

# Under Fire

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By Richard Parker

Based on the drama of  
 Roi Cooper Megrue  
 Author of  
 "UNDER COVER"  
 and Co-Author of  
 "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

**SYNOPSIS.**

The chief characters are Ethel Wilmoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out.

Betrayed by a German spy, and feeling that her life had been wrecked by his perfidy, Ethel prepares to wreak a vengeance that will help to take away some of the rancor in her heart and at the same time be of service to her country. Truly there is no wrath like a wronged woman's. An exciting scene between the girl and her false husband is pictured in this installment.

Streetman, the German spy, calls on Ethel just after she has learned of his deceit.

**CHAPTER X.—Continued.**

Streetman waited until the butler had withdrawn before he so much as spoke to her. Then he faced her expectantly.

"Did you see Sir George?" he demanded—almost threateningly, it seemed to Ethel.

"Yes!" she replied quietly, though her every nerve was strung taut to meet the call upon her woman's strategy.

"The fleet—did you find out about the fleet?" He could not get the words out of his mouth fast enough.

"Yes! After what you said, what else could I do?"

"Quite so!" He made no attempt to conceal his insolence. "Has it sailed?" he asked her impatiently.

"Yes."

"Where did it go? Quick, tell me!" By word and look both he menaced her.

"The usual routine!" she said nonchalantly. "It just split up into its various squadrons—the Mediterranean, Baltic, Black sea, South American fleets, and so on; and they've gone to their customary destinations."

"Sir George told you that?" The news was almost too good to be believed.

"Yes; and he never suspected I was the least bit interested."

"The old fool!" He told himself that Sir George was no better than a dotard. With such as he composing the English admiralty the spy was sure that Germany had nothing to fear from the British lion. That much-vaunted animal's teeth seemed effectually drawn.

"What news with you?" Ethel asked him, innocently enough, so far as Streetman noticed.

"I have had none direct from France," he said, never dreaming that the time was past when he might deceive her by that little fiction of his. "But war has come," he added. "Of that I am sure."

"And England—will she enter into it?" she pressed him.

"With her feet dispersed she will not dare," he rejoined with a faint smile of satisfaction.

"For the sake of France, your country, that is a pity," Ethel pointed out. With her former doubts re-enforced by the revelation of Larry's tale she could easily pick flaws, now, in Streetman's acting.

"Oh? Oh, yes, of course—yes!" he hastened to assent. "I must get the news at once to France," he said; and immediately he started toward the doorway. But the girl said something then that brought him up sharply—something that he was far from expecting, at that moment when he seemed at last to hold her more securely than ever before.

"To Germany, you mean?" she corrected him. Quiet as was her tone, the words seemed to him fairly to stab the air.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Henry, how can you think me so very stupid?"

"You are mad!" he parried. "I am loyal to France."

"You tell me that," she scoffed, "when here, a little while ago, in all your talk you showed how strongly you sided with Prussia. Just now you were delighted that the English fleet had dispersed. To a Frenchman that would be bad news; but a German would take it as you have done. You are in the service of the Wilhelmstrasse—a true Teuton, and I've been quite blind not to realize it before."

Streetman looked positively dangerous as he faced her threateningly. At last he was at bay. But still he had no thought of confessing the part that he was playing.

"And to what use do you intend putting your absurd accusations?" he demanded.

"None—none at all," she said carelessly, with just a slight shrug of her fine shoulders. "I merely wanted you to know that I know."

"Oh, is that all? I thought you were

trying to threaten me," he answered, more than puzzled by her attitude.

"My dear, why should I do that? You still love me; and now that I've learned about the fleet, you still mean next week to arrange matters with your people to announce our marriage."

"Of course, of course!" he broke in upon her hurriedly. He had forgotten, for the moment, all about that plausible promise of his. As matters stood on the continent he had thought it more than likely that another week would find him out of England for good. But now he congratulated himself that he had made her that promise. So far as he could see, that false hope he had held out to her was all that stood between him and the Tower of London—and likely worse. "Certainly we'll announce our marriage," he assured her. "All that I told you of my family, my income, was true—except that I'm German, not French."

She gave him an amused look. "But you see, you are not as clever as you thought," she informed him. "If you'd only been frank with me, I could have been of so much greater help to you."

