



UNDER FIRE

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BASED ON THE DRAMA
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CHAPTER I.

Just a Hint of Scandal.

George Wagstaff sauntered into Miss Ethel Willoughby's sitting room, attired in the daintiest and fluffiest of summer costumes. George was the daughter of Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty. She found the room deserted, except for her father's admirable butler, who was at the moment in the act of placing a tea-tray upon Miss Willoughby's table.

"Oh, Brewster—is Miss Willoughby in?" she inquired.

The correct Brewster immediately straightened himself up in his best manner.

"No, miss! I think not," he replied. George struggled to the window.

"I dare say Ethel'll be here directly," she said—to herself as much as to the butler. "I'll wait."

"Yes, miss," Brewster acquiesced. And with a bow of the utmost correctness he went out, closing the doors softly behind him.

George Wagstaff stood idly looking out of the window upon the view of the Thames. It was an August afternoon and the river shimmered alluringly in the slanting sunlight. But Ethel had asked her to meet a few friends; and George was fond enough of Miss Willoughby not to be repentant for having foregone the delights of a perfect summer evening out of doors. As she stood there in the window her governess entered.

"Oh! Hello, George! Am I late or are you early?" Miss Willoughby called as she saw that one of her guests was already waiting.

"Both!" said George with a smile. "I did want two minutes with you before the others came. May I bother you now?"

"Of course!" the older girl replied. "But it's no bother," she assured her. She sat down on one end of a long settee and began to remove her gloves; whereupon her younger charge perched herself at the other end of the seat and regarded her admiringly. Miss Willoughby's fair hair had just the hint of red in it that was at the same time George's despair and delight. And Ethel was far enough past the schoolgirl age to have lost that angularity which George still possessed—and loathed. As for coloring, they both showed the healthy glow which is the distinguishing mark of young Englishwomen of the upper class.

"You see," said George, "I'm afraid I'm going to be awfully presumptuous—"

"Nonsense!" Ethel interrupted. "You couldn't be that when you and your father have been so very good to me. Come on! Out with it!"

It was true that Ethel Willoughby felt that she was deeply in the debt of the Wagstoffs—both father and daughter. Before entering their household as George's governess she had known them upon a footing of social equality. But fortune had frowned upon her. And when circumstances had become most pressing Sir George had come to her relief with the proposal that she undertake the guidance of his somewhat difficult daughter. It was not that George was greatly different from other girls of the impressionable age. But Sir George's public duties left him little time to devote to the upbringing of his motherless child. And it had struck him that Ethel Willoughby was a person who at the same time would be able to sympathize with George's impulses and direct them into the proper channels.

"What's on your mind, George?" Miss Willoughby asked again, as the girl still hesitated.

"It's about your past," George began in deadly seriousness. Ethel laughed at her tragic manner. "Have I—a past?" she inquired lightly. But the romantic George was not to be diverted from her mood.

comfortable beneath the frank stare of her young friend.

"You remember a month ago, when you said you went to Brighton?" George continued relentlessly.

"When I said I went to Brighton? When I went to Brighton," Miss Willoughby corrected her coldly.

But the chill of her remark was lost upon her patient cross-examiner. George was too intent upon uncovering the romance that she thought she had stumbled upon to be so easily discouraged.

"Well, today at lunch Hugh Middleton said you couldn't have been in Brighton that week—"

"Did he? Really?" Miss Willoughby replied with well-feigned indifference. But beneath her cold calm her heart was beating furiously. She felt for all the world like some wild thing, trapped, at bay. And she turned away to hide the alarm that she feared must reveal itself in her face.

"Yes! He was in Paris, and—"

"Paris!" Ethel echoed with a faint start.

Youth is ever cruel; and George had no thought of sparing her companion. Her sole idea was that if Ethel were hiding some secret liaison she wanted to share the romance with her.

"Yes!" she went on relentlessly. "And he saw you there twice that week, and both times with Henry Streetman."

"But that's impossible!" Ethel protested.

"But Mr. Middleton seemed very positive," the younger girl said somewhat doubtfully.

"It's too absurd!" Ethel cried, forcing a laugh. "I was at Brighton, as I can very easily prove."

