

# THROUGH THE LINES

By WALTER JACOBS MORSE.

"Whisper!"  
Jan Voorst, burgomaster, leaned over, seized my ear—for he was pudgy and short—pulled himself up and myself down and murmured an ominous word.

I thrilled. I started, too, and ten feet distant the beautiful lady who was to be my prospective companion for a long and dangerous journey, regarded us both with close attention, almost suspiciously.

What Jan Voorst had told me answered a question I had asked. It related to a patient, plodding pack horse, standing beside the one where "Lady Disdain" sat, superb and stately, in the saddle of a more mettled steed. Why I called her so was, first, because I did not know her real name; next, because when she was not secretly weeping over the great anxiety and surprise that filled her mind she was cold as ice in her manner. She suggested the lofty disdain of a person forced into an unpleasant and disturbing situation and submissive only because circumstances compelled it.

This much only I knew concerning her—she was a lady of high breeding and the daughter of an affluent American family. Separated, they had been caught in the battle zone. It might be that her parents were dead, for she had not heard from them. Stranded in the city where I myself had been halted in my art labors by the progress of the war, an acquaintance, a native college professor, had become interested in getting her past the disputed frontier.

I, too, was anxious to leave the war center of peril. I had a good friend in Belme—the burgomaster, Voorst. In fact, he was a relative by marriage of my brother-in-law. Few and selected were those who were allowed to leave Belme, and they practically smuggled out. Honest, helpful Jan came to me one day.

"My friend," he said, "I have secured a passport, or rather a safe conduct, through the Belgian home lines for yourself and your wife."

"But I have no wife!" I exclaimed.  
"You must imagine that you have, then," he returned. "A friend is interested in getting a charming and deserving young lady through the lines. I have a limited influence. I have suc-

ceeded in securing a pass for 'Walworth Doty and wife.' It is your last chance. Within forty-eight hours access to the whole frontier will be impossible. The lady and yourself must go on horseback. You will lead a pack horse with a heavy load. It's to be delivered at the end of your journey. The fact that you are to thus set for us is the excuse for your safe conduct. You will follow to the letter the route marked out."

"But the young lady—has she a knowledge of this awkward arrangement?"  
"I will confess that she has reluctantly agreed to it," replied Voorst. "She is proud, angered at the treatment she has received in the war zone and half-distracted with the fear that her parents have perished. I need not ask you to be courteous. Be more-indulgent. She seems never to have before experienced the rigors of deprivation, nor the horrors of the scenes through which she has been forced to go."

"The restriction that I should deliver the pack horse and the heavy burden the animal carried had something mysterious about it. Now that the nature of that burden was made clear to me in one ominous, almost terrifying word, I shrank and thrilled. For a moment it dazed me. Then I said: 'Very well, I will carry out your instructions to the letter.'"

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It was dusk when we started. As Voorst had the lady good-by, she took his hand and expressed her gratitude tearfully but with warmth. As he waved his hand towards me with the words: "This is your guide and my friend. He is brave and a gentleman," she drew up haughtily and gave me simply a cold, formal bow. I rather nettled me, but I said simply: "I will lead the pack horse. You had better follow at, say, twenty feet."

She viewed me with a challenging stare, as though wondering at the arrangement.  
"Yes, it is best," spoke the burgomaster, and the approving look in his eye told that he appreciated my desire to run all the risk—for risk it was.

There was a clear half-moon, and the road was broad and even the first part of the journey. I noticed my companion shiver as we diverged into more obscure bridle paths.

Twice she urged up her horse and kept close to mine. I saw that the weird loneliness of our environment affrighted.

"You must fall back," I spoke definitely, but pleasantly.  
"But—but I fear—I am afraid!" she demurred.  
"It must be as I say," I insisted. "It is necessary to your safety. You will appreciate what I say when the journey is completed."

She did not understand, and bridled. She fell back, but with an offended look upon her face.

Twice up to midnight we came upon friendly encampments. My credentials passed us on. At the last place the commandant read the safe conduct: "One Walworth Doty and wife, Madam, I salute you."

She directed a flashing glance at me, as if arraigning me for an affront. I met her glance steadily. That beautiful face enchanted me, but I tried to act the guide under strict discipline.