"You could?" he said, as a look of mystification spread over his face. "How? Why?"

"I have not been quite honest with you," Ethel said.

He seized her roughly by the arm. "You have not lied to me about the fleet?" he threatened.

"No, no! That was absolutely true," Streetman reassured her then.

"Then what do you mean?" he asked. So long as she had not deceived him in that quarter it mattered little to him what she might have done.

"I told you," Ethel explained, "I told you there was no Englishman in my life. I lied. There was—a captain in the English army. Before I met you we were engaged. He threw me over for some other woman—a woman with money. . . . I hate him!" Streetman saw no reason to doubt her. As Ethel flung herself into the character of a woman scorned she did her best to convince him of the truth of the old adage that hell had no fury such as hers. As she perceived the success of her ruse she hurried on to elaborate her fiction. "Yes, I hate him!" she repeated. "I hate their army! I hate all Englishmen. It is for you—for Germany I would serve," she told him. "That is why I have not done more for you. I thought you were working for France, England's ally. England—how I hate her! I want to see her dishonored, defeated, ruined by your people."

"You—you?" Streetman cried, as a great light broke over him. "And I never dreamed!" he murmured, as he seized both her hands. He was not rough now—but eager, impulsive. "It is true," he said then. "I am a German. I serve the Wilhelmstrasse."

"Then let me serve it, too," Ethel begged, much as she had besought Larry Redmond only a short quarter of an hour before. But then she had been in earnest. "Think what I—a woman—could do; and a clever woman," she urged. "Take me with you, wherever you go. I would be useful."

The idea pleased Streetman. "Yes, you would!" he exclaimed. "And you shall go. You shall go with me tonight."

"Where?" she asked him.

"To Brussels!"

"Brussels—but why there?"

He told her then the very heart of the German plan.

"Germany will invade France through Belgium," he informed her. "In two weeks we shall be in Paris."

"But Germany's treaty with Belgium—you forget that!" Ethel reminded him. She could not believe that any country that retained the merest vestige of honor would so debase herself. "Belgium's territory must be sacred," she said.

He released her hands then. He needed even them to express his scorn. "Treaty? Bah! What is that—a scrap of paper!" he cried.

"But are you sure?" she pressed him. This, she knew, was information—and big information, of the greatest moment to the English war office.

"Yes, yes! I'm sure!" he declared. "That is the plan worked out by the great general staff, and we must go to Belgium tonight. You will meet me in an hour at Charing Cross. Tomorrow we shall be in Brussels."

"Where shall we stay in Brussels?"

"I am sent to the Grand hotel," he explained. "I shall pass myself off as Monsieur de Lorde. You shall be Madame de Lorde."

"Madame de Lorde!" she repeated, as if to fix the name indelibly upon her memory.

"In Brussels we shall await instructions," he continued. "When they come we shall do much—you and I—for the Vaterland. . . . Good-by, my dear, until tonight!" He started to go. But he turned back suddenly as if the urge of great events had not quite obliterated all thought of his relations with Ethel. He leaned toward her. "Now," he said, "now you won't refuse to kiss me?"

She could scarcely do otherwise than submit to him now. He put his arms around her, and when he had taken

his kiss he said, "In an hour!" Then he hurried away.

Ashamed, disgusted, Ethel wiped her lips with loathing. And in another moment she had thrown open the door behind which Captain Redmond waited.

"Larry—Larry!" she called.

"What is it?" he cried, springing quickly to her side. Her tragic manner alarmed him.

She turned away from him; for she could not bear to face his honest eyes as she told him what she felt she must.

"I hoped I'd never have to tell you this," she said, "but now that it has come, I've got to. Larry, the man I married is a German spy."

"A German spy? Your husband? . . . But it can't be!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"But it is!" she insisted. "I only just found out. Till now I thought he loved me—a little. But he didn't. He's cheated, tricked me for the things I could tell him about the navy. That's why he married me, because he was a spy. . . . But now I've fooled him!" she exclaimed fiercely. "I've made him believe that I, too, am with the Germans and that I shall work with him."

The situation staggered Captain Redmond. He seemed nonplused.

"But what can I do? I can't arrest him—your husband!"

"No—you can't, for tonight he goes to Brussels and I go with him. I shall be at the Grand hotel, as Madame de Lorde."

