Everybody's Magazine

November 1918

20¢

Remember the Boys over there

YMCA

Notice to Reader — When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—no address.
A. S. BURLESON,
Postmaster-General.

☆

Potatoes are O K

Potatoes are O. K.

The Food Administration says so. Use lots of them, they want you to, especially.

And does anything taste better? Think of a big mealy baked potato—with a lump of butter, pepper, salt and paprika.

And what cooking does for raw potatoes it does for "raw" tobacco—gives flavor. Burley tobacco—toasted—has made Lucky Strike cigarette famous. It's toasted.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Save the tin-foil from Lucky Strike Cigarettes and give it to the Red Cross

20 for 15c

It's toasted

© Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

Painting by F. C. Yohn *© Comm. on Pub. Inf. 1918*

President Wilson thrilled by
"AMERICA'S ANSWER"

The U. S. Government Second Own Official War Feature

THE audience at the first showing of "America's Answer" at the Belasco Theater in Washington, included President and Mrs. Wilson, and the greater part of our "fighting Cabinet."

They saw a huge American transport with 17,000 troops aboard—convoyed by the U. S. Navy—American forces disembarking on newly completed American docks in France.

They saw row after row of American cannon—miles upon miles of American soldiers marching to the front—our boys hauling great guns into action, while fatherless French children waved them on to victory.

They saw the first pictures shown in this country, of the Rainbow Division in action at the Battle of Cantigny, when our men went over the top aided by French tanks and flame-throwers.

As one woman in the audience expressed it, "If they only would stop long enough for one to scan the faces, I feel sure that I would see my boy."

"America's Answer" will be shown everywhere, from the largest city to the small village. Every loyal American will want to see this picture. Watch for its coming.

* * *

"PERSHING'S CRUSADERS," the First U. S. Official War Feature which shows America enthusiastically taking her place by the side of the Allies, is playing in theaters all over the country.

* * *

See "OUR BRIDGE OF SHIPS," a graphic two-reel picture-story of the ship-building achievements of the U. S. Government. Also the Official War Review, a digest of current activities of the American, French, British and Italian troops on the western front—shown each week at your favorite theater.

Learn from the theater manager in your town when these films will be shown. If he can not tell you, write The Division of Films, Washington, D. C.

What They Say About "America's Answer":

NEW YORK TIMES
"The music, the tableau and almost every scene of the film brought forth cheers."

PHILADELPHIA LEDGER
"This is really a representative picture in which the fathers, mothers and friends of our soldiers may genuinely rejoice."

BOSTON TRAVELER
"'America's Answer' visualizes the greatest of all war dramas."

WASHINGTON HERALD
"It is a proud record of accomplishment, and one that no American can possibly watch unmoved."

Presented by

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, George Creel, Chairman

Through the Division of Films, Charles S. Hart, Director, Washington, D. C.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 5 NOVEMBER, 1918 Vol. XXXIX

CONTENTS

HERBERT COREY

Issued monthly.
Yearly subscription, $1.50 in advance.
Single copy, twenty cents.
Foreign postage, $1.00 additional.
No extra postage for Canada.
See announcement of increased subscription price on page 71.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.
Entered as Second-Class Matter August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of 1879.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT — C. H. HOLMES, SECY. & TREAS.
HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY
6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

To keep a lovely skin —with soap that rinses off.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense coöperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses.*

It rinses off perfectly—after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES *you find them caring for their native charms in simpler ways —the ways that Nature herself intended.*"

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

With

EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

The Governors Speak

UNDER the heading, "American Votes for Americans," the August *Publishers* called attention to the potential danger in nine of our states—Michigan, Indiana, Texas, Alabama, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, South Dakota—where mere "declaration of intention" gives aliens the ballot—and the right to elect 94 members of the House of Representatives. We sent a copy of the article to state governors, asking them for a short statement of their views on this subject. Some of the answers follow—answers representative of all so far received.

STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

REPLYING to your favor of July the twenty-ninth, will state that the qualifications for voters are defined by our state constitution. "The Declaration of Intention" is the only requirement in this state. It has been so from territorial times, but I believe a change will be made next November. A recent extraordinary session of the state legislature submitted to the voters a proposed amendment to the state constitution, requiring full citizenship and longer residence. It also provides for equal suffrage. It is my opinion that this amendment will be adopted in the November election. There appears to be very little opposition to it. Personally, I feel that it is high time to make citizenship a requirement for suffrage in the remaining nine states of which we are, at this time, unfortunately one.

PETER NORBECK.

STATE OF NEVADA

"AMERICAN votes for Americans" pictures forcibly the menacing possibilities of alien suffrage not contemplated by the Federal Constitution, gratuitously extended to potential enemies by the states. When states weaken the quality of citizenship in the United States by conferring suffrage on aliens, they undermine the very fabric and structure of government. They cheapen and dilute the mass of citizenship and thus impair in the several states the rights of citizens of the nation at large. Authority for this has never been confirmed by the courts.

Nevada's constitution makes citizenship a prerequisite for suffrage. Such provision is made by state constitutions and may not be cured by statute. I believe, however, that on the principle that certain treaties and the privileges of alien enemies are suspended during war, the state courts could uphold the denial of suffrage to such aliens and there would be no inhibition in the Federal Constitution.

EMMET D. BOYLE.

STATE OF INDIANA

THERE isn't a candidate for Congress in this state on either ticket that is not loyal. We have nine Republicans and four Democrats in Congress. They voted as a unit on every important war measure. There isn't a candidate so far as I am advised upon either state ticket who is not one hundred per cent. American. The provision with respect to aliens voting in our state is a constitutional provision. The legislature has no jurisdiction over it. It will require at least four years to change the constitution. . . . This provision was placed in our constitution in the early days of Indiana when, in common with other Western states, we were encouraging immigration. That this provision of the constitution should be stricken out is agreed to by every one and it no doubt will be done as soon as the people of our state can have the opportunity to act upon it.

J. P. GOODRICH.

STATE OF ILLINOIS

AMERICAN citizens are fighting our battles. Under regulations which, it must be assumed, the War Department found it necessary to adopt, it appears to be impossible to grant our soldiers on the battle-fronts the right to vote. Shall we at the same time give the vote to enemy subjects within our borders? And yet that's what we do if we permit the mere declaration of intention to become citizens to confer the franchise upon aliens. . . . No argument is required; the mere statement of the proposition is all that's required.

FRANK O. LOWDEN.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

WHILE most men nominally support their party's candidates, yet occasionally issues rise entirely above political parties. No man should be elected to either house of Congress in the coming elections who is not an American through and through. No American who understands the issues at stake in the world war will vote for a candidate, no matter what his party or platform, whose Americanism is in doubt. None but loyal Americans should be given the right of suffrage. I do not mean foreign-born citizens should be excluded, but only those fully naturalized, in sympathy with our institutions and who are loyally supporting them, should be permitted to participate in the direction of our affairs.

JNO. J. CORNWELL.

STATE OF NEBRASKA

IN THE days when Nebraska's constitution was written and adopted, there were comparatively few people in the state. The great problem was to attract settlers and to that end the benefits of citizenship were made easily attainable. The constitution gave declarants the right to vote. . . . A constitutional amendment making citizenship one of the qualifications of an elector, will be submitted to the voters at the coming election. It is a step in harmony with the spirit of the times and will, without doubt, be adopted by the people of the state. The menace, however, growing out of the fact that declarants can vote in Nebraska this fall, is not so great as has been pictured. The declarant voters of our allied countries, together with the Bohemians, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, and other races who are intensely loyal to our country and our cause, even though they are technically the subjects of Austria, will, in my judgment, more than offset the votes of those declarants who are friendly to the cause of the countries with which we are at war.

KEITH NEVILLE.

STATE OF MINNESOTA

I CERTAINLY believe that no person should be allowed to vote until he has become a full citizen of the United States. Persons having only their first papers have not been permitted to vote in Minnesota for more than twenty years and the people of our state would not listen to any suggestion of a return to the old system.

J. A. A. BURNQUIST.

STATE OF OHIO

WE HAVE long since in Ohio adopted the idea that citizens must be full citizens and that loyalty is not a matter of degree. It is of course to be assumed that those who file declaration of intention to become citizens do so without any reserve, and yet our free government can not be maintained free and independent upon assumptions. Forthcoming elections should eliminate all candidates who are not thorough-going loyal Americans, and legislative action should be taken throughout the country to provide in an iron-clad way against possible future control of governmental institutions by those whose patriotism and citizenship may even be questioned.

JAMES M. COX.

STATE OF MISSOURI

IN GOVERNOR GARDNER'S absence, his secretary forwarded an outline of his program of constructive legislation on matters pertaining to the war. This calls, among other things, for the amendment of the state constitution so that only fully naturalized citizens may vote in Missouri.

Don't Wait For Weather Like This

DECIDE now to protect your car during the coming winter with Johnson's Freeze-Proof. Purchase your supply early from your dealer and read and follow the directions carefully. A little time spent now in cleaning the radiator and putting on new hose connections will save you unlimited time, trouble, worry and expense during the winter months.

JOHNSON'S

FREEZE-PROOF

is the logical anti-freeze. It is inexpensive—does not evaporate—is non-inflammable—easy to use—and guaranteed. One application will last all winter unless the solution is lost through the overflow pipe or leakage.

Truck and fleet owners will find Johnson's Freeze-Proof a great time and money saver. Your trucks will always be on the job and in the coldest weather it will be "Business as Usual" for you.

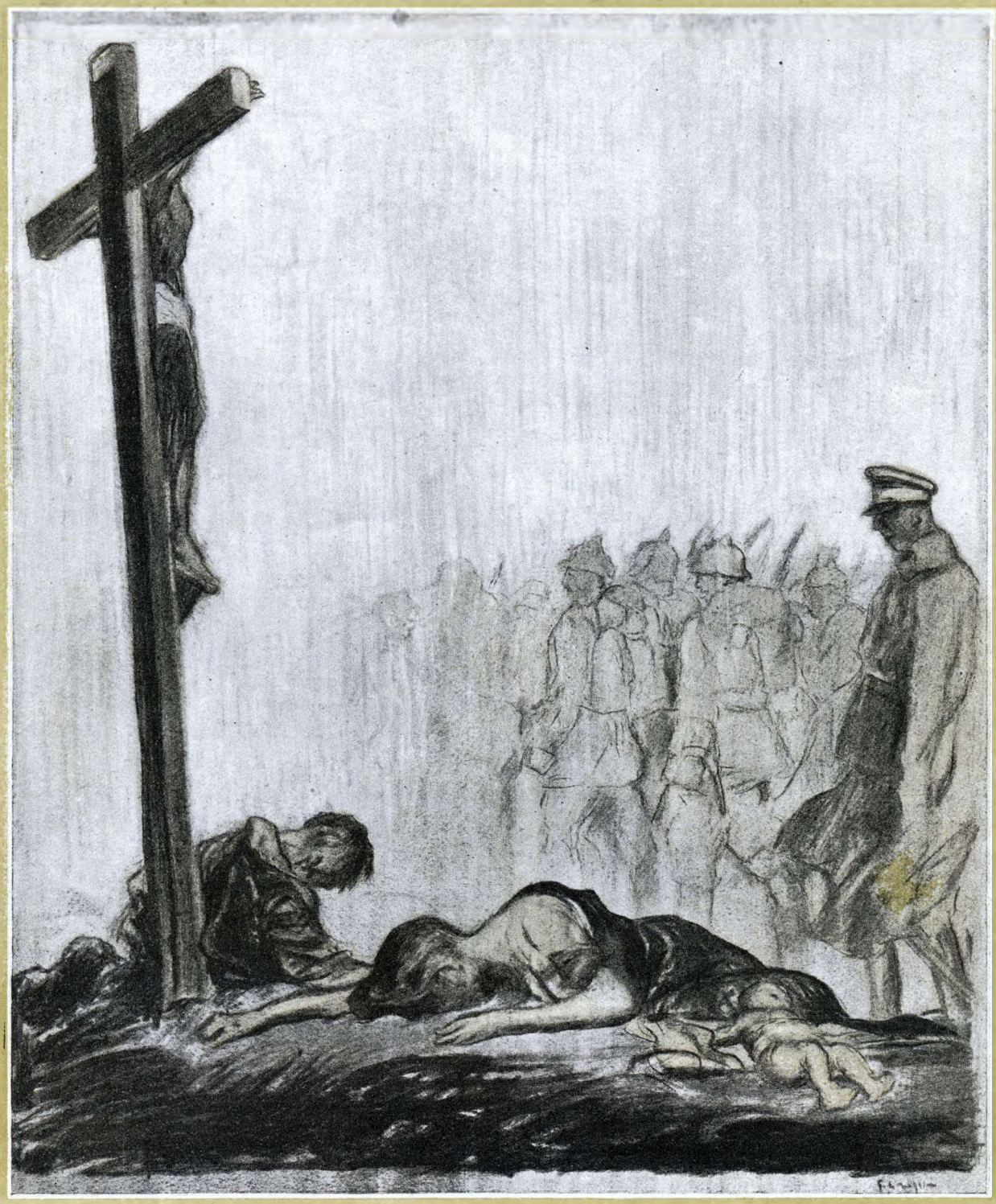
Farmers will find Johnson's Freeze-Proof a utility product—for automobiles—tractors—gas engines—trucks—and electro lighting and heating plants.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,

The present high price of alcohol—its low boiling point—quick evaporation and inflammability make it impractical. Use Johnson's Freeze-Proof, then forget there is such a thing as a frozen radiator.

One package will protect a Ford to 5° below zero and two packages will protect it to 50° below zero. See scale on package.

Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



THE WAY OF THE CROSS — BELGIUM.

Cartoon by George Wright.

IVORY Soap is acceptable to practically everybody for the toilet. The white cake is pleasing to the eye. Its sweet, natural, unobtrusive odor suggests cleanliness. Its thick, soft, bubbling lather feels grateful to the skin. It cleanses thoroughly without smarting or burning. It rinses easily leaving no sign of unsightly gloss. Anyone can offer Ivory Soap with entire confidence to anyone else, for almost everyone uses it at home.

IVORY SOAP. . . 

IT FLOATS . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FIVE NOVEMBER 1918 VOLUME XXXIX

By courtesy of "The Vigilantes."

"Volunteer Workmen." Cartoon by Wallace Morgan.

BELGIUM

By Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The DEPORTATIONS

THIS is the tenth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913, until our entry into the war.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge. Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion. And with it the heavy clouds of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that reign of terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

From the first day of that world-rousing crime down to the day when the Stars and Stripes grimly and decisively vanished from the American Legation at Brussels, it is a story of outrage piled upon outrage, in a demented and futile effort to crush the indomitable soul of a free people between the wheels of a soulless machine.