It must have been three o'clock in the morning when we reached the most difficult part of the route. Here the road ran along the edge of a cliff. I had been advised by Voorst that the enemy were likely to be prowling about. I thought of that—and of the load the pack horse carried. I increased the space between myself and my conveyance.

Her angry, yet anxious face presented this. I had to speak sharply to have her maintain the distance. She received it with a pout and a toss of her head. Suddenly, turning a curve in the rock-lined road, there came a quick word:  
"Halt!"

I made out an armed officer. He was of the enemy. Beyond him, 50 feet in a ravine, was a temporary camp. He kept a revolver and leveled at me as he grabbed out to seize the bridle of the pack horse.

The animal swerved, threw up its head, curvetted past him and broke into quite a trot. The officer turned and leveled his weapon, intent on halting the flight with a shot.

"Stop! Stop!" I shouted.  
Too late! The well-aimed bullet struck one of the packages on the back of the horse, bored into it and there was a frightful detonation.

I saw the officer, struck by a huge fragment of rock, fall prone and lifeless. I saw the pack horse, blown to atoms, go over the ledge into the midst of the camp below. I heard a shriek and ran back to my charge.

"You are hurt?" I cried solicitously.  
"No! No! But you—!" and I felt the warm blood trickling from my forehead, where a flying piece of rock had struck me. Then I hurried on her horse and my own past the motionless officer, away from the camp.

"What was it?" she shuddered, as we deviated to a broader road.  
"Dynamite."  
She started and paled. Then she insisted on binding up my wound with a lace scarf. She kept close beside me.

"And it was to shield me that you took all the risk!" she murmured.  
Within the hour we were safe in friendly hands. All her disdain and coldness was gone now. She seemed to look to me for help. I placed her in kindly hands.

Within two days I located her father and mother. She insisted on my taking her to them. Then that I become their guest.

And thus it was that out of a great war I won a bride—no longer, however, my dear Lady Disdain!  
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**His Reasoning.**  
"I believe I'll go to the city. The city offers more opportunities than a country town."  
"What can the city offer you more than Plunkville? You do nothing but loaf."  
"Maybe so. And here I loaf on a fence rail. In the city I can have a park bench."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Making Ends Meet.**  
"Here's a man who keeps a shoe-maker's shop and his wife runs a hairdressing establishment."  
"That is what I call going to extremes."

Often, indeed, they experience the exquisite pleasure of being begged to "stop working now" for their eyes or health's sake, and Melanchthon himself, after days and nights of intense study, never rose from his bench more crampingly than they, for they are really tired.

The world holds no such hero as he who, thus afflicted, conquers his very nature and works.

**As the Lights Dim.**  
Last words are a mirror to life. They reflect all spiritual endeavor, faith, courage, aspiration, greatness of motive, beauty of temperament. When the Lusitania sank, the miracle of heroism was enacted. Charles Frohman's last known words were: "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure that life gives us," and Alfred Vanderbilt, speaking to Denver, his valet, exhorted him to help "find all the kiddies." These expressions are typical. They are true to the tension of the race in time of disaster. They are a gleaming accession to that immortality nations aspire to attain.—Corpus Christi Caller.

**Those That Are Born Tired**  
World Has Different Ways of Looking at Them, According to Their Station in Life.  
Out of the words of some modern thinkers those who are "born tired" may find consolation. They are the victims of a malady as incurable as birth itself.  
Like many other ailments, and like certain crimes, it bears different names in different circles of society. He of low degree is the "incorrigible idler" of the police courts, the "Weary Willy" of the comic papers.  
More fortunate lotus eaters escape with an epithet; they pass for "dreamy" or "thoughtful" among their fellows—the delicious phrase "temperamental languor" was recently coined anent an eminent specimen—and they acquire actual hives instead of a "week's hard labor" for their loafing.  
They are commonly great readers, long sitters in armchairs under the light of green-shaded lamps, when it is assumed that they are revolving mighty matters.