"Well—that's settled!" George exclaimed, with an air of relief in spite of her hopes. Her feelings had, as a matter of fact, been somewhat complex. "Of course I'd only admire you for being brave enough to defy the conventions. But father wouldn't—"

"But I haven't defied conventions," Ethel insisted, placing both her hands over George's as if to emphasize the truth of her statement.

"Oh, I don't care if you have," Sir George's daughter told her coolly.

"But you ought to care," Ethel protested. "And as your governess I cannot condone such an attitude on your part. Really, George, stupid as conventions may appear sometimes, nevertheless there is a bitter penalty exacted from people who break them."

Miss Wagstaff rose abruptly, as if impatient with the views of her governess; and, crossing the room, she seated herself nonchalantly upon the arm of a chair that was drawn up at one side of the tea table.

"Oh, pooh!" she exclaimed. "All that narrow-mindedness is old-fashioned."

The older girl regarded her reprovingly.

"What silly book have you been reading?" she inquired. After her advent into the Wagstaff home it had not taken her long to discover that George's literary tastes had developed along lines that would scarcely have met with Sir George's approval.

Miss George did not even deign to reply to Ethel's question. They had had numerous discussions—more or less heated—upon the subject of her reading, which George regarded as both footless and absurd. She had openly rebelled at reading the books that Ethel recommended to her. Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell were, in her opinion, hopelessly behind the times.

"I'm glad you haven't had an affair with Henry Streetman," the younger girl remarked. "I don't like him."

"Don't you?" said Ethel, relieved that George was at last convinced that her suspicions were groundless.

"No! Every time he comes into the room my back sort of goes up, just like Rowdy when he sees a cat." Rowdy was George's Scotch terrier, whose antipathy to cats was proverbial.

"Mr. Streetman has been very kind to me," her governess observed.

"Oh, don't defend him!" George cried impatiently. "I know inside that you agree with me."

Miss Willoughby did not care to continue the discussion. And with an air of dismissing both Mr. Streetman and her relations with him from her own mind as well as George's, she rose from the wide seat, and as she glanced at her watch exclaimed with surprise:

"Heavens! It's after five. I must fuss up a bit for the party."

But George would not be put off so easily.

"Well, forewarned is forearmed," she said sententiously. It was clear that she did not intend to be squelched like a child. If Henry Streetman were still in her mind, she saw no reason why she should dissemble in order to please Ethel or anybody else.

"There's nothing to be forewarned about," Miss Willoughby observed, as she paused at the door that opened into her boudoir. "You surely have no right to put such a construction upon my acquaintance with Mr. Streetman. I can't let you say things of this sort

to me. It's not fair to me. It's not even fair to yourself."

While she was speaking the door opened and Brewster, the butler, stepped into the room.

"Mr. Streetman is calling," he announced in well-modulated tones.

"Oh, show him up!" Miss Willoughby ordered. And as soon as Brewster had vaulted she shot a swift smile at her companion. "Speak of the devil—" she said good-naturedly.

"Oh, he isn't the devil," George replied. "More of a snake, I think."

There was certainly no reason to doubt her extreme dislike of the gentleman who was at that moment waiting below.

Ethel's hand was on the doorknob; but she hesitated long enough to say to George:

"I won't be five minutes. Stay and amuse him—there's a good girl!"

"Not I!" Miss George declared. "If he wants to be amused he can read Punch." And as she spoke she slipped off her perch on the chair-arm and started for the door through which Brewster had disappeared.

"Don't be rude to him, please, George!" Miss Willoughby entreated. She knew that George and Mr. Streetman must meet; and she could not refrain from trying to smooth the way for her guest.

"Oh, I'll be polite enough—in my own way," George replied grimly. She was well aware that she was an infant terrible; and she often took a mischievous delight in shocking people by some unconventionality.

Ethel Willoughby had already closed her boudoir door behind her; but George had not yet reached the hall before Brewster returned to usher in the caller, who was close upon his heels.

Henry Streetman, handsome, well-groomed, slightly foreign in appearance, bowed with extreme affability as he came face to face with George Wagstaff.

But George was decidedly cold to him. She could be frigidly haughty when she chose.

