direct:

"The money doesn't matter. But never rest till you've found Captain Parr!"

THE SANDAL.

Luck of a sort played into the hands of Captain Parr that morning. He found no difficulty about trailing three heavy-laden moving vans across the lower West side to the waterfront.

fore her scheduled sailing date; that she carried passengers of some importance (but these were not named) and a cargo consisting of arms and ammunition for the Carranzista forces; finally, that a treasure of vast value had been brought aboard at the last moment and stored in a strongly guarded stateroom in the officers quarters.

As the freighter drew out to midstream and began to drop down the river the deckhands trotted off on other business and left the stowaway to digest his information and formulate his plans.

The last proved no easy matter. What one man could be expected to accomplish against a shipload was a riddle that baffled Parr's wits for the best part of a long hour. Satisfied that the Channing treasure had been brought aboard the "Sandal," and quite ready to believe that Baron Huroki and his pet Mexican, Senor Juan de Lima, had not been actively concerned in its theft but had sailed in charge of it, he still failed to puzzle out any feasible way to inform the authorities and cause the detention of the freighter and the arrest of the thieves without sacrificing the neck of Donald Parr.

Huddled in the shelter of the bales, the young man commanded a view through the cargo port; and his thoughtful gaze had long been fixed upon that breadth of harbor water slipping past so slowly and steadily before he distilled an inspiration from its hue.

And even as he began to take cognizance of the fog, Parr heard the jingle of signals in the engineroom below his hiding place. And immediately the pulsings of the engines ceased. For a little the "Sandal" drifted with steadily slackening way. Then the anchor was dropped, with chain roaring through hawse-holes, and the freighter settled down to wait the lifting of the fog.

In this combination of circumstances Parr thought to see his chance. The ship could not be far from land; and he was a strong swimmer. If he could slip unseen over the side and win to the shore, or even to a friendlier vessel's decks. . . .

With every precaution, he stole out to the main deck and—was instantly espied by a barefooted little monkey of a sailor, whose shriek of warning rang out the instant his vision comprehended the face of a stranger.

Failing in an attempt to gain the side—his way barred by half a dozen Japanese who seemed veritably to spring ...

Patria Pointed Out the Freighter.

Lit a Sputtering Fuse.

Found the Body of a Dead Japanese.

MEN HAVE QUEER AVERSIONS

PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

ASTHMA

DR. J.D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

Coffee Drinkers who are RUN DOWN usually PICK UP after they change to the delicious, pure food-drink— POSTUM "There's a Reason"

SMART CLOTHES FOOL COPS

AFTER MANY YEARS OF WORK

POSITION AN IMPORTANT ONE

WATER SUPPLY FOR THE FARM HOUSE

John Daniel Walters says no feature of home architecture will afford so much comfort and be so conducive to health as abundant supply of pure water

THERE was a time when the farmer drank his fill from the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well," when his bathtub consisted of an abandoned wash boiler placed out in the summer kitchen or down in the cellar, when the water-closet was a four-foot by five-foot shanty planted behind the corncrib, and when on wash days the needed soft water was obtained from an old barrel that stood at the corner of the front porch; but these primitive conditions are rapidly vanishing—they are almost a thing of the past. No one argues now, as was the case then, that one or two baths a month ought to be sufficient for a healthy person, or that a well-lighted, well-warmed and well-furnished bathroom is a luxury and an enfeebling detriment to the development of a robust constitution, that a water-closet in the house is unhygienic, and that labor-saving comforts in the kitchen and laundry will make the cook lazy. We all agree on these points. The problem is, rather, how can we get good water in sufficient quantity, cheaply and effectively, where it may be needed, i. e., into the ...

would use larger quantities of cistern water if they had a more adequate supply or more modern pumping contrivances. The average home cistern holds nominally about 420 cubic feet, which is 100 barrels of water, but a part of this cistern is not available, since the water at the bottom contains sediment that has washed from the roof, and cannot, or should not, be used. This leaves about 365 cubic feet or 8.7 barrels, for actual use. If we assume that the cistern is completely emptied three times a year, it gives a daily consumption of just 3 cubic feet, or 22½ gallons, per family of five members. Some families undoubtedly use twice as much or several times as much soft water as the quantity stated, and more would be used in many homes if the supply was more adequate and easier to obtain.

