



UNDER FIRE

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COMPILED FOR THE MAGAZINE BY THE MAGAZINE SUBMITTERS

This is a story of the European war. It is a tale of spies—of love and intrigue among them; of patriotism and sacrifice; of war's horrors and demands. It is not a plea for preparedness or for anything else. The great conflict across the water will produce some great literature—such as the American Civil war and the Franco-Prussian war and the Napoleonic wars produced—and much trash. Metropolitan critics unite in saying that "Under Fire" makes a bid for lasting popularity. Read it and judge for yourself.

CHAPTER I.

Just a Hint of Scandal.

Georgy Wagstaff sauntered into Miss Ethel Willoughby's sitting room, attired in the daintiest and fluffiest of summer costumes. Georgy was the daughter of Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty. She found the room deserted, except for her father's admiral butler, who was at the moment in the act of placing a tea-tray upon Miss Willoughby's table.

"Oh, Brewster—is Miss Willoughby in?" she inquired.

The correct Brewster immediately straightened himself up in his best manner.

"No, miss! I think not," he replied. Georgy strolled to the window.

"I dare say Ethel'll be here directly," she said—to herself as much as to the butler. "I'll wait."

"Yes, miss," Brewster acquiesced. And with a bow of the utmost correctness he went out, closing the doors softly behind him.

Georgy Wagstaff stood idly looking out of the window upon the view of the Thames. It was an August afternoon and the river shimmered alluringly in the slanting sunlight. But Ethel had asked her to meet a few friends; and Georgy was fond enough of Miss Willoughby not to be repentant for having foregone the delights of a perfect summer evening out of doors. As she stood there in the window her governess entered.

"Oh! Hello, Georgy! Am I late or are you early?" Miss Willoughby called as she saw that one of her guests was already waiting.

"Both," said Georgy with a smile. "I did want two minutes with you before the others came. May I bother you now?"

"Of course!" the older girl replied. "But it's no bother," she assured her. She sat down on one end of a long settee and began to remove her gloves; whereupon her younger charge perched herself at the other end of the seat and regarded her admiringly. Miss Willoughby's fair hair had just the hint of red in it that was at the same time Georgy's despair and delight. And Ethel was far enough past the schoolgirl age to have lost that angularity which Georgy still possessed—and loathed. As for coloring, which both showed the healthy glow which is the distinguishing mark of young Englishwomen of the upper class.

"You see," said Georgy, "I'm afraid I'm going to be awfully presumptuous—"

"Nonsense!" Ethel interrupted. "You couldn't be that when you and your father have been so very good to me. Come on! Out with it!"

It was true that Ethel Willoughby felt that she was deeply in the debt of the Wagstaffs—both father and daughter. Before entering their household as Georgy's governess she had known them upon a footing of social equality. But fortune had frowned upon her. And when circumstances had become most pressing Sir George had come to her relief with the proposal that she undertake the guidance of his somewhat difficult daughter. It was not that Georgy was greatly different from other girls of the impressionable age. But Sir George's public duties left him little time to devote to the upbringing of his motherless child. And it had struck him that Ethel Willoughby was a person who at the same time would be able to sympathize with Georgy's impulses and direct them into the proper channels.

"What's on your mind, Georgy?" Miss Willoughby asked again, as the girl still hesitated.

"It's about your past," Georgy began in deadly seriousness.

Ethel laughed at her tragic manner. "Have I—a past?" she inquired lightly.

But the romantic Georgy was not to be diverted from her mood.

"That's just the question," she commented. "You know I shouldn't mind it in the least if you had. I believe in people living their own lives, in their own way." Georgy prided herself that she was "advanced." She considered the ordinary insular attitude toward what is termed morality to be stodgy and Victorian. Indeed, she quite fancied the more free-and-easy continental view of life.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Ethel demanded. If the truth were known, she felt the least bit un-

comfortable beneath the frank stare of her young friend.

"You remember a month ago, when you said you went to Brighton?" Georgy continued relentlessly.

"When I said I went to Brighton? When I went to Brighton," Miss Willoughby corrected her coldly.