The relentless pressure of the blind tyranny grows month by month, but with it mounts the elusive, passive but unbreakable resistance of an entire people. Again and again the insane fury of the frustrate oppressors breaks out in deeds of wanton brutality, culminating in one cold-blooded murder that no atonement of Germany will ever erase from the pages of history—the murder of Edith Cavell.

Another spring and summer pass, with their rising hope of deliverance, but with the same grim toll of the firing squads, the same conflicts between the elephantine brutality of the invader and the irrepressible spirit of the shattered people, the same bitter struggle of the American Legation to preserve the relief-work in the face of the faithlessness of the German officials, and the irresponsibility of the military clique. It is a summer of increasing tension over the submarine question, leading inexorably to the climax. But before the breaking-point comes and the dark curtain of silence closes over Belgium's tragedy, Mr. Whitlock sees the beginning of the final acts of German barbarism—the dragging of the men of the little nation away to slavery and death in the mines, munition factories and trenches of Germany and, foulest of all, the deep-laid plan of von Bissing to turn brother against brother, spread the poison of civil strife in the tortured minds of her victims and lead the wrecked nation to destroy herself utterly. These he describes in this and the next instalment.

LXXX

AS THE autumn of 1916 advanced we had something more than a presentiment that peace was further off from Europe than ever, and that before it came again to the earth our own country would be swept into the vortex of the war. The great conflict was growing more bitter, there was a lower, deeper note of savage hatred in the chorus of universal strife, and the great tragedy seemed to be whelming to some awful doom.

At evening we imagined a more portentous whir in the Zeppelins sailing low and passing directly over our roof on their far flight across the English Channel, monstrous birds of night, grim and black in the deep purple skies. At morning we would feel it again when we were awakened by the burst of bombs the English and French aviators were hurling on the hangars of those Zeppelins, and by the boom of the shrapnel the Germans were firing in their effort to bring them down, even if the efforts were unsuccessful. Then at night there was always the thud of the guns along the Somme, deep, distant, lugubrious. They had come to have

something of the permanence and persistence of the roar of some mighty waterfall, producing the appalling sense one has sometimes at Niagara, an almost unsupportable impatience with the sound, a feeling that it must stop, if but for an instant's surcease in its mighty pain, and then the consciousness that it has gone on always, and will go on, forever and forever.

During the latter part of that month of September, a great court martial was in progress at Limbourg, trying over sixty persons for spying or for treason in time of war; and that meant, in the Legation, women in tears, pleading in a confidence that was pathetic enough to break the heart they naively thought to be the only one it was necessary to touch, yet never sufficient even to move the heart whose dictates alone could have availed. Before the month was over, seventeen had been condemned to death, many of the others to imprisonment at hard labor for life, and most of the remaining to some rigid penalty in those German prisons whose horrid secrets are never revealed, whose pains are never even temporarily mitigated by those revulsions of public sentiment which now and then make for some reform in our own.

A woman and her daughter came to the Legation all the way from Luxembourg to ask my help in securing some mitigation of the sentence of death that had been pronounced on her nephew and her niece; two others of the same family had been condemned to hard labor, and there were three others still in the Belgian army and at the front. The mother of the condemned boy had set out on what, under the conditions of travel that prevailed in Belgium if one was poor, was a long pilgrimage to Brussels to plead for her own son and daughter.

Having no illusions as to what the sentence would be, she started before it was pronounced, but at Brussels a lawyer told her that her daughter, too, had been condemned and was about to be shot; and the old mother collapsed. Thus it was her sister who came, and she and her daughter sat there in their black garb, weeping, begging, pleading, imploring, and I, who would have done so much, quite powerless in the midst of all that welter of woe in which the world had been plunged.

THE problems of the relief work seemed to be increasing each day. It was always the same—the impossibility to secure a reasonable compliance with the guarantees concerning native produce. The exceptions which we had admitted were being used by the *militaires* to justify every kind of infraction, cattle were being lifted and driven off across the border, butter was being seized—even from the farm of Monsieur Solvay, the President of the *Comité National*.

It was growing more and more difficult to exercise control; if the C. R. B. delegates reported that the soldiers were taking food, the *militaires* darkly hinted at spying; it was not permitted to make observations as to the conduct of soldiers. The Germans, too, and apparently with deliberation, tried to exasperate the C. N., to induce its members to do something of which complaint could be made. Poor Vernon Kellogg was well-nigh worn out. It would have worn me out, too, but long years dealing with human nature in the ugly form it so often assumes in politics, had provided me with protective coloration which his more secluded existence in the classic academic groves had not yet developed. Hoover was there much of the time, and he had his troubles, too, not all with the Germans.

It was indeed an impossibility that we had undertaken to carry out, a miracle we had impiously tried to perform. We could control the imported food, because it remained in the hands of the Belgian or American organizations; but the native foods the soldiers would take where they found it, and when they went home to Germany they filled their valises with it.

The soldiers persisted in making these seizures, despite, sometimes we were forced to believe in very defiance of, the assurances on that score which by such pains and efforts we had secured from the Governor-General. Von Bissing himself had explained to me that it was difficult to restrain the appetites of the soldiers, especially when they came back from the trenches, and doubtless that was true, especially since the officers in immediate command over them did not care whether they were restrained or not. The Governor-General had promised me, after Villalobar's dinner that night, to put a stop to this, and he did issue more stringent orders, even going so far as to threaten, no doubt as the heaviest punishment he could think of, to send to the front all officers who permitted these seizures.

BUT we were learning; it was not altogether the fault of those soldiers, half-crazed by the inferno of Verdun, nor of their complaisant officers. There was, back in the labyrinth of the German organization, farther back behind even the military clique itself, a system, dark, mysterious, sinister, well camouflaged, working silently and remorselessly through the *Zentrale*, or central bureaus.

Up to that time, I may as well confess, I had never understood the *Zentrale*. I do not fully understand them now, but I know more about them than I did, enough to know, at any rate, that they were infinitely more pernicious than the worst of our trusts as viewed by the popular eye, without any of the redeeming features of those trusts.

I had supposed at first that the *Zentrale* was simply another expression of what has been so widely extolled in the English-speaking world as German efficiency and genius for organization, but as time went on I learned more about them.

They were a mere adaptation of the German theory of mechanical distribution of product—militarism, socialism and plutocracy working hand in hand. They were in reality limited companies to which the Government of Occupation granted monopolies. That is, the *Butter-Zentrale* had a monopoly of butter, the *Kartoffel-Zentrale* had a monopoly of potatoes, when it could get any, and so on as to all sorts of products.

The *Zentrale* multiplied; there was a *Zentrale* for everything, in the end, one even for jam.

These bureaus, each with its monopoly, had behind them in every case decrees of the Governor-General forbidding all trading by others in the article in question. In some quarters it was said that half of the profits they made went to the German army; in other quarters it was asserted that they went elsewhere. I know nothing as to the fact, only I used to think that if muck-raking had not gone out of style, occupied Belgium might have afforded a good ground for adventure of this sort.

It used to be one of our most cherished superstitions, a part indeed of our very stock in trade, in the old days of municipal reform in America, that German cities were ideally governed. I had accepted all that was written about them and never had any doubts, until, myself making certain studies in Germany, I was told at the Rathaus in Dresden, when I innocently inquired what salary the mayor was paid, that my question was indiscreet. I found some police scandals in Berlin of the familiar kind, and in another city some peculation, but I assured myself that these incidents must be exceptional, and, determined to be orthodox in reform, went on believing as before. But if there is any analogy between the methods employed in German cities and those that I observed on the part of certain *Geheimräte* (privy councillors) in Belgium, I think they might much better be muck-raked than our own.

I suppose, now, that German methods impressed us because they were foreign and mysterious and we knew nothing about them. Any machine in an American city will gladly govern the city, and govern it with more or less efficiency, on the same terms. We never put our best foot forward. The slightest irregularity, the least mistake, is published from the housetops and cried abroad, the welkin always ringing with denunciations of some one, and the atmosphere darkened by the flying missiles of the universal and recriminatory accusation, charge and indictment that is always going on. No doubt it all has its effect as a police measure and proves us to be a very virtuous people, either searching out our own sins with a remorseless and implacable conscience, or else searching out the sins of our neighbors. There was none of this in German cities, and there was none, and could be none in occupied Belgium, and so the *Zentrale* had pretty much their own way.

THE managers of any given *Zentrale*, holding as they did the monopoly, would buy the products of the producers, and, to justify its existence, would lay aside from five to twenty per cent. of it for Belgian consumption. The local brokers, sometimes renegade Belgians, sometimes Germans who came into the country to profit by the situation, would buy that product of the *Zentrale*, but it was openly said that in order to obtain a stock of any commodity it was necessary to bribe certain employees of the *Zentrale*. The brokers were always willing to pay large commissions—a thousand marks for a stock of sugar was said not to be unusual. The brokers could easily afford to pay this, because, having a monopoly, they could extract from the consumers, who were among the easier class in Belgium, what prices they pleased, and I was told that brokers and the corrupt officials of the *Zentrale* in this way built up considerable fortunes. The *Berner Bund* of Louvain, one of the Catholic cooperative societies, organized generally in the rural districts to procure for the people the same benefits that the Socialists were giving them in their cooperative societies, made application again and again at the Coal-bureau, because it would not offer bribes or commissions.

The German army was victualed through the central office at Brussels known as the *Proviant-Amt* (commissariat) and the *Zentrale* worked in close company with it, as did the brokers, who were always to be found in the cafés around the Bourse. It was not only the brokers that profited, but certain tradesmen, too. There were, for instance, butchers' assistants who set up for themselves, and though they did not sell one pig a week, bought fifty on market-day. It was not a violent assumption to conclude that the forty-nine pigs went to the *Proviant-Amt*, and so to the German army. The *Proviant-Amt*, too, could exercise a great difference in the price, simply by instructing its agents to stop buying; the price of course would go down and then the brokers would obtain corners on the products thus affected, whether pigs or sugar or coffee, beans or peas. Snug fortunes were undoubtedly made in sugar and in coffee.

The brokers who met, early in the morning and late in the afternoon, not in the Bourse, but on the curbstone near the Bourse, were for the most part professional speculators, men who had followed the race-tracks, and the like. There were among them, too, professional thieves, and waiters in cafés, and the great profits they made went the way such profits generally go, in jewels or to women. These brokers bought not only of the *Zentrale* but they bought for a while from stocks that had been hidden away in the early days of the war, and later from stocks of food that were made up either from small quantities smuggled across the frontier from Holland or from bits of food purchased from the communal shops, or even, in some instances, the rations of the poor, as for instance, rice.

There was for a time in operation what almost amounted to a system for the purchase of rice. The Belgians had not generally eaten rice before the war; they did not like it, and when the C. R. B. imported it and the C. N. distributed it, they sold their minute rations to agents who went about the country and small towns. And thus patiently the agents collected, as one might say, a grain at a time, and so made up stocks which they sold to the brokers. They would have stocks smuggled into Brussels, sold more or less clandestinely on the curb, and the broker would send a cart to their hiding-place at night to fetch them.

German soldiers aided in the smuggling that went on at the frontier, as it goes on at all frontiers. There were certain inns and out-of-the-way cabarets where the smugglers and the soldiers and renegades of all sorts met in comradeship, with the cigars or other luxuries that had been brought through the electric wires by the connivance of the soldiers, and there divided the spoils. Soldiers, too, used to go to the farms with large baskets and try to buy eggs or chickens, and the peasants were afraid to send them away empty-handed.

There was an additional incentive to smuggling in the fact that it was forbidden by the Germans to transport food from one commune to another. It was always going on, with Brussels or Antwerp as the goal and final market. Women and young girls from the Quartier des Marolliens would go out into the country and slip back into town at night with baskets of various farm produce—butter, potatoes or flour. They passed the soldiers on sentry duty by giving them a few marks, and sometimes, so the gossips said, the sentries exacted a payment of a nature somewhat more delicate and indiscreet.

With the German army seizing so many horses, Belgium was for a long time a paradise for horse-traders, who, with the versatile adaptability that seems to distinguish the horse-trader everywhere in the world, profited by the situation. For a long time they worked in conjunction with certain German officers said to be susceptible to bribes, and when a farmer's horse had been seized or requisitioned by the Germans, the traders went to console the proprietor by selling him another.

It is not a pretty story, and its incidents were made possible by the vast complexity and intricacy of the German system that strangled all trade and commerce and by the evil inherent in the times. Not all the German officials nor all the German sentinels were corrupt. All through that summer smugglers were stalking through the Forêt de Soignes, lugging their potatoes into the city; at Quatre Bras and the trams that came in from Tervueren, soldiers were searching the women for produce and then herding them off to prison. And now and then a smuggler fleeing wildly from them would be shot down dead in his tracks.

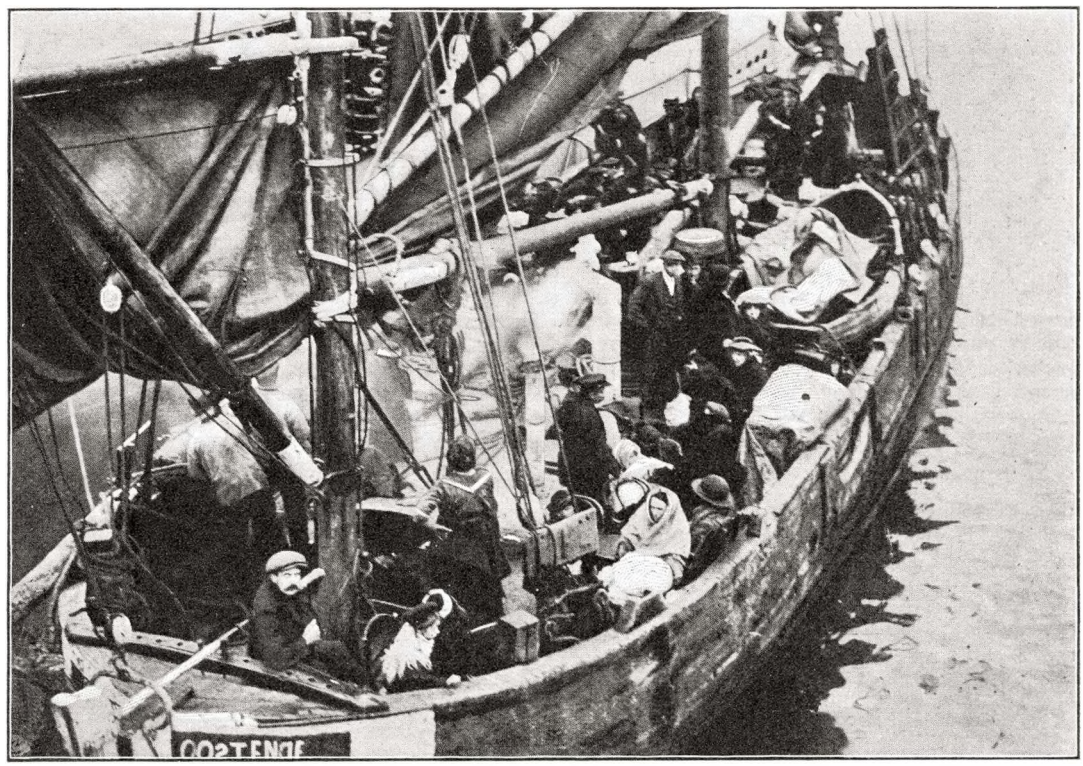
The young men of the C. R. B. could tell the story in more enlightening detail than I can, for they were in daily contact with its unfolding. They came to have a greater understanding of German methods, too, and they must have expressed it in their gay, youthful way in the song they composed in that affectionate fun they were always having with the quondam Mexican Chargé des Affaires Hermancito Bulle, the chorus of which ran:

"When Bulle is the King of Mexico,
We'll have good positions
And live on requisitions,
When Bulle is the King of Mexico."

