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.

—5—

Henry Willoughby, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, flirts at Brighton between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman, Ethel thinks it. Henry Streetman calls on Ethel while waiting for her talks to Brewster, Sir George's butler, who is a German spy, about his failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He talks to German secret service heads. Captain Streetman, the German spy, and Captain Brewster, the butler, are arrested, the possibility of spy. When Ethel appears for tea before her to aid her father, she knows of the sailing of the British fleet. Though she is in love with a French instead of a German, she resolves to be threatening him to announce their marriage as Gloria is single-minded. Ethel plays for all. At the dinner and Streetman makes all unknown are supposed to talk politics. Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, British Chief of Ordnance, Ethel Willoughby, secret agent of Streetman and others are having a "Bo Wagstaff" home. The party is a masquerade party. Charlie Brown, newspaper man of New York, entertains the party with his views on the threatened war in Europe. Gloria Falconer declares that if war comes he will go to Cuba. His mother and Sir George reprove him. Charlie says Gloria is spoofing. Capt. Larry Redmond of the Irish Guards, calls on Ethel. The two had been undeclared lovers.

A queer race of people, the Irish. Romantic, poetic, impulsive, charming, theirs has been a tragic history for centuries. You'll find Irish soldiers of fortune in all the world's wild enterprises and every soldier a potential lovemaker. Says Captain Redmond to Ethel: "That's the tragedy of the Irish! We're always too something—too late or too early—too sentimental or too cynical—too shy or too cold." You will enjoy their interview in this installment.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Beware of the military, Ethel—especially when he's Irish!" she warned Ethel.

In another moment Miss Willoughby and Captain Redmond were alone, she herself seated upon the wide settee. But the captain apparently dared not trust himself nearer her than the stool upon which he perched just where he could not touch her. There had been a time when he and Ethel were undisguisedly fond of each other. But now he was scarcely sure of her sentiments toward him.

"So, Larry, you're actually come back at last," she said.

"I wonder if it can seem as long to you as it does to me," he mused.

"I don't know—perhaps."

"Do you mind when I saw you last? 'Twas at a dance on the river—"

"At Marlowe?" She had been far from forgetting that pleasant memory.

"Then you do remember?" he cried with delight. "It was my first one-step!" he told her.

"You ruined my slippers," she reminded him, to tease him.

"Did I? Then it was punishment that when I came up the second time wild taxicabs wouldn't drag another dance from you?"

"No, you were too late," Ethel explained. She had no wish to be too hard on him.

"Too late! That's the tragedy of the Irish! We're always too somethin'—too late or too early—too sentimental or too cynical—too shy or too bold. We laugh too much and we're too sad. We're too much in love or not at all. We're way up or we're way down."

"In fact, you're Irish," she interpolated softly.

"You sound as if you liked us—Irish," he rejoined.

She gave him an enigmatic look.

"I love you—Irish," she replied.

"'Tis a lucky race we are!" he told her, with great enthusiasm.

"But tell me—what have you been doing?" Ethel asked.

"Since I spoiled your slippers?" Captain Redmond laughed. He seemed never to remain long in a serious mood. "Oh, my dear, I've been a long way from Tipperary—the States, India, Berlin, Paris, South America. And ah! my dear, how lonely I've been!"

"You lonely!" She could not believe that the mercurial Irishman could ever long be that.

"I've been in crowded places and in empty ones, but always I was alone," he said with just a hint of sadness. In spite of the gayety that his friends loved in him, there were many times when Captain Redmond had to fight hard to dispel the Celtic melancholy that was his natural heritage. "But there, there—tell me about yourself," he begged.

But Ethel was not ready to do that. She shrank from discussing herself with him.

"So you've become a great globe trotter—you who'd never been out of England!" she said, hastily.

"Ah! That was different. I was poor then," he reminded her.

"Oh—and now?"

"I'm the idle rich," he informed her humorously. "An uncle in India fell off his horse, hunting—not very romantic, was it? And they cabled me I was the sole heir to his vast estates."