But the chill of her remark was lost upon her patient cross-examiner. Georgy was too intent upon uncovering the romance that she thought she had stumbled upon to be so easily discouraged.

"Well, today at lunch Hugh Middleton said you couldn't have been in Brighton that week—" She paused to watch the effect of her bombshell.

"Did he? Really?" Miss Willoughby replied with well-feligned indifference. But beneath her cold calm her heart was beating furiously. She felt for all the world like some wild thing, trapped, at bay. And she turned away to hide the alarm that she feared would reveal itself in her face.

"Yes! He was in Paris, and—" "Paris!" Ethel echoed with a faint start.

Youth is ever cruel; and Georgy had no thought of sparing her companion. Her sole idea was that if Ethel were hiding some secret liaison she wanted to share the romance with her.

"Yes!" she went on relentlessly. "And he saw you there twice that week, and both times with Henry Streetman."

"But that's impossible!" Ethel protested.

"But Mr. Middleton seemed very positive," the younger girl said somewhat doubtfully.

"It's too absurd!" Ethel cried, forcing a laugh. "I was at Brighton, as I can very easily prove."

"Well—that's settled!" Georgy exclaimed, with an air of relief in spite of her hopes. Her feelings had, as a matter of fact, been somewhat complex. "Of course I'd only admire you for being brave enough to defy the conventions. But father wouldn't—"

"But I haven't defied conventions," Ethel insisted, placing both her hands over Georgy's as if to emphasize the truth of her statement.

"Oh, I don't care if you have," Sir Georgy's daughter told her callously. "But you ought to care," Ethel protested. "And as your governess I cannot condone such an attitude on your part. Really, Georgy, stupid as conventions may appear sometimes, nevertheless there is a bitter penalty exacted from people who break them."

Miss Wagstaff rose abruptly, as if impatient with the views of her governess; and, crossing the room, she seated herself nonchalantly upon the arm of a chair that was drawn up at one side of the tea table.

"Oh, pooh!" she exclaimed. "All that narrow-mindedness is old-fashioned."

The older girl regarded her reprovingly.

"What silly book have you been reading?" she inquired. After her advent into the Wagstaff home it had not taken her long to discover that Georgy's literary tastes had developed along lines that would scarcely have met with Sir George's approval.

Miss Georgy did not even deign to reply to Ethel's question. They had had numerous discussions—more or less heated—upon the subject of her reading, which Georgy regarded as both footless and absurd. She had openly rebelled at reading the books that Ethel recommended to her. Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell were, in her opinion, hopelessly behind the times.

"I'm glad you haven't had an affair with Henry Streetman," the younger girl remarked. "I don't like him."

"Don't you?" said Ethel, relieved that Georgy was at last convinced that her suspicions were groundless.

"No! Every time he comes into the room my back sort of goes up. Just like Rowdy when he sees a cat." Rowdy was Georgy's Scotch terrier, whose antipathy to cats was proverbial.

"Mr. Streetman has been very kind to me," her governess observed.

"Oh, don't defend him!" Georgy cried impatiently. "I know inside that you agree with me."

Miss Willoughby did not care to continue the discussion. And with an air of dismissing both Mr. Streetman and her relations with him from her own mind as well as Georgy's, she rose from the wide seat, and as she glanced at her watch exclaimed with surprise:

"Heavens! It's after five. I must fuss up a bit for the party."

But Georgy would not be put off so easily.

"Well, forewarned is forearmed," she said sententiously. It was clear that she did not intend to be squelched like a child. If Henry Streetman were still in her mind, she saw no reason why she should dissemble in order to please Ethel or anybody else.

"There's nothing to be forewarned about," Miss Willoughby observed, as she paused at the door that opened into her boudoir. "You surely have no right to put such a construction upon my acquaintance with Mr. Streetman. I can't let you say things of this sort

to me. It's not fair to me. It's not even fair to yourself."

While she was speaking the door opened and Brewster, the butler, stepped into the room.

"Mr. Streetman is calling," he announced in well-modulated tones.

"Oh, show him up!" Miss Willoughby ordered. And as soon as Brewster had vanished she shot a swift smile at her companion. "Speak of the devil—" she said good-naturedly.