"How do you do?" she said, hardly pausing in her hasty exit from his distasteful presence. "Ethel's dressing," she told him hurriedly. "She'll be in a minute. Goodbye!" And holding up her head in undisguised scorn, she promptly left Streetman to his own devices.

CHAPTER II.
For the Fatherland.

Henry Streetman turned and stared after George with raised eyebrows. A blind man could not have mistaken the animosity that the girl felt toward him. But that did not trouble Henry Streetman. He was not a person whose feelings were easily hurt.

He had hardly strolled to the center of the room when the butler reappeared and paused just inside the double doors that led into the passage.

"Close those doors!" Streetman commanded, quite as if he, and not Sir George Wagstaff, were Brewster's master. And while Brewster promptly

executed his order, Streetman himself stole quickly to the door that led, as he knew, to Miss Willoughby's dressing room. He stood there, silent, for a few moments, listening. And then he returned to the waiting butler.

"What news, Herr Roeder?" he inquired.

"Nothing, mein Herr!" Under Streetman's brisk questioning the man had suddenly become metamorphosed. His manner of a most correct English butler had fallen off him like a cloak. And now he saluted his interrogator in a fashion unmistakably military—and German, at that. It was as if the fellow had two personalities.

Streetman came nearer to the fellow and bent his cold eyes upon him.

"You have searched Sir George's desk?" he demanded.

"I have searched everywhere," Brewster—or Roeder—declared, still standing at attention. An onlooker could not have mistaken the fact that Streetman was the butler's superior in rank. "But I can find no trace of any papers about the navy such as you described."

"Have you tried his office?" his confederate ventured.

Henry Streetman nodded.

"Without result?" he replied, some-

what gloomily. "But somewhere he must have a copy of the admiralty instructions to the fleet. These would be in his department; and we must know at once what orders have been given to the ships at Spithead—where they are going when this review is over."

The spy, Roeder, saluted again. "I have done my best," he said apologetically.

"I am sure you have," Streetman replied. "We know the Wilhelmstrasse does not lightly overlook stupidity in one of its servants," he observed grimly. And then he motioned toward the double doors that led into the hall. "See if anyone's coming," he said.

Roeder—or Brewster—opened the doors and peered down the length of the passage.

"No one is in sight; and I hear nothing," he reported.

"Now lock that door!" Streetman commanded, pointing toward the one behind which he knew that Miss Willoughby must be dressing.

The butler regarded him in alarm. "Pardon, mein Herr—but is it safe?" he ventured. "She is a woman—"

"Do not be alarmed," Streetman reassured him. "Miss Willoughby is easily handled. She believes that I work for the French secret service."

"Then she is a fool," his subordinate declared.

"No, no!" Streetman protested. "We must not criticize the tools that serve us." And as he spoke he went to the telephone in a corner of the room. Picking up the instrument, he paused and turned to the butler with a look of amusement. "Sir George Wagstaff—Sir George of his majesty's navy—would be rather surprised if he knew that from his house we were communicating with our friends, the Germans," he observed.

"Rather!" his henchman responded, with a gleam of humor in his eyes.

"Now lock that door!" Streetman ordered once more. "And now to report to headquarters again!" he exclaimed, when the butler had turned the key noiselessly in Miss Willoughby's door. "Hello! City, 4225!" he said in a low but distinct voice.

Meanwhile the butler hovered near by.

"You think, mein Herr, there will be war?" he asked respectfully.

"I do not know. But we are ready. And if war does come, it will be Germany's hour—the day at last!" He turned to the telephone once more, and began speaking into the transmitter. "Hello! City, 4225! Hello! Are you there? Who is speaking? . . . Hello! I am thirteen fourteen? . . . Hello! I am sixteen seventeen," he said, giving the number by which he was known in the German secret service. "Yes! We have no news of the English fleet; we have tried everything. . . . Very well! Goodbye!"

He put down the instrument, and a look of annoyance as well as perplexity was upon his face as he wheeled about.

"What is it, mein Herr?" his companion asked in an anxious voice. "Is it bad news?" He had long worked in conjunction with Streetman, and he was quick to detect signs of trouble upon him.

