

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 TIERCE.

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

SYNOPSIS.
Baron Huroki of Tokyo, conspiring to overthrow the United States by the order to pass by Japanese invasion of the Pacific coast, is the order by Patricia Channing, now ex-wife of a famous American, to be created by patriotic propagandists to combat international perfidy against the United States. Fearing for the safety of her home, she is accompanied by her husband, who is a member of the United States Army.

ELEVENTH EPISODE

Lovers' Leap.

THE BORDERLAND.
Ever since earliest dawn the train had been alternately climbing with stertorous respiration the straightened passes and sweeping down in swift free flight through the widening valleys of a great and spacious land of haggard beauty.

And since her eyes had first opened to this new day it had not been possible for her to distract Patricia's attention from that endless panorama of grim, stark hills, painted gray and boundless plains.

And in Patricia's eyes, while she watched, a gladness above deep and tender; and ever and anon a gleam of emotion would lift and fall with a gentle sigh of happiness.

For this, to her, was home-coming; she was returning, after a long sojourn in a strange far country, to the land which held first place in her heart.

Here there was uncommon bustle of life. In addition to the customary groups of Mexican and half-breed, squares with groups waiting to sell the avid tourist, and assorted loafers, a company of hard-riding cowboys had gathered, and a couple of rough-coated motorists stood waiting.

As Patricia, with her little train of servants and companions, descended to the platform, high-spirited cheering greeted her; the horsemen and women yelled piercingly, and tossed aloft their hats; and from one of the motorists a man whose headpiece of straw was assorted oddly with his alertness of gesture strode forward sombrero in hand, then passed, stared and said in a voice of wonder:

"Patricia Channing!"
The girl identified him after a moment of perplexity, during which her memory harked back to days a decade ago. Her characteristic little frown of thought was dispelled by a smile and a laugh of joyful recognition.

"Rodman Pillsbury!" she exclaimed—and gave him both her hands.

"He took them awkwardly, shaking a still bewildered head. "I don't know you at all, Pat," he said. "I was waiting for a little girl—a freckled, long-legged tooting who would be me riding and shouting and shouting you're a woman grown. . . . Lord! how antique you make me feel!"

"You needn't," she told him gently. "You've grown up every way as much as I—but no more, not the least bit. When I went East you were as sturdy and lanky as a straggle, and now you're as slim and lithe as a watermelon! Heavens! don't accuse me of having changed! . . . But forgive me."

"Swiftly she made Pillsbury know to her chaperon and Captain Parr. "I want you to be great friends," she said with a beat of emphasis, "for these are the last clasped hands. "Rodman was the first sweetheart I ever had, Don—and Donald," she added chaffingly to Pillsbury, "is my last; we are engaged."

To her immense relief there was no trace of hostility in the greeting—which Rodman accorded her betwixt and between. Mr. Pillsbury had grown up in more than physique in the course of ten years. The ability to mask his feelings with impassive reserve was now only one of the accomplishments which he had acquired, and which fitted him so admirably to command at the friendly and respectful of the small army of employees who looked up to him as the local representative of the Channing interests—as, in short, what Rodman Pillsbury had been to Patricia's secret, ruling domains of land and more—broader, if less popular, than many a European principality.

That exhilaration which had been mounting in Patricia ever since her awakening that morning grew still more intense as her motor car swung away from the station and over a winding highroad. Now she was there.

Microbes, and to follow the example of two illuminated young ladies who have seen eye to eye times ago with the pharoscent cross, to St. Wern's, London's Darkened Street.

By the time the car had halted for 25 years, only the very patient Londoner will consent, whatever views the police and old Saint Zepplin may hold on the matter, to go on collars, to go on another and breaking leg after leg and all the available collar bones.

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"So immediately, Kato," his superior ordered—"And Senor Zelaya, present my compliments and say that Baron Huroki will be obliged to General Zelaya will consent to honor this humble abode with his veracious presence at his exalted conveniences this evening."

Somehow that Baron Huroki, who was expected, Zelaya shouldered through the doorway of his adobe quarters, a huge and forceful personality.

"Well, my friend," he said, leaping companionably and slapping a boot-heel with the quiet which swung by his leather as though from his right wrist. "Sit down. . . ."

"It is true," the Channing girl said, "but I am obliged to look after my possessions—even as I should like to see you."

"The dear little creature who is just my luck!" "Why, changing the matter?" "I did so want to go riding all by myself—this once! And, of course, you had to be up and about and spit everlastingly!"

"Bless your heart!" he said. "I'm not going to run you day by day very first time. Far be it from me to be in whose whangs first—where else ought I to do it for to treat?" he corrected himself, laughing. "Besides, I only got up early in the hope of being permitted to smoke at least one pipe in peace. Cut along with you—and you said you're not late for breakfast!"

With this she turned and scurried out of the patio; and Donald filled and lit his pipe and smoked tenderly to himself as he heard the drumming of her horse's hoofs die out in the distance.

Something like a quarter of an hour later a heavy and confused roll of boots roused him from the idleness and pleasantness of daydreams. Knocking out of bed, he found himself in the twinkling of an eyelash.

A small squad of the border patrol was bearing down upon the hacienda at a dead run, separate haste and anxious purpose written plainly on the face of each man.

