

#### SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Bir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household. admiraity 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.

Here is a big opportunity for Charlie Brown, the New York newspaper correspondent, to show either a world of good sense or a state of mind bordering on insanity. The problem is up to him-whether he will stick by his friends, no matter what occurs, or consider the safety of his own person. There is a big thrill in this installment. It describes the meeting and planning of spies.

#### CHAPTER XII-Continued.

Ethel consented to the arrangement. She was immensely relieved that the quick-witted journalist so readily accepted her alias.

'Good, good!" their delighted host exclaimed. "Sweet consomme, eh? Boiled chicken, an artichoke, a bit of salad, and some coffee—real American coffee, without chicory, eh, m'sieu?" He was already edging toward the door that led kitchenward, to begin his preparations for a meal that should forever perpetuate his inn in the memories of his two guests.

"Great! Sounds immense!" Mr. Brown rejoined with enthusiasm.

"Yes, m'sieu-immense! That is your good American word. . shall serve such a dinner as the Lion d'Or never has seen before!" And Henri disappeared in high spirits. After the depressing duliness of the past weeks it was indeed exhilarating to minister to two appreciative pa-

By the time Christophe had vanished Ethel Willoughby had quite recovered her self-possession. And when Charlie Brown turned to her with a look of inquiry upon his face she was ready to meet his scrutiny with a stout beart.

"You seem surprised—and quite naturally," she said, "at hearing that man call me Madame de Lorde."

"Well, that afternoon I knew you as Miss Willoughby," he replied.

"But I was then Madame de Lorde," Ethel explained glibly. "You see, Mr. Brown, I'd been married secretly." "Secretly?"

"There were reasons—good reasons," she rejoined. "I could not explain what they were then; nor can I

"Surely-surely!" he acquiesced, for he had not the slightest desire to pry into her private affairs. "But what on earth are you doing in this deadand-alive spot?" And then, in the next breath, he exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration came to him, "Oh, by George! How dull of me! You're honeymooning, of course!"

"Not exactly!" Ethel replied, just a bit lamely, perhaps. "My husband isn't here-just now. He had some business in Brussels, but I came on ahead."

She had, indeed, left Streetman in the Belgian capital. "Shall you be staying long?" she asked Mr. Brown. "No! I'm off in the morning," he informed her.

The information relieved her vastly She had not relished the thought of having to confess to the American that Monsieur de Lorde was no other than his erstwhile acquaintance of the tea party-Henry Streetman. But as a spy in his majesty's service, Ethel took as easily to subterfuge as a duck to water. She surprised herself often by the readiness with which plausible tales sprang to her stps.

"Oh! Then you won't be able to meet Monsieur de Lorde," she said with a note of regret. "I don't expect him till tomorrow."

Charlie Brown murmured his regret at that circumstance.

"But what are you doing here?" Ethel asked him then. "Perhaps you've a secret in your past too?" she added

But Mr. Brown could lay claim to

no such romantic excuse. "Oh, I came over looking for a war,"

he explained.

"And you haven't found it?" Nothing like it at all!" he replied. "The day after I saw you I got a straight tip to beat it for Belgium. I bought you one-and-a-half cylinder 6 bicycle, and I've pedaled away for e days, till I feel all legs and back. right name, this minute, is George Achewell!" And Charlie Brown down by the table upon which Ma-

"Mr. Brown," Ethel said, "you're not English. I am; but you are an Anglo-Saxon, and your must sympathize with the allies."

"Sure I do!" was his prompt response.

"Then, whatever happens while you're here," she continued with an air of great earnestness, "whatever happens, I want you to remember that I am English, and that it is England I serve always. . . You will believe

"Oh, of course I will!" he assured her And immediately a thought came into Charlie Brown's head that made him start. "And by the way," he said, "while I think of it, I want to warn you about that chap I met at tea at your place. Streetman, he called himself. You remember him?"

To hide her confusion Ethel rose and moved a few steps away from the table.

"Yes, I remember him very well," she answered.

"I happened that night to get some dope on him," Charlie went on, in entire innocence of the effect his words had upon her. "He's what you might call a professional spy-working for the German secret service now. That's why he stuck up for them that afternoon; but really he's a Russian."

"A Russian!" Ethel exclaimed, startled, in spite of herself, by that surprising news.

"Yes," he continued, "He got kicked out of Russia ten years ago for some daily business. Then he worked for the English against the Boers. They couldn't stand him either-he's an awful rotter. I don't know much about him after that. Now he's with the Germans, . . You'll forgive my speaking of this," he said, "but I thought perhaps as you're in the admiral's family, he might be trying to pump you about some of the navy's secrets."

"Oh-thank you for telling me!" she exclaimed gratefully. And, somehow, she felt the least bit guilty that she could not be frank with hin.. "And one thing more-" she added, as he seemed about to leave her, "you won't speak of meeting me here? . . You'll promise, won't you, even though I can't explain?"

