

# Under Fire

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## SYNOPSIS.

Georgy Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, hints at a liaison between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman. Ethel denies it. Henry Streetman calls on Ethel and while waiting for her talks to Brewster, Sir George's butler, who is a German spy, about his failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He phones to German secret service headquarters.

A fine young Englishwoman is caught in the net of international plotting and is made the victim of circumstances—tragic circumstances. She becomes innocently involved with an enemy of her country and he proceeds to use her as a tool. How she is cornered and prodded, as boys might tease a wounded wild animal, is told vividly in this installment.

Streetman, the German spy, and Roeder (alias Brewster, the butler), are discussing the possibility of war.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Yes, yes! Of course!" Streetman agreed hastily, as if he would forestall any patriotic exhibition. "Still, one would like to live with the luxuries of life. One day I shall make the grand coup; and then to cease all this— He broke off suddenly, for he heard Miss Willoughby stirring on the other side of that closed door. "Sssh! To the door!"

"Very good, Brewster!" Mr. Streetman said in a clear, firm voice, which he intended to carry well beyond that closed door. "I'll wait here for Miss Willoughby."

And then Mr. Streetman bowed and left the room.

### CHAPTER III.

A Poe in the Household.  
Brewster had hardly closed the doors behind him before Ethel Willoughby appeared.

"Oh, Henry! You surprised me," she said.

"I came before the others," Streetman explained, "because there is something you must do for me at once."

"About the fleet, I suppose," she said, somewhat wearily, as she turned away from him.

"How did you know?" He shot the question at her almost too quickly for caution. But for the moment he experienced something approaching alarm. But her answer reassured him.

"Nowadays it is only of the fleet you ask," she told him. And she regarded him with eyes that were pathetic, if not reproachful. Once it had seemed to her that Henry Streetman was interested in her. But of late she had been obliged to admit to herself that that interest had quickly waned.

Her handsome caller paid no attention to the obvious complaint that lay in Ethel's answer. In the most matter-of-fact fashion he proceeded straight to the business that was uppermost in his mind.

"You must learn at once from Sir George where the ships at Spithead are going," he announced bluntly. "Find out if they sail together, or if they will disperse—and how."

As she faced him again there was beseeching in her voice, her eyes, her whole manner.

"Wait, Henry, wait!" she begged. "Before we go into that, tell me—when are you going to let people know we're married?"

Streetman remembered then that he had a many-sided role to play. And thereupon he went up to the girl; and taking one of Ethel's hands in his, while he put an arm around her, he looked down at her in a most loverlike fashion.

"Ah, my dear! I'd let them know now—this minute—if I only could!" he exclaimed.

"But we must announce our marriage at once," she said quickly.

"Announce our marriage—why?"

"Georgy Wagstaff told me just a few minutes ago that when I said I was in Brighton a friend of hers saw you and me together in Paris," she replied in tragic tones.

"You did not explain?" he asked.

"That we were on our honeymoon? No! I kept my word to you. I said I was in Brighton." She looked at him in a puzzled way as he left her then and paced the floor in a nervous fashion.

"Of course, it's easily proved that I was not in Brighton," Ethel continued. "Georgy seemed to think you and I . . . Well—you can imagine what she must have thought. Oh! why must there be this secrecy? I loathe it!" She sank upon the settee and stared moodily at the floor—a most unhappy picture of a pretty bride.

Streetman roused himself and bent over her.

"My dear! We must wait until I can arrange matters with my family,"

he explained in his most plausible manner. "Until I can come into my own again we should starve. Soon it will all be arranged." And once more he turned away from her—this time with an air of finality—as if there were really no argument against his vague protestations.

"Soon? You have said that for a month," Ethel reminded him. "You've said it ever since we were married."

"Next week, then!" he agreed in desperation. "I promise! And you will learn tonight about the fleet?" he added in the same breath.

"But, Henry, if I do ask Sir George and he tells me, isn't it rather a shabby thing to do then to come to you and—"

"No, no, no—as I've often told you!" he interrupted. It seemed to him that her objections were interminable. And under the stress of the urging from his superiors his forbearance was fast reaching its end. To hide his anxiety and his irritation, he stepped to the window and looked out.

"But Sir George trusts me," Ethel resumed. Streetman stifled a mouth-filling German oath while he listened to her. "When he answers my questions," she continued, "he does so because he thinks I'm just idly curious. He never dreams I'd repeat what he says to anyone. It all puts me in a beastly position. Sir George is a loyal Englishman, and if he thought—"

Streetman would not let her finish. He wheeled about and said sharply, to forestall even the merest mention of such a thing as an informer—let alone spy—

"And you are a loyal Englishwoman—and I am loyal to—France."