"They say they must know tonight, without fail, the destination of the English fleet," Streetman replied. . . . He cast a quick glance toward Ethel Willoughby's boudoir. "So, Miss Willoughby, you have some work to do!" he muttered, to himself more than to his confederate. "Now, unlock that door!" he ordered. "Ah! that is done, and we were not interrupted," he said in a relieved voice, when the deft Brewster had once more succeeded in turning the key silently in the lock. To expedite his prowling about the house at all hours of the day or night, Sir George's butler had seen to it that such things as hinges and locks—whether upon doors or desks—were well oiled. It was his genius for details of that sort that had led to his assignment to his present duty.

MINIMUM PRICE OF ABOUT \$5,500,000

ORDER FOR SALE OF PROPERTY OF TENNESSEE CENTRAL R. R. PROBABLE.

WATCH FOR CAPT. HUGHES

Men of the First Tennessee Regiment Present Him a Handsome Gold Watch—Hughes Leaves for Washington.

An order for the sale of the property of the Tennessee Central Railroad Company in the near future in the pending foreclosure proceedings instituted against the company in the interest of the owners of the general or second mortgage bonds of the company is assured. In the order will be specified a minimum price for the sale of the property and of course no bid less than this price will be accepted by the court.

It is expected that Judge Sanford will fix an upset price for the property of about \$5,500,000, the property to be sold subject to the prior lien mortgage. That the holders of the second mortgage bonds will be constrained to purchase the property in their own interest is assured. Virtually all the cash that it would be necessary for them to command to consummate the transaction would be an amount sufficient to defray the court costs, redeem outstanding receivers' certificates, liquidate judgments against the company and the receivers and pay other floating debts incurred by the company and the receivers, the total amount required being estimated at \$2,000,000 or less.

Tennessee Railroad Commission. The case of the Car Owning Managers' Association against the Mobile & Ohio railroad was taken up for hearing by the Tennessee railroad commission, with Commissioners Hannah and Welch present.

Mr. Fitzgerald Hall, assistant chief counsel of the N. C. & St. L., conducted the cross-examination of Mr. W. I. Swain, who represented the complainants. The railroads represented were: L. & N., N. C. & St. L., L. O. M. & O., Southern and T. C.

The complaint against the railroads is that the package price of \$2 per year on privately owned cars is exorbitant, prohibitive and discriminatory.

The case of the Southern States Independent Telephone Association vs. the Cumberland Telephone Company, in which the complainant refers to the cutting of rates of the defendant company in towns where independent telephone service is used, was heard.

The commission will hear the case of the Columbia Produce Company against the L. & N. railroad, which refers to a charge of \$5 for stopping en route to take on poultry. The case of the Camden Board of Trade against the N. C. & St. L. railway will be heard. The complaint is against the rate on coal from Clifty to Camden.

Watch For Capt. Hughes. Capt. W. H. Hughes, Jr., finished his official duties Sunday morning. As an appreciation of his services to the First Tennessee Regiment a handsome gold watch was presented him on behalf of the men of that regiment, Col. Harry S. Berry making the presentation. Capt. Hughes left for Washington, where he takes up his new duties.

The regular Sunday afternoon parade of the state guard at Camp Rye was reviewed by the governor and members of his staff. An unusually large crowd of visitors was present at both the regimental dress parade and the troop parade.

With the governor in the reviewing party was Gen. C. E. Rogan, adjutant general of Tennessee; Col. Cary Spence, commanding officer of the Third Tennessee and camp commander, and Col. Spence's staff. As the troops marched by the reviewing stand they were given much applause. Especially were the Memphis companies applauded. According to military critics, the boys from Shelby marched by with the tread of veterans.

Nearly two months of hard work drilling has hardened and tanned the soldiers until they all really look like veterans. Then, too, the strict military discipline has straightened them out until they are real soldiers.

Gov. Tom C. Rye, Congressman K. D. McKellar and Col. E. H. Enloe, the Democratic nominees, held a conference here, but it was announced no agreement had been reached as to the directing of the state campaign.