Retiring in and dismounting in the narrow breach, the officer commanding the patrol turned and waved his fist in the air.

"Get on!" he cried. "Hurry the boys and get on! Get on! Get on!" "What's up?" Donald asked quietly. "The horse's hoofs, first, an oxcart, a couple of carts, and a man on a horse. The oxcart full of goods, the man on a horse full of goods, the man on a horse full of goods."

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Zelaya and a packed guard. So much she had gathered from a postscript on the bridge when the cart passed for further instructions; and now, she had then that the cart was to proceed with all speed to a rendezvous in the hills where Zelaya was to wait with his prisoner till joined by the men he had left to guard the bridge.

It was high noon when at length the cart lurched its last lurch and came to a dead stop.

The complaint of its passenger wheels had barely ceased when Patricia moaned beneath the straw heard a volley she knew only too well. It was Huroki's ordering the driver to hasten instantly to a nearby village and find Zelaya, to advise him that it seemed best to remove the prisoner instantly to a safer place; he—Huroki—wanted horses and a guard for this purpose without delay.

When the driver had gone grumbling, Huroki spoke briefly with another Mexican, ordering him to stand guard over the prisoner pending the arrival of the horses and the raid, when he was to summon Huroki from some observation point at no great distance.

He followed three minutes of quiet. Then the girl took her life in her hands and poked her head out of the straw.

The cart was at rest before a small adobe hut with an open door. She could not see through the door.

There is a Story From Vera Cruz That Tells of the Marksmanship of Uncle Sam's Marines.

The marines know how to handle a rifle; 50 per cent. of the force are qualified, listed, shot. There is a story from Vera Cruz that tells of good shooting, and a sure eye, Henry Rudderick, in the Coast's Companion.

Her bluejackets were marching up the street from the plaza behind rows of two-story houses. As he dressed Mexican, with a newspaper over his knee, was sitting on the balcony of his house, apparently intent on watching our sailors advance; but hidden under the paper he held a big revolver. The bullets were whizzing about our officers could hardly suspect a well-dressed Mexican, reading a paper and looking so peacefully on from his own house, of being the subject of their fire.

Dropping his paper, the Mexican went inside to attend. When he came out again he was holding the gilt of his chin. The eight-pointed bayonet of a tenant Colonel Neville on horseback in the plaza, 1,000 or more yards away. The flight of the bayonet, and the Colonel, saw plainly the dash of the shot and the newspaper.

"Get him," he said, turning to his orderly.

The man raised his rifle, pressed the trigger—and the Mexican fell out of his chair. "Get him, sir," said the marines.

Causes of Nervousness. There is an article on the care of children in the Woman's Home Companion in which the writer says: "Nervousness sometimes is the result of such malnutrition, lack of nutrition, anaemic, defective digestion, teeth or adenoids may be the predisposing cause. Nature offers the best cure. Plenty of outdoor life and wholesome outdoor life are essential, and these children should be encouraged to play and to take regular exercise, such as walking, stretching and swimming. Real country life is always the best, and camping is a cure in itself. First, for the outdoor life and healthful, and second, for the cure of the nervous child needs the companionship of other children."

Recess Was Called. A real estate agent was testifying in court recently in a case involving the exchange of a picture show for a farm. It was contended that the theater was not worth what it was represented, owing to its location. The attorney asked the witness to state what he thought of the theater were.

Next door to it was a shoe shining place," he answered, "this came a funny one, but it was a shoe shine, and that's as far as I got." When the excitement subsided, the judge ordered that a good price to stop, and the customary fifteen-cent recess was called.—Indianapolis News.

One Exception. "There is no sense of humor among animals." "How about the laughing hyacinth?"

The Danger Zone for Many Is Coffee Drinking. Some people find it wise to quit coffee when their nerves begin to "act up."

The easy way nowadays is to switch to Instant Postum. Nothing in pleasure is missed by the change, and greater comfort follows as the nerves rebuild.

Postum is economical to both health and purse.

There's a Reason

Instant Postum

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The Patio Was a Panorama of Inferno.

lump post, a conservative creature, will not step out of the way of a collar. Meanwhile, what about luminous hats for men and luminous boots? Can't we have luminous canes?

It is obvious, however, that these things will come and a man will be able to live himself out of the houseward journey with such luminous devices on his clothes as this:

Your Spine's Phosphor Halo and Luminous Backing. There's a reason for the slightest doubt.

that the luminous collar is practical and will be seen all over London. But what effect will be produced on the mind of a man going home from a party on a cold night when he wears luminous collar, shirt and rubber-berled boots walking rapidly toward him—well—London News.

When Courage Falters. The family was having guests to dinner, and six-year-old Edward had his supper alone and was not to be disturbed until he had eaten. The account was a wife compared with her anxiety for Donald. He was already far ahead of the oxcart, escorted by

petting room of roared turkey, in his last, reached him as he was carrying coffee, pouring out hard fate, and he decided to descend to the dining room and claim his rights.

When at the door, he demanded sternly: "Well, sir, do you want?" Edward's courage fell, and he answered, apologetically: "Just came here. If you would lend me a bowl when you're through with it." Tokapa Journal.