"My dear girl," he protested, "I've been on so many stories, I've interviewed so many people, I've seen so much of human nature, that I know pretty well when to print a story and in a low voice. when to kill it-and I'll go through for

Ethel turned to him impulsively, gratefully.

"Thank you-you're a dear!" she told him.

And at that moment the French spy -he of the newspaper-returned.

And, paying scant heed, apparently, to Ethel and her companion, he sat down at a table, lighted another cigarette, and resumed his intent reading once more.

As soon as he caught sight of the stranger Charlie Brown warned Ethel with a quick "Ssh!"

"It must be nearly time for dinner," Madame de Lorde remarked carelessly, as if their conversation bore only upon trivial matters.

"That's so. And if we're going to dine together I think I'll go wash upor the folks will think I belong here," Mr. Brown said, glancing down at the wreck of his once immaculate new English suit. "Oh, I almost forgot my vanity bag!" he exclaimed. And he retrieved his paper parcel from the table where he had dropped it. Then he went joyfully to his room.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Der Tag.

Meanwhile Ethel Willoughby, alias Madame de Lorde, strolled aimlessly to the cigar counter and leaned negligently against it. Her feelings were decidedly mixed-compounded of pleasure and uneasiness. As it turned out, she found it agreeable to meet Mr. Brown. It was a distinct relief to be able to talk to someone against whom she was under no necessity of being on her guard. But at the same time, a matter of business had brought her to Courvoisier, and the inn. To be sure, Streetman expected to join her there later. But in the meantime Ethel ex- just the proper moment. pected to meet someone else first. Who that person might be she did not know, except that the unknown was a spy in the service of the French.

No sooner did he find himself alone with Ethel than the little Frenchman

dropped his paper. "Bonjour, madame!" he said.

"I beg your pardon!" Ethel said.

"Do not look around-stay where you are!" the stranger told her crisply. All at once it occurred to her that this somewhat inferfor-looking individual might be he whom she sought. But she could not be sure. And she resolved to bide her time.

"Really, sir," she said, with assumed hauteur, "I beg you to explain this from his room.

mystery—this "Mystery-" he took the word out of her mouth-"shall we say rather is a cloud of dust and people are runthe mystery of General Jacques," he ning down that road; some are coming corrected her politely.

"Oh, you are-"

"A friend of France! . . And our password?" He waited for her to supply the mystic word.
"Courvoisier!" she said in a

"Good!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "The other day to General Jacques at the fort you offered your services for France," he ventured.

"He wishes now to take advantage your offer."

"I am ready," she answered quietly. He proceeded swiftly to the business in hand.

"The Germans will be here tonight. and here the road forks, one turn to room and flung herself into her fathe right, the other to the left-you ther's arms.

"It is important, the general says, that he should know which road the Germans take-whence comes the attack. . . You are to inform him by telephone."

"But they will cut the wires," Ethel objected.

"All that they can find," he agreed "But last night, while the others slept, we have strung a wire from the fort to-that chimney!" By the merest nod he indicated the huge fireplace that projected into the room.

"Here?" she exclaimed. He bowed.

"I have beneath my coat a telephone," he continued hurriedly. "If madame will be good enough to change places with me and keep watch, while I connect the instrument, the affair will be simple."

"Of course!" Ethel responded. The Frenchman stole to the fireplace and crept inside the wide opening.

And while his head and shoulders vanished momentarily up the chimney he busied himself with his work of attaching the instrument to the dangling wire within.

"All is well?" he called in a low voice, as his deft fingers twisted the ends of the wire.

"It is done," the little man declared. He quickly brushed a few clinging particles of soot from his sleeves. The telephone is in the far corner,' he explained, "beneath some branches. It cannot be seen."

"And what am I to do?" she asked "At the earliest possible moment after the Germans-arrive and you have found out which road they take. call on that instrument. An officer will be waiting every moment from now on. I have signaled that the connection is made."

"I understand-and you may depend on me," she promised.

And he had already reached the door to take his departure when he came to a sudden halt. "Now may I ask you are Madame de Lorde?" he inquired in his quaint English.

"Yes!"

demanded in alarm.

"Now it is perhaps best that you be told," . . he continued. "Before you came a gentleman in the service of your country, a gentleman who met you in Brussels-he ask for you." Ethel started at his announcement,

And she drew nearer to him. "Captain Redmond!" she exclaimed

"Ssh-ssh-madame!" he warned her.

'It was he," he whispered. "Is he here?" she asked eagerly. "He could not wait. He must return to his work," he enlightened her. "But what was he doing here?" she

The little Frenchman waved her to a nearby chair.

