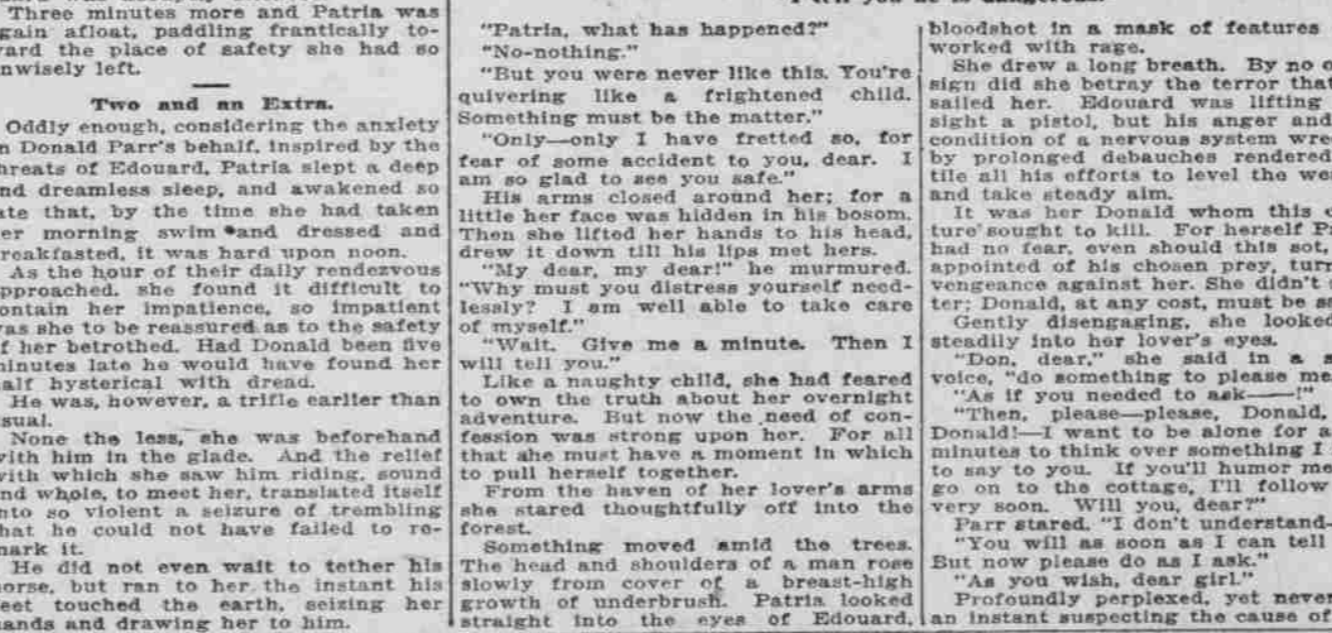


STORY AND PROSE BY Louis Joseph Vance



STORMY MARCH DRIVES NEW YORK SMART SET TO LESS RIGOROUS CLIMATE IN SOUTH

(Continued From First Page.) All branches of the vast building industry in America, from every section of the country, and likewise every...

singular request, Donald strode off briskly toward the shore. Alone with the fear of death, Patria...

"He good enough to let me have that costume," demanded Patria. "And you've been by Donald's side in the office of the prosecutin' attorney! Stop strugglin' and listen to reason, do you hear?"

Opera Comique, in Paris, and to get the eight covers and many wigs necessary for the costume of the part of "Thais" which she will enact for the movies on her return to the theatre in about three or four months. Miss Garden took with her 18 quarts of milk for the trip, which she consumes at the rate of two a day.

This is the great romance of preparation, in which the role of Patria is played by Mrs. Vernon Castle, supported by Milton Sills as Donald Parr, Warner Oland as Baron Huroki, Dorothy Green as Fanny Adair, and a cast of exceptional merit.

INTRODUCTION. Patria, last of "The Fighting Channing," while on route to Newport, her Summer home, is thrown to seaward from a boat...

EPISODE VI. "THE MASCARADE" Readers of Noon. SUPERBLY mounted though he was, the horseman rode with black rein and specious air of aimlessness.

The truth of the matter, for the beauty of nature is general. Captain Donald Parr cared no snap of his fingers; his thoughts, like his heart, were exclusively centered upon one single beauty.

He was in short, practicing what he never preached, an axiom distilled from long experience in the United States Secret Service, to wit: Never go to work secret business stealthily and by night if you can possibly contrive to attend to it openly in broad daylight.

Here Captain Parr pulled up, dismounted, tethered his horse to a sapling, and went on afoot, striding rapidly toward the beach with a marked manner of eager anxiety.

It was a matter of several miles, but Patria had not been far from the beach when she saw the lights of the house. She did not even wait to tether his horse, but ran to her, the instant her hands and drawing her hair.

Effecting a landing there as secret as a mouse, she slipped the anchor of the canoe up on the sands, hugged the cloak more tightly round her, and with a delicious shiver of drizzling sought the shelter of the house.

Here Patria's progress grew slower and still more discreet. She doctored her eyes with a dab of mud, and with a demeanor of the impostor, to obtain some clue to the manner in which she was conserving the fair repulse of the guests with her sister in life.

"How do you do?" she said, "I knew you couldn't be late—but even when you're most punctual, it always seems so long a time of waiting."

"I mean at the Casino. I was just about ready to start on my well-known morning ride—purely," he laughed, "in the interests of my health, of course."

"I mean she goes about riding herself of dangerous embraces in the cruelest fashion imaginable. When I think of the things she does on the spur of the moment, I can fancy Baron Huroki ready to blow up with annoyance."

MISS PATRIA CHANNING (Multimillionaire Heiress Stirs Newport Society by Announcing Her Engagement to Baron Huroki, a Wealthy Mexican Mine Owner.)

—insisted that 'Patria' retract the announcement. And the row Elaine had been spilling for was on, ending with her informing Mrs. Wrenn that, if she disapproved so strongly, Fanny Adair would relieve her of responsibility as 'Patria's' chaperon.

"Oh!" the girl declared in deepest indignation. "I don't know what I can't stand. I won't, another minute! Don, you must let me come out of hiding and expose these impostors!"

"That" was a snap of Parr's fingers. "Don't let me alarm you with my exaggeration," he added with a reassuring smile. "I'll be with you in a moment as swiftly as a rattlesnake, when he wants to, and strike with as deadly effect. I'm confident that you can't stand it. I won't, another minute! Don, you must let me come out of hiding and expose these impostors!"

What little wind there was went down with the sun; imperceptibly the long twilight merged into moonlight of pellucid brilliance; night fell warm and still.

Only Patria was restless and ill-at-ease. Impatience and dissatisfaction with the lot imposed upon her by Donald Parr's arguments, prayers, will and wishes, raged in her bosom with a violence only heightened by contrast with the calm that enchained all nature.

Accident more than design directed her flight toward the cliff. Instinctively she slipped the anchor of the canoe up on the sands, hugged the cloak more tightly round her, and with a delicious shiver of drizzling sought the shelter of the house.

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With a little exclamation of exasperation Patria read the article through, then angrily crumpled the paper in her two hands.

"And what came of it?" she asked. "Oh, Mrs. Wrenn protested, of course never will be! Oh, I'm onto your lit-