"I didn't know you had an uncle in India," Ethel commented with some surprise.

"No, more did I. But—God bless him!" the captain said with mock reverence.

"And why—why have you come back?" she inquired slowly.

"For the same reason that I went away," he said promptly.

"What was that?"

"A woman!"

His soft reply, his serious eyes, thrilled her. But at the same time she knew that she must no longer let him remain in a lover's mood—she who would have given anything to hear that one short month ago.

"You, Larry!" She forced a gay laugh. "How exciting! Tell me, who was she?"

"The woman I loved," was his quiet reply.

She could not mistake his meaning.

"I never thought you were in love with anybody," she rejoined.

"But I was and she was a darlin'—the loveliest thing in the whole world, watched over by some guardian angel that brought her the best in life."

"And yet she refused you?" Ethel said with a smile. She wished that Larry Redmond had not stayed to talk with her. But the man fascinated her. He always had. And though she knew she had no right to listen to such things as he was telling her, some irresistible force seemed to hold her helpless until he should have told her that he loved her.

"Ah! She hadn't the chance to refuse me," he was saying, "for I never told her—because how could I? I was just a captain in the army; how could I hope to take care of her the way a man should take care of the woman he loves?"

Ethel's heart was heavy with the thought of what might have been.

"How selfish you men are! Perhaps she cared, too!" she suggested.

Captain Redmond shook his head despondently.

"No, I think not," he replied. "I don't think she even guessed how I felt. I don't think she guesses now. You see, she was rich, she was beautiful. There were always a dozen men dancing attendance on her—body chaps, some of them! And one day when they told me she was engaged to the busiest of them all, I went away."

"Without saying good-by?" Even he caught the suspicion of reproach in her voice.

"I couldn't do that," he explained. "I wanted her to be happy, but I couldn't

"Beware of the Military, Ethel—"

quite bear to see her happiness with my own eyes. And so I've tossed away the last twelve months—no good to anyone!"

"Yet now you've come back," she said sadly, to herself more than to him. She could not help remembering what he had just said about the Irish being too late.

He turned to her eagerly.

"'Twas only the other day in Panama I picked up a copy of an old Times—and I read there a paragraph about her. She was still Miss—Miss—and so I'm here," he said pointedly, though he had mentioned no name to identify the girl of whom he spoke.

"Here?" she asked, as if perplexed.

He went to her then.

"Ethel! Ethel! I want you to marry me!" he besought her. He kneeled upon the settee beside her. "Please God, say you will!"

"Oh! Larry! Larry!" She was both happy and sad—happy to know that he really loved her, but desolate when she realized that what he asked could never be.

"Oh, Ethel! I love you—I love you!"

"And I never even dreamed it!" The irony of it all swept over her like some engulfing flood.

"You care for me, too, don't you? Oh, say you do!" he begged.

She rose, as if she would shake off the cruel chains that kept her away from him.

"I've always cared," she told him brokenly.

His heart leaped at that. And stepping behind her quickly, he laid his hands gently upon her two arms.

"My love, my love—what a great world it is when you're happy!" he exclaimed. "Just think! I'll get the license in the morning; we'll be married in the afternoon and on our way to Switzerland. I know the darlin' of a place, right by a rushing river, in the very shadow of the snow! And think how young we are! We've fifty years ahead of us—fifty years of love and happiness! Just you and me, my dear!" Captain Redmond kissed her hand then.

She had listened to his rapid words as if it were all a dream—some beautiful dream, from which she suddenly awoke to the stern reality of life, with its bitterness and its disappointment, its disillusions and its heartaches.

"Larry—I am married," she said slowly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Doubly a Villain.

Larry Redmond paused, dazed, and dropped her hand, while he looked at Ethel uncomprehendingly.

"Married!" he stammered. "No, no! It can't be! You're playing some game! It can't be true!"

"I'm secretly married," she confessed.