"You are going to Brussels?" he repeated, grasping, even as he spoke, something of the import of the news.

"Yes; for Germany is to invade France through Belgium!"

"Good heavens!" he gasped, astounded at the enormity. "But you can't go there—with him! I forbid it!"

"No, no!" she protested. "You promised we'd work together—that you wouldn't try to stop me. You promised on your honor."

"But my dear, you can't hold me to that now," he objected.

"But I do!" she insisted. "I'm going to Brussels. Even you can't prevent it. . . . Good-by, Larry!" And she started to leave him.

He stopped her quickly.

"Ethel! Please!" he entreated.

"No, Larry!" was the firm answer.

He saw that her determination was too great to be denied. And he walked



"In Two Weeks We Shall Be in Paris."

up to her then and raised his hand to hold her for just a fleeting moment longer.

"Wait!" he besought her. "I'll come to you tomorrow in Brussels. Perhaps somehow I can help you—protect you."

"Oh, you can, Larry, you can!" she panted, all but overcome by relief and gratitude. She had quailed at the thought of her perilous mission. But nevertheless she had never hesitated to go through with it. "Remember—Grand hotel—Madame de Lorde! I'll learn everything for you tonight—for king and country!" And she held her hand out to him impulsively.

He caught it in both of his.

"For king and country!" he repeated after her gravely. And then he kissed her hand with something akin to reverence. "And for you!" Captain Redmond whispered.

**CHAPTER XI.**

At the Lion d'Or.

In the little Belgian village of Courvoisier two happy peasants were playing checkers in an inn called the Lion d'Or. It was still August—still the finest of summer weather. And in the carefree minds of those two idlers there was not the slightest reason for them to forego their customary afternoon diversion, even if their great and powerful neighbors—Germany and France—were at that very moment crouched and ready to spring at each other's throats. In Belgium all was

peaceful. And the very sun seemed to shine upon that tiny country with just a little more beneficence than it had over the rest of the world. For Belgium, fortunately, there was no dread of war. Secure in the conviction that she had no enemies, her people went about their affairs with the same light-hearted content that they had come to regard, through the years, as their natural heritage.

"Voila, messieurs!" the inn's sole waiter, Louis, exclaimed as he laid upon the table the change that was due the two guests. And "Behold, gentlemen!" he repeated in quite the grand manner as he placed before them two liquor glasses filled with an amber ambrosia.

The players thanked him. And in that moment one of them brought the game to a swift termination by the execution of a masterly move toward which he had long been maneuvering.

The two peasants tossed off their cordials then. They had already risen from their chairs when the innkeeper himself, one Henri Christophe, entered.

"You're going already?" he exclaimed, reluctant to see good customers leaving. "It is not late."

"My wife expects me," one of them replied with a humorous grimace. "You understand?"

"Mais oui! I comprehend perfectly," Christophe answered. He knew the fellow's wife—a somewhat temperamental woman, with a sharp tongue. And he had no wish to bring down an avalanche of ill-will upon his excellent hostelry. So he bade his departing guests good-by.

As they passed through the open doorway, chattering, he turned to another man who sat in a corner of the room reading a newspaper. He was a Frenchman—that other—and a stranger to the innkeeper.

"Something for monsieur?" Henri Christophe inquired pleasantly.

"Not now! After a little while, perhaps," the stranger replied, and returned to the reading of his newspaper. He had just lighted a cigarette and had filled his lungs with the first satisfying puff when a newcomer strode through the doorway. This latest arrival wore a cap and a long, linen duster. And there was something in his aspect that did not wholly please the little man at the table, as he cast a quick, sidewise glance at the tall intruder. Perhaps it was the small, Teuton mustache that adorned the upper lip of the tall man in the dustcoat. At all events, the Frenchman's eyes narrowed to two slits. And though he seemed rapt in his paper he nevertheless watched every move that the other made.

The tall man paused for a moment at the cigar case that stood just inside the outer door; and drawing a pipe from his pocket he filled and lighted it. Then he crossed the room and looked down at its other occupant.

"Do you speak English?" he inquired.

The man told him that he could.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Tourville?" Larry Redmond asked. The tall man was no other than the Irish captain.

"Ten miles!" the Frenchman replied promptly.

"Exactly?" Larry questioned.

There was a slight yet still noticeable pause as the little man looked up at him searchingly.