"Then why do you pass yourself off as an Englishman?"

"Because it is the wish of my employers, the French secret service. It is the wish of France," he declared in a grand manner, which he intended to carry conviction with it.

"It's all quite beyond me," she said with a hopeless air. They had had many such discussions. And never yet had she been able to understand the reasons that Streetman put forth with unvarying glibness. "Why should France wish to know about our fleet?"

"Ah! that I do not know," he replied. "The secret service gives me their instructions. It is for me to follow, not to question them. It is my work—my future." He drew nearer to her, and his masterful eyes gazed full into hers. "It is our future, Ethel!" he cried with apparent emotion.

"But isn't France England's ally?" she asked. "I can't understand why she should need this information."

"In times like these it is best for each country to know all possible about every country," he explained. "You will be doing no wrong to England when you get me the facts I desire." He sat down beside her, and, placing his arm about her, he drew her close to him. "You will find out tonight about the fleet?" he pleaded.

But there was something about his persistent wheedling that made Ethel Willoughby—or Mrs. Streetman—suspicious.

"I can't help feeling that there is something behind all this—something you are not telling me," she said slowly.

Despite his confident air, Streetman could not easily look into her searching eyes. He was uncomfortable.

"What?" he exclaimed, scarcely believing his ears.

"I understand that for some reason you are trying to bribe me with these promises of yours to betray Sir George's confidence. But I'm sick of this deception. I won't do it any longer; and you oughtn't to ask it of me."

"Indeed!" he said, with a vicious show of scorn. "And if it should happen to me to Sir George anonymously—he stressed the word—"that you had already betrayed his confidence, what would your position be here?"

He watched her narrowly, to see what effect his threat might have upon her. "You wouldn't do that?" she exclaimed, as a sudden fear gripped her. All at once it struck Ethel that her position had indeed become desperate. She had not dreamed that she would find herself in such an impasse—and at the hands of her husband, of all people.

"I should not like to do it," Streetman replied. "But I intend to learn—I shall learn—about the fleet tonight; and through you!" he declared, with undisguised determination.

She turned upon him like some hunted wild thing, ready to fight desperately in one last, mad effort.

"Oh! So that's what your love, your affection, amounts to, is it?"

"Put it any way you choose," was his callous answer. "But I must have this information. . . . Come! What do you say?"

"What is there for me to say?"

"Exactly!" he retorted. "I am glad to see that at last you appreciate the situation." They both started then at the sound of voices. "It is Sir George," Streetman said. "I shall leave presently. But I shall come back in an hour. . . . And you will have found out about the fleet?"

"Oh! I suppose so," she replied. "But it makes me hate myself—and you!"

"Really? What a pity!" he said with mock sympathy.

### CHAPTER IV.

Gathering Storm-Clouds.  
And then Sir George Wagstaff joined them, with his trusted butler, Brewster, in his wake, bearing a muffled tray.

Ethel went gladly to meet her benefactor. At least, her manner was blithesome; but her heart was leaden.

"Hello, Sir George!" she said.

"Hello, Ethel!" They were good pals—those two. The daughter of one of his oldest and dearest friends, Ethel had always occupied a niche all her own in Sir George's affections. Sir George was not of the big type

of Englishman. He was, on the contrary, not much over the height of Ethel herself. But he was undeniably impressive, with his keen, gray eyes, his fast-whitening hair, and his exquisite manners. And despite the punctilious politeness that Sir George displayed to everybody, there was something in his bearing that warned one that he was no person to trifle with.

"I just dropped in for a few minutes because I'd promised to come to your tea, Ethel; and I try never to break my word to so charming a lady."

She made a pretty curtsy. "Thank you, Sir George!"

"For you, at the admiralty, these must be troublous times?" Streetman ventured.

"Rather busy, yes!" was Sir George's somewhat short answer. He was always ready, when at leisure, to enter

upon a discussion of any topic—except such as touched upon his high office. And there he was exceedingly touchy.

"You think, then, there will be war between Russia and Germany?" Streetman asked him eagerly. He could not do otherwise than ignore Sir George's slightly frigid reply to his previous question. If he felt any resentment, he trusted to be able to pay off the score in his own way, later.

Sir George lifted his eyebrows ever so slightly as he glanced at Ethel's caller.

