

## JAPANESE AUCTION IS TAME

Even the Auctioneer Has Nothing to Say, and Bids Are Made in Writing.

An un-American Japanese auction is kind of Oriental prayer meeting. People do not exactly wait for the art to move them before making a bid but they go about as silently meditating in a Lenten retreat—nothing to say.

# UNDELFIRE

A European War story based on the drama of  
**ROI COOPER MEGRUE**

### SYNOPSIS.

—10—

The chief characters are Ethel Wiloughby, 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 to 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. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charlie Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes. She is Madame De Lorde. She begins to work with a French spy.

In this instalment you get an unusually vivid picture of how the German troops took possession of Belgium—of her homes and farms and industries. It is a picture to make you hate war and its perpetrators—one to win your finest sympathy. And the picture is moving—the plot action goes forward with speed.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

A peasant half-mad, has stopped at the inn to warn its people that the enemy is approaching.

"Hurt?" he cried. "Hurt? You don't know 'em. . . . They came into my house and nasty as you please, wanted food. My old woman started to argue with 'em. She wasn't scared then, and one of 'em took hold of her by the arm. Maybe he didn't mean anything; but she didn't understand, and she threw a dipper of cold water in his face like any decent woman would—and they shot her. They shot her for that! Civilian assaulting an officer, they called it. . . . I was out in the fields. The neighbors came and told me. And I hurried home to find her dead—her that hadn't done nothing—dead! . . . And I leaped out of the window—and I shot two of 'em—and then I ran. How I ran! And they didn't get me—and they won't get me!" The half-crazed peasant rushed off then, shouting to right and left, wherever he saw a head stuck out of a window, or a figure in a doorway. "The Germans are coming! The Germans are coming!" And after him poured the scurrying mob, all crying the same dread warning.

Charlie Brown was getting all the color the most ambitious reporter could have coveted. He turned a sober face to old Christophe.

"This is going to be bad, old man!" he said.

"It's like some hideous nightmare," Ethel exclaimed.

"Yes, madame—and this is but the beginning," Christophe informed her gravely.

Charlie Brown remembered then that Madame de Lorde, as she wished to be known, still lingered there. And he did not like the thought of her facing that oncoming German horde.

"If you'll go to your room, I'll come to you if you want me—if there's any need," he said.

"Yes—yes! And oh! these poor, poor people!" she cried.

"Hadn't you better close the doors?" Charlie asked the innkeeper.

"Why, m'sieu, I shall only have to open them," Christophe replied. "I am not afraid, m'sieu."

"I wish I had your nerve," Charlie told him. "All this has certainly got my goat. It's the limit."

Christophe, by a quick, sibilant sound, enjoined caution.

"M'sieu, they are here!" he warned him.

He had scarcely spoken when the first of the gray-clad invaders was momentarily framed in the open window. He rode a bicycle—that forerunner of destruction. And a fine, clean-looking youngster he was, one of the pick of the kaiser's first-line troops. Cool, alert, businesslike, he pedaled deliberately on as if unconscious of the black looks that met his coming. And as he passed the inn he turned his sunburned face so that he might seize a quick but comprehensive glance at its interior. Cumbered with full fighting kit, as he was, he showed none of the fatigue that had all but overcome Charlie Brown before he arrived at the Lion d'Or. On the contrary, he looked fit as a prizefighter, trained to the minute. And behind him rode another as like him as a second pea out of the same pod.

Charlie Brown gazed at them breathlessly. He was conscious of a mighty admiration for those two infinitesimal dogs in the great German military machine. And he said to Christophe in a awed whisper:

"Gosh! They're not afraid, are they? Anyone might pot them from a window." The thing might happen any moment.

"Perhaps they are not afraid because they know if they are killed they will be well avenged," Christophe answered. And then he said, "Really, m'sieu, do not speak English. I ask you to go. It may be easier for me. . . . Please, m'sieu, quickly!"

The American reluctantly left the window. He did not want to miss a single detail of that amazing spectacle. But he had no wish to involve the worthy innkeeper in any needless trouble. So he started for the stairway.

"Well, you know where to find me," he said. A band was playing outside. Every moment the strains were growing more distinct. And Mr. Brown had hardly disappeared to regions above when a German corporal led a squad of eight men bodily into the Lion d'Or.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### Ethel Makes an Impression.

