

# UNDER FIRE

RICHARD PARKER  
BASED ON THE DRAMA  
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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. Streetman, the German spy, and Roeder (alias Brewster, the butler) are discussing the possibility of war. When Ethel appears he tries to force her to get from Sir George knowledge of the sailing orders to the British fleet. Though she believes him a French instead of a German spy, she refuses until he threatens her. She begs him to announce their secret marriage, as Georgy is suspicious, but he puts her off. At tea Georgy and her lover, Guy Falconer, tease Sir George, and Streetman makes an awkward attempt to talk politics.

You can imagine, perhaps, the sort of furore that would be kicked up by the entrance of a breezy, slangy, talkative, well-informed American newspaper reporter into a typical high-class English tea party, and of his effect upon a situation exceedingly tense—when he plunges into a discussion of possible war which the party has been trying to avoid. Read about Charlie Brown of New York in this installment.

Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, British naval official, Ethel Willoughby, secret wife of Streetman, and others are having tea at the Wagstaff home. The party is discussing a play.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"You really ought to see the play, Sir George," the irrepressible Guy remarked. He was always ready to back up Georgy in any devilry she might embark upon.

"Yes! It deals with our next war," that young lady added.

"As if a playwright knew anything of that!" her father scoffed.

"It's horribly insulting to us Britons," Mrs. Falconer remarked.

"Drives in a lot of home truths and gives us English a fearful ragging!" Guy added cheerfully.

Sir George looked at him somewhat suspiciously.

"Who wrote it? Bernard Shaw?" he inquired. And there was much reproof in his tone. To him, Shaw was like a red rag to a bull.

"I don't know who wrote it," Georgy said carelessly. "I never can remember the beasts' names."

"It seemed to me to present a very striking picture of what may very likely happen," Henry Streetman interposed.

Mrs. Falconer turned to him in astonishment. She did not think that anyone in his senses could have taken that silly play seriously.

"You don't mean you really believe there is going to be war right over there on the continent?" she exclaimed.

"I do, rather! And I fancy Sir George agrees with me—don't you, Sir George?" the wily Streetman ventured. He was determined that if he did not succeed in forcing Sir George's hand he would at least give him a run for his money.

Sir George looked bored.

"Really, sir, I should prefer not to discuss that matter," he said once more.

Georgy laughed gayly.

"When father puts on his mantle of dignity like that, it means serious business," she observed. And there was a deal of truth in her statement, frivolous as she seemed. But Georgy was no fool. She had not lived with her father close upon eighteen years for nothing. She knew unerringly how to interpret his every manner.

"But why should there be war, even if an Austrian duke did get killed by some Serbian or other?" Mrs. Falconer asked. "Of course I've only seen the headlines," she hastened to add, to disclaim any such plebeian pastime as the reading of newspapers.

"Behind that assassination there is much of international politics and diplomacy," Sir George explained. "In fact, it's rather a long story."

"Then, father, don't tell it!" his sarcastic daughter bantered. Her plea, however, was entirely superfluous. Sir George had not the slightest intention of committing such an indiscretion. But Guy Falconer was ready enough to air his opinions.

"Oh, it's not just Austria and Serbia!" he said confidently. "The trouble is that Germany is patting Austria on the back, and whispering, 'Don't give in, old lady! And Russia is saying, Serbia, old girl, you're dead right. We'll back you.' And there you are!"

"Georgy—you're not having any tea?" Ethel observed.

"Oh! I don't want any. If I did, I'd ask for it," Miss Wagstaff said.

"Tea, mother?" Guy inquired of his doting parent. Their discussion of the subject uppermost in the minds of all had driven even the important matter of tea completely out of his mind.

"None for me, thanks!" Mrs. Falconer replied. "I've quite outgrown it—ever since I came back from the States." The others looked aghast at

her astounding confession. To thoroughgoing Britishers such a remark borders close upon lese majeste.

And then Brewster announced another caller.

"Mr. Charles Brown!" he pronounced in his best manner—a somewhat supercilious statement, perhaps, because all of Brewster's manners were of the best.

## CHAPTER V.

### Mr. Brown of New York.

In another moment a slight, wiry man, well along in the thirties, came breezily into the room. The first glance told that he was an American. His nervous alertness, his assurance, the slightly slouchy but nevertheless aggressive manner in which he held himself, differentiated him unmistakably from the other men in Ethel's sitting room.