Fall Reunion, Oct. 23-26. The program for the fall reunion of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, southern jurisdiction, valley of Nashville, orient of Tennessee, will be held Oct. 23 to 26, inclusive. The reunion will be at Freemason's hall. Members of the Masonic order desiring to receive instructive lessons taught in the beautiful degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite should make application at once through the secretary or some member of the rite. All petitions must be in the hand of the secretary not later than Oct. 10.

OPEN AIR WORK

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Go ye . . . preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark 16:15.

With the coming of summer church audiences begin to dwindle, and streets and parks begin to swarm with people. Nature spreads her carpet of green, and the air is soft and balmy. The birds sing, the flowers bloom and everything seems to say: "Come out and enjoy life with us." Why should we try to resist this pleading and insist on holding all our religious services indoors simply because we always have done it?

Many a church would double its audience by holding an occasional service out of doors, under the trees or in some adjacent park. If chairs can be provided, so much the better. If not, let the people sit on the grass as they did when Jesus preached. If the church has no convenient place for outdoor meetings, hold an open air service on the porch before the evening meeting. Have plenty of good singing with two or three-minute addresses sandwiched between, and in a little while the children will gather, the passers will stop, the carriages will drive up and you will have a large company of people, many of whom would never think of entering a church. If you have never tried it, begin this season.

Every church ought to have a band of open air workers to hold meetings regularly all summer, at such points as may seem most strategic. Some churches gain from fifty to a hundred new members each year by their open air work in the summer. And even if they did not add a single convert, they would be well repaid for the effort in the benefit obtained by the workers. Then too it affords an outlet for the zeal and faith and energy of the church.

Open-air workers should be carefully trained, for no work requires more tact, and wisdom, and holy boldness. The following suggestions are taken from a book written by a very dear friend of mine, Henry B. Gibbud. The book is called, "Under the Blue Canopy of Heaven," and can be had for 50 cents of Mrs. H. B. Gibbud, Springfield, Mass.

"Permit.—In towns and cities it is necessary to obtain a permit for street services. Have someone of influence apply for the permit. A politician is better for this work than a preacher.

"Place of meeting.—Go where the people are. It may be a noisy place, but you have the people. If you want quiet, go to the cemetery.

"Select a place where you have a building at your back. It will act as a sounding board, throwing out the voice. If possible arrange the meeting so that you may also have a building in front of you. It is very hard to speak in the open air, and a building in front of you to throw the voice back will make it much easier.

"Talk with the wind always and never against it.

"Select a place where the audience will be comfortable. Give them the shade even if you have to stand in the sun.

"Have bright, new, catchy songs. The audience as a rule do not join in the singing, so that there is less need of familiar hymns.

"Speakers.—Let them stand on a chair, or box or platform. Then your voice sounds out and over the crowd. All can see you, and you can see them. If any disturbance occurs, such as dog fight, always give out a hymn. The song will put a new thought into the dog's mind and often break up the fight.

"Preach the Word.—This old world is hungry for the plain Gospel made fresh and vivid by actual experience. Use plenty of illustrations but see that you have something to illustrate. Nothing grips an audience or holds attention like the simple Gospel story, told out of a warm heart.

"We do not have the Bible in sight, nor generally read from it for the following reason; Catholics will be prejudiced at once, and will not come up. We quote from it and refer to it but do not keep it in sight.

"Call for decision at the close of the service, or invite into a church if another service is to follow. Let each worker select someone for personal effort when the meeting closes."

By offering to give away Gospel cards or "Little Preachers" at the close of the service you can often hold the entire crowd to the very end. Show them the cards and read some of the titles, such as "The Workingman's Trust. Are you in it?" "The Three Cheers of Jesus." "Four Things Which One Ought to Know." "The Unanswerable Question." "Coffin Nails." "Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday Sickness." "Get Right With God." "God Wants the Boys." "Only Three Steps Into the Christian Life."

"His death to me to be at enemy; I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—Shakespeare.



"All That Narrow-Mindedness is Old-Fashioned."

There is a hint that young George Wagstaff, hating the sight of Streetman, suspects him instinctively and has watched him and the butler. What do you say?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Couldn't Have It. A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty woman in a crowded car kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer and turned to the lad. "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."—London Chronicle.