"That, sir, is a matter I should prefer not to discuss," he replied.

"Pardon me, sir, but as a loyal Englishman I am naturally interested."

And then Ethel stationed herself behind the tea table.

"Come! Let's talk of peace and tea," she said. It made her feel guilty to sit there and hear Streetman try to pry information out of Sir George beneath his own roof. And it seemed that the least she could do to repay him for his many kindnesses was to protect him as best she might from Streetman's indefatigable curiosity.

They had no sooner taken their cups from her when Georgy Wagstaff burst into the room.

"Hello, everybody!" she greeted them. "Here's Guy and his mother. Close behind her followed Mrs. Stephen Falconer and her good-looking son, who was, as everybody knew, more than devoted to Sir George Wagstaff's vivacious daughter. "We'd have been here earlier," Georgy explained, "but Mrs. Falconer and Guy had gone to a matinee."

"Silly show!" the blase Guy added in a bored drawl. "The eternal triangle or some such nonsense!"

"Very tiresome!" his mother agreed. "And so noisy! Full of shots and pistols—and mostly about some poor creature who'd sinned and repented."

"That's the sort of play I disapprove of, particularly for my daughter," Sir George commented from his place on the settee. "I am glad, Georgy, that you were not there."

"Oh, I saw it last week," said Georgy with mischievous satisfaction. "And you ought to go, father. You'd weep over the heroine. Frightfully damaged lady—wasn't she, Guy?"

"Oh, frightfully!" said Guy. "Completely beyond repair!"

"I knew the minute she walked on she wasn't a good woman. She was so pale and circles, and so beautifully dressed," Georgy explained, as she watched her father squirm. Shocking her respectable parent was one of Georgy's favorite diversions.

"You mustn't talk this silly cynicism," Ethel reproved the two young people.

"Don't worry," Georgy retorted. "Father knows I don't get that sort of chat from my very proper governess. It's just hereditary from him. I express what he feels but doesn't dare say."

But Sir George refused to be annoyed by his daughter's bickering. "At least I deserve credit for my modesty," he observed dryly.

Will Ethel get the damaging naval information from Sir George—and will she refuse to pass it along? Or will Sir George, suddenly suspicious of unexplained actions, refuse to talk to the girl?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Lemberg and Brody



STREET SCENE IN LEMBERG

WHEN the fortifications of the inner city of Lemberg were dismantled in 1811 and the space which they occupied was converted into promenades for the prosperous citizens of this modern Gallician capital of 200,000 inhabitants, it was doubtless assumed by many that, having suffered "the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune" for the five centuries of its municipal existence, fate would allot it a surcease from siege and capture, says the bulletin of the National Geographic society.

Lying 60 miles almost due east of Przemysl, and more than 450 miles northeast of Vienna, Lemberg is situated on the banks of the Peltew river, an affluent of the Bug. It nestles in a small valley which opens to the north, and is surrounded by hills, the most picturesque being the well-wooded Franz-Josef Berg to the northeast. To the east, a distance of 7 miles, is Tarnopol, near the Russian border, one of the first points of attack when the Muscovites pushed beyond the Gallician frontier.

A description of the modern city of Lemberg as it existed in August, 1914, requires many modifications today, for the scars of war are to be found in its many handsome homes; its broad, well-paved streets; its Roman Catholic cathedral, a handsome gothic structure completed in 1480; its Greek cathedral, completed in 1779; its Armenian cathedral in the Byzantine style, dating back to 1437, and its magnificent monuments to such Polish patriots as King John III Sobieski who, after having saved Lemberg from the Turks a few years previously, in 1683 saved all Europe from Mohammedan invasion by routing an army of 300,000 Turks encamped about Vienna, his own force numbering only 70,000.

Nearly 700 Years Old.  
Called Lwow in the Polish tongue and Leopold in Latin, Lemberg was founded by a Ruthenian prince in 1250. Nearly a hundred years later it was added to the domain of Casimir the Great, who bestowed upon the city the charter and privileges widely known during the middle ages as the Magdeburg Right.

Following the fall of Constantinople, Lemberg enjoyed a revival of trade with the East, but it was caught in the maelstrom of rebellion and pillage which swept over the Ukraine and a part of Poland during the last half of the seventeenth century, when the Cossack hetman, Chmielnicki, was directing the infamies of the "serfs' fury."