Guy rose to greet him. He had invited the American to join the party, for Guy was almost like one of Sir George's family.

"Hello, Charlie!" he exclaimed with undoubted enthusiasm.

And straightway he introduced the newcomer to Ethel Willoughby, to whom, as hostess, Guy infallibly turned first.

"You remember my mother?" Guy asked him then.

"You bet I do!" Mr. Brown said heartily as he shook hands with that smiling lady. "Didn't we have a bully time in Chinatown?"

"Rather!" Mrs. Falconer replied; and they both laughed over their reminiscences.

To Henry Streetman the American bowed pleasantly enough. And toward Sir George he displayed the utmost affability.

"Glad to know you, Sir George!" he said as he gripped his hand. "I want to warn you, though, in case the others haven't, that I'm a newspaper man—a journalist, I think you say over here."

"You do frighten me," Sir George replied with a twinkle in his eye. "I've rather a terror of your profession, especially when they come from the States."

Charlie Brown grinned at him.

"Don't worry, Sir George!" Guy interposed. "Charlie doesn't mean all he says."

"Father's only spoofing you," Georgy assured the reporter.

"Spoofing? Spoofing?" Mr. Brown repeated in a somewhat bewildered fashion. He had met many words, during his short stay in London, that he had never before encountered in the English language.

But his quick mind was not long at fault. "Oh, sure! Kidding—that's it!"

But, Sir George, I don't blame you. We do butt in a good deal into things that don't actually concern us or the public, but I happen to belong to a newspaper where it isn't a crime for one of its staff to act like a gentleman; so don't think I'm making mental notes or that you have to put

the brakes on. If you skip, it's just a private tea party, and that ends it."

"You greatly relieve me," Sir George Wagstaff said, smiling. "But I'll try not to skip—as you put it."

"Then that's all right!" the American declared.

"And, speaking of tea, won't you have some?" Ethel asked him.

"You bet I will!" he responded in his Yankee vernacular. And he stepped quickly to the table behind which she sat. "It's a great habit, tea," he declared, as he took the cup from her.

"I'm going to introduce it at the Kaiserbocker bar when I get back. It's got cocktails skinned a mile," he said fervently.

"Old man, what are you doing over here?" Guy inquired.

"Oh! Just snooping around! The

paper thought they needed a change in their London news, and I knew I needed one, so I came over."

"It must be very interesting work," Ethel Willoughby observed. She was more than interested in Guy's quaint friend. His sort was new to her. And though his breeziness might not have been considered quite good form in an Englishman, it was a quality which the British find both refreshing and entertaining in an American.

"It is interesting," Charlie Brown told her. "But you sound as if you were going to interview me; and for the love of Mike—don't!"

"Who is Mike?" Sir George inquired innocently, in his endeavor to grasp the intricacies of Mr. Brown's conversation.

"Oh, he's an Irishman we Americans swear by," the newspaper man replied.

"Fancy that! How odd!" Mrs. Falconer exclaimed. She did not know that Mr. Brown was spoofing—now.

"Since you're a newspaper man you must know everything," said Georgy Wagstaff. She quite fancied the stranger; and she wanted to know him better.

"Well, at least I try to convince my editor of that," he replied.

"Then tell us about the war! We're very ignorant. We only read the headlines," she said. "Father won't talk. It'd be a breach of—something or other."

"Do tell us your opinion, Mr. Brown!" Ethel urged. "We're all so very interested."

"I suppose I can talk where Sir George can't—and I do love to talk," Brown admitted. No one knew his pet failing any better than himself.

"Silent Charlie—that's what they call him!" Guy informed the others delightedly.

"You don't mind, Sir George?" The American turned inquiringly to Sir George Wagstaff.

"Naturally not!" the older man assented good-naturedly. "As you said, this is only a private tea party."

"Then please do!" Georgy insisted. "If you don't, Guy will!" She dearly loved to rag her devoted admirer.

"Away!" Brown declaimed in mock satisfaction at being able to scatter his opinions broadcast. "Well, I'll tell you. While most of you Londoners have been wondering whether the Irish are going to start a civil war, or whether Gunboat Smith did foul Carpenter, I've been digging up some inside dope, and, believe me, there's going to be a merry old bust-up. Russia, I know, is mobilizing; and so is Germany."

"But can Russia, with her internal conditions, afford to fight?" Streetman asked him.