He looked at her in amazement.

"Secretly? But why—why?"

"I can't explain, even to you, Larry—except that it's for my happiness to keep it secret, now."

Bitter realization came to him then. But he would not press her further. "And you're happy?" His eyes sought hers sadly.

She could not keep back the whole truth from him, no matter how much she wished to. Larry Redmond's honesty was too patent to make dissembling an easy matter in his presence.

"Oh, yes, Larry! I was happy—until you came back just now," she said.

"Then why did you marry him?" he demanded. There was no anger in his voice—only regret and wonder.

"Because when you left I was—desperate," she admitted.

"You!" he exclaimed, more than ever at a loss to understand her.

"Yes!" Ethel said. "I waited—waited for you until a month ago. I'd never heard from you—never heard of you. I thought you were dead. If you'd been alive, I felt that my love, my wanting you so very much would bring you back to me."

"Dear God!" There was no mock reverence in that soul-wrung wail straight from his Celtic heart.

"And all my money had gone. Oh! it doesn't matter now! And I came here as governess to Sir George's daughter. He's been very helpful. . . . And this man—my husband—came along. He seemed very fond of me—" she smiled wanly—"quite desperately in love. I was wretched, miserable, lonely, and oh! so tired! I wanted someone to take care of me. And so, I married."

"And it's all my fault!" That was like Larry Redmond—to condemn himself instead of her.

She could not bear to hear him upbraid himself.

"Please, aren't we suffering enough now?" she protested.

He made up his mind, then, that for her sake he must put things in a different light. And goading himself to his duty, he sat down and looked at her wearily.

"But you've got to realize," he began, "you've got to realize that it's best you shouldn't have married a coward—and I was that. Two months ago I nearly finished it all."

"Larry!" Ethel exclaimed in sudden fear. The mere mention of such a thing shocked her inexpressibly.

"Ah, yes! I meant to!" he continued ruthlessly. "And it was another man—almost a stranger—who stopped me."

"When was it?" Anxious as she was, she could not forbear asking him that. It seemed inconceivable that the gay Larry she used to know should ever have been near self-destruction.

"Two months ago—" he said. And he stopped abruptly then, as if his thoughts had momentarily taken him far away. "Two months ago, in Berlin," he resumed, pulling himself together by a visible effort. "It was one of those gorgeous, moonlight nights. I was thinking of you, my dear, and thinking how futile it all was. What was the use? . . . It was in one of those little side streets off Unter den Linden. I stood there behind a tree when suddenly this fellow came up from behind and grabbed my revolver."

All at once his recital brought back to Ethel's mind another similar story. In her agitation she could not at first recall exactly where or under what circumstances she had heard it. And then, in a flash, she remembered. Her husband had told her a tale like that only an hour before.

"In Berlin this was—not Paris?" she asked him quickly.

"No—Berlin."

"That's curious," she said. "I heard just such another story a little while ago."

"Not such as this," he continued unthinkingly. "First I fought with him; and then, to him, almost a stranger, there I stood in the moonlight, quite mad I guess, and poured out my heart. I told him about you. I'd been so lonely it was good to talk to this man—to talk to anybody that night. But at last I promised the chap I'd quit."

"What made you promise?"

He gazed into space, as the scene became vivid in his mind.

"Ah! I suppose 'twas the sentiment—the Irish in me. He appealed to my love of country—to my patriotism. I was an officer in his majesty's service and some day England might need me and I'd not be there. It hit me. And curious 'twas, it should be a German to stop me!"

She had listened to him with increasing wonder. His very words were almost a duplication of Henry Street-

"Larry—I Am Married."

man's. There could be no doubt that it was the same episode. The long arm of coincidence could scarcely stretch that far. And now, at his final sentence, Ethel started.

"A German?" she cried in quick surprise.

"Yes! Heinrich Strassman!"

Ethel gasped.

"Heinrich Strassman! Are you sure?" She could not believe that she heard him aright.

