

Under Fire

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By Richard Parker

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

SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Wiltonby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British Embassy and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, recently 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Streetman waited until the butler had withdrawn before he so much as spoke to her.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 feet—did you find out about the feet?" 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 fleet 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.

"Ethel, 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 released 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 so great 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. "Yes; 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 then 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 nonplussed.

"But what can I do? I can't arrest him—your husband," he told her.

"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 best 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.

"Volla, 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 his 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 duster. 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 Kari," 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.

PITCHES AS IF HE HAD TIME TO BURN



EDDIE PLANK, VETERAN SOUTHPAW PITCHER.

"I have been pitching this way for 16 years," said Eddie Plank, when called to task the other day for stepping off the rubber before delivering the ball. Eddie's way is unique, however, as well as tiresome, in that he usually drags a game over two hours.

His endless delays fret the batters, but amuse the fans. The former Mackman's routine in delivery is approximately as follows:

Hitches belt, adjusts cap, walks back to box in half circle, faces batter and stretches arms, steps on rubber with left foot and taps right foot to ground eight times when the ball is delivered to batter, tucks in shirt with every third ball pitched, gazes into sky over third base on every called ball, dislodges imaginary pebble in pitcher's box every time batter has three balls and one strike or three and two.

SHERROD SMITH PLAYS GOLF

Disgusted Caddie Refers to Him as "Some Woodpecker" When He Drives Ball Into Woods.

"Jack Coombs, Sherrod Smith, a newspaper man and I were playing a foursome on one of the Pittsburgh golf links the other day, and the caddie who had Smith in tow was greatly awed by his illustrious employer," said Nap Rucker, star southpaw of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the other day.

"There's a thick wood to the right of the first tee, and Smith, who swings left-handed, just as he pitches, hooked

his first ball into the woods. He tried again. Once more he smashed the ball into the woods. In rapid succession he drove eight balls into the tall and uncut.

"The caddie was disgusted. He was no longer proud he was Sherrod Smith's caddie. Finally he could keep still no longer.

"'Gee! Mr. Smith,' he shouted; 'you're some woodpecker!'"

BALL PLAYERS MUST BEHAVE

President Tener of National League inaugurates New Era of Conduct—Managers to Help.

President Tener is inaugurating a new era of conduct on the part of ball players in the National league. He announces that the club owners are to help him make the players behave.

Every manager will help him make the players of the other seven teams behave, but it is a question about making their own players act well.

MUZZLE PLACED ON PLAYERS

Those Sitting on Bench Must Confine Remarks to Themselves—Must Not Address Umpire.

A new ruling in baseball forces players who are on the bench to confine their remarks to members of their own team, and does not allow them to address the umpire. They've de-bur-talized the game to such an extent that umpiring nowadays is hardly considered a precarious occupation.—Detroit News.

The Detroit club has purchased Out-fielder Jacinto Calvo from Vancouver of the Northwestern league and turned him over to San Francisco for the Coast league season.

Fred Jacklitch, one-time Brooklyn catcher, is the latest ex-Fed to sue the defunct outlaws under his "mutual" contract. He wants the Baltimore Feds to pay him \$3,300.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Oscar Stange's latest injury is a broken thumb.

The Cleveland club denies it is after Pitcher Joe Bush of the Athletics.

Because of the war in Europe the price of umpire's indicators has advanced.

Pacific Coast League batting averages show Bunny Brief leading home-run hitter of the league.

Dave Hickman will return to the Brooklyn Dodgers at the close of the North Carolina league season.

Harry Wolter was one of the best hitters on the New York Yankees when Chance was manager of that team.

Washington has a Judge playing first base. Every time he falls down there is always a place on the bench for him.

The Cleveland club seems to have made a mistake in letting go of Elmer Smith, the youngster who hits the ball so hard.

Lena Blackburne, former White Sox favorite, has been named as successor to Joe Birmingham as head of the Toronto team.

President Johnson's orders against remarks from players from the bench is even more drastic than that of President Tener.

Hank Robinson having demonstrated that he can pitch good ball, the St. Louis Cardinals decided to recall him from Little Rock.

The Detroit club will give a trial to Artie Kohler, who has been making his mark as a catcher with the Gettysburg team of the Blue Ridge league.

Certain Western league club owners have been feeding out Frank Isbell of Des Moines to see if he would accept the office of president of the league.

Baseballs being just as round in the National as they were in the Federal league, it is hard to understand Knuff's inability to hit in the parent organization.

There is this difference between playing third base for the Athletics and guarding a front position on the Somme—the man on the Somme will get a pension.

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