**Head of Hotel Cloak Room Could Make \$2,500 Extra, But Turns It Down.**  
Seattle, Wash.—May Stehle, in charge of the cloak room at the Hotel Washington here, is untidy.  
If she would take tips she could make \$2,500 a year in addition to her salary. "But," she says, "I would lose my self-respect."  
The hotel management could, if it

desired, fire Miss Stehle and save her salary and, to boot, sell the cloak-room "privileges" for \$150 a month.  
But the mere fact that it has an employee who actually spurns tips has proved such an advertisement that the hotel can't afford to let Miss Stehle go if it wanted to—which it doesn't.  
The traveling public cannot believe its ears when it hears Miss Stehle refuse tips. "Thank you," she says with a gracious smile, "but I do not take tips."

**Craving for Tobacco Fatal.**  
Kempion, N. Y.—Fred M. Jaeger was killed because he wanted a smoke. He let go of the steering gear of his automobile to light a weed. The car swerved into a ditch, overturned and crushed Jaeger beneath it.  
Wanted to Be Sure.  
Ramblerville, N. Y.—"To make sure of slinking, Mrs. Minnie Litley, blind her skirt with pieces of concrete, tied a smoothing iron around each wrist and jumped into Jamaica bay.

## BRITISH ARTILLERY AT ST. ELOI



Men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers handling a heavy gun in the fiercely contested battle that took place in the ruined village of St. Eloi.

## HIDDEN IN BEER CASK, SPY RIDES PAST HIS FOES

French Officer's Conveyance, a Dutchman's Dray, Passes Safe 'Mid Man Hunt.

### STOPPED NEAR THE FRONTIER

Purloiner of German Secrets at Namur Finally Emerges in Holland From Barrel Refuge—Close to Capture Several Times.

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.  
(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)  
Paris.—This is a story that was told me by a hotelkeeper's wife at Namur, who has traveled considerably about Belgium.

After the Germans destroyed the forts of Namur with their long-range, heavy cannon, the Belgians, for reasons which are not yet quite clear, evacuated the place. The invaders occupied the city, made it one of their centers of operations and settled down as if they intended to stay.

With their usual precision they saw, even in August, that a time might come when a retreat would be necessary. Namur, at the junction of the Meuse and the Sambre, would be one of the pivots for a line of defense. They hastily began to rebuild the forts, enlarging and strengthening them.

**Namurois Go to Work at Last.**  
But this work demanded many hands. The Germans called upon the inhabitants, offering high wages. For a month not a man from the town responded. The Namurois would die rather than work for the Germans, and said so. So the German military brought a few hundred civilians from Germany, but left the original offer open to the Belgians.

There was no work in Namur; the prices of foodstuffs rose higher and higher. Finally one man, maddened by the pinched faces of his wife and babies, shouldered his shovel and reported ready for work. This was the signal. Not only the Namurois but idle men from all over Belgium came to toil at the massive fortifications.

With them one day arrived a Frenchman, who turned out to be an officer of the engineering corps. He came originally from Givet, near the Belgian frontier, so his French resembled that of the Belgians. He was dressed like a workman, even to the insignia of the Belgian I. W. W., which he wore conspicuously. His papers showed his name was Georges Bezon, Belgian, thirty-two years old, born at Neuchateau. The Germans accepted him without question or suspicion.

**Notices Hands Are Small.**  
For three weeks the French officer dug on the fortifications. He did his work well. Then, one day, a German officer, who happened to pause near where the Frenchman was digging, noticed that the latter's hands, despite their coating of dirt, were small and well made. To this German officer he seemed too small and too well made. He questioned the pseudo-laborer. The latter's replies were satisfactory.

But the German felt that in spite of appearances something was wrong about this Georges Bezon, born in Neuchateau in April, 1882. That night Namur telephoned Neuchateau. Search among the municipal records failed to reveal the name of Bezon.

"We'll get him," laughed the German officer who had laid bare the deception, and he gave orders to arrest Bezon the following morning. When morning came it brought the workers to the fortifications, but Georges Bezon was not among them. A search was made. Inquiries at the house where the suspect had been staying showed he had not come in the night before. All of the efforts made by the military failed to reveal how the artful Georges had escaped. Perhaps some of the inhabitants didn't tell all

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**HER FIFTH DIVORCE CASE**  
Mrs. Woodson Is Only Twenty-Three and Has an Unusual Collection of Matrimonial Experiences.

Kansas City, Mo.—A divorce hearing in a suit brought by Henry N. Woodson, an employee in the cashier's office of the Kansas City Gas company, against Lana V. Woodson, twenty-three years old, five times married since 1910 and four times divorced, was begun a few days ago in Judge Guthrie's division of the circuit court.

