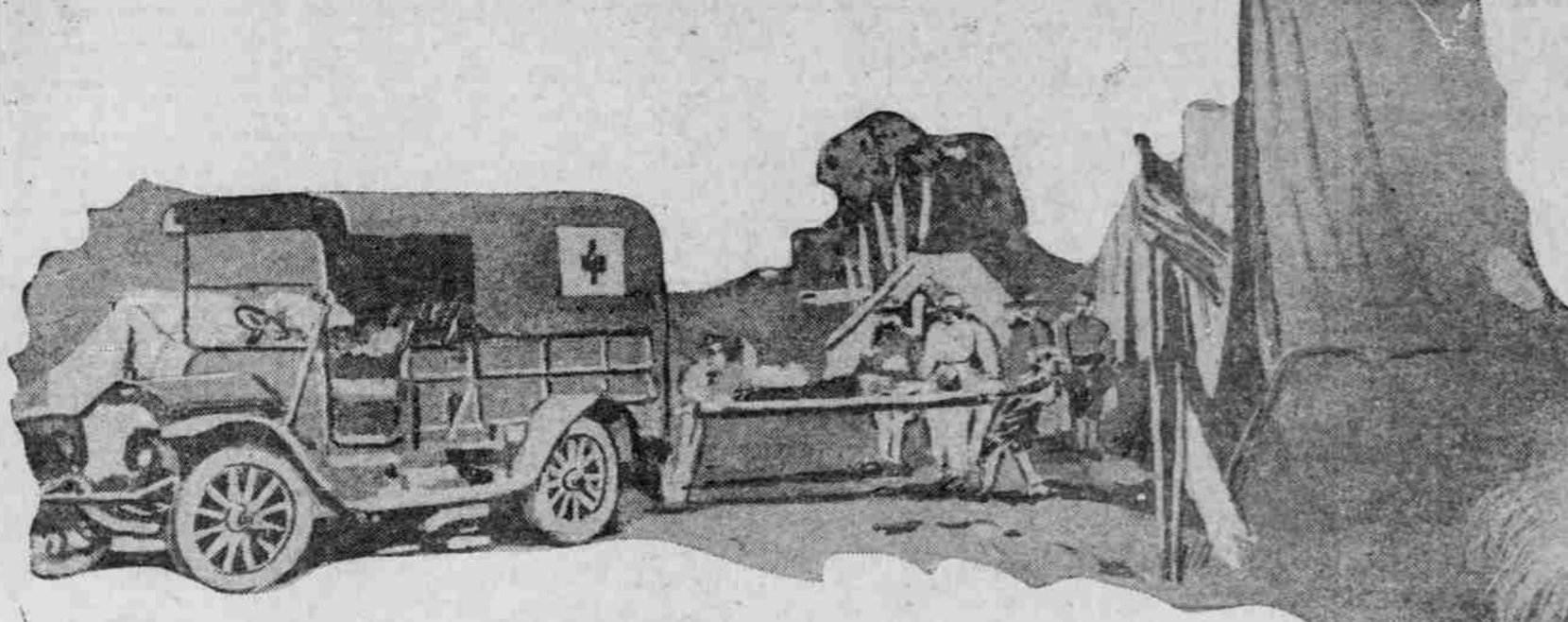


NOVANA STORY AND SCENARIO

by Louis Joseph Vance.



(Copyright, 1917, by the Star Company.)

Dark Hours.

IT WAS shortly after sunrise when the first shot signaled the attempt of Patria Channing's little handful of patriotic adventurers to stem the invasion of American soil by the allied forces of invaders commanded by Baron Huroki.

Within an hour the field batteries, shelling with shrapnel the advanced trenches which commanded the international boundary line, had rendered them untenable, and the enemy's infantry swarmed over them in pursuit of the retreating defenders.

The latter had meanwhile occupied their main entrenchments, a far stronger position furrowing the ridgepole of a range of low hills lying back of the hacienda and something slightly less than a mile north of the border line.

Here they took root stubbornly. Despite the disparity between their numbers and those of the invaders they threw back charge after charge of the invaders' infantry, withering and blasting them with the machine gun fire which sprayed the terrain with death as a garden hose sprays a lawn with life; while their batteries, cunningly secreted back of the hills and directed in masterly fashion, kept the guns of the invaders too busy on the move to permit their doing much damage to the trenches.