Those German infantrymen were a formidable-looking company to descend upon a peace-loving innkeeper such as Henri Christophe. It was, indeed, no wonder that he viewed them with apprehension, as they stood there at parade rest and stared stolidly into his startled face. It seemed to him that wherever he looked he met the determined, impersonal, almost inhuman blue eyes of one of those businesslike Germans. And there was something sinister in the very way they crowded his hostelry. Henri Christophe could not help feeling that even so they would crowd every house in Belgium. To him they seemed like locusts sent by a displeased God to swarm over the land until it should be filled to overflowing. . . . And always, he told himself, there would be countless thousands, all the slightest gap in their grim.

While Christophe viewed them with mingled alarm and amazement, a telephone sergeant joined those gray ghosts from beyond the Rhine. He carried a gun slung over his back and a field telephone in his hands. Placing the instrument on one of Christophe's tables, he proceeded to run a wire through the doorway to the street.

"The major is coming!" he announced to his friend the corporal, who at once commanded his men to present arms. So they stood, posed like statues, when Major von Brenig entered, saluted the flag, and then cast a quick glance of satisfaction about the room.

Just before him another figure had slipped inside the door, and returned the salute of the corporal; and now he stood impassively looking on, much as if the proceeding were merely an everyday occurrence with him. But however unconcerned he appeared, he was far from disinterested. However much he appeared at ease in his uniform of a German captain, he felt anything but at home in it. There was, in truth, no uniform that suited Larry Redmond so well as that of his own Irish Guards.

"This is good!" Major von Brenig told his corporal. And it was evident that Lieutenant Baum and Sergeant Schmidt, who had arrived simultaneously with him, shared his sentiments heartily. "Can we not spend the night here?" the major asked.

Then he proceeded to avail himself of the aids that the foresight of the general staff had long ago devised for just such an emergency.

"Baum," he said, turning to the lieutenant, "have you the papers and the map from the Wilhelmstrasse?"

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and at once he handed some documents to his superior officer, who scanned them quickly.

"Lion d'Or!" he read aloud. . . .

"Proprietor, Henri Christophe!" . . . "Bring Henri Christophe," he ordered. At that the innkeeper himself stepped forward.

"I am Henri Christophe," he announced in a quavering voice, even as Sergeant Schmidt was starting to search for him.

"Oh, you speak English!" the major said.

"Yes, m'sieu!" Christophe did not know why he had committed that breach of policy. But he was too frightened even to reproach himself for the inadvertence.

"You are the proprietor of this inn?" the officer demanded.

"Yes, m'sieu!"

Major von Brenig barked out an order to his men. And straightway they closed both the shutters and the great door that gave upon the street. Meanwhile the major examined his papers further.

"You have a daughter," he announced at length. "Jeanne Marie

Christophe, and a servant Louis?" Henri Christophe told him that the facts were so.

"Where are they?" the officer asked him then.

"The servant fled with the others," Christophe replied. "My daughter is in her room, m'sieu." He turned toward the door through which little Jeanne had sought asylum. But Major von Brenig stopped him.

"No, I shall do that," he informed him. And at his bidding Sergeant Schmidt sprang forward to find the girl. Her father simply pointed toward the proper door. And his heart sank as he realized the fright that would seize the timid little thing at such a summons. But he had not long to ponder upon that; for Major von Brenig straightway resumed his catechism. "You have six rooms," he continued. "Two of these will be occupied by myself and officers for the night. You will have them prepared at once, two beds each. The other four rooms will be shared by the infantry who will be stationed here. For them you will need make no preparations."

Henri Christophe bowed obediently.

"You have ground here—enough to graze two hundred horses," the matter-of-fact major proceeded. "You have three cows, two horses, a haystack, plenty of chickens and pigs. Is that not right?"

"Yes, m'sieu, quite right!" the innkeeper replied. He was staggered, stupefied, by that amazing and accurate inventory.

"All these we shall take; but we shall of course pay for them," the officer told him.

And then Sergeant Schmidt returned, with little Jeanne cowering beside his bulky figure. At the sight of her father she rushed across the room and clung to him, a piteous spectacle.

"Ah, mon pere, I am afraid—I am afraid," she stammered.

He patted her gently.

"There, there, Jeanne—they will not hurt you," Henri Christophe said.

Major von Brenig looked with some slight perturbation upon the sight of the frightened girl shrinking against her natural protector, as if he still had power to shield her from all evil.

"No, my pretty little one, we are not devils," he said. "We will not harm you. I am a father myself."

"There—what did I tell you!" exclaimed the relieved Henri.