"I don't know whether she can afford to or not," Charlie Brown said. "But I believe she is going to."

"I take it you are not particularly informed on Russia," Streetman retorted, somewhat acerbicly.

"Oh, yes I am!" the undaunted Yankee replied. "I know it's awfully cold there, and that they drink vodka, and have revolutions, and send their prisoners to Siberia, and apart from that I'm pretty darned sure Russia's going to fight." Words habitually flowed from Charlie Brown's mouth without the slightest effort. It is so with bores. But Mr. Brown was far from being a bore. What saved him was the fact that he always said something well worth listening to.

Guy Falconer did not allow the conversation to interrupt his ministry to the inner man. He stepped up to Ethel's table and took a sandwich off a plate. But before he regaled himself with it he paused long enough to say: "You know, I think Charlie's right."

"Go on, Mr. Brown!" Georgy said, impatient at the interruption.

"Don't you think Germany can defeat both France and Russia?" Streetman demanded.

"Maybe—maybe!" Charlie Brown said. "But with England on their side—"

Streetman did not wait for him to finish.

"England, with a civil war in Ulster on her hands, wouldn't dare—" he began heatedly.

And then Mr. Brown interrupted him. He had not the slightest intention of being browbeaten by anybody. And there was a vague antagonism in Streetman's manner toward him that roused him mightily.

"Civil war!" he exclaimed. "Why, if England has a scrap with Germany, that Ulster trouble will stop in ten minutes; and every Irishman that goes to the front will lick three Germans—maybe four. . . . I've seen the Irish mix things up in New York."

Streetman subsided, for the moment, beneath that avalanche of words.

"And you think Germany is quite prepared to face those odds?" Ethel Willoughby asked the American.

"Not intentionally," he replied. "The Germans have got everything down so pat in theory that nothing can stop them; but God help 'em if their theories don't work." There was no mistaking where Brown's sympathies lay. For, though he had not by words expressed his real feelings in the matter at issue, there was a fervent ring in his voice that sufficiently betrayed his sentiments.

Meanwhile Henry Streetman regarded him with extreme disfavor. Perhaps for the moment, among all those enemies, he momentarily forgot that his interests required that he should by no means appear to hold any opinions that one might not expect in the most insular of the English.

"It seems a pity," he said, "but Germany is the only nation in the world that is ready—absolutely ready. She is the only nation that can risk a war with any chance of victory."

His companions looked at him in astonishment. And Sir George Wagstaff even was stirred out of the attitude of apathy that he was wont to assume.

"You talk strangely, sir, for an Englishman," he told Streetman. But his manifest reproof seemed lost upon that gentleman.

"My nationality does not blind me to the facts," the spy said hastily.

"I admire the Germans in lots of ways," Charlie Brown continued, in what was really only a futile effort to appear neutral. "At all the arts and sciences they're wonders. And it's a cinch they've got a great military machine."

"The most marvelous in the world!" Streetman agreed with him heartily.

Charlie Brown set his empty teacup on the table.

"You're dead right there!" he assented. "Why, back in New York I know a waiter at Luncheon's—bully German place—who was telling me one day how Germany had everything doped out. If war came he'd chase back to his home town—go to his armory, and in his locker, number 256, he'd find his uniform, his shoes, his gun properly oiled, some of that dried pea soup, fresh water in his canteen! They've been putting fresh water in those canteens every day for two years past. In fact, everything a soldier needs would be there waiting for him. Then he'd march down to the station and in a couple of hours he and

hundreds of thousands like him would be off to the front. . . . Now, you've got to hand it to a country that's got it all planned out like that."

"By George, you have!" said Guy Falconer. He had listened, like the others, with increasing wonder as the American told his story.

"If England were only prepared, too, along similar lines—" Ethel Willoughby said. She did not finish her remark. There was no need of that; for the vain wish that lay behind her words was only too evident to them all.

"But she isn't prepared—not the least bit—is she, Sir George?" Charlie Brown turned to the member of the British admiralty as a man who could easily back up his statement in an authoritative fashion.

Sir George Wagstaff vouchsafed an enigmatic smile. He was, to be sure, vitally interested in everything the newspaper man had said. But he had no intention of allowing himself to be startled into making any ingenious admission.

"If you don't mind, sir, I should prefer merely to listen," he said quietly.