But if the defenders fought with unshakable determination and fearlessly they fought with despair in their hearts. For their commanding elevation permitted them to overlook all the land between them and the boundary, and they could hardly help being appalled by the flood of allied troops which was sweeping across the border and arraying against them.

Falling to take the main line trenches by assault, Baron Huroki ordered his forces to fall back and dig themselves in—which they did with trained expedition and efficiency, throwing up a line of entrenchments roughly parallel to those on the hillcrest.

And their batteries, presently finding shelter, rained shells upon the Americans to keep down their fire, until Patria's guns again searched them out, when the battle passed into a temporary phase of big gun duelling in which the infantry had little time to breathe and take account of its losses.

Toward midmorning a second series of most violent assaults was launched against the main line trenches, and though each in turn was thrown back severely punished, each took its toll of American lives and by so much lessened the ability to present impregnable resistance.

But by noon Huroki seemed to have made up his mind that further efforts to take the trenches by storm were futile. There fell a lull in the fury of the combat between the infantry forces, while a flanking movement on the part of the Mexican Cavalry was met and confounded by a cloud of rough-riding plainsmen under the leadership of Rodman Pillsbury.

Then again the artillery duel was resumed; but there was in this some-

thing strangely perfunctory, as far as the firing of the allied guns were concerned. The suspicion was warranted, and by subsequent events was borne out, that Huroki was sparing for the night.

He was awaiting the arrival of heavier artillery; whatever those circumstances were which delayed its coming with effective range till dusk of evening, they alone saved Patria's forces from annihilation—though much credit is due the scouts of Patria's flying corps for their willingness to dawn with which they engaged the hostile aviators, and drove them from the sky above the American positions, preventing the locating of the hidden batteries.

The last traces of light were dying from the sky when Huroki's heaviest metal came into action. Simultaneously new and extraordinary vicious assaults were made upon the trenches.

Throughout a night of hopeless horror the battle raged. From the moment when Huroki's great guns entered into the contest there was scarcely a single perceptible break in the succession of assaults upon the trenches till dawn broke upon their desperately thinned ranks.

And with the dawn came the final effort, a charge in force that taxed to the utmost the courage, resources and ingenuity of the Americans. That it broke and was swept back can be counted as nothing short of miraculous.

As it did so, Donald Parr fell, his shoulder shattered by shrapnel. When he had recovered consciousness in her arms, and she knew that his hurt was not mortal, Patria took into her own hands the command which she had resigned to his. Confering by telephonic means with her staff, she ordered the effort of the last resort, the forlorn hope which had been reserved for the moment when the great sacrifice of self alone might stem the tide of defeat.

All defensive tactics were abandoned. The men were ordered from the trenches, to advance to charge and keep on charging till the last man fell. To give them heart a fleet of "tanks"—armored caterpillar tractors carrying machine gun crews—were loosed upon the enemy.

Looming through the gray, formless light of the new-born day like monstrous armadillos vomiting fire and death, they crossed their own trenches and met and broke a charge of the hostile infantry, scattering it like chaff.

As the enemy turned and fled these terrors the Americans forsook the shelter of their trenches and pursued. At the same time the machine batteries came out of hiding and moved forward to closer positions in the open.

A daring raid of cavalry captured a 42-centimeter howitzer and turned it upon its own people. Where the tanks were not, there was hand-to-hand fighting, characterized by the grim determination on both sides. But wherever the tanks moved—and nothing served to swerve one of these from whatever course it chose to take—the ranks of the enemy melted into a disorderly rabble of panic-stricken fugitives.

A shell from the howitzer struck the

Channing hacienda and laid it in flaming, smoking ruins about the ears of Huroki and his staff.

Thirty minutes after the tanks had inaugurated the offensive the invasion had been turned into a rout. The roads beyond the border were choked with fugitives. Huroki and his personal ideas forced their armored motorcar through the milling mob upon the bridge at the border and regained Mexican soil a bare minute before another howitzer shell destroyed the bridge utterly and with it hundreds of flying soldiers of the enemy's army.

The last action of the battle was an engagement between American rough riders and Mexican cavalry, in which the latter, attempting to cover the rear of the defeated army, were vanquished, dispersed, sent scurrying into the south in disorder as great as that of their comrades and allies, whom they had sought to save.