Lemberg was one of the Polish cities to fall before the arms of Charles XII of Sweden when the ill-advised Augustus II was drawn into the Great Northern war, which devastated central Europe for the first 20 years of the eighteenth century. In 1772, upon the first partition of Poland, Lemberg became an Austrian possession, and 12 years after this event Joseph II established the University of Lemberg which, at the time of the outbreak of the present war, had more than 2,000 students.

One of the most attractive parks of Lemberg, and a favorite promenade, bears the name of the Polish patriot, Jan Kilinski, a humble little shoemaker, who fought bravely in 1790, was captured and taken to St. Petersburg. After his release he returned to his shoemaker's bench and in his leisure hours wrote his recollections, a valuable record of this period of his country's history.

Since the establishment of the Gallician diet in 1861 Lemberg has enjoyed increasing prosperity. Its manufactures include machinery and iron-ware, matches, candles, liqueurs, chocolate, leather, bricks and tiles, while its commerce is largely in linen, flax, hemp, wool and oil.

In 1907 two interesting finds were made in the vicinity of this city by laborers boring for oil. The bodies of an elephant and a rhinoceros were unearthed in a remarkable state of preservation, even the hides being intact, due, probably, to the preservative qualities of the oily soil in which they were buried.

Brody a Commercial Center.  
Only about two miles beyond the Russian border, the Gallician town of Brody is a point of great strategic importance on the eastern war front because it controls an important railway line leading from Dubno, 35 miles to the northeast, to Lemberg, which is only 62 miles to the southwest.

At the beginning of the world war Brody was a thriving commercial center with a population approaching 20,000, more than two-thirds of whom were Jews. Its prosperity was checked to some extent about 40 years ago, when, after having enjoyed the privileges of a free commercial city for exactly 100 years, its charter was withdrawn.

Less than half a century before Brody was created a town in the seventeenth century it was the scene of an important battle in which the Poles, commanded by their famous grand hetman, Stanislaus Ponieckowski, defeated a Tartar army. This was the last battle of Ponieckowski's distinguished career. For a quarter of a century he was at war with Turks and Swedes, his initiation in military science being somewhat disastrous, for he was captured by the Turks in his first important engagement and was held in close confinement for three years at Constantinople. Upon his release in 1662 he was placed in command of the Polish republic's forces and with a force of 25,000 defeated 60,000 Tartars at Martynow. His achievements against the army of Gustavus Adolphus were no less noteworthy than his long series of victories whereby he succeeded in keeping the Ukraine under Polish rule.

Brody twice suffered from disastrous conflagrations during the nineteenth century. The first, occurring in 1801, destroyed 1,500 houses, while the fire of 1850 reduced 1,000 homes and business establishments to ashes.

The upper waters of the Stry river form an irregular arc extending from the southwest to the north of Brody, being ten miles distant at its nearest point, toward the northwest. Five miles from the city, just beyond the border on the Dubno-Lemberg railway, is the Russian town of Radziwilow, with a population of about 8,000.

## USE ARABS TO FIGHT LOCUSTS

Soldiers Dig Trenches Into Which Hatching Pests Were Driven and Destroyed.

Djennal Pasha put some thousands of Arab soldiers at my brother's disposition, and these were set to work digging trenches into which the hatching locusts were driven and destroyed. This is the only means of coping with the situation; once the locusts get their wings, nothing can be done with them. It was a hopeless fight. Nothing short of the co-operation of every farmer in the country could have won the day; and while the people of the progressive Jewish villages struggled to the end—men, women and children working in the fields until they were exhausted—the Arab farmers sat by with folded hands. The threats of the military authorities only stirred them to half-hearted efforts. Finally, after two months of toil, the campaign was given up and the locusts broke in waves over the countryside, destroying everything. As the Prophet Joel said: "The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. The field is wasted; the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth."

Not only was every green leaf devoured, but the very bark was peeled from the trees, which stood out white and lifeless, like skeletons. The fields were striped to the ground, and the old men of our villages, who had given their lives to cultivating these gardens and vineyards, came out of the synagogues where they had been praying and walling and looked on the ruin with dimmed eyes. Nothing was spared. The insects, in their fierce hunger, tried to engulf everything in their way.—Alexander Aaronsohn, in Atlantic.

## A Horrible Accident.

A popular sportsman, being vastly conceited about his fine figure, wore corsets to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the road. A farm laborer ran to render him assistance. The first-aid man began to feel the fallen one all over to see if any bones happened to be broken, and suddenly yelled out to another laborer:

"Run, Jack, for heaven's sake, for a doctor. Here's a man's ribs running north and south, instead of east and west."