

THE GREAT ROMANCE OF PATRIAS CHANNING

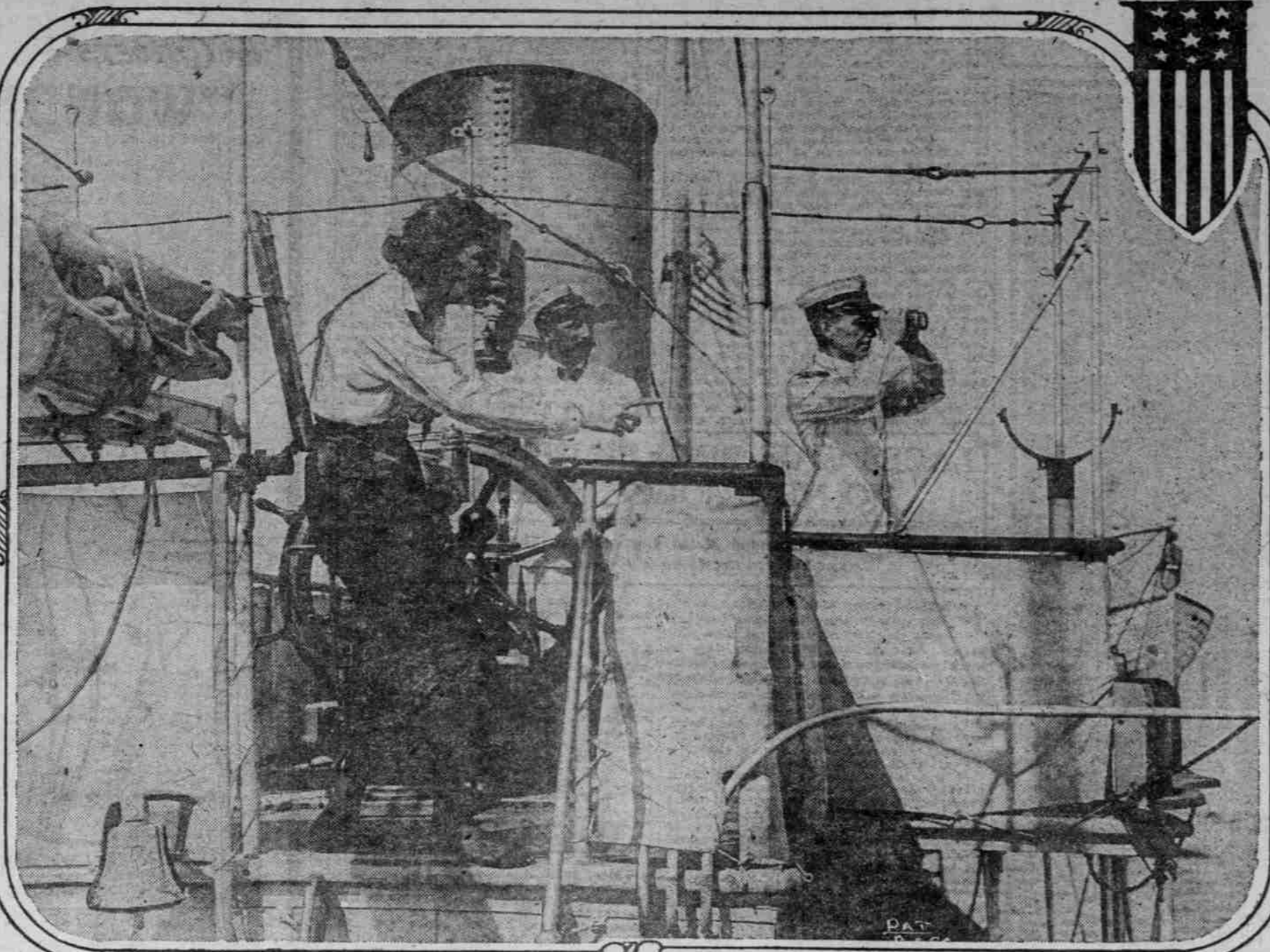
by Louis Joseph Vance.

This is the great romance of preparedness, in which the role of Patria Channing is played by Mrs. Vernon Castle, supported by Milton Sills, Guy D'Amico, and others.

INTRODUCTION—On her 21st birthday, when she is to take over control of her father's business, Patria Channing finds her father assassinated by Japanese in her New York home.

EPISODE THREE "WINGED MILLIONS"

WINGED, some 30 minutes later, Patria Channing and Captain Parr re-entered 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 official, operatives of the United States Secret Service.



Aboard the Cutter Patria Channing indicated the freighter with a trembling hand.

Two shots at Parr from a heavy revolver furnished with a Martin silence. Parr's answering shot rang brutally loud. The little man dropped his revolver and sprang into a cowering position. The captain delayed only long enough to make sure that there was no other occupant of the room, and to verify the fact, while he had all along suspected, that the murderer was a Japanese.

When the girl stepped into the garden, she comprehended the danger. Her eyes followed the fuse to the destination of that slowly crawling spark of fire—to a bundle of sulphur-colored sticks which she knew intuitively must be dynamite.