"I get you," Brown replied, with a quick nod of understanding. "Force of habit makes me ask questions. I guess I thought I was interviewing you." And, taking out his cigarette case, he asked Ethel's permission to smoke. Always an enthusiast, he had thrown every ounce of his nervous energy into the discussion. War was a subject that, in those days, was ever present in his mind.

"Preparation such as Germany's is often the surest guaranty of peace," Streetman remarked, reluctant to quit the topic that most interested him. He hoped, too, in the course of the tea party, to gather information of some sort that might prove of value to him. He had been quick to perceive that the American was uncommonly well informed upon conditions throughout Europe.

"Ordinarily such preparation makes for peace," Brown admitted. "But not with Germany! She's been itching for a chance to demonstrate her theories; but the trouble is, she guesses wrong. Diplomatically, ever since old George W. Bismarck died, she's never been right. And just now she's guessing she can lick France, Russia and England with the rest of the world thrown in."

"And perhaps she's right," Henry Streetman could not refrain from adding.

CHAPTER VI.

One of England's Sons.

Charlie Brown lit his cigarette in silence, while he digested Streetman's amazing statement.

Brown, as you see, is unusually shrewd and quick of apprehension. Does it occur to you that he suspects Streetman and takes this method of drawing him out?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ROMANCE SEEN FROM SADDLE

Galloping Hoofs Constitute an Eternal Challenge to the Spirit of Youth.

Romance likes to come on horseback; the jingling spurs and bridge irons chant a happy pean in his ears, and from the saddle, as from the throne, he looks out over the workaday world, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine.

Romance always has been linked with riding; in the playroom mounted on a gallant rocking chair youth rides into a land of golden deeds; later he swings in long gallops on the faithful hobbyhorse into spicy and fugitive adventure. To the page on a prancing palfrey and to the cavalier on a white horse the lure of romance is the same; the rhythm of galloping hoofs thrills always in the imagination, the lady's favor on the lance and the quivering scarlet guidon flutter alike a mysterious and eternal challenge to the spirit of youth. "To horse and away," and all the world's before one.

Stevenson always wanted to write a story about a man galloping up to an inn at night, and the very suggestion brings a tingle to the imagination:

By on the highway low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.

He heard him in the sleepless midnights of his childhood; and, indeed, the sound of thudding hoofs always makes the heart beat faster. The so-called clattering of a single footer on asphalt, the crackling of wheels and leaves on the quiet autumn trails, the muffled rhythm of a canter on the turf, its resonance on a bridge—all these make music in the ears and bring the very smell of adventure. To him who rides there is always "something lost behind the ranges"—and his heart yearns for it.

King Coal and Peat.

Southern gas and power producers are watching experiments being conducted in Sweden to determine the value of the use of peat powder as fuel for locomotives. A committee which has conducted several practical tests reports that the value of peat powder as fuel is one-third greater than the fuel value of coal. The cost of peat powder is estimated at \$4.02 a ton compared with the price of coal \$3.03 per ton. The committee has asked in appropriation from the Swedish government of \$350,000 to be used to erect a peat powder factory, acquire peat bogs, and convert the locomotives of one railway line into peat powder burners. There is an immense quantity of peat in the bogs of the South, especially in Virginia and Florida. Some firms have been mining the peat and using it under boilers as fuel with satisfactory results and at a cost far below that of other fuel. It is also pointed out that the raw peat, cheaply prepared, might be used in gas producers. The process to be used in extracting the gas would be very similar to the process used in the extraction of gas from coal. It is thought feasible to place gas works in the peat districts and pipe the gas produced, without loss, for about 25 or 30 miles to gas engines where the power could be converted into electricity for traction purposes.—Wall Street Journal.

Rewarding Italian Soldiers.

A salary scheme is being worked out in Italy, which promises to have good results. Salaries will be paid by employers to their employees, who are on active service the continuation of which will be regulated according to the number of years of previous service. The first clause provides for the reinstatement in their former positions of all employees having served for at least one year with the firm for which they were working at the entrance of Italy into the war. The clauses relating to salaries during the war are as follows: All workmen with the colors who have been with a firm for at least five years are entitled to a third of their usual salaries during the continuation of the war. This applies to married men with families. In all other cases the employers shall pay the men at the rate of a quarter of their former salaries. Men with ten years' service to their credit will receive, if married, with families, one-half of their salaries, and if not married a third. The decree only applies to firms employing at least three workmen.