It was, therefore, not alone with pilfering soldiers that the relief work had to contend, it was with an army of corrupt officials, brokers, speculators, smugglers, knaves of all sorts who were trafficking in the misery and suffering of the land. We did our best, but we could not overcome with any means at our command the wily efforts of such a band; even old von Bissing, strive how he would, could not thwart them.

They were arrested, on our constant and reiterated complaints, and punished by the Germans; they were arrested and prosecuted by the Belgian courts; they were pursued by the Department of Inspection and Control of the Commission, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Green; but it was like contending with the rising tide of the sea.

For such dark, subterranean systems of corruption there is no cure anywhere but in the illuminating influence of publicity, and with conditions as they were in Belgium it was impossible to let in the purifying, antiseptic light. We struggled in despair, but we could never obtain, as far as the native foods were concerned, the results we were so proud of in the case of the imported



Paul Thompson.

A boat-load of Belgian refugees putting out into the North Sea—a cargo of misery.

Paul Thompson.

Belgian waifs, orphaned by massacre and deportation, being cared for in Paris.

food products. The loss in these was a small fraction of one per cent.; no business anywhere could show such a result, no government could conduct its customhouses with such near approach to perfection. That was due, of course, to the fact that the imported foods were always in the hands of the C. R. B. or the C. N. until they went into Belgian stomachs, but we despaired of ever producing such ideal results with the native products, which we never touched and could not control.

Again and again we made representations as to the abuses to be attributed to the *Zentrale*. There were in the German administration those who did not hesitate privately to recognize their evil, and in the limited circle where such things were known, they became a scandal, but nothing was done, and under the civil administration new *Zentrale* were constantly organized.

There was somewhere some occult power stronger than the apparent authority that ruled, some hidden spring of government which we could not reach, much less dislodge.

LXXXI

WHAT made it all the more difficult was that the Germans were in bad temper as the result of the battle on the Somme and the advance of the British troops, whose distant unceasing drum fire we could always hear. The Germans, indeed, were discouraged with the situation of their armies; never before, in fact, had they considered themselves so nearly beaten, probably never before were they so nearly beaten. Von Hindenburg it was said, had been in Belgium and had criticized von Bissing, characterizing his reign as too lenient, and urged new rigors. The city should be closed at six o'clock in the evening, all citizens of countries at war with Germany should be placed in detention camps, and, worst of all, there was the first suggestion of that monstrous cruelty, the deportation as slaves of Belgian workmen. There was a quarrel between the two, and von Bissing had hurried off to Berlin to protest against Hindenburg's interference. It was at the moment when the military party in Germany was getting the upper hand; von Tirpitz was clamoring, the reopening of the submarine war was being urged; von Bethmann-Hollweg was tottering to his fall; his speech in the Reichstag, warlike as it was, did not satisfy the mad warriors into whose hands Germany was more and more confiding her destinies.

"Now Belgium will learn what war is," said one of the officers at headquarters, with what seemed almost like a personal satisfaction in the prospect.

The world was looking dark those early October days. The low gray skies, the leaves falling in damp masses, the cold wind blowing in from the sea, gave a melancholy tone to nature that accorded well with the sadness in the heart of man. The conditions of life were more and more difficult; prices of necessities had increased to extravagant proportions. But more than all else, there was some presentiment in the air, the portent of some vague, unknown and monstrous catastrophe. German submarines had appeared in American waters; the controversy begun by the blowing up of the *Lusitania* would not down.

THE delegates of the C. R. B. were reporting wholesale purchases, requisition and exportation of native products. Our agreement of April was being violated more and more. We had sufficient evidence on which to base the statement that there was a systematic attempt to help supply the needs of the military authorities in the occupied territory and the needs of the civil population in Germany. German troops in the commune of Nechin had ordered the Burgomaster to furnish before evening of a certain day fifty thousand kilos of potatoes and to load them on to the railway wagons, and it required the labors of the whole population to comply with the order. It seemed as though the whole work was about to break down under the difficulties that had accumulated. We had made new and vigorous protests, asking for a more rigorous control and for representation on the *Zentrale*. In order to give additional force to these representations, we had asked an interview with the Governor-General.

When he received us in the Ministry of Arts and Sciences that we might present our protest to him in person, Villalobar, van Vollenhoven and I, von Bissing was looking depressed and ill. I wondered if the quarrel with Hindenburg had had anything to do with this unaccustomed air, less vigorous than we were used to in him. Prussian soldier though he was, he was not always for Prussian methods; he had some conception of milder means, and he had often resisted the military element. But Hindenburg had risen to the position almost of a dictator; the military were in the saddle and were riding roughshod over all civilian scruples, and Bissing's power was waning.

When I asked if he were in good health, he put his wrinkled hand wearily to his head, and said:

"Non, le climat d'ici ne me convient pas" (No, the climate here does not agree with me).

Villalobar gave me the glance the remark must infallibly provoke. The old soldier had been shooting in the Ardennes, and bagged three deer and some wild boar. Game was plentiful just then in those old forests, where the animals had taken refuge from the dangers of those fields where men were hunting each other in the north of France. He wore no decorations that day; he had on a well-worn uniform as he stood there in the salon, with a portrait of King Albert on the wall behind him. He looked older and showed the haggard marks of care.

Von Bissing was even then maturing a plan over which he had long been brooding, a plan more audacious, more far-reaching, more imaginative, and vastly more fatal in its effect on the life of the Belgian nation than the slave-drive of von Hindenburg. The von Bissing plan was more deeply and cunningly laid; it showed a certain *finesse*; it was no mere recrudescence of medievalism, no reversion to the ancient type. Both men wished to carry out the imperial German scheme of conquering and annexing Belgium in order to have a foothold whence Germany might strike England and America. But Hindenburg, heavy, ponderous, with the tactics of the infuriated ram, could think of nothing more original than to drag conquered Belgians off into slavery, after the manner of conquerors in ancient times; it was impossible to go further in reviving the customs of the Dark Ages without actually eating the

victims. But Bissing, old, wily, subtle, had a deeper scheme. He, by an adroit appeal to the old racial feeling between the Flemish and the Walloons, would divide the Belgian nation. He would give his policy the appearance of a spontaneous and generous act in the name of the very principle for which the Allies were fighting—the right of small nations to govern themselves. He would stand by benevolently, holding out a patronizing and protecting hand, while the Flemish set up for themselves the Flemish state under a German protectorate, and in this way Germany would gain Antwerp and the Belgian littoral, the foothold on the sea, menacing the virile democracies of the British Isles and the American continent.

This daring and ambitious scheme, with its penetrating vision of the future, never had any chance of success. Bissing did not know the Flemish people, and whatever chance his scheme may have had was destroyed at a blow by the savage policy of the burly hero into whose enormous wooden statue the Germans, like savages with some fetish or totem-pole, were enthusiastically driving nails.

But Hindenburg, standing for a policy that would have been repulsed with abhorrence by any other nation on the earth, had his way in the quarrel, and Bissing, with his greater sophistication, his deference to the forms and prejudices of civilization, his pretensions to scholastic culture, had to swallow his chagrin and go off to Ghent and there, on the twenty-first of October, to open the new Flemish university he was inaugurating by a speech in which he sought to flatter the pride of the Flemish people.

It must have been a bitter moment to the old satrap who was trying so pathetically to rule his province with some appearance of paternal concern for its welfare, to think that at the very moment he was lauding the Flemish traditions and trying to cultivate the sympathy of the Flemish people, he should have been compelled by Hindenburg to send gangs of slavers in the night to tear away from every home and hearthstone in the two Flanders a husband, a father or a son, and thus create in the land he was trying to conquer by soft words and indulgent smiles a hatred for the very word German—*Dutch*—that would burn as long as there was memory in Flanders.

The seventeenth of October was a day of dull sky that grew dark as the afternoon wore on. The laggard guns sounded louder than ever, as if to show that while they could not advance, or do anything else, they could make more noise, reiterate their one and only argument in a heavier voice. Vernon Kellogg, of the C. R. B., and I were playing truant. We had run away from the gloomy Legation with its recollections of sorrow and tragedy and care, and we were to meet at Ravenstein to lunch alone and talk about the things of a world that once had been, of a world we sometimes feared could never be again. He came driving up to the terrace, and the smile he usually wore was gone from his pleasant countenance; in its place was the adumbration of evil tidings. And then he told me:

In Flanders the Germans had forcibly seized between twelve and fourteen hundred men and carried them off to Germany to work in the mines.

I remembered then the speech of Helfferich in the Reichstag a few days before, in which he had declared that the time had come when the empire must force the men in the occupied territories to work. And I recalled the repeated conferences with reference to the unemployed, the *chômeurs*, as they were called, that incessant preoccupation of the Germans, a subject to which they had returned again and again with the nagging persistence that characterized them. Once they had an idea in their head there was no way of dislodging it.

I was hardly surprised; not that I expected precisely this, but the Germans had tried every other means they could think of to compel the *chômeurs* to work, and as they put all their trust in force they were not patient in argument or discussion—a waste of time, they felt, if one has the power to take what one wants. Thus they added slavery to their creed, rounding it out and making it symmetrical and complete.

This new policy was coincidental with the coming of Hindenburg to the western front; it was the work of the military clique and they gloried in it openly; the first-fruit of the policy which was to teach Belgium "what war is," as the threat had been at the time of Hindenburg's visit. The policy had not as yet been applied to the occupation district; von Bissing was said to be opposed to it, and von der Lancken had gone to Berlin to induce the Government, if possible, not to apply such measures to their jurisdiction.

We were having our biweekly meeting the following day to discuss the relief work, and we talked of little else that afternoon than the "deportations," to employ the euphemism by which the slave-drive became known. Dr. Kellogg by that time had details, based on the reports of the delegates of the C. R. B., who had just come into Brussels for their weekly meeting. Demands to work for the German army were being made on unemployed and even on employed men, not only in the Belgian military districts, but in the territory of the General Government itself, as in Luxembourg and in the Hainault. In Luxembourg, the Germans had actually issued orders that certain public works, undertaken by the Belgian civil authorities of the province of the communes in order to provide work for the unemployed, should be discontinued, and further orders were given to the effect that the men thus thrown out of work were not to be employed by private persons. The men had then been invited by the German military authorities to work for them, and when they refused they had been seized by force. And already we at the Legation had been informed that men had been taken at Liège, Dinant and Verviers. Thus, despite the Governor-General and before Lancken

Child victims of German cruelty in Belgium; their fathers killed or dragged off to slavery and their mothers lost in the chaos of war.

could go to Berlin, the policy was already in vogue in the occupation district.

In Tournai, demands to work for the military authorities had been made on large numbers of men, and when the men refused, they had been interned in camps as prisoners and put on bread and water. The ration of bread issued to them was fixed by the military authorities at seven hundred and fifty grams per person per day. The relief organization had been ordered to furnish this bread, but was not allowed to provide for any other part of the regular rations, such as bacon, lard, peas and beans. There were, besides, numerous instances of demands made by the military authorities on the local committees of the relief organization for lists of the unemployed, the expressed intention being to use these lists as a means of determining what men should be impressed for labor in the service of the German army; and the civil authorities who had refused to give these lists had already been arrested and deported to Germany.

These acts constituted an infraction of the agreement with regard to the forcing of labor, not only the agreement in the Hague conventions—no one ever thought of citing them any more—but the undertaking in regard to the relief work. If the *Comité National* and the Commission for Relief in Belgium should accept this situation without protest, they would be acquiescing in an indirect infraction of the agreement between the Governor-General and the protecting ministers, and would even be a party to the punishment, by a limitation of the food ration, of these Belgian men.

This, then, was the *dénouement*, the end of all those efforts put forth by the Germans and so often frustrated, to inquire into the charity distributed by the *Comité National* and to obtain the lists of those to whom it was given. The *chômeurs*, we called them, and no reproach attached to the term, for their unemployment was not due to their indolence, but to the invasion and to the patriotism that resisted the invasion. It was these *chômeurs* whom the Germans were seizing.

IT WAS not difficult to imagine the effect of such proceedings on the reliefs. The next courier from England would bring a demand that either the deportations or the relief work cease. And then? It was a sober and discouraged group that met that afternoon, but we could do no more just then than to await von der Lancken's return from Berlin in the hope, not very strong, that he would bring some sort of good news, and, in the more likely event that the news was bad, to prepare to protest.

The press-gang was not a new institution in the zone of operations. It had been at work in Lille, in Roubaix and in Tourcoing, as early as June, 1915, where the civilians had been forced to weave stuff and to make sacks for use in the trenches; I had seen the correspondence between the Germans and the Mayor of Lille. More than a hundred mayors and leading manufacturers of that industrial center of the north of France had been arrested and sent to Germany for having refused to aid the Germans in their press; and I knew of a retired manufacturer owning a factory at Roubaix who was locked up in a bathroom for twelve days—and he was ill at the time—simply because he refused to use his "moral influence" to compel his former employees to work.

But this was in the war zone and we were long since beyond surprise at anything the *militaires* did there. But now it was the military district, and there were instances of it in the occupation district. Thus it began, this kidnaping, this shanghaiing, this crimping, in those remote and obscure hamlets which knew so many more horrors than the cities ever knew, because there the brutal *Feldwebel* (sergeant-majors) and under officers were supreme, under no supervising eye. Since in the German system there are no equals, but only superiors and inferiors, so that every man is cowering before the man above him and bullying the man below, they could work their brutal and irresponsible will as they chose. Prowling thus in far and hidden corners of the land, they pounced upon their helpless prey, rounding slowly, stealthily in on the larger cities, reserving Brussels and Antwerp for the last.