But in this engagement Rodman Pillsbury fell, killed instantly in action. Ordering her batteries up to the boundary line, Patria instructed them to shell the fugitives mercilessly. Further than this line she would not permit them to move. Nor would she permit one of her decimated little army to carry the war into Mexico.

In a defending her property against aggression she had acted withing her rights as a private citizen. If reprisals were to be visited upon the aggressor, that was the prerogative of the Government of her country—not her prerogative.

Thus the invading army of Baron Huroki and his dupes and allies melted away into those sun-baked plains and arid hills of Mexico and was no more—like the army of a dream.

In the heat of that breathless afternoon the armored motor car drew up sharply, as if checked by some invisible but immovable barrier, before the adobe building dedicated to the uses of the commander-in-chief and his staff.

Half a dozen men, worn, haggard, silent, in uniforms stiff with sweat and dust, alighted from the car and wearily threw themselves, rather than walked, up the steps to the veranda in front of the headquarters building.

Deepest disconsolation was the keynote of their common demeanor, in the glaring sun their dust-matted faces, in those red-rimmed eyes which stared out of them, despair of gamblers who have staked all on a single throw and have lost.

Foremost in their number was Baron Huroki, a presence of commanding distinction even in the shadow of defeat, elegance and death.

At his heels moved his shadow, that one whose devotion and loyalty to his master passed even the devotion and loyalty which was the due of his Emperor—Huroki's aide-de-camp of today, his body servant of yesterday, his familiar spirit of all days, that man who answered to the name of Kato.

As Huroki moved toward the door of the adobe building a young orderly came out, paused, saluted stiffly with a countenance expressionless, and proffered a folded paper.

Huroki recognized the form on which incoming telegraphic dispatches were transcribed: He could have hazarded a shrewd guess at the nature of this communication—if put to it, could have foretold it almost word for word.

point of the dagger and drove it in toward his diaphragm.

When Patria appeared in the doorway the nurse rose and with a friendly and reassuring smile slipped out of the room.

Donald Parr lay motionless on his cot, asleep. The girl sat down on the chair by his side and gently dropped her hand upon one of his that lay outside the sheet, a dark, strong hand that seemed, in her sight, to dwarf and render altogether puny and insignificant the slender white grace of her own.

Still Donald did not stir. She was content with that. Sleep was what he needed, the best of all medicines for his hurts. She asked for herself, no more than this, that she be permitted to rest a little by his side, to touch his hand, to know that, though his wounds were grievous, he would live, and in a

None the less he extended a steady hand to accept it, unfolded the paper, read it without permitting the slightest phase of his emotions to be reflected in his face, and strode on into the adobe building.

For an hour he sat in the office of the commander-in-chief, industriously, methodically putting in order all his affairs, official as well as personal. When there was more to do he rose without hesitation and entered the adjoining room, which had been his sleeping quarters.

Here Kato was awaiting him—Kato translated from the trim and soldierly aide in the field uniform of his nation's army into a figure that might have been conjured from some curious old print, a servile, fawning, obsequious figure in the robes of his race and humble caste.

Assisted deftly by Kato, Baron Huroki divested himself of his soldier's clothing, bathed and dressed in the robes of nobility.

Then in silence Huroki turned and entered the room beyond, leaving his footgear at the threshold. Paper screens masked the earthen walls and the thatched roof. The floor was covered with a clean white cloth. In the middle of it rested a small rug of glowing, sanguinary scarlet. At the edge of this small rug was a low ottoman on which rested a jeweled dagger in a jeweled sheath.

Baron Huroki swiftly denuded his body to the waist, then took up the dagger and drew it from its sheath.

He had had his chance and had failed. What must be, must.

With a sudden, swift turn of his hand this unhappy gentleman reversed the

day to come be whole and sound once more—and here.

She was very weary. The need of rest oppressed her like a heavy burden. Yet she did not dream of closing her eyes in sleep. She had too much to think about, the victory of the day to contemplate, its cost to reckon. Her brain seemed to burn with thoughts, doubts, fears, regrets, memories; the screen of its vision reflected in endless succession flashing scenes from the splendid, awful pageant of that day and night of fighting.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The last shot at the routed and fleeing armies of invasion had been fired hours before. The last fugitive had long since disappeared. The last stricken horse had been killed, the last wounded man had been found and cared for, the last dead man buried. Remained only the stricken field, bloodied and dotted and trampled and furrowed almost beyond recognition, the consciousness that the day was won, the invader disastrously defeated, the country saved in spite of itself; the bitterness of victory.