"Exactly!" he said with a peculiar emphasis on the word.

"Exactly?" Larry said once more. And when the wiry Frenchman sprang up from his seat and looked significantly into his eyes Captain Redmond no longer doubted that they understood each other. "You have the password?" he whispered.

"Exactly!" the other repeated finally.

"You have been waiting long, my friend?" Larry asked him.

"You were expected yesterday," his confederate replied.

"I could not leave then. It is busy back there inside their lines," Captain Redmond explained.

His fellow spy started at that. And he looked at him with undisguised surprise.

"You have been with the German army?" he exclaimed, as if the feat were scarcely to be believed.

"No, not yet! But tonight I shall be in the German army. I must join my regiment at once." He pulled aside his duster, revealing the fact that he was already in the German uniform. The long linen coat effectually concealed his dress, for there was nothing about his leather puttees to betray it. "I shall be a captain—Captain Karl," Larry continued.

The Frenchman regarded him soberly.

"Here in that uniform, it is dangerous work, Captain Redmond," he reminded him.

Do you think it possible for Captain Redmond to associate intimately with the German officers and men and remain undiscovered?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BE SLOW TO ANGER

Righteous Indignation Justified, but Resentment of Injury Serves Little Purpose.

"He is forbearing and of abundant mercy."—Exodus 35, 6.

Forbear, forgive, forget. Three little words that help to build great happiness.

Three little words that mean great victory.

Three little words that prove us worthy of great privilege.

The great happiness which these simple words build is the happiness of peace. The victory they mean is victory over one's self. And the great privilege which they gain for us is the privilege of being through our conduct adjudged worthy sons and daughters of the Heavenly Father of us all.

Men anger us. We are human and therefore we resent. But every time we resent we lower ourselves to the level of him who offends us; we lose our own self-respect, which is a valuable asset; we raise the offender to the opinion that he is worth noticing, which he may desire but which we are frequently unwilling to concede; we provoke by our act or word of resentment future or further offense, which will only mean more anger or resentment on our part; we fail to convince the offender that he has wronged us, and our failure to do so means possibly our mortification and certainly a loss of our nervous energy wasted upon one who is not worthy of the expenditure.

Like most human emotions, anger or resentment can be holy or unholy.

It is holy when directed against wrong that perils life in serious directions. For such wrong may mean grave consequences.

Righteous Anger Justified.

There is such a thing as righteous anger. Witness the anger which directed the extermination of the Canaanite nations so persistently guilty of the grossest immoralities, which, under the guise of worship, meant man's physical, mental and moral deterioration and death.

But we speak of ordinary life as we ordinary human beings live it. We are too often angry and resentful unnecessarily and unrighteously. We are too quick to take offense. We resent angrily when a "soft answer" would "turn aside the wrath," and we thereby demonstrate that "anger resteth in the bosom of fools," among whom there is no need for us to be numbered. It all means our annoyance. Any annoyance, even when caused by a pin-prick, means a disturbance of our happiness.

If we can overcome our pride, conquer our anger, subdue our resentment, it means that we gain a great victory over the less worthy self and that the more worthy self, the "better self" within us, is mightier. That will mean our peace of mind and therefore our happiness.

After all, no man is infallible. And we are only men. Offense is oft the child of our own fault—or folly.

He is a wise man that recognizes when he is foolish. He's a wise man that applies to himself Job's satire, "Wisdom will die with you!" and give credit to his offender for at least a little wisdom and possibly more right!

Forbear, forgive and forget. Who has not felt all the better for doing so?

Forbearance Always Well.

And it is just by forbearing, forgiving and forgetting that we prove ourselves worthy of high privilege, worthy of our privilege of being sons and daughters of the good father of all of us. For he is forbearing and forgiving and graciously forgets.

If he finds that our faults, whereby we offend him, are just human weaknesses that we honestly try to correct; if he finds that we are sincerely trying for a "change of heart," he will forbear, forgive and forget. He only desires that we shall return to the right way. He takes no delight in punishing or inflicting penalty. "In our sorrows," as the prophet teaches us,

Let us therefore try to lead those who offend us to a change of heart. Let us try to correct the causes of their offending us. We can do so by tactful response, by soft answer, instead of by angry word, or by angry tone, which is even worse!