The stories of the seizures, with details of a cruelty and brutality the like of which one could recall only vaguely out of the memory of tales, long since read, of slave-drivers in the African jungle, came up to Brussels from the provinces, and after the first dazed incomprehension, the early skepticism, there was a rage and indignation far beyond that produced by the earlier atrocities. These, as I have said, had seemed to be accepted by the people in a kind of dumb fatalism, as they might have accepted some vast and appalling cataclysm in nature. But this deed, with its monstrous and cynical cruelty, perpetrated upon a cultivated people, in the year of our Lord 1916, at a moment in the history of the world when, despite all its disillusions, it believed human slavery no longer possible on any of its continents, created a rage that was black, implacable, remorseless, a hatred that found its savage intensity deep down in the primeval instincts of the race. I had never imagined, much less seen, any human emotion comparable to it; I hope never to have to look upon the like again. It transformed the faces of men I knew; they grew hard, dark, stony, until a livid hue of passion lit them up, and then their eyes blazed, their jaws were set, and they could find no words to express their loathing of this foulest deed committed by man, or that hatred of the men who committed it.

"*L'esclavage!*" they would say, with a harsh, rasping voice.

"*L'esclavage!*" And they would repeat: "*L'esclavage!*"

And sometimes tears would start to their eyes, tears at their own impotence in the passionate and terrible longing for revenge.

LXXXII

BARON VON DER LANCKEN returned from Berlin with the result that we had expected: there was nothing to be done. The German military authorities were adamant, determined to go through with it at all hazards, even if it put an end to the relief work.

That week, for the second time since the slave-drive had begun, the delegates of the C. R. B. came in from the province for their regular meeting, shaken by the scenes they had witnessed. Tuck, Richardson and Osborn came to tell me of it. Four thousand had been seized at Ghent, and Tuck had stood by the bridge at Mons and watched long trains of cattle-cars go under it, many of them open to the sky, crowded with Belgian miners. As they went they sang "*La Brabançonne*" and "*La Marseillaise.*" The people gathered in crowds on the bridge, flung down to them turnips, potatoes, anything and all they had; the *chômeurs* seized these raw vegetables and ate them ravenously, like animals. The crowd joined in their cries, the single German sentinel on the bridge running about and imploring them to be still. Every one of the delegates had some such tale to tell; they were half sick with the horror of it, but they had rendered all the help they could, even when that help was only the sympathy they could not refrain from expressing.

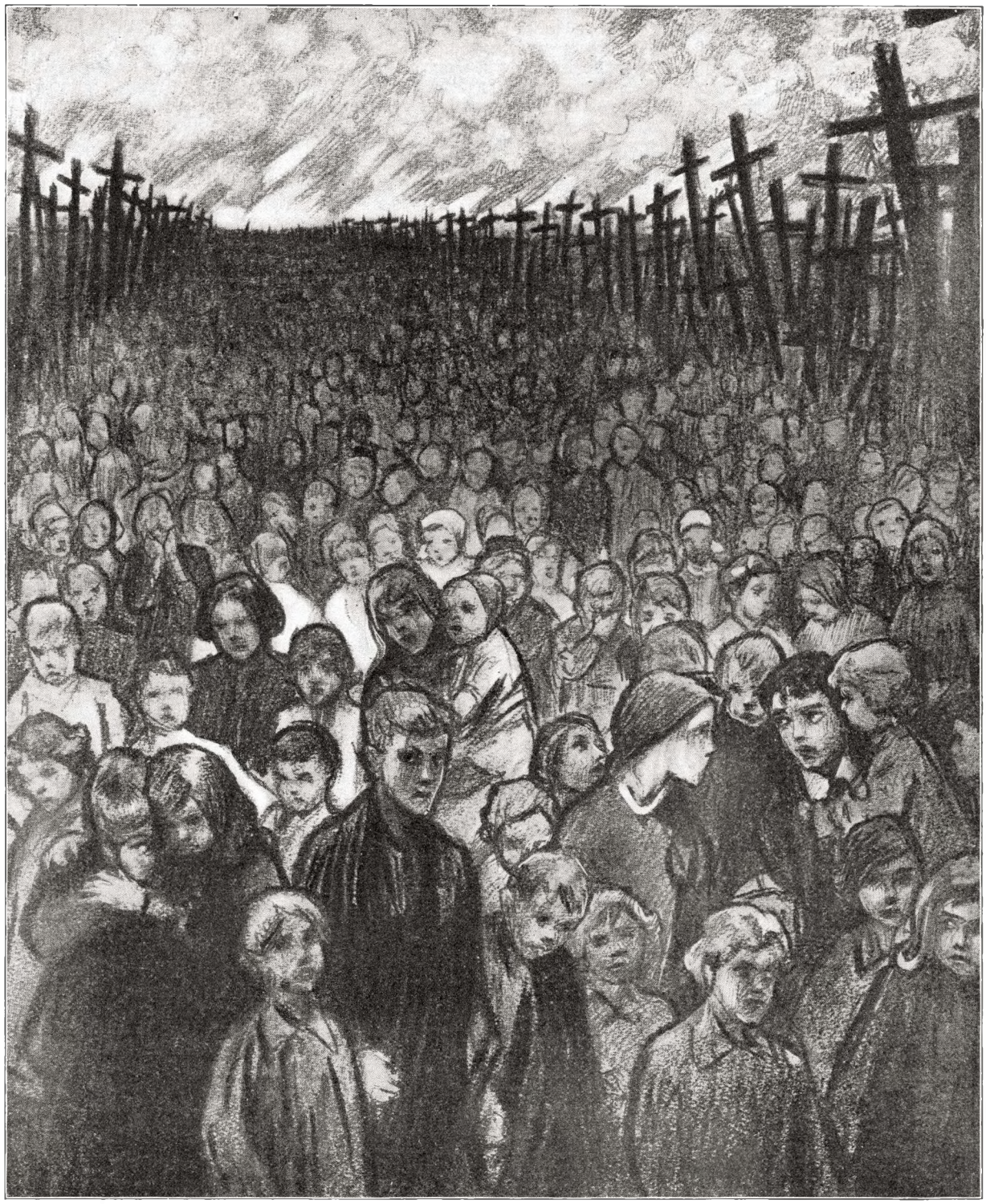
It was on Friday, the twenty-seventh of October, a day of cold rain and wet leaves falling dismally. At five o'clock in the afternoon we went to the Political Department, the Marquis of Villalobar, M. van Vollenhoven, M. Francqui, M. Emanuel Janssen and I, and were met by the Baron von der Lancken and by Dr. Brohn and Dr. Reith. Before taking up the question of the deportations, von der Lancken, opening the meeting in his formal way, asked Dr. Reith to read us a letter just written by the Governor-General and addressed to the protecting ministers, according what we had asked at our latest interview with him, representation on the various *Zentrale*, and a more stringent control. The letter was satisfactory to us, and after we had discussed some of the details, the Baron said that he wished to define the attitude of the General Government in regard to the *chômeurs*.

It was very still in the little salon; we had made the formal protest, and von der Lancken, sitting by the marble-topped table, began his reply by saying that in Germany the old men and the women and the children were working in the fields, while in Belgium there were seven hundred thousand idle folk, more than half of them men for the most part young and capable of working. His Excellency the Governor-General had twice, publicly and officially, offered work to the *chômeurs*, but it had been refused; now, because of the lack of labor in Germany, the General Government was determined to force these Belgians to go to work. The General Government, he said, felt that it had not only the legal, but the moral, right to do this; that idleness was always a menace, and that if the war continued a year or two longer, these men would lose the habit of work completely. They would, therefore, be transferred to Germany—some ten thousand had already been sent—where they would be set to work in the fields, in the quarries, and elsewhere, but that not one of them would be compelled to work for the army or for any military purposes whatever.

He paused a moment, with a wide, exculpating gesture as of one who admits some trifling exception, and said:

"I do not say that not one of them will work on a rail over which a military train may pass, but——"

The decision had been made; there would be no rescinding of it. Dr. Brohn, who was a director in the Krupp works, remarked that there were hundreds of Belgians working in the Krupp works, but not



THE CHILDREN OF BELGIUM.

Cartoon by Louis Raemaekers.

in the munitions department. But, said one of us, some Belgians had been set to work making trenches in northern France. But this the Baron denied; no Belgian, he said, had been employed at such labor save those who had come voluntarily and asked for work, though he did admit that some of them had been employed on the new fortifications at Antwerp.

Then Villalobar and I by turns called the Baron's attention to the storm that the reports of the seizures would produce in the world outside, and asked him if they had considered the effect the measure would have on the relief. The Baron replied that the *Comité National* and the Commission for Relief would be respected, and that the engagements entered into with them would be respected. The Governor had not and would not ask the *Comité National* for the lists of *chômeurs*, though he would ask and would insist that no family of a Belgian taken away be punished by having food taken from them.

Then we called his attention to the state of affairs in Luxembourg. There were no *chômeurs* in the province of Luxembourg;

the communes had undertaken public works, bridges, town halls, ditches—any justifiable improvement that might lighten the needs of the people. But the German civil president had ordered all this construction discontinued; he had even gone so far as to prohibit workmen living in one commune to go into neighboring communes in search of work. Dr. Reith replied for the Baron, saying that these public works had been undertaken after the Germans had called for workmen, which was doubtless accurate enough, since the Germans had begun calling for workmen almost immediately after the occupation, and that the Belgian authorities had inaugurated these works in order to defeat the German plan to secure manual labor.

It was a long and futile discussion; one after another we brought up all the objections that so readily occurred to the mind, but to no avail. There was once more that impregnable impasse, that magic phrase—military necessity; *messieurs les militaires* had pronounced it, and that closed all debate. Baron von der Lancken shrugged his shoulders to show that he was powerless, and, besides, he had not been in favor of the policy originally. The discussion went on, was interminable, and at last despairing.

THERE we sat, while the evening closed in, perplexed by the difficulty the modern mind experiences when suddenly called upon to establish any elementary and universally admitted principle, something long accepted as axiomatic, as that the earth is round, that tides are coincident with the phases of the moon, that there is a law of gravity, that human slavery is wrong—Villalobar, quiet in the wide armchair close to the little table with the marble top, playing with the papers he always had before him, picking them up and letting them fall, the numerous papers of his numerous affairs; Dr. Reith the only one of the Germans in civilian clothes, wearing an extraordinary high collar; Dr. Brohn, a big, mild, agreeable, honest man in the dark-blue uniform of the Second Alexandria Regiment, caught in the cogs of the terrible German machine; van Vollenhoven, ruddy, taciturn; Emanuel Janssen in scrupulous black, with never a word to say; M. Francqui, sitting sidewise in his chair, one short, fat leg crossed over the other, nervously smoking cigaret after cigaret, his eloquent dark eyes darting here and there their brilliant glances, which nothing, not even the shadow of an expression, ever escaped; and Lancken, with his air of youth, trim, well-groomed, in his uniform of delicate blue, eyes fixed on the sheet of paper on his knees. It was still in the salon when suddenly M. Francqui, with a nervous movement shifting his legs, turned restlessly in his chair, crossed his legs again, and exclaimed, as if to himself:

"*Nous sommes des nègres!*" (We are negroes!) His dark eyes were flashing, and over the face of the Baron von der Lancken there swept a scarlet flame; he turned quickly and exclaimed:

"*Non, je ne peux pas permettre que vous disiez cela!*" (No, I can not permit you to say that!)

Then silence again, very deep; a vast weariness of a common recognition of the whole impossible situation, of the madness and horror of the war. Villalobar sighed heavily; the sigh was audible all over the salon, and turning wearily toward the Baron, he said:

"The war is lasting too long; you and England should end it."

The words wrung suddenly from von der Lancken a human cry, a cry of pain.

"*Cette guerre abominable doit cesser!*" he cried, striking his knee with a clenched fist. "*Nous sommes prêts! Pourquoi est-ce que les autres ne veulent pas la paix aussi?*" (This abominable war must end! We are ready! Why do the others not wish peace also?)

There was an instant, the only one, no doubt, in all the hard discussions we had had in that salon, with the closed piano, the chairs with the satin cushions wearing out by unwonted usage, the mirrors that had reflected so many strange and varied forms of features, when we were in accord.

The discussion fraying out into those vain and idle repetitions that mark the end of most conferences, some one, Villalobar, I believe, asked Lancken to state once more the official German position with regard to the relief work—he had already stated it five or six times, and the Baron, emphasizing each word with a blow of his fist on his knee, said:

"We rest and we shall rest on our rights; we respect and we shall respect our engagements; we shall not touch anything belonging to the *Comité National*."

That was all; the meeting was over, and we sat there benumbed by the conviction, the absolute and disheartening certainty, that all argument, all discussion, all reason, all appeal, was useless. Lancken had no power; he was engaged in the impossible task of presenting the deeds of the junkers and military circle under a light that would somehow reconcile them with the ideas of Western liberal culture, picked up by him in his ten years at Paris; even Bissing, the old Governor-General, whom all Belgians cursed and execrated, whose name was anathema, the old man who stood to Britain and to France and to America as the very sign and symbol of all that was abominable in German theory and practise, even he was not severe enough in applying the theory, and so was powerless.

THERE was but one argument that could impress the military power, and that was a knock on the head. I had come a long way and reluctantly to a conclusion so utterly at variance with all I had thought and dreamed for years. I had learned that there was but one hope, one salvation for the world, one hope and one salvation for the German people themselves, twice enslaved, once by Bismarck and once by Karl Marx, and that was that the military caste of Germany be defeated and passed under the yoke—literally; it was the only thing that they could understand.

The result of this formal protest, like the effect of information we had received in several private discussions, was the conviction that if any representations could avail they would have to be made at Berlin. The Governor-General, whose policy in Belgium, while aiming no less than Hindenburg at the destruction of the Belgian nation, would have been pursued on subtler lines, had no doubt for some time felt the power slipping from him. Remarking to me once on the difficulties of his position, he said that he was expected to unite the subtlety of a diplomatist with the firmness of a soldier; if he did anything that the Belgians approved—which was seldom—he was blamed at Berlin; when he did something that pleased Berlin, he was execrated by the Belgians. And now since Hindenburg had been appointed to the supreme command, since the hero had become the dictator, von Bissing no longer in fact was in command.

All was tending then inevitably and fatally toward a rupture with America, and a rupture could only mean war in the end. My own desire was to save the relief work, if possible, and, above all, to compromise it by no inconsidered act of my own.

In these circumstances, and since von Hindenburg had overridden von Bissing, I reported the facts to Washington and ventured to suggest that some action be taken at Berlin, where the power, if there was any power in Germany higher than the General Staff, alone resided. My course was approved by the Government and the suggestion adopted. Mr. Gerard had gone home and Mr. Grew was in charge at Berlin, and I sent him all the facts upon which to base a representation, and kept in communication with him.

