

Louis Joseph Vance

The Great Romance of Preparedness

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC. UNDER THE DIRECTION OF WASHINGTON

THE CAST.
MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Patricia Channing.
MILTON SILLS as Donald Parr.
WARREN OLAND as Baron Huroki.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

SYNOPSIS.
Anticipating the long-threatened Japanese invasion of the Southwestern States, Patricia Channing, American-born, but with her vast ranch properties along the border with Mexico, and Gen. Nott, commander of the Mexican coast guard, have secretly organized in the Mexican mountains a special force of mounted patriots to meet and bring back a prisoner held at a station, sister of Bud Morgan, Epitome of the Channing ranch hands.

THIRTEEN EPISODE Wings of Death.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.
It was midwinter of a Saturday morning, when Bud Morgan, on his saddle and bridleless horse, found his way—less conveniently than guided by the instinct of the homing pigeon—to the hacienda of Patricia Channing's ranch.

Nona witnessed his arrival. Because it was a day of rest, no household duties were in evidence, besides with their accustomed week-day tasks. Mrs. Pillsbury was in her room, napping away the hours of the afternoon.

Nona's sound disturbed the peaceful hush of the hacienda other than their low-pitched accents, but they heard the rumble of approaching hoofs; and this was a noise so ordinary and commonplace that they were not even aware of it.

It required the shuffle of uncertain feet on the gravelled walks of the garden path to distract them from their engrossing occupation.

Patricia looked up first from the map, glancing languidly toward the window. It was her cry of pity that drew Donald's attention.

Jumping up, Donald ran out, wound his arms round Morgan, and held him into the library.

Thus it was that, for upwards of an hour, the tale Bud had to tell of terror and tragedy, of a homestead burned, a mother and a child murdered, a sister kidnaped by raiders from across the border, was known only to Patricia and Donald.

When he had finished speaking and bowed his wounded head on arms folded upon the library table, there was nothing more said by anyone for many minutes.

"What are you going to do?" Patricia demanded presently.

"Donald said: 'First of all, get Bud to bed.'"

"But—Bess? the girl protested."

"We will, of course, start an expedition to rescue her as soon as we dare."

"Dare?"

"It would be worse than useless to let our boys cross the border by daylight. You know well enough how instantly—almost—the Mexicans can spread news by their underground telegraph. Unless we wait till nightfall and smuggle our men across unobserved, we might as well abandon Zelaya or Huroki, or whoever is responsible for this atrocity, to prepare to receive us."

"And in the meantime—what happens to Bess? Oh, I cannot understand how you can suggest waiting here till dark?"

"Because I am determined to rescue her—and because I feel sure no harm will come to her."

"How can you say that?"

"I am sure that this is a more dictated by Huroki. You know how persistently his spies have haunted this neighborhood—how, how consistently they have kept up their inquiries concerning our preparations—all except those three who did succeed in fleeing out too much!" Fanny smiled grimly, then once more was silent.

"Not one has seen anything or lived to tell the tale of what he saw. Therefore Huroki has done this thing—I would stake my life on it—to get hold of somebody presumed to be in your confidence—somebody from whom he can persuade the information which she should not know."

which she so longed to see, the cloud of dust which should not have been the sign of a large body of horsemen.

"The little expeditionary force had moved rapidly and with craft, effecting itself completely from the face of the country side, long before sunrise."

"For upwards of an hour Patricia pursued her from the face of the country. At length, discouraged and disheartened, she turned back to her starting point and dropped down to the private landing field."

As she descended, in spite of the preoccupation of every faculty imposed, by that most difficult task known to warriors, that of being a successful landing, she was conscious that strangers watched her from the body of a huge gray motorcar on the private landing field."

Alighting beside her stationary biplane, she saw a group of some half a dozen men moving toward her from a car. Donald was one of these, the others being all men in the field uniforms of the regular army of the United States.

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"No matter, I must not criticize," he said, "I am only a soldier."

"If you please," said Patricia, simply and bravely, "I am doing here what I can for my country."

"You understand," he said, a trace of admiration in his eyes, "I am acting under instruction."