Sitting there in that close little room that reeked of iodiform, with her hand

touching the hand of her beloved, the girl abandoned herself to reverie, her dark eyes fathoming immeasurable depths of thought.

Unconsciously she began to con the toll of victory: Donald wounded nigh unto death, Rodman Pillsbury and Bud Morgan dead—and these but the beginning, names that headed the hundreds upon the lists of casualties merely because they were most intimate to Patria; the hacienda wrecked beyond repair, the fair countryside that surrounded it turned into a stinking shambles, a great treasure copied in ammunition and the business of war.

And all to what end? She foresaw quite clearly what would happen within the next few days and weeks: The storm of popular indignation; the massing of troops along the border; the interchange of diplomatic amenities; the studiously polite disavowal of Huroki and all his alleged attempted invasion; the Administration's grudging acceptance of both; demands for measures of "preparedness" voiced in Congress; the shrill clamor of the pacifists; contending at once that to prepare to resist aggression was to invite aggression, and that the defeated invasion had been merely a minor skirmish between cowpunchers and Mexican raiders, an affair exaggerated beyond reason; the simmering down of popular interest; the return of the common apathy; the renewed reign of lethargic indifference to the need for "preparedness."

And so she began to understand that the victory of that day was but a barren one; that she had fought and endured and sacrificed lives and happiness and treasure to no end whatever, but only to a beginning; that her battle, the battle of her country, the battle of common sense patriotism, was merely beginning; that he who would save his country in spite of itself undertakes a labor unending as it is thankless.

Nevertheless, to this plough she had set her hands, and there could be no turning back.

She must fight on and on, shoulder to Donald's shoulder, his hand in hers. Bending forward, Patria tenderly set her lips to the lips of Donald Parr, dedicating anew her life and his, that was hers to do with as she willed, to the service of their country, that it might be saved.

THE END.

are consumed by a flock of hens during the laying season, and how little during the unproductive months, which is the strongest proof of testimony as to their usefulness.

Animal Food Is Required.
Grit to grind the food, charcoal to keep it sweet, and oyster shells to supply lime in abundance—this is a trilogy never to be overlooked. Some poultrymen prefer to mix the charcoal in the grit mash, which is a good idea, but the grit and shells should be placed before the birds in convenient, sanitary holders or boxes by themselves.

If fowls are allowed to range at will over a large area, and there are not too many birds in the flock, they will

pick up a large amount of animal matter in the form of insects, worms and other low forms of animal life. The soil was brought to life here the other day by artificial respiratory treatment. Dr. G. O. Hammerly, of Campbell, Mo., here on a visit, assisted in the resuscitation work. City Commissioner G. J. Frick, a local undertaker, having worked for some time and caused the child to breathe.

A controversy has existed for some years over the relative merits of animal protein and vegetable protein. Chemically, they are practically identical, though in feeding tests the vegetable protein does not seem to give the results of the animal protein. This fact, together with the natural eagerness with which chickens crave animal food, have convinced most feeders that no ration is complete without some kind of animal food.

Green cut bone will stimulate egg production better, perhaps, than any other food, but it should be fed judiciously. Being highly concentrated, too liberal feeding will cause diarrhea, liver troubles and worms. By all means feed it sweet, which is often difficult to manage, especially in warm weather, since it heats and turns bad very quickly.

A good grade of meat scrap or prepared animal meal is probably the most convenient form of animal protein for a cooking process, and if stored in a cool dry place it will keep practically indefinitely. Fish scrap is still another kind of animal food that comes highly recommended.

Bone meal or granulated bone may be added to the dry mash as substitutes for beef scrap. They are high in protein and mineral matter, consequently excellent egg-producing and feather-making material. Whole milk, skimmed milk and buttermilk are greatly relished by fowls and may be fed in unlimited quantities.

Don't underestimate the importance of green food. It contains many essential vitamins and productiveness. Moreover, the fowl's appetite craves it. Fresh clover, alfalfa, rye or rape will be relished by birds of all ages. Cabbage, turnips, mangels, and underripe white and sweet potatoes are also good, and may be fed cooked or raw.

If fed raw it is a good plan to chop them into small bits. If none of these roots are available, and there is no pasture, we would use sprouted oats.