NOVEMBER came, cold and gloomy, with the bells tolling on All Saints' Day for the dead; the bells in the ancient little chapel of Stalle behind the Orangerie clanged dismally all day long. There were long, wobegone processions in black to the cemeteries and thoughts of the dead in those new graves all over Belgium and down along the Yser; thoughts, too, of all those who were being herded by the slavers to living tombs in German mines and quarries.

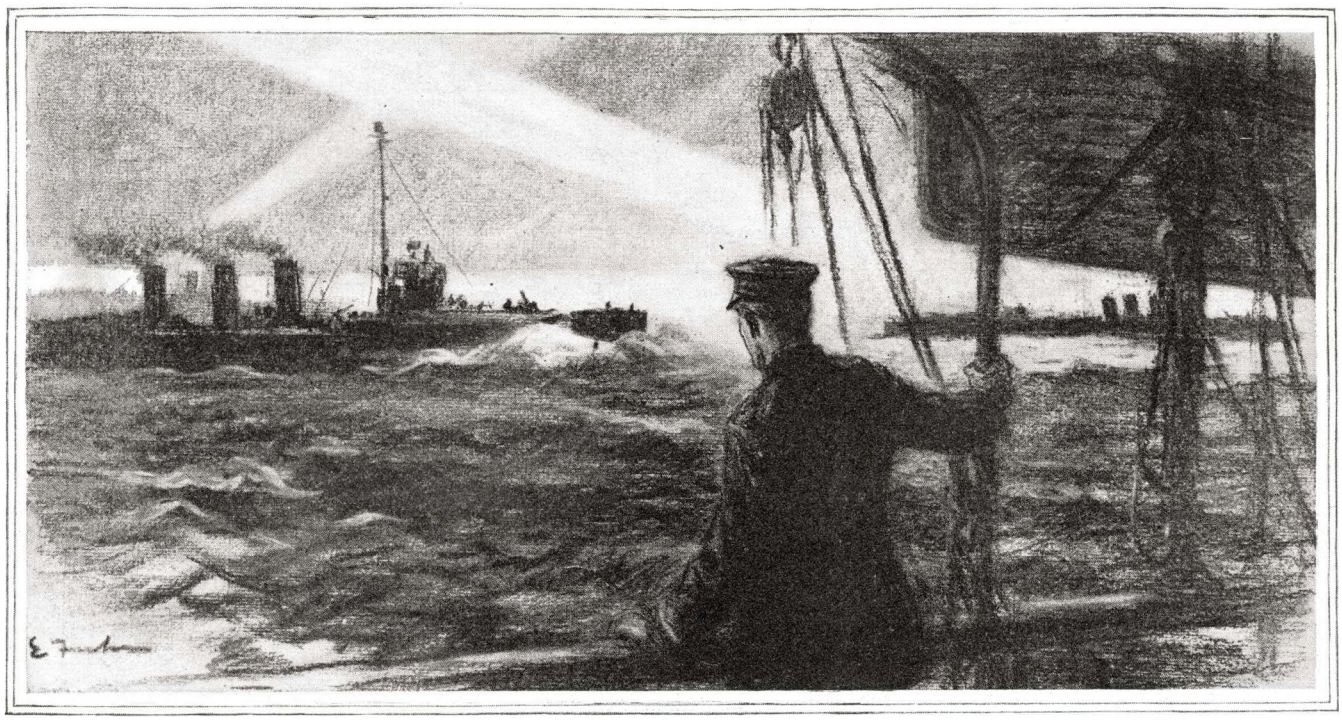
The theory that it was only *chômeurs* who were to be seized had been abandoned early in November, at the moment when the German administration was moralizing on the evil effects of idleness. The slave-gangs were seizing men everywhere, whether they were idle or not, amid sad and tragic scenes over all Brabant and the Hainault. I suggested to Mr. Grew that in case protests, appeals or representations should fail to stop the hideous thing, some policy at least be adopted; that if the pretense of seizing only *chômeurs* were observed, it would be something, and that if certain classes of exemptions could be created, such as would include married men or heads of families, or only men for military service, or some such thing, it might ameliorate the situation. I suggested also that the camps in Germany be open to inspection by representatives of our Embassy there, or, since Spain was in charge of Belgian interests at Berlin, to the representatives of the Spanish Embassy.

Lancken had gone to Berlin again to discuss the business. He was gone two days, and immediately on his return (November eleventh) I had a long conversation with him, in which he said that he had heard that it had been suggested that the Belgian camps in Germany be open to American or neutral visitation and inspection; he said that he was heartily in favor of the suggestion, and wished to know if it had emanated from the American Government, or from Mr. Hoover, or from me. I told him that since we were living in a world where every one seemed to be much more concerned about the

(*Continued on page 64*)

UNDER THE CROSS.

Cartoon by George Wright.



Far out over the waste of waves was the fleet, its search-lights scouring the seas for submarines.

PEASE *of the* NAVY

By Warren H. Miller

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

THE Peases are Navy people. Ever since Congress voted Commodore Pease ten numbers for gallantry in action at Vera Cruz in '43, there have been several of them in the Service in every generation. During the Civil War, one of them went down in the ill-fated U. S. S. *Cumberland*, before the ram of the *Merrimac*, firing his last guns as the waves surged over them; while another led the van on the U. S. S. *Varuna* when Farragut forced the forts before New Orleans. During the Spanish War, a Pease, "Crinky" by Annapolis nickname, in command of a converted yacht or "spit-kit" as they were facetiously termed in the Navy, engaged and sank four Spanish gunboats in an action off the south shore of Cuba. Crinky Pease came out of that fight in great gusto—his decks all combed with the machine gun and rifle fire—a thirteen-pounder shell through his engine-room missing the main steam-pipe by just three inches—happy as a lark, without having lost one of his men.

After the Spanish War, his two sons, Rodman and Willis, both went to Annapolis, as the only possible school for a Pease. Roddy, the elder, graduated at the foot of his class and the head of his football team and went right into the torpedo-boat service, a specialty that he took to like a duck to the water! Willis, the younger, passed high in his studies and was assigned to engineer duty.

Later, in the Philippine ruction, Roddy was there—it was a way he had of being generally on hand when opportunities for a fight came up—and far down in some forgotten island where the Moros were holding a stockade, he came upon the Tenth Infantry about to assault the fort and carry it by storm. It did not take Roddy half an hour to get permission to cable his admiral for orders to "assist" in the fight—in point of concrete fact, to land a detachment of bluejackets with a machine gun and help "board the fort in a seamanlike manner." Sawing a hole through the stockade with the gun, after Herculean labor in hauling it up the hill, he and his bluejackets, plus as many of the Army as could crowd in, charged into the gap, and, after a hot fight, cleaned out every Moro in the enclosure. One huge black hurled an assegai at Roddy, just as the latter shot him down with his service Colt, and after the row, Roddy went back to pick up the assegai as a keepsake. In due course of time it went to Crinky Pease's study, somewhere in California, where the old captain was ending his days, and was hung up on the wall amid chortles of parental joy, while the mother looked on with proud tears of mixed anxiety and satisfaction. Roddy got three numbers from Congress and was mentioned in dispatches by the admiral. A material sea-dog, no less!

Meanwhile, Willis was accumulating a "molly" reputation in the Bureau of Navigation, which directs the destinies of officers, earning that sort of mingled pity and contemptuous respect which the fighting man accords the scientist with no fight in him. Whatever else he was, he was not a typical Pease. Took after his mother, most likely; one of those little, insipid persons whom a Navy man is apt to "fall for" during his infrequent social ventures ashore. What Crinky could ever have seen in her was more than his classmates could fathom; she was considerable of a musician, that was probably it. Willis played, too; his most popular moments aboard ship were those when, seated at the wardroom piano, he would render "My Old Kentucky Home" or "Old Black Joe" in great, soulful, tragic chords, while the homesick wardroom gathered around to sing and grow sentimental.

Willis's absurd Annapolis nickname, "Mike," stuck to him and followed him all over the Service. That he had no nerve, that he could be made to blush to the tips of his big red ears, that any sudden scare would send this blush mantling to his face like a girl, Annapolis was not slow to discover. And when the blush was on him it made him look so absurdly like the florid, red countenance of the big Irish boxing-master that to name him after Fighting Mike was the simultaneous inspiration of a dozen wags among the plebes. Willis, *alias* "Mike," was never known to "drag a feem" to any of the class hops; his awkward attempts at class athletics were pathetic; and, in spite of an eager willingness to do

his part, he was soon dropped as impossible. This drove him to the bosom of the "grinds," and as these latter have no bosom, properly speaking, he became a lonely figure, that despised of all students, a professor's pet.

After graduation his nervousness and lack of *savoir-faire* made him an impossibility aboard a fighting-ship. Rigid Navy etiquette, where every act of the least midshipman must be carried off with a certain fluency under the eyes of fussy captains and watch-officers, the essential necessity of a certain ease of deportment when on foreign station or when a visiting fleet entailed obligations—in these Willis was totally lacking and such affairs simply scared him into a misery of awkwardness. The fact that he was slender and good-looking, also Crinky Pease's son, at first caused his various captains to send him on little errands of courtesy, such as to be entrusted with some verbal message to officer friends in the fleet, and these poor Willis invariably managed to muddle up so hopelessly that a return of some other youngster back to his own captain was needed to straighten the matter out. He was known to forget to salute the flag on coming aboard ship, or to fail to acknowledge the officer of the deck, through sheer nervousness, and so, in due course of time, whenever the question of assigning Willis to a ship came up, it was a matter of course to put him on some collier or beef-boat where his oportunities to "run with the ball" would be infrequent.

Then came the great war. Like millions of other red-blooded citizens, the Peases chafed in silence at our long months of swallowing insult, of glozing over the nation's plain duty to its pledged word, of evading all the ordinary obligations of manhood until it seemed as if God had forgotten the United States altogether and did not care very much if we existed or no. But at last the great word "WAR" went forth, and the load of shame and dishonor was lifted. Crinky Pease hurried to Washington and assumed a departmental desk, releasing some younger man for a ship; and soon thereafter Roddy disappeared from the ken of friends and relatives to turn up later on a crack destroyer in European waters.

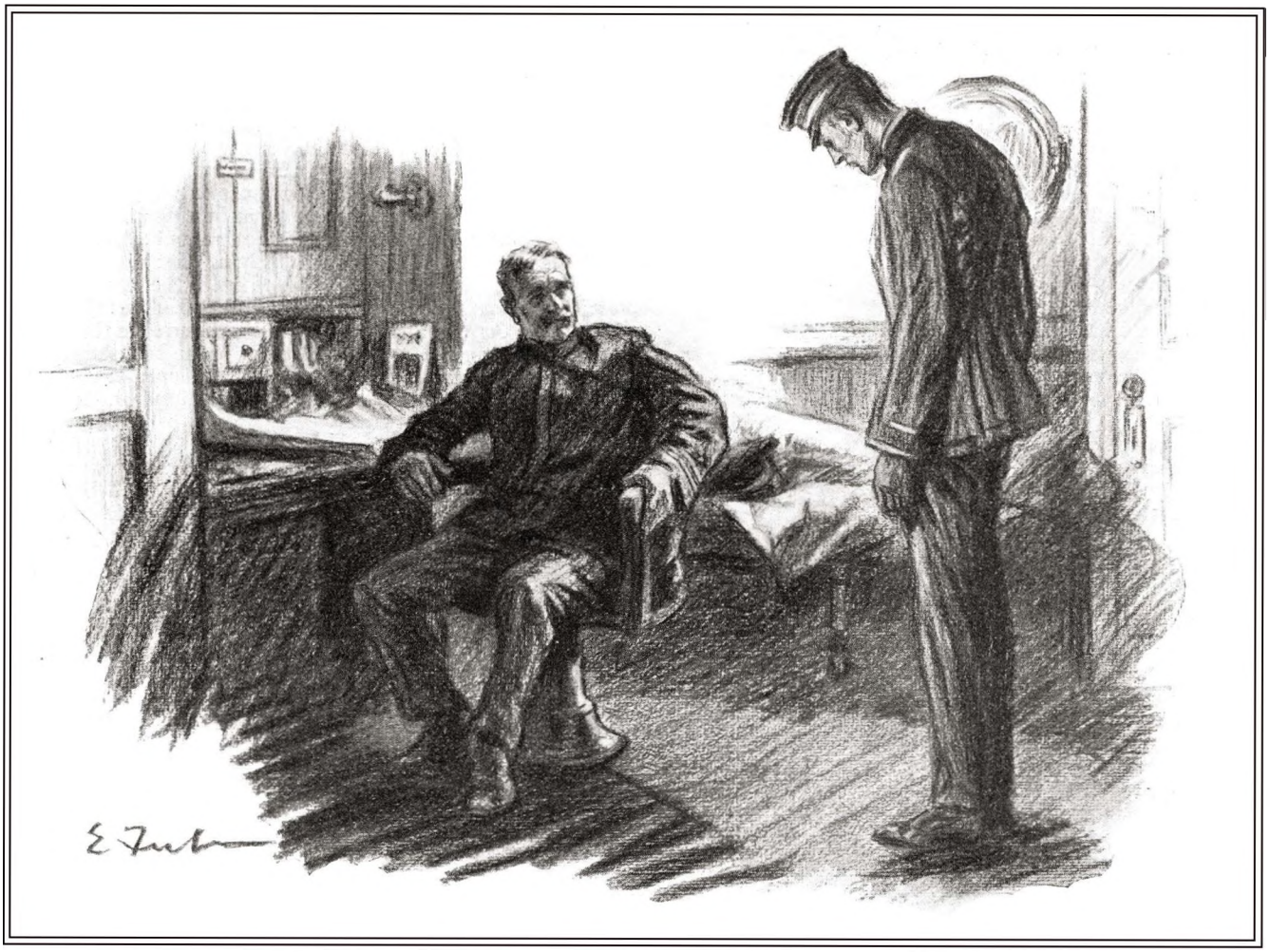
Willis, hoping that at last the exigencies of war would give him a real ship, opened his orders with trembling fingers. He read in the usual curt, numbered paragraphs: "(1) Detached from shore duty with the Inland Academy. (2) Proceed at once to the U. S. S. *Iceberg*. (3) Report for engineer duty on same." His eyes filled with tears as he dashed the letter on the floor and ground it under his heel, hastily picking it up again and smoothing it out, as he realized that it bore certain indorsements on its back and would require still others before it finally returned to a pigeonhole in the Bureau of Navigation!

A beef-boat! A supply ship! The "mess-kit," the fleet was sure to nickname her, when attached to the squadron! Middies right out of the Academy would get at least the steerage of fighting-ships, while he, Pease, an ensign four years graduated, would go into the great war on a beef-box! True, she mounted four submarine guns and two or three quick-firers and antiaircraft weapons, but he wouldn't get so much as a look over their muzzles, but, down in the bowels of the vessel, a prize target for U-boat torpedoes, he would be one of the "also rans."