Oxygenator Is Popular.

We did not have the locomotive, the aeroplane, the submarine, the dreadnaught, electric lights, telegraph or telephone, wireless or automobile. These are all recent inventions. Twenty years ago when the automobile came out, we did not have electric lights, top wind shield, demountable rims, electric starters, multiple cylinder, perfected springs and a hundred and one other inventions which make it what it is today. It was nothing more than four wheels and a single cylinder engine, and a box for a body.

Compare, if you will, the highly perfected automobile of today. Those of the better class adopt necessities, but only after the public demands it. The public has shown that its wants the oxygenator on its cars, and it is only by public demand that it will be furnished by the manufacturers.

Unfair.

"Sometimes I think Henrietta is a little unreasonable," said Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta wears her skirts as short as she likes and I never say a word."

"But you silently disapprove?"

"No. All I object to is her calling me down this morning because my new summer trousers are too lofty around the ankles."

## FANS FORGET GREAT PLAYS WHEN STAR MAKES MISCUSES

Detroit Baseball Writer Roasts Crowd Which Rides Donie Bush When Midget Has Bad Day.

Some members of the overheated throng that attended a recent Sunday's ball game in Detroit, a very few fortunately, were guilty of a contemptible lack of sportsmanship in "riding" Donie Bush and "Red" McKee because these players did not have particularly successful plays in the field, says a Detroit baseball writer.

It should be a source of shame to Detroit fandom to have among its number persons who would abuse Bush for a couple of bad plays under the conditions that prevailed at the park. Between the heat and the baked condition of the infield, the little shortstop was thoroughly up against it, and it was due to bad luck and not lack

of trying that he didn't get every ball hit in his direction. He was almost overcome by the heat in the second inning and was advised to quit the game, but stuck it out until the seventh.

No matter how badly Donie might play on any afternoon, he would not merit the sort of stuff yelled at him by some of the patrons. He is one of the veterans of the club and with Cobb and Crawford, has kept this city on the baseball map. No player tries harder than Donie and few men in the big leagues can point to more continuous presence in the lineup than can the midget. He has missed only a handful of games since coming here.

When the fans feel inclined to criticize because he "boots" a couple they would do well to remember the dozens of brilliant plays that have saved games or won them. For every bad error he can point to a score of almost superhuman stops or catches.

Even in this game he made three hits and scored two of Detroit's runs, so he was more than offsetting his defensive slips by his contributions to the attack. Considering the fact that he was playing only on his nerve, he didn't do so badly.

Another player who was abused unjustly by the unreasonable element of the crowd was McKee. "Red" had to work harder than anybody else in the game except the pitchers and the rival backstop, and he was wrapped up in a protector, mask and shin guards, which are not exactly cooling garments.

Poultry Scratchings

By C. S. Anderson of the Colorado Agricultural College.

If you take pride in marketing good eggs at a good price, consider the following:

Do not keep mongrel stock. They are not high producers, and their eggs are not uniform as to size and color.

Keep laying hens separated from sitting hens.

Gather eggs twice daily in warm weather.

The sale of infertile incubator eggs never will help you to establish a higher market price for your product.

Separate the male birds from the flock except during the breeding season. Fertile eggs are poor keepers.

Market eggs in a standard egg case. Never haul to town over rough roads or in an open basket or pan exposed to the hot sun.

You will have a larger number of "firsts" if you market at least twice a week.

In keeping eggs, provide a dry, cool, well ventilated place. Fertile eggs must be kept below 68 degrees to check germination.

Eggs are affected easily by bad odors. Do not keep in a musty grain bin, or in the vegetable cellar, or where they can absorb the odors of kerosene and gasoline.

Reshaping Panama Hats.

To reshape a panama hat, first of all immerse the brim of the hat in lukewarm water until it is thoroughly wet. Then you can mold it with the fingers to the desired shape by gently pulling and stretching. After this press the brim with a hot iron over a wet cloth. In the front of the hat, if you want a curved brim, press only a little at a time, and from the crown outward in a sidewise movement, curving the brim as you go. In the back, for the straight brim, press perfectly flat, placing the brim flat to the edge of the board with the crown below. Afterward lay the hat with the crown up and put heavy weights on the back brim until it is thoroughly dry.



"You Talk Strangely, Sir, for an Englishman."



"Father's Only Spoofing You."