It is only when truth, righteousness and honor are involved that our anger becomes righteous anger and our resentment becomes excusable.

Human Responsibility.

In the earlier days of the war we heard many people asking why it was that God did not interfere to prevent this greatest calamity of all the ages. The question was asked with such an intensity of feeling that frequently it was little else than a blaming of the Almighty for the terrible evils which it seemed he might easily have prevented. But we do not hear the question asked so much today. It is certain that a new thought has come to many, a truer and more honest way of looking at things. In the terrible shock of the great struggle we have come to see that there are a great many things that men have been wont to lay at God's door that ought to be in front of their own. A new sense of human responsibility has suddenly come upon us, and we are not saying "Why does not God prevent evil?" but rather "What may we do to destroy it and put something better in its place?" And this sense of human responsibility for human failure and wrong and sin is one of the things that give us courage and hope for the future.—Montreal Herald

## WARDS OF STATE WELL CARED FOR

RECENT REPORT ON CONDITION OF STATE PENAL AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

### HEALTH OF INMATES GOOD

State Prisons Practically Self-Supporting—Recent Improvements Have Been Made in Sanitation and Care of Inmates.

—Nashville.

Form a recent report made on the condition of state institutions we find that in the three insane asylums in Tennessee there are at present over 2,000 inmates. There within the last few years, according to reports, has any special attention been given to the probable cure of the unfortunates. Meager arrangements had been made to separate the tubercular and other contagious infected patients from the others, and late reports show that efforts are being made now to separate and give special attention to all. Needed improvements, such as sanitation, filtration and food preparation, proper medical attention and care of the patients, is being installed. In the penitentiaries we are informed, there are 1,985 prisoners. The report says that the prisoners are well fed, that the buildings have been recently reconstructed until now ventilation and sanitary conditions are good.

The industrial school and boys' reformatory are also, by the recent report, shown as in splendid condition.

The blind schools have been kept up to the highest standard of excellence that it has always maintained; recently the interior of the buildings have been repapered and painted and put in first-class condition.

The deaf and dumb school has been furnished with an outfit of printing equipment. Many of the inmates get practical training here for future independence and usefulness. A new domestic science department has been installed for the girls, and also a picture show for the purpose of instruction and entertainment. This school is receiving all the support and encouragement possible.

The financial condition of all the institutions of the state is shown as being in a very satisfactory condition, with the penal institutions being practically on a self-supporting basis.

FOOD AND DRUG EXHIBIT.

State Department Has Educational Display at Tri-State.

A fine display and numerous bulletins were shown in Memphis at the Tri-State Fair by the state department, which strives for purity in food and drugs.

H. L. Askew, commissioner of the department, had two of his assistants, Dr. John Frick and H. M. Robertson, in charge of the display.

In it were several examples of products in which coloring matter is used, and the effect of the coloring extracted from a given quantity of these foods, and applied to clothes. These and the many charts and pointed warnings with which the space is placarded, have attracted much attention.

Will Attend Rifle Shoot.

Members of the rifle teams of Tennessee have a chance to attend the forthcoming contest and encampment at Jacksonville, Fla., beginning Oct. 13, under the auspices of the National Rifle Association.

The expenses of all rifle teams will be paid by the national government. Assistant Adj.-Gen. Hyde has notified the federal authorities that the rifle teams of the state desire to participate in the Jacksonville encampment. Many members probably will attend.

The fact that the national government has an appropriation with which to defray the expenses of rifle teams taking part in the Jacksonville contest is not generally known, and for that reason discussion of the subject has not aroused the interest that it would have if the government's part in the program had been well understood.

The meeting at Jacksonville promises to be the largest ever held under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, virtually every state in the Union to be represented by competing rifle teams.

East Tennessee Fair.

The East Tennessee Fair opened Monday at Knoxville with ideal weather prevailing, and visitors found a large number of splendid exhibits in all departments. The crowd was composed largely of country people.

Printing Will Be Taught.

Operating under the vocational training law, it has been decided by the Memphis board of education to install a complete printing plant. There are now 46 pupils enrolled in the art department; 89 in shop work, 63 in woodwork, 68 in mechanical drawing and 98 in stenography.

Prof. Murphy III at Memphis.

Prof. Murphy of the University of Tennessee was taken ill immediately on his arrival at Memphis to attend the Tri-State Fair.