"Oh, he isn't the devil," Georgy replied. "More of a snake, I think." There was certainly no reason to doubt her extreme dislike of the gentleman who was at that moment waiting below.

Ethel's hand was on the doorknob; but she hesitated long enough to say to Georgy:

"I won't be five minutes. Stay and amuse him—there's a good girl!"

"Not I!" Miss Georgy declared. "If he wants to be amused he can read Punch." And as she spoke she slipped off her perch on the chair-arm and started for the door through which Brewster had disappeared.

"Don't be rude to him, please, Georgy!" Miss Willoughby entreated. She knew that Georgy and Mr. Streetman must meet; and she could not refrain from trying to smooth the way for her guest.

"Oh, I'll be polite enough—in my own way," Georgy replied grimly. She was well aware that she was an enfant terrible; and she often took a mischievous delight in shocking people by some unconventionality.

Ethel Willoughby had already closed her boudoir door behind her; but Georgy had not yet reached the hall before Brewster returned to usher in the caller, who was close upon his heels.

Henry Streetman, handsome, well-groomed, slightly foreign in appearance, bowed with extreme affability as he came face to face with Georgy Wagstaff.

But Georgy was decidedly cold to him. She could be frigidly haughty when she chose.

"How do you do?" she said, hardly pausing in her hasty exit from his distasteful presence. "Ethel's dressing," she told him hurriedly. "She'll be in a minute. Goodbye!" And holding up her head in undisguised scorn, she promptly left Streetman to his own devices.

CHAPTER II.

For the Fatherland.

Henry Streetman turned and stared after Georgy with raised eyebrows. A blind man could not have mistaken the animosity that the girl felt toward him. But that did not trouble Henry Streetman. He was not a person whose feelings were easily hurt.

He had hardly strolled to the center of the room when the butler reappeared and paused just inside the double doors that led into the passage.

"Close those doors!" Streetman commanded, quite as if he, and not Sir Georgy Wagstaff, were Brewster's master. And while Brewster promptly

executed his order, Streetman himself stole quickly to the door that led, as he knew, to Miss Willoughby's dressing room. He stood there, silent, for a few moments, listening. And then he returned to the waiting butler.

"What news, Herr Roeder?" he inquired.

"Nothing, mein Herr!" Under Streetman's brisk questioning the man had suddenly become metamorphosed. His manner of a most correct English butler had fallen off him like a cloak. And now he saluted his interrogator in a fashion unmistakably military—and German, at that. It was as if the fellow had two personalities.

Streetman came nearer to the fellow and bent his cold eyes upon him.

"You have searched Sir Georgy's desk?" he demanded.

"I have searched everywhere," Brewster—or Roeder—declared, still standing at attention. An onlooker could not have mistaken the fact that Streetman was the butler's superior in rank. "But I can find no trace of any papers about the navy such as you described."

"Have you tried his office?" his confederate ventured.

Henry Streetman nodded.

"Without result?" he replied, some-

what gloomily. "But somewhere he must have a copy of the admiralty instructions to the fleet. These would be in his department; and we must know at once what orders have been given to the ships at Spithead—where they are going when this review is over."

The spy, Roeder, saluted again. "I have done my best," he said apologetically.

"I am sure you have," Streetman replied. "We know the Wilhelmstrasse does not lightly overlook stupidity in one of its servants," he observed grimly. And then he motioned toward the double doors that led into the hall.

"See if anyone's coming," he said.

Roeder—or Brewster—opened the doors and peered down the length of the passage.

"No one is in sight; and I hear nothing," he reported.

"Now lock that door!" Streetman commanded, pointing toward the one behind which he knew that Miss Willoughby must be dressing.

The butler regarded him in alarm. "Pardon, mein Herr—but is it safe?" he ventured. "She is a woman—"

"Do not be alarmed," Streetman reassured him. "Miss Willoughby is easily handled. She believes that I work for the French secret service."

"Then she is a fool," his subordinate declared.

"No, no!" Streetman protested. "We must not criticize the tools that serve us." And as he spoke he went to the telephone in a corner of the room. Picking up the instrument, he paused and turned to the butler with a look of amusement. "Sir Georgy Wagstaff—Sir Georgy of his majesty's navy—would be rather surprised if he knew that from his house we were communicating with our friends, the Germans," he observed.