Undertaker Saves Dead Child.
MARION, Ill., May 4.—After being

submerged in a barrel of water for 15 minutes and taken out to all appearances dead, Floyd Nolen, a 2-year-old boy, was brought to life here the other day by artificial respiratory treatment.

WAR HELPING STUDIOS
Soldiers Called Away Want to Leave Pictures With Friends.

ST. LOUIS, May 4.—The photograph studios are getting their share of the war business these days. In addition to sentimental reasons, which prompt youthful enthusiasts to have their likenesses photographed as departing gifts to friends, the passport regulations have increased the revenue of the photographers.

All of the members of the St. Louis Base Hospital Unit of the American Red Cross, which has been completely mobilized, have had 15 copies of their pictures made to be used on passports and other identification documents which must be taken along.

L. A. Edwards, connected with the Strauss studio, said that St. Louis photographers were receiving more orders for sittings than they could fill. Many of the applicants are National Guardsmen, members of the officers' reserve corps, persons in other branches of the service who are expecting to be called away in the near future. Conversely, the number of women who call for sittings dates at the studios has increased.

Students Plow Athletic Field.
LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 2.—Students in the Van Nuys High School here took literally President Wilson's appeal to raise more food and have plowed up their athletic field of four acres to plant beans. The beans were purchased from the athletic fund that had been carefully conserved to buy baseball paraphernalia. In addition to sacrificing outdoor sports at the altar of patriotism the boys of this school and the several other high schools of Los Angeles have volunteered to raise every available acre of land to do the thing that must be done at this season to save the crop. The acreage this year is so large that the boys go to school from 7:30 until 10:30 o'clock, when they are dismissed for the day to go into the fields. The boys go to school from 7:30 until 10:30 o'clock, when they are dismissed for the day to go into the fields. The boys go to school from 7:30 until 10:30 o'clock, when they are dismissed for the day to go into the fields.

cal farming experience and aiding in the National campaign for more food. When the rush in the beet fields is over the pupils will be allowed half a day to work in the home gardens, tens of thousands of which are being planted in Southern California in response to the President's appeal.

SOUTH DAKOTA WANTS AID
Farmers Ask St. Paul to Send Some Agricultural Enthusiasts.

ST. PAUL, May 2.—South Dakota is anxious to have St. Paul send some of its agricultural enthusiasts up that way. They must be more than merely enthusiastic, however, for the farmers of that state need help in planting and harvesting their crops.

In a letter from the State Department of Labor at Pierre to Mayor Irvin it is stated that there are jobs for several hundred men at once.

Mayor Irvin replied, promising the cooperation of the local committee now organizing, to help supply the demand.

Modern Poultry Culture

So far as quantity is concerned, most of us feed liberally enough; in fact, some feed too liberally. There is seldom any serious objection raised on quality. But how about quantity? How about the accessories to the bill of fare—the greens, grits and grubs? These are the things which are too often neglected, and without which fowls suffer.

By ROBERT ARMSTRONG, Expert Poultryman and Writer.

There is a difference between feeding chickens, and simply supplying them with food. To feed intelligently means to cater to bodily requirements in the most economical manner. To give the flock food usually means to throw out grain and other products regardless of the character of the food and its relation to the demands of the fowls.

No single grain or form of food is a complete ration for man or beast. An animal may subsist for a time on one, but sooner or later it will perish by disease or starvation induced by malnutrition. The bodies of all creatures positively demand certain elements, and without them they cannot survive. When a diet or ration is made up in such a manner as to supply a sufficient amount of each group of nutrients, it is called a balanced ration.

In the limits of a single article it is impossible to discuss at any length the principles of nutrition and feeding. Most poultry raisers feed sufficient grains, therefore they provide enough carbonaceous matter, since most grains are rich in this element; it is also likely that they feed considerable protein, which is another term for nitrogenous matter; but their rations are probably deficient in mineral substances, which we have termed the accessories to the regular bill of fare.

Furnish Fowls With Grindstones.
Most animals are provided with teeth to enable them to masticate their food and thus prepare it for the action of organic secretions, and its ultimate assimilation. Hens' teeth are proverbially scarce, though they have been endowed with an equally good substitute in the form of a gizzard. This is quite a remarkable organ; it is tough and muscular, capable of strong rotary action, and so situated that all food

passing from the crop must enter the gizzard where it is ground up previous to entering the intestines for the final digestive processes.