Well, it was the part of a Pease to shut his mouth and make no kick. Others might raise a howl, or "sick" a Congressman on the Department; he could even appeal to his father to pull wires for a better berth; but that wasn't the Pease way, either. He reported. At least she would go to sea with the fighting squadrons!

But for months thereafter the *Iceberg* went with patrol squadrons on our own coast, a most humdrum and peaceable occupation, doling out tons of beef from the hatch-nets, keeping her freezer engine going, issuing millions of dollars' worth of supplies of every conceivable character from a spit-kit to a steam-launch—she was no more than a floating Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. And meanwhile Roddy and his destroyer were being "heard from" in Europe!

But at length the home army was trained and the *Iceberg* was attached to a convoy squadron going to France. Navies travel on their bellies, as well as armies, and so the old beef-box was the fleet's most cherished possession, and the one most likely to be downed by a Hun submarine, for next to sinking a ship full of soldiers, sinking the supply ship and putting the naval convoy on a diet of ship stores would be the enterprise



"I know your father well. We were shipmates several times."

most attractive to the Teuton mind—as producing the maximum of results at the minimum risk! Willis felt that if there was to be any excitement, his ship was tolerably certain to be in the thick of it, if being the target of a submarine can be accorded that enviable position! Also, that his part in it would, most likely, *not* be the joy of smashing periscopes up there in God's blue sky and sea, but instead, sudden extinction down in the dark electric-lit engine-room, with the blinding glare of the torpedo and the avalanche of incoming sea as his last glimpse of life.

And so they dipped and rose over the cold, gray Atlantic in the early spring gales, the long double line of fighting cruisers surrounding the army transports, all with their prows pointed to France, the world's field of glory for centuries past.

II

"ROSSAK to the mast!"

They made a funny group on the quarter-deck of the U. S. S. *Iceberg*, six human beings, solemnly facing each other. On the officers' side, the Captain in the center, boredly twirling his mustache; at his right the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Hugh Adams, choking back gusts of merriment that threatened to engulf discipline; at his left, Ensign Willis Pease, the accusing officer, in a blue funk of nervousness, trying to remember his part in the Regulations, like a schoolboy who has forgotten his piece. On the enlisted men's side stood Rossak, the accused, in the center, a great hulking Teuton, his face a flood of frightened tears; on his right, Jimmy-Legs, the master-at arms, thickset, stern and impersonal; on his left the witness, Bill Barlow, first-class machinist, whose turn at the mast would come next—for the mere matter of trying to brain Rossak with a spanner wrench because the latter had said that the Americans blew up the *Maine* to bring on the Spanish War.

"Proceed, Mr. Pease," muttered the Captain dryly.

Willis Pease blundered on unhappily: "M-Mister Barlow——"

"There is no such person on the ship!" interrupted the Captain angrily.

Hugh Adams suppressed a snort of laughter. "Take your time, Mike," he whispered behind the Captain's back.

Willis blinked back tears of exasperation. Why was he so damn nervous when in the least called upon to assert himself in public, anyhow!

"I saw Barlow chasing Rossak around the main condenser with a spanner wrench, and Mister Kopke—" he continued.

"Who is *Mister* Kopke, may I ask?" inquired the Captain icily.

"Machinist Kopke, first class," corrected Pease hastily. "Kopke stuck out his foot and tripped Barlow——"

"And I'm a son of a sea-cook if I don't plant me hooks in his deadlights for it, too!" broke in Barlow.

"Silence!" thundered the Captain. "Don't you speak until you are called on, Barlow. Go on, Mr. Pease."

"It seems that Rossak was making some disloyal remarks down in the engine-room, and Barlow got after him with a spanner—" went on the ensign confusedly.

"Confine yourself to what you saw and heard, Mr. Pease," interrupted the Captain. "Did you *hear* the alleged remarks?"

"No; but—well, I guess that is all my actual testimony, Captain," concluded Pease suddenly, relapsing into silence.

"That will do, Mr. Pease—I will see you in my stateroom, shortly. Now, Barlow."

"Well, Captain, dis guy here, he says t'me, says he, 'Yermany's all right, an' America's all wrong about dis here war,' he says, 'an' what is more,' he says, 'you Americans blowed up the *Maine* yerselves,' he says; 'n' I give him two seconds to take it back, 'n' then I starts for him wid a spanner—th' lousy Dutchman—an' I'd 've gotten him, too, if Kopke hadn't tripped me foot——"

"That'll do, Barlow," interrupted the Captain. "Master-at-Arms Kopke to the mast."

Presently the Jimmy-legs returned, escorting Kopke. A smooth, blue-eyed, beery customer was Kopke, his Teuton descent sticking out all over him. He was the model machinist of the engine-room, quiet, efficient, deferential, considered one of the best recruits off the receiving-ship.

"Kopke, did you overhear any conversation between Rossak and Barlow?" queried the Captain.

"Oh, it was nothing, Captain," replied Kopke easily, "just one of those arguments that we men occasionally have——"

"Do you recall what was said?"

"Not exactly, sir; something about the *Maine*, I believe——"

"He was right dere, Capt'in," broke in Barlow eagerly, "an' he hoid every woid."

"Silence! Kopke, it's beyond belief that any American sailor could have overheard such remarks as have been reported with such indifference as you seem to display. State just what you heard."

"I really wasn't paying much attention, Captain—" began Kopke smoothly.

"Did you trip up Barlow?"

"No—he stumbled over my foot."

"The case is dismissed!" declared the Captain hopelessly. "Master-at-arms, release the accused."

He turned on his heel and the party left the quarter-deck. Ten minutes later Ensign Pease stood silently before him in the privacy of the Captain's stateroom.

"Mr. Pease," barked the Captain angrily, "how are we to preserve the dignity of a trial at the mast if you are going to conduct yourself as you did this morning? Your grandfather would have turned in his grave, your father would have spanked you out of hand, your brother Rodman would have held his head in shame for the Pease name, if any of them could have witnessed you this morning—at a mere mast trial of enlisted men—what is the matter with you, sir?" the Captain glared at the slender ensign under his bushy gray brows.

"Captain, I don't seem to make good at this life," spoke out Pease impulsively. "The family sent me to Annapolis, as a matter of course, and I have been the butt of the whole Navy ever since. I get so nervous when called on to say or do the least thing, that I always bungle. I can not help it—it's born in me!"

The Captain regarded him in silence for some time. "I suppose we can not help it if you are not a regular Pease like your brother Rodman, Willis," he said at length. "I know your father well. We were shipmates several times, and a braver and more gallant officer never breathed! It's not your fault that you did not take after him. Let's do the best we can. Who is Kopke?" he broke off in a more kindly tone as if to change an unpleasant subject.

Willis's eyes brightened. "He's a jewel, sir!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The best man in my watch. Always neat and accurate, nothing ever wrong with the engines when he's about—never had to report him for anything whatever——"

"Ye-es; he's too damned *nice*, you know," returned the Captain warily. "Now, for God's sake, Willis, don't add innocence to the rest of your shortcomings. You heard him deliberately kill that trial this morning, didn't you? I could do nothing, with only one witness against this Rossak—and you know damn well that he could have told all that was necessary. We'd have had both of them in the brig—that's just the reason your paragon found his memory suddenly so very poor. Now, Mr. Pease, you *watch* that man from now on—that's an order, sir, do you hear it?"

"Yes, sir; but I sincerely hope you are wrong——"

"That'll do," interrupted the Captain, waving him out of the stateroom impatiently.

Willis stood irresolute for a moment or two, and then bowed himself out. He went at once to his stateroom and tried to reflect on the Captain's admonition concerning Kopke. So far as he could recall, Kopke seemed faultless, his one error, a serious and irreparable one though it was, having been satisfactorily explained away.

This mistake happened when the *Iceberg* was in dry-dock some months before, overhauling for sea duty. Among other things about the engine-room it had devolved upon Kopke to repack the stuffing-box of the ship's screw-shaft. Where this great bar of steel projects out of the ship's stern, carrying the propeller, there is a stuffing-box to prevent the water coming in along the shaft. It is packed with huge turns of greasy black packing as big as a hawser, four or five turns being packed in the box around the shaft. Kopke had cut them all short, explaining that the shaft had a larger diameter inside the box than in the shaft-bearings and he had cut the packing to fit the shaft as measured in the bearings, and so, when put in the box, they all came a trifle short, but he hoped that the compression of the bushing would make it tight.

IT DID nothing of the sort; for when the *Iceberg* was floated, a small but steady leak began into the after-peak, and it was too late to remedy it without putting the ship back in dry-dock again. For so small a leak as it seemed—it amounted to about nineteen tons of water a watch, though, when measured later—the Captain would not ask the Department for a redocking, contenting himself with a severe reprimand for both Willis and the machinist, and so they had put to sea. Since then they had to keep the after-peak pump going most of the time, but nothing suspicious had happened after that, except the finding of waste rags in the suction-pipe of the after-peak on two occasions when at sea *en route* for France. Both times the pump refused to suck, and one of them happened to be in a hurricane, when the whole shaft tunnel became flooded with water before the trouble could be located.

It roused in him a savage anger that he never dreamed lay in him.

Now that Willis thought it over, that packing might *not* have been cut short, nor that waste have been dropped in the after-peak by accident. These were war times, and if any one needed an eye on them in his watch it would be the two Teutons, Rossak and the incomparable Kopke. The *Iceberg* was the dinner-pail of the fleet, Willis reflected; next to one of the transports, she would be the one ship that the German Admiralty would try particularly to "get." What surer way to be rid of her, he realized with a sudden electric thrill, than to have a trusted spy slack off the bolts of the screw stuffing-box—and sink her! Willis could picture that scene: some black hour after midnight in the twelve-to-four watch—his watch!—some traitorous member of their own crew, even, at work in the dim darkness of the

(*Continued on page 72*)

My Memories *of* Vernon Castle

By
Irene Castle

THE gay figure who danced his way from obscurity into the youthful heart of America, and who commanded the enthusiasm which America has always accorded those who express its *bonhomie* and its love of life—how little we knew him, how little we cared about the real man who lived behind the dancer's mask!

To us, Vernon Castle was merely the master of our lighter hours, the pierrot of the minute, and when he unhesitatingly answered a greater call and gave his life for a deeper cause, we did not understand. Perhaps we did not try, for America forgets quickly.

Now comes this story of Vernon Castle, simply told by one who knew him best. We found in it, and we are sure every one in these times will find in it, revelation and inspiration.—THE EDITOR.

AN AIRPLANE, manned by an instructor and a cadet, was about to land safely on a Texas flying-field, when another machine piloted by a student rose just in front. The instructor, who was riding in the front seat in order to give his pupil more confidence, made what is called an Immelmann turn in order to avoid a collision. Those who saw the accident, say that possessing, as he did, so perfect an understanding of flying, the instructor must have been certain that the forty feet between him and the ground was not enough space to make the turn. It was enough, however, to avoid cleverly the other machine. His own crashed nose down. The instructor, Vernon Castle, was killed.

Certain papers, in relating the accident, put it that Vernon Castle had "made good by his glorious self-sacrifice." Their idea seemed to be that by his death, Vernon Castle had atoned for his earlier sins, whatever they may have been. It seemed inconceivable to them that a dancer, a professional dancer and man of the stage, could be a fighter. He was not a fighter in the sense that he liked war. He was not a soldier of adventure nor any other kind. He hated discipline, and the narrowness of life in barracks. He loved above all other surface things, the theatre, restaurants, cafés and other places of amusement. All this he gave up gladly because his country was at war, and he was too good a sport to shirk his share of the hardships and dangers that are the lot of a soldier. He thought he ought to go into it.

Speaking before a meeting of the Actors' Equity Association, Francis Wilson said that there seemed to be an impression that Vernon Castle had redeemed himself by his glorious death. The speaker declared that in his opinion, Vernon Castle's evolution of the modern dance had brought joy to so many Americans, young and old, that "he is to be credited with one of the greatest achievements of the day."

I, who knew him better than any one else, know that he would have been worth while, even if he had never flown, even if he had never gone to war. His was a rare spirit and a generous one.

There is a bugaboo in the American theatre that will not die easily, and that is that a performer is like the parts he plays. Women who play vampires on the stage or in the movies, are credited by a part of the public with knowing their business from the inside and with being personally guilty of everything except, perhaps, arson. So a man who plays a fool must be a fool.

Vernon had no intention of going on the stage. That he did go on was largely a matter of accident. Cast for eccentric parts in several of Lew Fields's productions, he played them as well as he could and with the feeling of an artist—without thought of his own future, or that he would be linked with a certain type of part. Added to this, he had the casualness and the spirit of the amateur in his work on the stage.

In one of the Fields shows, I believe it was the "Summer Widowers," there was a scene in what was at that time called a delicatessen shop. Vernon came in dressed in a ridiculous tight green suit with a silly high green hat, which accentuated his slightness, and asked for some rat poison. "Shall I wrap it up, or will you take it here?" was the line that fell to Lew Fields; and Fields could never have been so funny with that line if Vernon had not been willing to go the whole way in his clowning.

So much in an effort to destroy a popular misconception.

Vernon Blyth (the name Castle was assumed) was born at Norwich, England. He was the only boy in the family where there were four girls, all older, and all of whom adored him. His mother died when he was quite young, and neither his sisters nor his father ever spanked him in his life; and I am told that when he wouldn't eat anything or wear something they had bought for him, they had only to tell him it "came from France," to have it meet with approval in his eyes. If it was his dinner it was always "French chops" and "French peas"—the word "French" worked like magic on his tiny imagination. No one knows where this great respect for France came from, but it was strange that years later we should make our first real lasting success in Paris, and that a few years after that he should join the army to fight side by side with the French.

He seems to have had the schooling that Norwich afforded. Like many another small boy, he one day strung the house with electric bells and wires. He was immediately stamped in the family as an electrical engineer, though I never saw him show any knowledge of electricity, and he certainly never offered to wire our house with bells. Nor did he ever have any suggestions for repairing them when they were out of order.

In London, Vernon somehow discovered St. George's Hall, where there is a bill made up of sleight-of-hand performers. Most persons find one conjuror on a vaudeville bill sufficient, and I will confess that it is too much for me, but Vernon reveled in the bill at St. George's. He hung round till he learned to do many of the simpler tricks and until he solved some that were supposed to possess a dash of the mysterious. Often, as a fancied innocent from the audience, he was able to go on the stage and confound the conjuror. Before he was twenty, he took up conjuring as a business, and appeared at clubs or private entertainments. In a scrap-book which Vernon kept in the years before I knew him—later all business details, even the trivial ones, as the keeping of scrap-books, were turned over to me—I found a letter telling him how much his entertainment had pleased. This seems to have been his first professional engagement, and it was under the name of Blyth that he appeared. There seems to have been no reason why he should not have gone on with his work. Everybody encouraged him, but he was always eager to take up new things like a child with a new toy. The thing or the feat that he mastered yesterday had little attraction for him to-day.