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Through by this time the firemen had extinguished the flames, the first and most serious of the hour. The smoking, streaming mass of wrecks that precluded utterly any attempt to examine the approach to the treasure vault via the high tunnel, had weakened the supports of that massive marble chimney-piece, however, the secret entrance beneath it remained as immovably in place as Parr had left it; while Parr had secured the left doors on the inside, against possible discovery by the Japanese incendiaries, behind the walled garden, the subterranean passage, and police still watched the front of the vault, and any attempt to cut through the last of the treasure had been removed through the garden.

"It's safe enough," he said, returning to the vault, "but the heavy ground way in company with Parr—almost too safe, if you ask me. That door down there is shut for keeps; we must get it open by some other way through it before we can call this a moving day. I'll be going after that now, if you don't mind. Progress and favor here will stop in the job in case that nobody makes trouble before we get back."

Approving this arrangement, Patria turned to Captain Parr. "And now," she said with a weary little smile, "you may take me to the garden, and I'll call Newport on long distance and soothe Aunt Amelia down and get her to send my maid in with some clothes for the night."

The resilience of youth is a most amazing thing; she was so fagged out by the emotional and physical strain of the day that she felt as if she were barely able to climb back into the ransomed, and once settled in his cushions she was aware of little more than an unconsciousness was stealing away on drowsy wings. But she roused without complaint at the end of their long journey, and found her maid ready to attend to her appearance and make a sumptuous breakfast, forgot entirely her fatigue and refused to go to bed, and left to Parr the recommendation that he leave the rest of the morning's work to him while she retired to her room for a little rest.

His fellow workers in the Secret Service remained in the garden, with nothing to report that they had observed no suspicious circumstances of any sort. It was Burgess who offered this assurance—a tubby little man with blue-tinted spectacles and mild, friendly eyes. He had just finished speaking when he started violently, cried out in sharp pain, clapped a hand to his forehead, and fell back for a moment away while a look of acute, amazed protest widened on his countenance—and dropped dead at their feet.

When that had been said, Parr found the man kneeling in the garden, with a mechanic and the acetylene torch apparatus. His fellow workers in the Secret Service remained in the garden, with nothing to report that they had observed no suspicious circumstances of any sort.

Ignoring the protests of Mr. Ryley, Patria crept along under cover of the wall, and peered through which she had watched Parr disappear, and climbed through.

Just why she elected to follow him she could hardly have said. There lurked in the back of her mind a half-formulated thought that he was exposing himself to grave danger in her service, and that she should endeavor to brave it alone. But she could never have explained how she reckoned her society would mitigate his danger.

The first thing to greet her as she hurried through the upper hallway was the grinning mask of a dead Japanese huddled up on the floor of the back room and a woman in a nightgown and nightcap who ran blindly down the stairs. But she discovered no sign of Captain Parr or any other person, and she and though she stopped at the front door long enough for a hasty glance out into the avenue, the man who followed her was by that time several blocks away.

But this she couldn't know; and believing that he had been taken care of, she hurriedly returned to her room, where she found the door open, and the room empty.

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.

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NEWS FROM OREGONIAN FOLK IN NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from First Page.) Sir Cecil and Lady Spring-Rice and it is surmised that the wedding, which is to be in April, will take place at the Embassy. The young couple will leave for England immediately after the ceremony.

A novel effort to raise money is being made by some of the young women members of the Vacation Association, who enjoy the benefits of that organization. They are attempting to raise a mile of pennies, which would be the equivalent of \$900, by the holding of weekly dances, to which an admission of 15 cents will be paid in pennies, in charge. The "Buy a Day" campaign, which is meeting with such great success, is also for the benefit of the Vacation Association. Some interested individuals have not been content with the purchase of but one day, and have taken a full week.

A very large representation of Oregonians attended the last of the Sunday matinees given by the Metropolitan Opera House, during the month of January. These receptions, which are annual affairs, are looked forward to by leading musicians of the metropolis as well as by the laymen lovers of music, as a common meeting ground of delight and informality. Among those present were Mrs. Fanny Carson Platt, Mrs. S. Z. Mitchell, Mrs. A. J. Meier, Mrs. Henry Hausman, Miss Margaret Hausman, Mrs. C. M. Maxwell, Mrs. Dearborn Schwab, Miss Ruth Frances Miller and Mr. and Mrs. George Black.

Mrs. Alex Bernstein and Miss Bauer entertained on Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. A. J. Meier, Mrs. Abe Meier, Mrs. Max Fleischner and Captain Samuelson at a box party at Carnegie Hall to hear the Symphony Orchestra, with Mischa Elman as soloist.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. Clemson left New York this week after a stay of a month in the metropolis. From here they went to Pittsburg, where they will remain for a few days, and then will accompany Daniel Clemson, father of Mr. Clemson, and another brother, who is hopelessly empty, if far from awestruck and garbled. Or was it empty altogether? Had her

San Francisco, have been spending the past two weeks in this city, attending the opera and theaters, and participating in the Winter gaieties. From here the entire party will go to Washington, D.C., then to various other cities, including New Orleans, and a number of Southern resorts, before returning to their homes.