Woodson charges that Mrs. Woodson went to dances without his consent and that she never had told him of her former matrimonial ventures. All of this, however, Mrs. Woodson denied on the stand. She says she told him everything of her past.

Mrs. Woodson got a divorce from her former husband, she said, one month before she married Woodson. She was married the first time in March, 1910, and divorced the same year. In 1910 married again. In 1911 she had obtained a second divorce and married a third time, and two years later took a fourth husband, having obtained a third divorce. In February, 1914, according to the evidence, she and the man she married in 1913 were divorced and a month later she married.

**BURROWING THROUGH WALLS**  
Scene at St. Eloi where some of the fiercest fighting of the war was waged. The picture gives an idea of the communication between the trenches. Holes are made through the walls so that the soldiers may pass from house to house.

they knew. The hatred of the Namurois for the German is extreme.  
Next Seen in Liege.  
The next that the clever German officer saw of Georges Bezon was at Liege. He had gone over to visit a friend, an officer in the artillery. The friend was conducting him about the town one evening. They entered a cafe. At the first table, sipping a glass of bitter wine, dressed as a well-to-do bourgeois, sat the man who had worked on the fortifications in Namur.

"Catch that man," the German cried to some soldiers, and he himself rushed upon his enemy. But the well-dressed man had seen the German as quickly as he was seen. In a flash he was out of the cafe, around the first corner and had disappeared.

The garrison of Liege was all upset and a hunt was begun in earnest. The inhabitants were disturbed, guards were posted, German cavalry scoured the country, descriptions of Georges Bezon were telephoned broadcast. But when evening came and the cavalry bands returned none of them had the desired prisoner, though they had plenty of others who were magnanimously released as soon as they proved their innocence.

**Were Close to Capture.**  
But the Germans had come closer than they knew to catching their man. From Liege to the Dutch frontier at Eindhoven is about twelve miles. Sentries are posted on the outskirts of the town and again at the frontier. But enterprising Dutchmen drive a flourishing trade by loading drays with beer in Holland and driving to Liege and selling their refreshments. Whether legal or not, the trade seems to be allowed by both nationalities.

On the day of the man hunt a Dutchman was returning from Liege to the frontier with a drayload of empty casks. He was passing through the ruined village of Vise, when from the wreck of a house a man rose and called to him to stop.

"Let me go with you into Holland," said the man, who wore the clothes of a workman.  
"I can't, friend," replied the Dutchman. "My pass is good only for one. Who are you?"

For answer the other made the wide French salute with the palm forward and the fling of the arm as it returns to the side.  
"Oh-b-b-b-h!" said the driver.  
"Will you help me or not?" went on the other. "Make up your mind quickly. The cavalry are after me. It won't be long before they're here. You know what that means, a spy?"

The sympathies of those Dutch who live along the Belgian border are not doubtful. The carter was risking his life, but he did not stop to think of consequences.  
"Can you get into that cask?" he asked, pointing to one on top.

**WEALTHY NEGRO EXPLAINS**  
His Man "Friday" Arrested, He Pays Fine Because of Man's Expertness as Driver.

Sacramento, Cal.—Unadulterated selfishness and not pity prompted N. C. Owens of Los Angeles, reputed as being the only negro millionaire in California, to pay a \$10 fine for his chauffeur "Friday," arrested recently for violating the state vehicle law.

In making out the receipt and a short abstract of the proceedings, Justice of the Peace C. P. Carter of Elinor reported the remarks of the wealthy negro.  
"De intention of mah soul guarantees mah putting up dis equitable in order to keep yo' out of the lock-up."  
"If yo' wasn't de bes' driver I eber had, I wouldn't put up dis equitable to save yo' black skin."

**BANKER STARTS HOG BOOM**  
Gets Texas County Worked Up and His Bank Deposits Increase Amazingly.

Temple, Tex.—During a recent campaign for diversification of crops in this (Bell) county it developed that, notwithstanding its unusual advantages for hog raising the county last year sent away \$612,157 for meat.

Fortwith H. C. Poe, president of the Temple State bank, communicated with breeders of fine hogs and then announced in a newspaper advertisement that he would distribute a hundred to the boys of the county, taking their personal unendorsed notes, payable out of the net profits from the pigs.