"Not so close, madame!" he begged. She sat down obediently. "What was he doing here?" she

"He came to arrange about the telephone," the fellow told her. "It is

his plan." "His plan! Then he will come

back-" "He could not be certain, madame." "But he's alive, and well-" could hardly wait for his answer.

"Yes, madame, quite so." "Oh, thank God!" Ethel murmured, in a tone of vast thankfulness. Her fellow-spy smiled at that-a

happy smile. "I am glad I have told you." he said. "I had thought perhaps it was an affair of the heart. He had the look. . . . And now, madame, for what you will do permit me to thank

you. It is for France." "And for Larry!" Ethel murmured

It was Ethel's turn to warn him then. For a door opened. Henry Christophe had returned.

"Good day, m'sieu!" the little man said cheerfully. And he departed. "Ah, madame! Dinner is ready!"

Christophe announced to Ethel. "And where is the American gentleman?" "I fancy he will be here directly," she told him.

"Ah, good, good! But we must not spoil the chicken," he said. He had taken especial pains with that chicken, and he wished it to be served at

"I say!" Mr. Brown exclaimed. just happened to glance out of my window. What's going on over there?"

"Why, nothing, m'sieu!" his host replied happily. "And your dinner is ready. It is delicious, I promise you." Curiously enough, Mr. Brown's interest in dinner had suddenly abated. "But something is happening! Look

for yourself!" he urged. Henri Christophe went to the door and gazed down the village street. And while he stood there, looking through the shimmering heat-waves that flickered above the cobblestones,

Charlie Brown took another survey of the commotion he had witnessed

"Yes, yes, m'sieu-you are right!" Christophe exclaimed presently. "There this way." . . . He turned away from the door. And upon his broad

And face there was an expression akin to bewilderment. "What can it mean, m'sieu?" he asked.

"It's the Germans!" Charlie cried in great excitement. "Oh!" Despite the tight rein she

tried to keep on herself, that one low cry would come leaping to Ethel's

Half fearful, half incredulous, Henri Christophe stood stock still and gazed stupidly at the American.

"That I cannot believe!" he said at lest. But in a moment more he had to believe it. Even little Jeanne knew it. She came flying into the

"Mon pere, mon pere! The Germans are coming!" she cried in terror. Her father looked down at her ten-

"There, there! Do not cry!" Christophe said, trying as best be could to calm her fears. "They will not hurt you or me.'

As for Charlie Brown-he promptly forgot all personal considerations. He became at once the newspaper man. the news-gathering machine. "The Germans are coming! And I'm

be exclaimed. It was what he had dreamed of. Henri Christophe put his daughter away from him, as an uneasy thought

in the thick of it! God, what a story!"

crept over him. "Go to your room, Jeanne, and stay there till I call you," he said gently. A confused murmur, as of many voices shouting in the distance, pene-

ed. And with every moment that passed it grew louder. From his post in the window Charlie Brown beheld a column of people sweeping up the road. They were still some distance off. But even through the dust be could see that it was a horde of frightened people, men, wom-

trated that still room where they wait-

en, children "Where are they from, my friend?" Charlie asked his startled host.

"They come from many miles away, think, m'sieu," he answered. "I know everyone in this neighborhood; and these are strangers to me."

"Here they come!" the American said excitedly, as the vanguard of the rabble poured up the street almost to the place where he waited and watched. "You'd better go to your room, Madame de Lorde," he told

"Yes, perhaps I had," she admitted. But she still lingered, fascinated by the contagious fear that impelled those peasants onward. A man, disheveled, wild-eyed, thrust his head in at the door of the Lion d'Or.

"The Germans are coming!" be warned them. "You'd better get outthey're coming this way!" he repeat-



"I Have Beneath My Coat a Tele

phone." ed breathlessly. It was plain that he had run far. And immediately he started on again. But Charlie Brown

called to him. "Wait a minute!"

"You are sure?" Christophe inter-

The man came inside then. "Sure! Sure! They're not a mile ahead!" he gasped between great soblike breaths. And already Christophe's neighbors crowded through the doorway and peered curiously at the fellow. "They came through our town-I saw 'em-I-I, Andre Lemaire. . . . I saw 'em-all graylike-millions of 'em-and they're still coming! There's

no end to them!" "But we have done nothing. They will not hurt us," the innkeeper told him innocently.

The man turned his piteous eyes upon . Christophe - upon Christophe, who had not yet learned what was in store for him.

Does It occur to you that Madame De Lorde may be discovered as a spy by the Germans the first time she tries to make a move? There is a fine piece of graphic descriptive work in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Philadelphian is the inventor of a paper bag the top of which is reenforced and so cut that it forms a

# PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES 32,850,000,000 CUPS OF TEA

The people of the United States consumed 32,850,000 a during the year ending June 30, 1916. At least enough ported into the United States to brew that many cups of The imports for the year amounted to 109,500,000 pounds one pound for every man, woman and child in the con 000,000 pounds more ten was consumed during this year

preceding 12 months. Uncle Sam is taking good care of his ever-increase drinking peeple, and in order better to protect them to adulterated tea he maintains a special corps of examiner examiners, all under the direction of a supervisor locate ton. There are at present seven examiners in the seven country, and whenever tea is imported from a port when examiner a sample is sent to an examiner at the nearest

Whenever ten is rejected by any of the examiners is immediately shipped to the office of the supervisor, tested and compared with its respective government quality, purity and fitness for consumption.