Mrs. Ruth Gutty is taking a post-graduate course at Columbia College, in this city.

Mrs. A. J. Meier, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Meier and Harold Meier intend leaving New York for their home in Portland.

Mrs. J. D. Farrell has altered her original plans, which would have taken her back to Portland immediately, and will remain in the East for the present. As there is a possibility of Mr. Farrell joining her here, Miss Helen Farrell, who is a student at Miss Baldwin's school, near Bryn Mawr, is spending a few days with her mother at the Plaza.

and the arrest of the thieves without sacrificing the neck of Donald Parr. Evidently in the shelter of the balcony, the young man commanded a view through the cargo port; and his thoughtful gaze had long been fixed upon the rising of the ship with a heaving plume so slowly and steadily before he distilled an inspiration from its hue. And even as he began to take cognizance of the fog, he heard the whistle of signals in the engine-room below his hiding place. And immediately the whistles of the engines ceased. For a little the "Sand" drifted with steadily slackening way. Then the anchor was dropped, with chain roaring through whose holes an angry fog set 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 unobserved over the side and swim to the shore, or even to a friendlier vessel's deck.

With every precaution, he stole out to the main deck and—was instantly seized by a hand that he recognized as a sailor whose shriek of warning rang out the instant his vision comprehended the face of a stranger.

His next resort was one of desperation. He sprang to a stateroom door half open to the deck, he slammed, bolted it and swung round to find himself in the wireless room, confronted by a Japanese who seemed to be taking something of the readiness of his fellows, since he failed to recover from his surprise before Parr had him covered with the muzzle of his pistol.

Blows on the panels of the door were sounding as Parr backed the little brown man into his chair and with a hand gesture of the pistol commanded: "Take my dictation! And, mind you, no shenanigan! I can read your scribble."

The operator nodded; his slender, deft fingers gripped keys and switches. His eyes kept glancing at the face of the American while the latter dictated, and the crash and crackle of the spark filled that narrow space with faint sounds.

When a shuttered port behind Parr's head was broken in, and a revolver through the opening stamped the floor, he had, as he heard a dictating, dropped his pistol and elevated both hands.

At the same time the little wireless operator lunged forward from his chair, clipped Parr's waist with two slinky arms, and bore him to the floor.

The Needle in the Haystack. It was mid-afternoon when Patria's maid answered a knock at the door and brought her to the semi-distracted attention of an envelope of the Marconi company. Tearing it open, Patria read hastily an unfinished message: "Miss Patria Channing: 'Hitz-Carlton, New York: 'Fog-bound in lower bay aboard Japanese freight steamer Sandal. Treasure aboard. Tell Ryley.'"

been unnoticed. She heard a very sound, saw never a sign of any human thing about the freighter. And presently she swung her almost weightless skirt under the side of the anchored ship, and, rising, fishes with a heaving plume so slowly and steadily before he distilled an inspiration from its hue. And even as he began to take cognizance of the fog, he heard the whistle of signals in the engine-room below his hiding place.

Her disgust was as extreme as her efforts to escape were unavailing. She was promptly seized, if not ungentle, and escorted up from the lower deck to be presented to the captain at the head of the bridge companion ladder.

From this personage she received a courteous bow, a sharp scrutiny, scant consideration. For though he had an intelligent face, and looked and carried himself like a man of education, he refused flatly to understand English or to regard her as anything more than some strange stray of the sea. A few brusque commands in his Japanese, and Patria was led off to be locked up in a small, dark stateroom overlooking the upper deck.

If they had counted on any lack of courage and resource as an infirmity of her sex, these Japanese had reckoned without Patria. She was no sooner alone than alert to find a way of escape. The door was stout and stonily locked, but the shuttered port seemed a frail barrier to one of the least determination.

Before attempting it, however, she took the precaution of slipping off her sport skirt, for the greater freedom of her slender, knickerbockered legs if by any chance she should be suffered to escape the stateroom.

Then waiting till she heard no sound of any voice or footfall on the deck beyond the shutter, she slipped through with two sharp blows of a stool and was through the opening in a twinkling.

An instant more and she had leaped upon the rail and was poised to dive. An officer made for her as she hesitated there transiently to measure the distance to the water. But his glance that would have drawn her back in their embrace, hugged only air; Patria was "fairly under water."

She came up within two yards of her motor-boat, struck out, and was climbing its gunwales when several other flashes alongside gave warning that the pursuit had taken to the water as cheerfully as she.

In this extremity the boatwork served her well. She floated more than once in close-hauled, brownish pool that she planted its point against the chest of more than one who sought to follow her over the side of her motor-boat, before she could get the engine going. And when that happened she got a taste of what Japan's resentment might be.

Advertisement for 'The Powder and Cream' by 'The Violet' brand. It includes a list of names like 'The Violet', 'The Powder and Cream', 'The Violet', and 'The Powder and Cream'.