The water reports of large cities show much greater consumption figures, because enormous quantities of water are being used in factories and packing houses and for street sprinkling and building purposes. The farmer should not of course be misled by these city statistics. When calculating the consumption of water in the average farm home the following conservative table is generally used:

To fill a bathtub requires from 8 to 20 gallons.

To flush a closet, each time, from 3 to 5 gallons.

To fill a lavatory, from 1 to 1½ gallons.

...

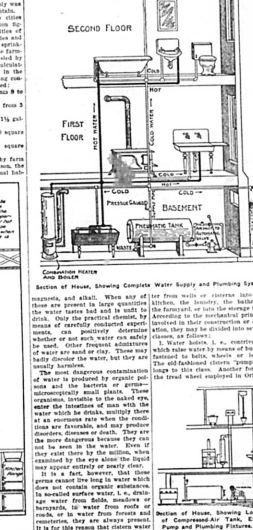
to obtain a water with an admixture which is not harmful for the purpose for which it is intended.

Many spring or well waters contain large quantities of lime in solution. This lime prevents soap from dissolving and lathering; it makes the water hard and almost unsuited for laundry purposes. The chemist has means to extract the lime from the water, but it is a process that could not be cheaply introduced into the household. However, for drinking purposes, such spring or well water is not harmful.

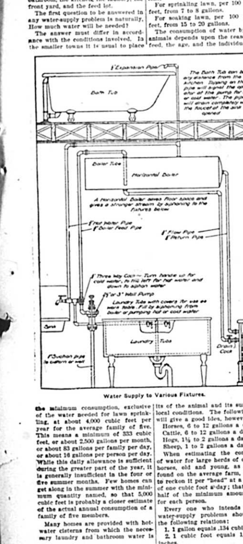
Other substances that are frequently held in solution by water from the earth, or from rock, are common salt, ...

First, the water coming from a low stratum in the ground is nearly always quite cold; second, it contains much common air and considerable quantities of the dioxide of carbon. These qualities make the water palatable. They can be imparted to tepid water artificially, but not readily or cheaply. Water can be boiled to rid it of dangerous germs; it can be cooled by ice, or by means of an ammonia cooling apparatus, the so-called ice machine. Air and carbon dioxide can be forced through water to freshen it.

There are many different kinds of pumps or contrivances for lifting water ...

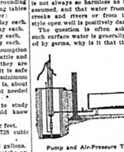


Section of House, Showing Complete Water Supply and Plumbing System.



Water Supply to Various Fixtures.

Pressure Tank With Pressure Gauge and Hand Pump.



Pump and Air-Pressure Tank.

PROPER COW FEEDING

MUST BE DONE AS INDIVIDUALS AND NOT AS A HERD

HOGGING DOWN CORN FIELDS

SAFETY DEVICE FOR WAGONS

Wagon Locked.

FORMALIN USEFUL FOR SMUT

VEGETABLE STORAGE

WASTE OF FEED PREVENTED

Prevents Hay Waste.

BE CAREFUL OF BROOD MARE

HARROW TO PREVENT BAKING

LIME NEEDED FOR PASTURES

WHEAT LANDS REQUIRE LIME

PIG RAISED WITH EACH COW

MUCH IN LITTLE

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

SOME POSTSCRIPTS

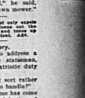
EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields

YOU MAY TRY CUTICURA FREE

Getting Old Too Fast?



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

HAY FEVER—ASTHMA

ASTHMADOR

PATENTS

JUST MATTER OF PRECAUTION