It is the opinion of the Englishmen, and, indeed, experts here, that in spite of the fact that so much to in the United States, Americans, as a rule, do not know it properly, and therefore, the very good ten that reaches and Uncle Sam allows no tea here that is not good-in

# SMALL PART OF COST TOBACCO OU

No Burden in Free Text Books, Says Uncle Sam.

Exaggerated Ideas Prevail, It is Declared, as to Amount Spent for

This Part of School Equipment . In the United States. Uncle Sam does not believe that the introduction of free text books in the schools would add greatly to the cost of the public school system or increase

the rate of taxation for school purposes to any extent. He cites figures to show that the cost of text books is a relatively small item in the total expenditure for school purposes. Officials of the United States bureau of education declare that exaggerated ideas prevail concerning the total number of text books sold in the Uni-

ted States each year. It is said that confidential data obtained by the bureau from 50 text-book publishers, who handle 99 per cent of the total text-book sales of the country, show that their aggregate sales annually of text books for use in public schools, elementary and high, aggregate about \$15,000,000. According to figures which have

been compiled by experts of the bureau, the total enrollment in public elementary and high schools amounts to about 18,500,000. Excluding the elementary school enrollment of California, since California prints its own elementary books, the number becomes 18,250,000. For each child enrolled in the public schools in the United States, therefore, the total annual sale of text books is about 80 cents. It has been figured that the total expenditure per child for all school purposes is approximately \$38.31. The cost of text books is therefore approximately 2 per cent of the total cost of maintenance, support and equipment . The cost per child on the school population basis—five to eighteen years of age-according to officials of the bureau, is 56.6 cents; the annual per capita cost of text books on the total population basis is less than 15 cents.

### UNCLE SAM HAS REMOVED **GREAT AVIATION HAZARD**

Government's Experts Have Eliminated Danger of Bursting Propellers, It is Announced.

Uncle Sam's experts have succeded in removing one of the paramount hazards in aviation, it is announced. The bursting of aerial propellers has been the source of a large part of aviation accidents and the danger of this has now been eliminated, it is said.

Under the new \$13,000,000 congressional appropriation, the foremost minds of the land are now combining to make aeroplanes as nearly perfect as can be done and to place this country's air fleets on a footing with those of European nations.

The executive committee of the newly-appointed advisory committee for aeronautics is in charge of the experimentation. This committee consults with the best engineering talent the country provides, as well as with experts from the bureau of standards.

The chairman is Dr. S. W. Stratton, director of the bureau of standards. The other members are Prof. J. S. Ames of Johns Hopkins university; Prof. Charles C. Marvin, chief of the weather bureau; Prof. C. D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution; Lieut, Col. George O. Squire, U. S. A., and Commander Mark L. Bristol and Lieut. Commander James O. Richardson, both naval of-

Seek Recruits in Small Cities.

Uncle Sam's marine corps recently pened recruiting stations in 40 small cities from coast to coast. This action was taken to meet the demands made necessary by the recruitment of 5,000 additional enlisted marines just authorized. Recruiting activities of these "soldiers of the sea" were formerly confined to large cities—this new procedure opens the door to virgin recruiting fields. This organization has always been recruited to full authorized board is an strength, and marine corps officials are confident of filling their increased sanks in one year.

Annual Value of I Half Billia

Uncle Sam's Cens Gain of 17.6 Per -Capital of

The United State approximately half worth of cigars, of and smoking tobass year, according to b Uncle Sam. The m products of the com ing to census figure; amounted to \$490m output Increased III five-year period between it may be assumed a siderably above the mark for the present

tal invested in them employment to 2100 While there were number of persons dustry and the min in the number of gaged in the man products, and the m tors and firms es decreased 13.8 per a of salaried emple per cent and the m

### BIG TUNGSTEN

earners in the i

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The deposits and of Bishop, Inyo e April 7, 1916, the company began wat were built, ore b mill was erected w was brought in. @ began to crush on Mines company , and by the l completed a t capacity, and was a

main ore body,

much as 60 feet with The ore bodies, geological survey. mentioned by the ities on ore de source of tungst of scheelite garnet, epidote sal eral country rock are scattered which became when the granite of condition. The tered to masses subordinate sci vapors then gives

the ore bodies B UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam is

ship owner. signed by the law, creates a at \$50,000,000. buy or lease used as naval trolling share