"You are quite safe, my child," the major added—"so long as you obey."

Already the summer air vibrated with the far-off boom of heavy guns. And now a bugle in the street outside blared an order to the troops that were filing past the Lion d'Or.

"Oh, papa," the little creature cried. But Henri Christophe knew that the situation must be faced.

"Now, Jeanne, will you prepare the rooms in four and six—two beds in each? In the others these gentlemen will sleep." He bent over her in order to emphasize his words.

"But we have guests already," she reminded him.

Her father turned a rueful face upon the major.

"Ah, m'sieu, I had forgotten. We have two lodgers," he explained.

"Who are they?"

"One is an American gentleman, m'sieu; and the other a Frenchwoman."

"Well, put them out of their rooms. We must occupy them."

"You hear, Jeanne?" Christophe said.

"Oui, mon pere."

"Then hurry, my child!" he urged her.

Major von Brenig gave her one last order.

"And tell those two—those guests—they shall report here to me at once."

"Oui, m'sieu." Jeanne Christophe hurried away then.

"And now, m'sieu, I go to prepare your dinner," her father told the officer.

"Just a moment! You have here no firearms of any description?"

"None, m'sieu."

"You have no telephone?"

"None, m'sieu."

Major von Brenig wheeled about then, and waved his hand at some large placards which his men had already fastened to the walls of the room.

"Now, my friend, you see those proclamations?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

"It is well that you heed them," the officer said sternly. "If there is any attempt at communication with the enemy, if there is any attack on our men by civilians from this house or any other house, the inmates of that house, together with the mayor of your town, whom we hold as hostage, will all be shot. It is a warning to others. . . . We do not wish to do these things, but this is war, and we must

protect ourselves. . . . You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said Henri Christophe.

"We shall take what supplies we need," the major continued, "but any officer or man who refuses to pay you a just price, you will report to me, and he will be punished. If you demand an unjust price, you will be punished."

"Yes, m'sieu."

The subdued innkeeper had already started to leave the room when the officer's keen eye caught sight of something that immediately interested him. At his feet he noticed a hasp and padlock. And with characteristic German thoroughness he at once desired to solve the mystery.

"Wait! What's this?" he demanded. "Only the entrance to the wine cellar!" Christophe told him.

"Open it!"

"Yes, m'sieu." Henri Christophe stooped and unlocked the heavy padlock. "Voilà, m'sieu!" he exclaimed as he lifted the trapdoor.

"Good!" said the major as he peered into the dark cavern. "Later on you will bring up some wine. It will be excellent for tonight."

Christophe had started to close the trap when the major halted him again.

"Is there any outlet to the cellar save this?" he asked thoughtfully.

"None, m'sieu."

"Baum," said the major, "make sure he is telling the truth—that no one could escape that way."

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and, detaching a flashlight from his belt he descended the steps that led into the cellar.

"Now you may go cook dinner," the major told the innkeeper.

Once rid of preliminaries, Major von Brenig addressed himself to Larry Redmond, who all this time had been a silent onlooker to the proceedings. "Ah! You must be Captain Karl," he said.

"Yes, Herr Major!" Larry answered.

"I was told that you had only just reported—your papers said on some special mission. Can I be of assistance?"

"I thank you, major; but at the moment there is nothing," Larry told him.

"Perhaps you will dine with me?" Major von Brenig said. He was a hospitable man. And he understood that Captain Karl was held in high esteem by his superiors.

"I thank you, Herr Major. Auf wiedersehen!" Larry replied. And he walked to the door. He was not keen to dine with the German officer, and face his frankly scrutinizing eyes, and perhaps have embarrassing questions fired at him. But he saw no decent way of declining. And there was always the chance that such mingling with enemy officers might yield valuable information. If he should be caught—well that was all in the game.

Lieutenant Baum, returning from the wine cellar, announced that he had discovered no opening other than the one furnished by the trapdoor in the floor.

"Good!" the older officer said. "Now I shall go to my room and change my boots. I have not had them off for over a week."

"You have not questioned the French lady or the American," the lieutenant reminded him.

"I shall leave that to you and Sergeant Schmidt," the major replied.

It was only a few minutes before Lieutenant Baum had summoned Ethel before him. He asked her name.

"I am Madame de Lorde," she told him.

"A Frenchwoman?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

He regarded her narrowly.

"You are perhaps a woman spy—they say the French have many spies. I must search you," he announced, to her consternation.