In July, 1906, together with his father, his sister, Coralie Blyth (Mrs. Lawrence Grossmith) Lawrence Grossmith, James Blakely, and Jerome Kern, he came to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Grossmith had come over to play in "The Orchid." While they were rehearsing, Vernon had nothing to do except to hang around the dressing-rooms. He was not tempted to see the country, for a Sunday at Coney Island, the day after they arrived, seems to have discouraged greatly this English family, and Mr. Blyth sailed at once for England.

Harris & Ewing.

Irene Castle.

Vernon Blyth—about five.

The English school-boy.

Vernon's idleness seems to have suggested to Lawrence Grossmith that something be found for him to do. Lew Fields, who was producing "The Orchid," consented to give Vernon a small part, and in a duel scene he appeared as one of the seconds. Much as he was interested in the theatre, he had no thought at that time, of taking it seriously. He did not wish to appear under his own name of Blyth, and then, too, his sister was well known under that name. Largely out of consideration for her, he took the name of Castle. When I first met him, I naturally thought it a perfectly genuine name, but it was Lawrence Grossmith who applied it, and Windsor Castle seems to have been the inspiration.

"The Orchid" was never done as a play, but several scenes were taken out of it and incorporated in Lew Fields's production of "About Town," which opened at the Herald Square Theatre with Lew Fields, George Beban, Harry Fisher, Joe Herbert, Jack Norworth, Lawrence Grossmith, Coralie Blyth, Edna Wallace Hopper, Louise Allen Collier, Elita Proctor Otis and Louise Dresser. When the company went on the road, Vernon became his brother-in-law's understudy, and at one time played it in conjunction with his own part.

His success with Lew Fields was very great, but in the early days he was considered merely an eccentric comedian, who must have been like the parts he played—that is a burlesque Englishman, and one of the earliest importers of a wrist watch. He was in "Old Dutch," "The Girl Behind the Counter," the "Midnight Sons" and "The Summer Widowers." In one of these he had a dance with poor, charming Lotta Faust, who had previously made her great hit in "The Wizard of Oz." So far as I know, this is the first dancing that Vernon did in public.

In many ways Lew Fields's production of "The Hen-Pecks" was most important in his career and in mine also. Here Vernon made his first real hit, and in this part the critics grudgingly began to admit that he had a talent for the stage, and was an excellent foil for Lew Fields. His rôle was that of *Zowie*, the "Monarch of Mystery", and to this rôle Vernon brought all his skill as a sleight-of-hand performer. Of course the tricks he did on the stage were burlesque ones, but no one without a thorough understanding of the conjuror's work could possibly have done the part so well as he did.

It was when he was playing the rôle of *Zowie* that I first met him at New Rochelle. I think it was a swimming party. Like every young girl, I was tremendously interested in the theatre and every one connected with it. I had always wanted to go on the stage, and my few amateur performances confirmed me in my desire. Vernon was the first actor I had met, and I think at the time I was vastly more interested in him than he in me.

A picture given to my sister during the "Hen-Pecks" run.

Unlike most parents, my father had no objection to my going on the stage. He thought that both my sister and I ought to learn something by which we could earn our own living. I asked Vernon to help me get on the stage. He was very nice about it, but as I remember he showed no particular enthusiasm. At that time I did not understand how much and how thoroughly the amateur can bore the professional, especially when he wants help. Always considerate, as I came to know so well later on, he promised me that he would talk to Lew Fields about me. Sometime later he told me that Lew Fields would listen to me, and I was given a trial. My agitation was, of course, very great. I had come in from New Rochelle with a pianist who feebly accompanied me in the huge, dark theatre. I danced, with castanets, a sort of tarantella. In the Fields production of "The Summer Widowers," in Brooklyn, I appeared for the first time in public under the name of Irene Foote.

In March, 1911, after Vernon had been playing *Zowie* the "Monarch of Mystery" for some time, we became engaged. My father, who had no objection to my going on the stage, liked Vernon very much, but he was not especially pleased at our engagement. He contended that actors never had any money, and he feared "international marriages" of any kind, even though an Englishman is not classed as a foreigner with us. He felt that differences of environment and upbringing tended to cause unhappiness. Finally he was won over, and in the month of May, we were married at my home in New Rochelle. When the run of "The Hen-Pecks" closed for the summer, we sailed for Europe to meet my new family. On the way to England we took part in all the deck sports and won thirteen out of fourteen events.

I imitated Lotta Faust with whom Vernon did his first stage dance.

Our team work could not be touched. In the potato race and the three-legged race we broke the ship's records. It was a happy crossing, with the most delightful lot of passengers that we ever encountered. One little boy that Vernon befriended and learned to love, told his nurse that he thought we must be a king and queen because our name was "Castle" and we always dressed in white.

It was in London on this trip that we had our first quarrel, and, as my father had predicted, it was an international one. I was intensely, patriotically American. I found everything in London inferior to things in New York. When I pointed out the small, speckled bananas in London, Vernon protested that they were not grown in England and came from the same places that supplied those I had had in New Rochelle.

I met all my new family, and there were many of them.

As "The Hen-Pecks" was to reopen in August, our trip was a short one. When the play did reopen I was given a very small part. My singing made it safer from the point of view of the management. I was never in the chorus, an experience which might have proved valuable to me later. I had a few words to say, and for saying them, I got twenty-five dollars a week, the same salary that Vernon received when he first played with Lew Fields. Of course, at this time, he was getting one hundred dollars a week. From that day on, we pooled our interests and though we could not live very royally, Vernon somehow managed to save more money than he had ever done before, or for that matter than he ever did afterward. For my first Christmas present he bought me a diamond ring which must have cost nearly five hundred dollars. I had never had any jewelry before. There were long days of waiting for Christmas morning. I had had it slipped on my finger with my back turned and I had heard every one exclaim over it. Then after Christmas came proud days of hanging on to a subway strap gloveless, so that all might see. How different from that later Christmas when he was in France flying, and I was on the Pacific coast in the midst of a much-often-delayed movie serial. We had hoped to be together. I have his letter: "I don't know how I am going to buy you a Christmas present. One can't get anything here. I tried to fly to Versailles for one day, so that from there I could get into Paris, but I couldn't do it. It will be terrible if, when Christmas comes, you don't get anything from me."

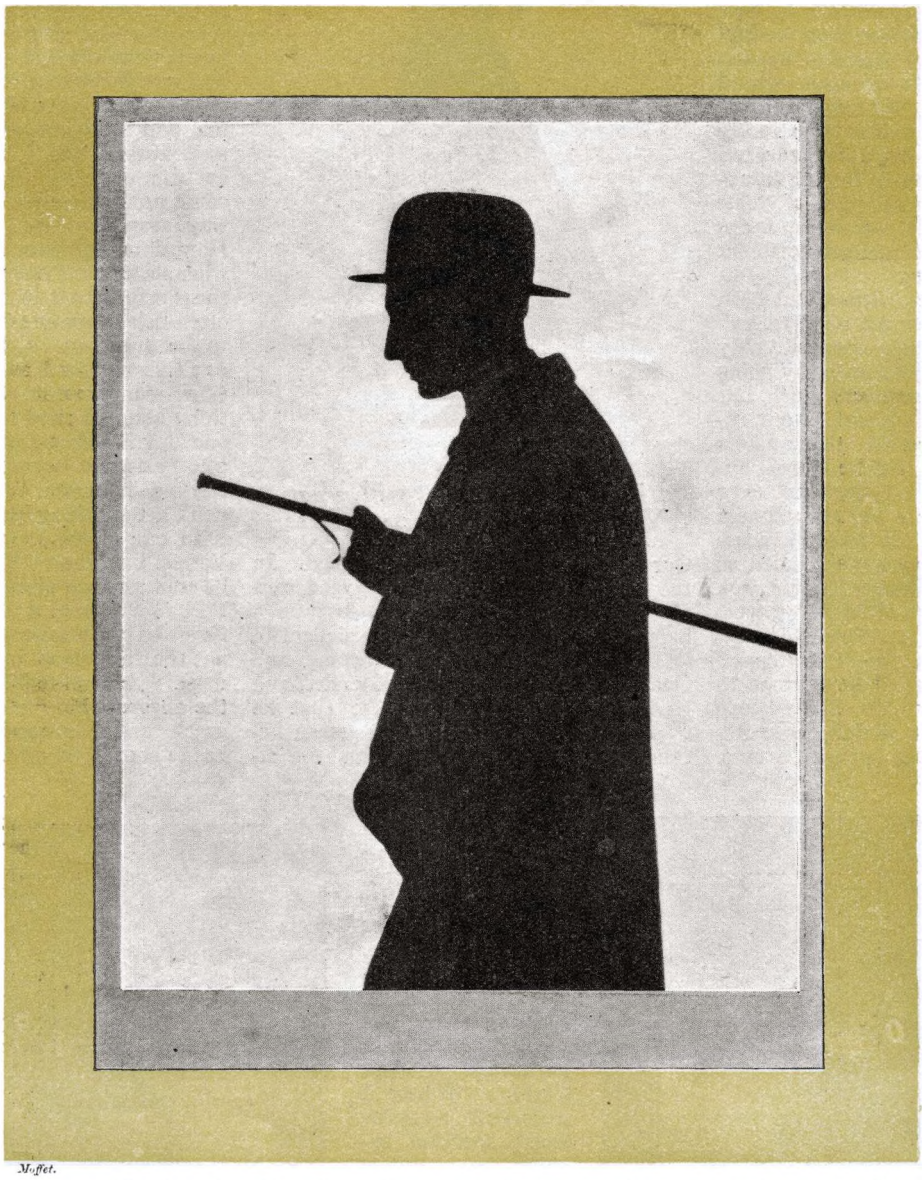
In one of the Lew Fields productions, Vernon had danced with Lotta Faust, and he was anxious after I joined "The Hen-Pecks" to have a dance with me. As *Zowie* he had a song which was called "It's not the trick itself, but the tricky way it's done." He wanted the dance arranged for the encore. No one encouraged us overmuch, and I suppose we were not very keen about it, for all we did was to write on

My interpretation of how Bessie McCoy did the "Yama Yama Girl" song and dance.

My amateur debut—as an Indian princess—in New Rochelle.

paper about what we thought we would do. This custom of writing our dances first was almost always adhered to in later days. The first dance we wrote, we never even rehearsed, though we might have had the stage at any time. In the days before we were married, though we went to many of the same parties, I am sure that we never danced together. Necessity made us dancers, and it was not until we got to Paris that necessity urged us.

It was while we were playing in "The Hen-Pecks" that I first knew or came to know of Vernon's boundless love for animals. He had never had a pet of any sort. The love of animals and all dumb, helpless things was there, but it was awaiting another's influence to bring it out. My home was full of pets. My father took great pride in his show dogs, and one of the first presents he gave us was an English bull that went with us on our travels, and was our greatest comfort on our first trip to Paris, which began so dismally. When Vernon was at the training-school in England and on the flying-field of France, he never in his daily letters forgot to inquire about our pets. And always he mentioned the monkeys or dogs that he had with him in France, often in spite of orders. Quite the happiest of all his letters from France, is one that tells of his joy upon landing in a field and then visiting a little farm. Here it is:



Moffet.

Vernon Castle when Broadway began to take his work as a comedian seriously.

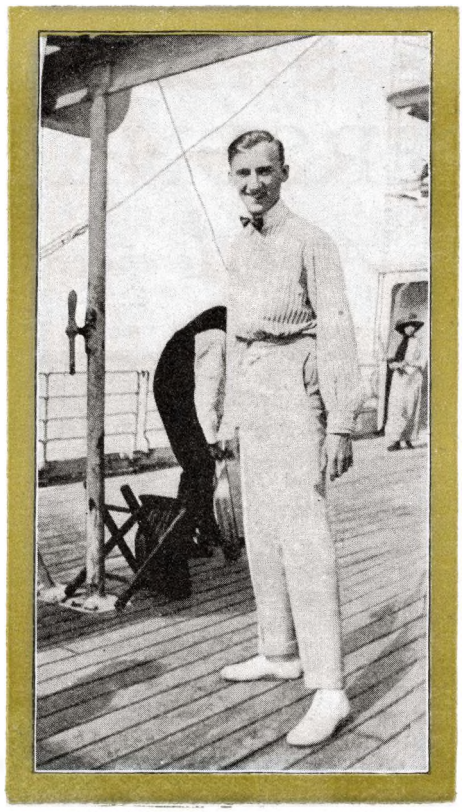
To-day I have a little something to write about. I am afraid I can't make a whole lot of it. When I went up for my flight this morning on a Bleriot monoplane, I took up a sergeant with me who wanted a ride, and when we were up about ten miles from the aerodrome an inlet valve broke—which means you have to turn off your petrol and come down at once or your machine is apt to catch fire. Well, I managed to spot a young wheat field and maneuvered to land there quite respectfully. Of course we were surrounded by the usual crowd of children and farm-hands, who in this unhappy country, see machines in the air every day, but never see them closely. Presently the owner of the field came along in a motor-bike and sidecar, and he very kindly offered to take me to his farm where I could telephone, so I left the sergeant in charge and went off with the farmer. He was quite young and very clever. He has the cutest farm, darling, I have ever seen. Six dogs of different sizes and breeds, little ducks in ponds and ever so many cows in a dairy; little colts and everything in the world that goes with a farm. The loveliest old house. He lives there all alone and makes his living as a farmer. How I wish you could have been there with me. He must have thought I was a fool, for I was so tickled with his dogs and little ducks, only a day old, swimming about, not caring a darn about their chicken mother. He gave me a peach of a lunch and I returned to my plane and found that it had been fixed. I said good-by and sailed away. The field was much more difficult to get out of then in, but I managed to dodge the trees and so ended a very pleasant little diversion.

I remember one time when he was in Canada with the Royal Flying Corps and I went up there to see him. We were driving along a little dirt road from Bellville to Desoronto when suddenly the car swerved to the side of the road and he brought it to an abrupt stop. Getting out he picked up a turtle that was crossing in front of our motor. He carried it good-naturedly to a little pond about fifty yards ahead and deposited it on the muddy bank. When he came back he explained to me that the natives always took them home and carved out their shells for parlor ornaments with no thought of even killing them first. That act was characteristic of Vernon Castle. His last pet was a large Reesus monkey that he took with him everywhere. Jeffry was his name, but Vernon always called him "my boy," because, as he explained, "he thinks he's a boy, and you mustn't hurt his feelings."