Before the newspaper was off the press the printer's devil made an application for a hog. After that the applications piled in on Mr. Poe until he was fairly swamped.

Mr. Poe says that the deposits in his bank have increased \$200,000 within ninety days, or coincident with the hog distribution.

**Antique Maine China.**  
Auburn, Me.—Mrs. Mary B. Emery of Auburn, seventy-nine, has a rare collection of antique china which belonged to her mother. A few plates, a cup, saucer, bowl and potato dish, of a set over seventy years old, of white china, with light green borders and dark brown scenery in the centers, showing figures of men and women, swans, trees, urns, etc. A bowl-like cup and saucer of white china decorated with blue and red, in seventy-five years old, and the oldest piece of china is a tiny yellow teacup made without a handle. This cup belonged to Mrs. Emery's great-aunt and is over one hundred and fifty years old.

**Wouldn't Waken Baby.**  
Scottsdale, Pa.—Rather than waken the baby by firing his revolver, Frank Weiss watched a burglar ransack his dining room. Weiss, after four hours' ordeal, had just succeeded in getting the fretful baby to sleep.

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The Frenchman sprang to the top of the loat.  
"Yes," he called from the inside, "put on the lead and hammer it in well, Harry."

German cavalry overtook the dray 500 yards from the frontier.  
"Stop!" ordered the sergeant in command. "What's in that load?"  
"Empty casks," answered the Dutchman, pulling up his two horses. The cavalry surrounded the dray. They inspected the driver's pass, and found it in good order.

"There's nothing in those barrels!" the sergeant asked, as he pounded lustily on the very one where the fugitive was curled.

The barrel boomed a hollow reply. If the sergeant had pounded another barrel he would have noticed a difference in the tone. But he didn't. Instead, he turned his horse and the party galloped back the way they had come.

Ten minutes later the French officer stood on Dutch soil, a free man. In his pocket and in his mind went some sketches of the German defenses of Belgium.

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Mr. Poe says that the deposits in his bank have increased \$200,000 within ninety days, or coincident with the hog distribution.

**Antique Maine China.**  
Auburn, Me.—Mrs. Mary B. Emery of Auburn, seventy-nine, has a rare collection of antique china which belonged to her mother. A few plates, a cup, saucer, bowl and potato dish, of a set over seventy years old, of white china, with light green borders and dark brown scenery in the centers, showing figures of men and women, swans, trees, urns, etc. A bowl-like cup and saucer of white china decorated with blue and red, in seventy-five years old, and the oldest piece of china is a tiny yellow teacup made without a handle. This cup belonged to Mrs. Emery's great-aunt and is over one hundred and fifty years old.

**Wouldn't Waken Baby.**  
Scottsdale, Pa.—Rather than waken the baby by firing his revolver, Frank Weiss watched a burglar ransack his dining room. Weiss, after four hours' ordeal, had just succeeded in getting the fretful baby to sleep.

**Craving for Tobacco Fatal.**  
Kempion, N. Y.—Fred M. Jaeger was killed because he wanted a smoke. He let go of the steering gear of his automobile to light a weed. The car swerved into a ditch, overturned and crushed Jaeger beneath it.  
Wanted to Be Sure.  
Ramblerville, N. Y.—"To make sure of slinking, Mrs. Minnie Litley, blind her skirt with pieces of concrete, tied a smoothing iron around each wrist and jumped into Jamaica bay.

**HER FIFTH DIVORCE CASE**  
Mrs. Woodson Is Only Twenty-Three and Has an Unusual Collection of Matrimonial Experiences.

Kansas City, Mo.—A divorce hearing in a suit brought by Henry N. Woodson, an employee in the cashier's office of the Kansas City Gas company, against Lana V. Woodson, twenty-three years old, five times married since 1910 and four times divorced, was begun a few days ago in Judge Guthrie's division of the circuit court.

Woodson charges that Mrs. Woodson went to dances without his consent and that she never had told him of her former matrimonial ventures. All of this, however, Mrs. Woodson denied on the stand. She says she told him everything of her past.

Mrs. Woodson got a divorce from her former husband, she said, one month before she married Woodson. She was married the first time in March, 1910, and divorced the same year. In 1910 married again. In 1