"Oh, I'd not be likely to forget him," Captain Redmond assured her bitterly.

"Wouldn't that be Henry Streetman in English?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I suppose so," he rejoined. "Why?"

Ethel Willoughby rose and moved away from him, to hide her agitation.

"Oh, nothing!" she said.

"It's a queer game," Larry said, ignorant of her agony—"this thing they call life. I, an officer in his majesty's army, to owe mine to a man in the German secret service!"

"A German spy!" Now Ethel knew what her husband was. Now she knew why he was eternally pressing her to gouge official secrets out of Sir George Wagstaff. Her gorge rose within her.

"We mustn't hold that against him," Larry chided her gently. He little knew the agony that she was concealing from him. "'Twas his job—and for a stranger he'd been mighty kind to me—he and his wife."

That last word struck her cold.

"What did you say?" she asked him very slowly.

"Why, that he and his wife had been mighty kind to me."

"You're quite sure he was married?" she inquired in a manner that was strangely deliberate. Aghast as she was at the thought of Henry Streetman's duplicity, at his villainy in subjecting her to a marriage that seemed no marriage at all, a certain calm satisfaction came over her. In spite of her shame she was glad beyond words that she was not tied to him for life—if what she now tried to believe were only true!

"Married?" Larry repeated. "Oh, I'm quite sure. His wife was a typical moonfaced German hausfrau, with two children—bonny little kiddies. I used to romp 'em."

"Oh, my God! My God!" Ethel cried suddenly.

"My dear—what is it? What is it?" Larry exclaimed. He saw that she was in agony. And he went to her as he might have hurried to any fluttering bird with a broken wing.

There is a hint that Ethel will retaliate—not only against Streetman but also against his nation. In what will she find opportunity?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Temperance Notes

PROSPERITY FOLLOWS.

That little business, no less than big business, is bettered by prohibition is shown by the following story told by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley:

"It was Saturday afternoon in one of the interior counties of Arkansas. Hundreds of vehicles of all sorts drawn by mules, most of which were in good condition, were picketed around the public square. The great department store, which my guide owned, was filled with colored people. They were buying most liberally and were extremely well-dressed and well-behaved. I was struck with their appearance and prosperity and happiness, and I was curious to know why it was that these people seemed so much better off than those I had seen in other localities. I asked the proprietor, who was freely giving credit to his customers, if he did not lose on many accounts. He replied: 'Never one.' 'How do you account for their prosperity?' I asked. 'Strictly enforced prohibition,' was his answer. 'If we were to permit the saloon to come into this county again, it would wreck our prosperity; it would ruin my business and send this town back 50 years.'"

HE DOESN'T WANT DRINK.

"Sober, reliable and honest bartender needs work badly; can open oysters, make sandwiches, etc.; clean worker, don't drink; good references; small saloon preferred. K. 832 States."

The above want ad appeared in a daily paper. Another paper thus comments:

"Don't drink!" Had that man been advertising for a place in a fruit store would he have said, "don't eat fruit" Had he been desirous of a place in a clothing store would he have boasted, "don't wear clothes?" What a strange recommendation for a man to offer in his own behalf: "I'm just the man for the place, for I don't use the stuff you'll expect me to recommend to others."

FIRST TO BE LAID OFF.

Big business has taken a stand against the man who drinks. This not because of any particular interest in the effects of alcohol on mind and body, scientifically considered, but because it finds the noodrinker the more trustworthy employee. Returns from employers of 750,000 men show that they forbid alcoholic liquors in their industrial plants. A large corporation recently discharged 30 employees who signed an application for a liquor license. Another concern discharged 68 men, and accompanying each dismissal notice was a kodak picture showing the employee entering a saloon. What about "personal liberty"?

ROOMS TO RENT.

"FOR RENT—Several rooms, large and small, centrally located; plainly but durably furnished; efficient attendance; meals free. Apply to Sheriff Pfost, Ada county jail."