"Rather!" his benchmark responded, with a gleam of humor in his eyes.

"Now lock that door!" Streetman ordered once more. "And now to report to headquarters again!" he exclaimed, when the butler had turned the key noiselessly in Miss Willoughby's door. "Hello! City, 4225!" he said in a low but distinct voice.

Meanwhile the butler hovered near by.

"You think, mein Herr, there will be war?" he asked respectfully.

"I do not know. But we are ready. And if war does come, it will be Germany's hour—the day at last!" He turned to the telephone once more, and began speaking into the transmitter.

"Hello! City, 4225? Hello! Are you there? Who is speaking? Twenty-six fourteen? . . . Hello! I am thirteen seventeen," he said, giving the number by which he was known to the German secret service.

"Yes! We have no news of the English fleet; we have tried everything. . . . Very well! Goodbye!"

He put down the instrument, and a look of annoyance as well as perplexity was upon his face as he wheeled about.

"What is it, mein Herr?" his companion asked in an anxious voice. "Is it bad news?" He had long worked in conjunction with Streetman, and he was quick to detect signs of trouble upon him.

"They say they must know tonight, without fail, the destination of the English fleet," Streetman replied. . . . He cast a quick glance toward Ethel Willoughby's boudoir. "So, Miss Willoughby, you have some work to do!" he muttered, to himself more than to his confederate. "Now, unlock that door!" he ordered. "Ah! that is done, and we were not interrupted," he said in a relieved voice, when the deft Brewster had once more succeeded in turning the key silently in the lock. To expedite his prowling about the house at all hours of the day or night, Sir Georgy's butler had seen to it that such things as hinges and locks—whether upon doors or desks—were well oiled. It was his genius for details of that sort that had led to his assignment to his present duty.

Henry Streetman dropped upon Miss Willoughby's settee in an attitude of relaxation that revealed somewhat the marvelous strain which attended the performance of exploits inseparable from his profession.

"Dangerous work, eh, Herr Roeder? And poor pay!" he vouchsafed in a sudden burst of good-fellowship. For the moment he seemed almost human.

Herr Roeder pulled himself together stiffly.

"It is not for the money that I am here," he answered proudly. "It is for the Fatherland!" Despite the guarded tones in which he spoke, there was an earnestness born of sincere patriotism that made his words ring convincingly. One look at the man's face, aflame with an almost fanatic zeal, showed him to be the sort to whom a country may well trust her secrets.

There is a hint that young Georgy Wagstaff, hating the sight of Streetman, suspects him instinctively and has watched him and the butler. What do you say?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Couldn't Have It.

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty woman in a crowded car kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I've, but I don't lend it to strangers."—London Chronicle.

HERE'S ONE OF REASONS WHY EVERS HATES UMP'S

Captain of Braves Tells About Run-in He Had With Official in Game at St. Louis Several Years Ago.

Johnny Evers tells about a run-in he had with Umpire Rigler at St. Louis some years ago. "The fans in St. Louis always rode me there," said Evers, laughing. "They never seemed to let up on me. They'd call me a crab and all that. It was a bit annoying, but I paid no attention to them."

"Finally, one series, we were playing our last game with the Cards. It came to the ninth inning and we Cubs were ahead something like seven to one. It was easy going for us, but still those fans continued to ride me."

"I am sure you have," Streetman replied. "We know the Wilhelmstrasse does not lightly overlook stupidity in one of its servants," he observed grimly. And then he motioned toward the double doors that led into the hall.

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FAMOUS OLD PORT

MARSEILLES A POINT OF IMPORTANCE FOR CENTURIES.

French City, Older Than the Country Itself, Is Now the Naval Base of the Forces of the Entente Allies.