"Oh, monsieur, may I speak privately with you?" she begged him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Only I wish to show you something."

"What trick is this?" he asked with asperity.

But Ethel only smiled at his gruffness. Lieutenant Baum was a good-looking chap.

"Surely you are not afraid of me—one little woman!" she said archly.

"And a very pretty woman!" His hand sought his mustache again.

"Well, what is it, madame?"

Ethel drew him slightly to one side. All but three of the infantrymen billeted upon Henri Christophe had withdrawn. But the remaining guard was all eyes and ears for this cross-examination of a possible spy.

Does it seem possible that Madame de Lorde can "put it over" on the German officers and get an opportunity to give the precious information she seeks to the French?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Careful Answer.

"Darling, if you had it to do all over again would you still want to marry me?" "My dear, if I had it to do over again and decided to marry, you would be the one I would select."

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)  
(Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

### LESSON FOR OCTOBER 15

#### APPEAL TO CAESAR.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 25 (vv. 1-12). GOLDEN TEXT—It is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher, and the servant as his Lord.—Math. 10:25.

Teachers ought to urge their scholars to read Chapters 24, 25 and 26 thoroughly, and with the use of a map locate the places mentioned. The date of this lesson is A. D. 59, and it occurred at the crisis of the events which determined the way Paul should go to Rome, Nero being the emperor at that time.

I. Paul in the Prison at Caesarea (vv. 1-6). Paul was worn out, badly in need of rest, and is given during this imprisonment much freedom. He was accompanied by Luke, his physician, and probably some of his other friends. For almost 20 years Paul had been living a strenuous life, crowded full of labors that would have crushed an ordinary man. Now for some considerable time he had time to thoroughly master and assimilate the truth which he had been preaching, the results of which have come down to us in the form of letters, seven of which at least were written during and after the events of this lesson. His imprisonment also gave many of his friends opportunity to secure his counsel and guidance. The vindictiveness and hatred of the Jews is evident by this new plot whereby they sought the help of Festus against Paul. The corrupt Felix had been succeeded by a more upright man, Festus. The scheme of these enemies of Paul and of Jesus had already resulted in giving Paul an opportunity to preach Jesus as the Christ and the judge of men to persons who otherwise would not have been within the scope of his influence. Through his persecution he had reached leading officials and educated men of the Romans and of the Jews. Bunyan, in Bedford jail, and Luther in Wittenberg Castle, are illustrations of the principle that, "difficulties are the stones out of which all God's houses are built."

Felix, on giving up his office to his successor, left Paul bound (Ch. 24:27) though he knew he ought to be released, but by this vile, iniquitous act, he gave Paul another one of his desired opportunities to witness for Christ in high places. The shrewdness of Festus saved Paul from falling into the trap of the Jews, for God was guiding Festus, and at the same time guarding Paul.

II. Paul's Appeal to Caesar (vv. 7-12). The Jews made many and grievous complaints, but without bringing a single witness to prove their assertions. Doubtless these were the same old charges that had been brought before Felix through Tertullus two years before, and which now, as then, could not be proved. Paul was permitted to answer for himself, and he declared that he had broken neither the Jewish nor the Roman law. Most of the enemies of Christianity and of the Bible "lay many and grievous charges against it which they cannot prove." In all ages the enemies of God and his word mistake strong and confident charges and vilifications as proofs. Paul's life was absolutely clean, and he could say, "I have not sinned at all" (v. 8 R. V.) in any of the directions in which he was charged. Festus, as the newly appointed governor, desired to do the Jews a favor; literally, desired to gain their favor. Therefore he said to Paul, "Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me?" This amounted to an acquittal of Paul on the charges that would come under the Roman law.

There remained only such charges as would naturally come before the Sanhedrin, and the question was whether Paul would accept an informal acquittal from the Roman court on condition that he submit to a trial before his own people on the other count. Festus wished to throw upon Paul the responsibility of refusing to go to Jerusalem, and to avoid displeasing the Jews.

Festus got a courteous but a stinging and well deserved rebuke from his prisoner. Paul was perfectly willing to take any punishment he deserved, even unto death, but, having a clear conscience, he had no fear of Festus or any man. His appeal to Caesar was most unexpected. It confused Festus and baffled the Jews. The Lord's own words on his midnight visit to Paul in prison are here suggested (25: 11).

Festus could make but one decision, "Unto Caesar thou shalt go." Paul's sincere and open character was the means of his safety and power.