In chickens the food is first received in the crop, where it remains for a time, and is acted upon by a secretion similar to the saliva in the mouth of an animal, which softens it to a great extent. When the food has absorbed a sufficient amount of this secretion, it gradually passes into the gizzard, thence to the intestinal section, where the available nutrients are separated from the waste, and assimilated by the blood.

If supplied with the necessary grinding material the gizzard will perform its work thoroughly, and the fowl will be maintained in a healthy condition. But, if this grinding material is not available, or if it is of improper character, husks and the harder portions of the food will defy the action of the gizzard, accumulate, cause a stoppage, and as a result the fowl becomes constipated, which is a form of indigestion.

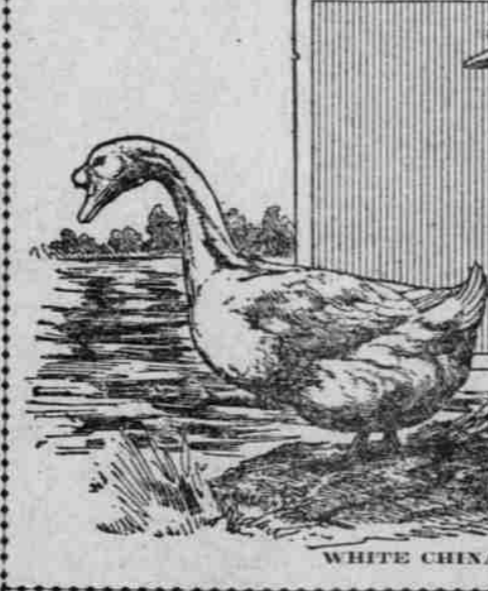
Lack of sharp grit will also cause sour crop, diarrhea and liver troubles; and sometimes the gall sack will overflow, or burst, and result in the bird's death.

Just as a person with poor teeth derives little enjoyment and less benefit from his food, and is frequently troubled with indigestion, so will a fowl be unable to properly digest its food unless the gizzard is provided with "molars"—sharp grit at all times.

Grit Must Be Sharp—Angular.
Don't assume that because fowls are given freedom to roam about a field that they will pick up sufficient grit. Unless the hen yard is adjacent to a quarry, the pebbles picked up on the average farm are of little value. They are not sharp enough. A smooth,

round pebble in a fowl's gizzard is of no more use than an axe handle would be for splitting wood. To be effective grits must have sharp, angular corners; like grindstones, they must have biting edges.

Oyster shells are fed in addition to grit, for the lime and other mineral substances that they contain. It is astonishing how much of these shells



WHITE CHINA GEESSE

This is an old and popular variety of geese with the American farmer who use it extensively for crossing with Toulouse, Embden and African varieties for the production of "green" geese for the holiday trade. The American standard of perfection recognizes two varieties of China geese, the brown and the white, but the latter are probably the more popular. White China geese originated from "sports" or albino from the brown variety and are identical in every respect except color of the plumage and of the eye, which should be, as in all other white geese, blue. It should be pure white in plumage, with yellow

bill, knob and legs. The neck is long and swanlike.

Although they weigh 14 pounds and females 12 pounds, these are known as the bantams among geese. The meat is of excellent flavor and the fowls are easy to raise and fatten. The goose will lay from 50 to 70 eggs between the first of January and the end of June. She is a good sitter and mother, and when the goslings are hatched she will usually rear all of them.

China geese are great foragers, and unless the mother goose is confined for a few weeks until the goslings have gained size and strength, she is apt to tire her brood in her extensive wanderings.

Now in our New Store on Second St., between Alder and Morrison sts.

ROUTLEDGE SEED & FLORAL CO.
INCUBATORS AND BROODERS
POULTRY SUPPLIES AND FOODS OF ALL KINDS
PORTLAND, OREGON

OFFER
Buttermilk Starting Food
The only baby chick food with buttermilk in it. Takes every worthwhile chick you've spent good money to hatch. Makes healthy vigorous chicks that fight off white diarrhea and other chick diseases and grow into profit-making birds. Cost only 1/2 per chick.—Buy a Box \$1.00. Price 25c. At Your Dealer.

New Shipment Just Received.

Routledge Seed & Floral Co.
Second St., Bet. Alder and Morrison