"Marselles, the unwearyed contestant for Mediterranean trade during 26 centuries, and the city wherein the earliest naval traditions of France were formed, whence fleets were sent before Rome's day of power to challenge the great Mediterranean port-city, Carthage, is today the principal naval base for the allies upon the Middle ocean; and, with the shifting of the stress of the world-war toward the east, to the Balkans, to Turkey-in-Europe, to Syria and Mesopotamia, it is become a place of first strategic consequence, while, from its harbor, a steady stream of the 'sinews of warfare' is pouring into the vital fields bordering the Eastern seacoast," begins the primer on war geography issued today by the National Geographic society.

"Marselles has been an important city through all of Europe's historic ages. It has been in competition for the commerce of its inland sea from earliest times; has seen its competitors, one by one, reach their zenith and decline, while it still remains a foremost Mediterranean port. Its rivals today are of the younger set of cities, Genoa, comparatively youthful, and Trieste, a newcomer into the fold of contending world-ports.

"Genoa, though of about equal age with Marselles as a harbor, first came into commercial fame during the early middle ages. Sidon, Tyre, Athens, Corinth, Carthage, Ragusa, Pisan, Venice and a host of other cities have at one time and another fought a bitter rivalry with Marselles, and of some of these even the history of their efforts is forgotten, while their one-time rival has passed through several declines toward an even greater future.

"Tracing its descent from early Phœnician times, the fortunes of Marselles have fluctuated with the fortunes of civilization upon the Mediterranean coasts. The Phœnicians, a Greek people whose trading instincts carried them beyond the confines of the known world of their day, came after the Phœnicians, took Marselles from them and made it the New York of the ancient world. Due to their enterprise Marselles became the first of trading cities, and, during the Punic wars, its aid saved Rome.

"Situated in the center of things Mediterranean on the Gulf of the Lion, enjoying the advantages of an excellent harbor, well equipped, together with a rich and productive hinterland, Marselles has again become the first port on the inland sea, the first port of France, the second city of the republic and one of the wealthiest communities in Europe. It lies 534 miles south-southeast of Paris, with which it is connected by the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean railway. The manufacturing city of Lyons lies 219 miles to the north upon the River Rhone, whose principal channel reaches the Mediterranean sea, 25 miles west of Marselles.

"While Marselles possesses few architectural extravagancies, it is well and solidly built and thoroughly modern. It has preserved no interesting remains from ancient times; for the modern spirit, which has characterized its long life, has left it little appetite for reminiscence, and the wars that have swept over it have destroyed much of its heritage. The public works of the city and its conveniences, however, are on a par with those of the best-administered municipalities of today.

"The port does a vast export and import in peace times; buying cattle, coffee, raw cotton and silk, hides and grain, and selling cotton and woolen goods, ribbons, soap, silk, sugar, grain, fruits, wine, oil and perfumes. Its shipping business is carried on along 12 miles of model quays where 2,500 vessels can be accommodated at one time."

Lightning's Freak.

Lightning recently at Spartansburg, S. C., snapped around the premises of J. Y. Cantrell. His two children, sitting in a swing fastened to one of two trees situated close together, had their dresses scorched by a bolt of lightning which struck the tree, tearing the bark off in places but not hurting the children in the least. Four miles hitched to a wagon in the road just opposite the tree were knocked down, one being killed. A fence 40 feet farther down the road was set on fire. A single bolt of lightning performed the whole feat. Besides knocking down the four miles hitched to the wagon in the road the lightning made a hole as large as a water bucket just behind the wagon. The bolt set the fence of a hogan fire which was on the opposite side from the two trees, and at least 40 feet down the road.

Prussian Cities Buy Milch Goats.

A number of German cities have taken practical steps to solve the milk problem, which still is very serious in the large centers of population. Twelve of the largest Prussian municipalities have bought 75,000 goats in Switzerland. The animals have been turned over to the owners of small farms in the suburbs of the cities on condition that they deliver 70 per cent of the milk obtained from the goats to the relief stations, where it is distributed among poor families with small children. The goats furnish 200,000 quarts of milk a day.

The Difference.

Among the many things we admire in woman, says an Ohio paper, is the way she can dine once a year at the fashionable hotel and use the finger bowl with the utmost sang froid, whereas her husband counts himself remarkably fortunate if he doesn't actually knock the thing off the table.



Johnny Evers.



"All That Narrow-Mindedness is Old-Fashioned."