"I quite understand."

"Then I must tell you—frankly—that I am not a soldier, but a patriot, and I am doing here what I can for my country."

"The right to raise and maintain a station army?" Patricia asked.

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MRS. WIESER'S CURE SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with a severe pain in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I could not sit in my bed. I entirely lost my appetite, and my hair fell out. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is. Mrs. C. A. KINGS, 506 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Laboratory, Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

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WEeping ROLL IO

ANY SIZE. THE GENUINE. BLACKS IN DETROIT.

John on Mother.

Richard's mother found him apparently in great pain. Careful questioning failed to disclose the cause of the boy's suffering. Dr. Trotter, experienced, told the mother that Richard probably was in need of that old unpopular with children, and she proceeded to administer a generous portion of the crying residue of Richard. A few minutes later the boy appeared, apparently in great grief.

"I've got to go on mother—I've got a job on mother," he cried.

Members of the family were curious, of course.

"Mother thought I was sick and gave me oil, but I got the toothache," he explained between laughs.

Richard's earlier residence was dug down to street of the dentist's chair—Idiopathic News.

The organizers of the Capitol Petroleum Company have now contracted for the drilling of the first well on their 300 acre oil tract in Adams county, Okla. It is to be a share well, with one-fifth share for each of the four companies. The well is to be drilled by the Adams Petroleum & Investment Co., fiscal agents, 229 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo., Ad.

The Hearing.

By far the biggest part of the hearing we do in Adams with our ears. We hear at the eve thrush with our ears and the milkpin in the morning. Then there is the other sort of hearing that we do quite a bit, and could do just as well without either.

"I hear the Joneses haven't spoken to each other for a week!" Lots of hearing of this sort is done. The way people like to hear! We hear this and we hear that. The amount of real hearing that was done in the first place would be left to the Joneses' reputation in fairly good order.

An enterprising real estate agent, in addition to the view or the healthfulness of a community, might advertise the hearing. Next to being heard people like to hear—Exchange.

Assuming a Virtue.

"Everybody is economizing now," said Mendinger Mike. "Eggs" replied Fiddler Pat. "And I'm economizing, too. I don't want to hear no more sarcasms about my nof usin' soap."

Two Spendthrifts.

Mary—I spend as much as you do. Alice—Perhaps, but I have less to show for the money—Life.

After marriage a man's display of affection is apt to be overdone; after marriage it is more likely to be rare.

Instant Postum. A table drink that has taken the place of coffee in thousands of American homes. "There's a Reason" for it.



PEARLERS' LOT IS HARD ONE

When Divers Do Not Succumb to Hardships Attending Work the Sharks Get Them.

The lot of the native pearl divers of the Persian gulf is a hard one, for all run the risk of getting scurvy from the lack of fresh food. In some cases the water breaks their ear drums. Sharks do not create the scare that is commonly felt on the Atlantic coast. They are not in the gulf, and many divers

have had a hand bitten off. One young Arab was brought to the American Consulate at Kuwait with his whole side laid open by a shark that had gotten a wide mouth hold upon him. The boy survived. We asked him if he would give diving now.

"No," he said, "I will go back next year, I have to."

Some Odd Expressions.

Here are a few funny mistakes: Home-made steak (sign in bakery). Small steak, 20 cents extra. Small steak, 25 cents (card in restaurant). Its bright red color is permanent and will remain permanent (roasting advertisement).

Huckberry of Wausau, Wis. 20 chickens by freezing to death (Allwaukee newspaper). The holder of this coupon will properly punched is entitled to one of our beautiful photographs (on a coupon). The girls were instructed in plain cooking; they were not to be instructed in the process of cooking themselves (English report on education).

Macaroni Beans.

In a recent commerce report, we are commended entirely by the Chinese farmers. The beans are of two kinds—red and yellow, variety that is very difficult to raise. The red bean is unusually glutinous—and for use the two are mixed together, ground into flour, and made into a paste, which is formed into small holes into long strips or noodles. These dry quickly and keep well in any climate. They are eaten as a small green bean that is vermicelli, and this method of using gives the beans their true name.