In this fashion the Boise (Idaho) Statesman announces that the county jail is without tenants. For the first time in the history of the county the jail is empty, and over the sheriff's office rests an oppressive hush. The reason: Last January the prohibition law went into effect in Idaho and almost simultaneously the criminal class began to decrease.

CZAR'S WISE MANEUVER.

This story is told by the Paris correspondent of the Standard. A German general, taken prisoner, repeated at Petrograd the following remarks of the kaiser: "I was certain of crushing the Russians when they were freely given to drink, but now that they are sober the task is much more difficult!" And he added in a melancholy tone, "Who on earth could have foreseen the anti-alcoholic coup d'etat perpetrated by Nicholas II?"

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?

The law against drunkenness is more rigidly enforced in dry cities than in wet. In a wet town a man is not recorded as intoxicated unless he is found clinging to a lamp post or holding to the grass to keep from falling off the earth, whereas in dry territory inability to walk a straight line or to see a policeman a block away is likely to land the victim in jail.

UNION PACIFIC DRY.

Throughout its entire length the Union Pacific railroad has barred the sale of liquor. No alcoholic beverages will be sold in its diners even in wet territory. The system comprises the Union Pacific, the O. W. R. & N. and the Oregon Short line. The states traversed by these lines are Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Nebraska.

ALWAYS BEEN DRY.

A good many men who have heretofore been neutral on the saloon question, are now going about saying, "Why, I've always been dry." Some of these days, it will be as hard to find a man who will acknowledge that he was ever for the saloon as it is to find a man who will admit that he was a copperhead during the Civil war.—Exchange.

SOMETHING PROHIBITED.

Every law in the statute books prohibits something.

MEN AND WOMEN Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness often disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet.
Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. When writing mention this paper.

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Will reduce **Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles.** Stops the **lameness** and **pain** from a **Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin.** No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse **Book 2 M Free.**
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Capacity from 10 to 25 tons per hour. Prices from $90 to $240 F. O. B. Kansas City. Catalog free.
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W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 32-1916.

A Fit.

Discussing the American hotel, which of late years has largely ceased to pay, George C. Boldt of New York said:

"Some people complain that the front of the house, the room clerks or greeters, are not courteous enough in American hotels.

"Be the fact as it may, the front of the house can't be too courteous. In a shore hotel a newcomer said to a greeter:

"'I like the seventh floor back well enough, sir, but isn't the bed rather short?'

"'Well, you see,' said the greeter, 'the people who take our seventh floor backs are usually rather short themselves.'"

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price $1.00.—Adv.

Everything on the Bill.

"Waiter, waiter, I've swallowed a bone."

The waiter hurried forward, loosened the diner's collar, and buffeted him briskly on the back.

"Feel better, sir?" he asked solicitously.

"Yes, thanks," replied the diner. "But why the dickens don't you take the bones out of your confounded mince? Bring me my bill."

The waiter apologized and departed, but when he returned with the bill the diner noticed that a shilling was marked up against "sundries."

"What's this?" he demanded angrily. "You've charged me a shilling too much."

"I beg pardon, sir," replied the waiter, "but chokin's an extra."—London Tit-Bits.

Couldn't Fool Charlie.

A gentleman said to live in Brooklyn married a second time and his choice was a wealthy lady about fifty years of age. When the bride and bridegroom returned from the wedding the husband, introducing his wife to his children, said:

"My dear children, kiss the lady. She is the new mamma I promised to bring you."

"After taking a steady look at the "new mamma," little Charlie said:

"Papa, you have been cheated; she isn't new at all!"

Tea and Coffee For Children?

These beverages contain drug elements that hinder development of both body and mind, especially in children.

Nowadays, for their children, wise parents choose

POSTUM

This delicious table beverage, made of cereals, has a wonderfully satisfying flavor—a flavor much like the higher grades of coffee (but without any of coffee's harm.) **Postum is a true, pure food-drink that has helped thousands to forget the coffee habit.**

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell POSTUM