To go back again to "The Hen-Pecks." In that show there was a barber-shop scene which you have seen imitated many times, both in the movies and on the stage. It was in the beginning crude, rough fun and it has not become refined by repetition. Lew Fields was the barber and Vernon the customer. There was a very messy stage shampoo during which an egg was poured into his mouth—eight times a week, that being more times than there are breakfasts. Vernon ever after distrusted eggs. The whole act ended when the very bright red wig he wore was burned off with a bang. The act never failed to produce laughter, and it was this act which caused a Paris manager to engage us for a French Revue. It never really was done in Paris but it was that Vernon might act this scene that we were engaged. Before I leave "The Hen-Pecks" for good and all, I want to mention that it was here that we saw Blossom Seeley do the Texas Tommy dance after her song, "Toddling the Todolo." This dance and song, or what we remembered of it, came to our rescue in Paris.

As I look back, our going to Paris seems to me to have been one of the most courageous of long chances. We didn't know exactly what we were going to do nor how we would go about it. Had any one urged us not to go, in all probability, the trip would have been called off. I believe that had Lew Fields offered us a contract for five years at the combined salary of one

hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, we'd have signed. He was, however, extremely generous in that when the Paris manager stipulated that Vernon must do the barber-shop scene, he gave him all rights. So, since we had no reason to refuse, less even than we had for going, we decided to set sail.



On his wedding trip, 1911.

Vernon was so like a little boy. He was interested in everything, and to go abroad on the little money we had saved, seemed quite all right. I, the more practical of the two, was caught and deceived by his enthusiasm. Then, too, he thought it would be amusing and he loved being amused, just as he loved to amuse. To the theatre he went no matter how ill he was. He never quite got over the beginner's love of the theatre's back stage. The people he met there all amused him and worshiped him. just as the people did who met him in restaurants and cafés. I have never heard of any one who disliked him, and I don't believe he really disliked any one either, but he could get most delightfully bored; things had to keep up a pretty lively tempo to hold his interest, and even those he loved bored him at times.

For instance, I can remember going with him time and again to see his old grandmother in Norwich. She adored Vernon and for her he had a deep devotion and a great respect, but naturally her sheltered world had little in it of attraction for him, and they could find nothing to talk about; so while he would sit with legs crossed in a big chair, patiently for him, I would tell the dear old lady what I could of the things we had done, though of course all these things she would much rather have heard from him. Granny loved jewelry and Vernon once induced me to take my jewel-box to show her. She had never seen the flexible, modern sort of settings. She was so interested and while she was holding a broad diamond necklace under the light with her shaky hand, it sparkled and danced. Vernon said: "Granny, you ought to work in a jewelry shop, you make them sparkle so." She was never hurt, at his worst neglect. He hated writing home and never wrote her. When I first met him he had not written home in three years. He was just thoughtless, but no one was ever cross with him for long, not even process-servers.

One day when we drove into our place at Manhasset, a man jumped on the running-board of the car and served him with a summons to appear in court on a thirty thousand-dollar suit that had been brought against us. You could not load Vernon with responsibility, and he laughed cheerily. "Have you been waiting here all day for me? Why didn't you come in and ask for me? I was around somewhere." Then he asked the man in for a drink, chuckling to himself that the poor fool had stood out at the gate all day when he might just as well have come in. He was amused too that he should be sued for thirty thousand dollars, when it might just as well have been a million.

In spite of the money he made, he never had any. If he had money he spent it. To the waiter who served him, he gave an amount equal to the check, contending that it was not extravagant, since the waiter worked harder than he did. In a shop he never asked for the price of anything. If he bought a canoe he asked for the best, and accepted it as such in good faith. Even if it wasn't, it was better so than to be bothered by figures and money. You simply could not have given him money to keep for the future. I am happy now that he spent and enjoyed the money he made to the fullest degree. No one knew better how to spend than he. He bought everything he ever saw that he wanted and beat his little drums to the distraction of every one else, like a naughty boy, till the end.

But he was not selfish, with all his love of pleasure. He never failed to be considerate, and I have seen him spend a whole afternoon repairing a boy's bicycle and working on it long after the boy had ceased to be interested in whether it would ever be repaired or not.

With his love for pleasure went another love—a love of humor. He loved the comic strips and cartoons of the evening papers. He was fond of persons who had a sense of humor, and he had a very keen one himself. To the end, his letters from the aviation fields were full of quaint, unusual bits of observation and fun.

In the December number Mrs. Castle tells of their early struggles in Paris and their later success as dancers at the Café de Paris and at Deauville.

In the three-legged race we broke the ship's record.

Western girls, with their wonderful health and "gameness," are ideal for canteen work back of the lines.

Character, Strength—*and* PERSONALITY

By Anne Herendeen

BUT the greatest of these is personality. At least that's what the Woman's Overseas Division of the Y. M. C. A. says, and it should know. For it has interviewed and investigated and kept tabs on thousands of women who have volunteered for canteen service abroad.

This story got started because of Marjorie.

It will be a lucky canteen over there that gets Marjorie. Marjorie is able and courageous and devoted. For light summer reading she would pick out the "Z" section of the Encylopædia Britannica, and she once ran a Home for Delinquent Girls. But Marjorie's trouble is that she looks just the opposite. And, frankly, I would never have expected the Y. M. C. A.—and the woman's branch of it at that—to fall for her.

Marjorie looks like a dark Irish Marguerite Clark. She has a couple of deplorable dimples that give her the appearance of one stealing down-stairs Christmas Eve to catch old Santa at his work. She is apt to put on an apricot sweater or bright green stockings and is never unnoticed as she goes down the street. Her limpid black hair is a million yards long and she arranges it much too well for a thoroughly conscientious girl. I always tremble for her in the region of any of the big New York hotels, for fear some zealous chef will seize her and carry her off to use as a wedding-cake decoration. I believe there are records in Duluth, Minnesota, proving Marjorie to be twenty-six. But nineteen is the general opinion.

Well, Marjorie was appointed. In fact, she was fairly snapped up and has long since departed overseas.

When I heard of it, not disguising my astonishment, I said, "Why, Marjorie, how in the world did *you* get by the censor?"

Marjorie's dimples appeared on the scene as she replied: "Character, strength and personality." Then dimples and all vanished behind a double chocolate ice-cream soda. "For we sha'n't get any over there," explained Marjorie through the straw.

The Overseas Division was rather bored with my naive astonishment at Marjorie's appointment.

"Why should we turn down a girl just because she is pretty?" it said. "Marjorie—?" And a secretary brought in cards on which Marjorie's soul was evidently laid bare to them.

"This worker is one of exceptional promise. Extremely pretty, yes, but she doesn't use paint or powder. Any tendency to the ultra-picturesque in clothes will de done away with by the uniform; she has a good collegiate record and a splendid post-college record. She is old enough. Her health is splendid. She is actuated by the highest patriotic motives."

"But her d-d-dimples?" I said. The Division was tried but patient. "Her sense of humor and personal charm will make her extremely useful," said the Division. "We regard personality as of the foremost importance."

British Pictorial Service.

But oh the solid comfort when you run into a New England or Middle Western-mother zone in a canteen over there!

With Marjorie accounted for, I learned a lot of interesting things about the American womanhood that is considered worth while sending to Europe to minister to the morale as well as the actual physical needs of our soldiers.

At the beginning, it seems, when men were selecting the canteen workers, "character" was in the ascendant rather than charm. I suppose it was because we have teased men so long about being carried away by truant curls and other feminine non-essentials. Anyhow, the men sent over middle-aged women, women of serious minds, women who hadn't missed a Sunday at both church and Sunday-school since their baptisms at the age of one month. And I have sort of an idea that

(Continued on page 62)

Topical Press Agency

It's never a quiet corner that the Southern girl canteen-worker brightens.

The PONY TRIO

By James Hopper

Illustrated by George Bellows

THE football season at Western, that fall, assumed early two characteristics:

First, it was seen that the line was going to be heavy, but the back-field light. This is better than heavy backs and a light line. If one can have heavy backs with a heavy line, very well. But if one can not have heavy backs with a heavy line, why, have the heavy line. Never, never, never put your trust in weight behind the line if there is not weight in the line. Every two years or so, some coach forgets this rule—forged to adamant through thousands of trials—and experiments all over again, and is smeared in a great disaster. At Western, that fall, there was enough weight in the squad to give a heavy line if all the weight was put there. But there was nothing left over, and the backs were going to be light.

Secondly, the head coach—the usual costly importation from the Eastern coast—seemed to have it in him to vacillate a little. The trouble with him—but no one knew this till later—was that he was not all football man. Besides having been a brilliant tackle at Yale, he had also delved there into the mysteries of chemistry. And now, at Western, he was not only football coach, but instructor in chemistry. Now, the quality of the scientist comes of a mind unruled by routine, very curious and skeptical, ready to attack with patient investigation any of the best accepted traditions and most sacrosanct beliefs. Such a mind put to football is apt to begin all over again at the beginnings, and to search by hundreds of experiments for the law lurking at the bottom of the sport, which is all right, except that each experiment costs a football game, and these impetuous young fellows who make up a college, for some reason or other, do not feel they have hundreds of games to spare. Happily for the first part of the season, it was the trained football man which predominated in the dual personality of the coach. He took one look at his squad, appraised it, put all of its beef in the line, and evidently made up his mind to be satisfied with light, fast backs.

WITHIN two weeks, the Varsity back-field, developed within that policy, had tightly seized the uproarious affection of the bleachers, who dubbed them the "Pony Triette." Under that jocular name was hidden a world of admiration which rose from the contrast between the physical handicap of those little men, and the constant quality of their warm courage. They were at it every moment, with a spring and a vim that seemed tireless, and they possessed a catlike wit of muscular control which resulted again and again in swift thrusts and parries that pleased the stands as an encounter in repartee might please a salon.

JOHNNIE KANE was the left half. He weighed just one hundred and forty-two pounds, but these pounds, being confined within a length of sixty-three inches, were compressed. They were all bone and muscle, lived close to the ground, and the mind which owned them threw them fiercely and prodigally into every play. Johnnie was tow-headed, blue-eyed, cubic and stolid. That is, till came a signal for a buck. Then his short piano legs suddenly took on an extraordinary activity; his spine, held parallel to the ground, became a steel rod; he pawed the earth in short staccato steps which, in the silence of the moment, resounded like an urgent drum—and nothing was seen but a streak hitting the line six inches from the sod, and then, an infinitesimal fraction of a second later, a bombshell coming out of the other side of the line, buzzing and whirring till finally drowned under a human avalanche. Johnnie never ran very far on the other side; in fact, he did not run at all on the other side; his impetus was such that he was never on his feet when he reached the other side. He simply started for the line, emerged like a geyser on the other side, and was done—distance, three yards, guaranteed. In those days you had only to make two; five yards in three downs, to be exact.

The other half-back, the right half, was Clem Rust, who was a redhead. He did not weigh any more than Johnnie, but stretched what he had in a few more inches, so that he was slimmer. He also was great at the line, but his method was altogether different from Johnnie's. Johnnie was a bomb; Clem was a prod. Johnnie tore through; Clem corkscrewed. He had a slithering, squirmy quality about his flanks which slid him where he wanted to go. You'd see him go for the line, seemingly head down, but with his eyes really on watch cannily; he'd engage himself persuasively into some chink (the slightest crevice would do), then, once in there, he gave a sort of voluptuous long squirm which started with his neck and ended with his toes, and he was through, like an eel; a performance exasperating to the foe, but creative of most intense joy in the loyal bleachers. He had a vague air of constant surprise in his eye, and on his head a red toupee, curling like a kewpie's, which completed his usual expression of complete astonishment.

At full, uniting Johnnie and Clem, was Black Bart. The cognomen, that of a celebrated Western bandit, had come to the full-back without any undue effort of bleacher imagination, for his name was Bartholomew, and he was swarthy of complexion. His hair was black, curly and abundant; it was worn as was the fashion among gridiron heroes of those days and as it is still the fashion in Latin Quarters all over the world. Seconding this impressive and romantic name, he had two of those brown eyes into whose profundities (slightly rascally profundities) the gentle ones of the gentler sex sink graciously and gracefully. But we are not concerned with Bart the conqueror, only with Bart the football player.

BART was slight and elegant; he had a superior way of doing all things, but his forte was jumping. This was in the days of the kangaroo leap. Bart would start for the hostile line, would leap upward, aided by a friendly (and implacable) lift of his brother backs, and thus would sail clean over the outwitted, raging foe. The sailing upward was not so bad; what with the half-backs' enthusiastic cooperation, it couldn't be helped anyway. But the sailing down on the other side was another matter. Sailing up, one was still among friends; sailing down, one was all, all alone—alone in enemy country, amid booting, kneeing, tearing barbarians.

It was in this descent that Bart, metaphorically speaking, reached the heights. He floated down with a smile, like some benignant deity from heaven. His one precaution was to keep both cleated feet ahead of him, so that he always clawed with them, with a nonchalant but precise gesture, the face of the first savage rushing to him.

After that, satisfied with this execution, and with the three or four yards he had gained, he lay very still and let defeated fury have its will of his body. He accepted the kneeing, the grinding, the concerted effort to make him one with the earth, a smile on his lips, and when he rose, he was still smiling and ready to begin all over again. He was a wondrous repeater; you could call upon him again and again; he went up with a smile and landed with a smile. Maybe he was disliked by the feminine contingent of the bleachers? He was not.

Besides jumping, Bart could also kick. Having discovered early in his career that there was not enough weight in him to send the ball to world records, he had worked toward regularity and accuracy. He could punt thirty-five yards twenty times in succession, and could drop a ball exactly in whatever part of the field he wished.

Such were the backs called the Pony Triette. But their efficiency came not alone of their physical qualities. Although the bleachers did not know it, their real strength lay in their friendship. The three were friends. They had entered college and The Game together, and early had been drawn together by the fact that they were all three handicapped in the same way—by their lack of weight. The same hard fight had been before each. A light man must play one hundred and sixteen per cent. to be given the same chance as a seventy-five per cent. mastodon. The first three years of their football career had been a nightmare. Every day they had to muster all of their nervous strength to work at top speed with no reward at all, with no reward ever, with the eyes of the coaches ever glassy upon them. Add to this, the grind of coming forever up against superior bulk, and the many injuries caused by the headlong fashion in which they always had to toil. They had been rather miserable and in need of sympathy, and silently had found it in each other.

But now everything was changed. They were on the Varsity. The Varsity—blessed name! Their long toil, which so long had been without vision of reward, had come to reward. They were on the Varsity; they would play in the big game with Northern; they would play college in a blaze of glory, enrolled among its heroes. And they were there all three together. They who had been unhappy together were now happy together. A tenderness was in them at the thought. If they had let themselves go, they would have wept a little. But they did not let themselves go. Instead of finding expression in tears, their emotion flowed into their legs, their arms, their backs, made them feel light as air and strong as lions. So they worked along, always at top speed, without ever a let-up, appreciating to the fullest the dignity and responsibility of their positions, the good of the team sacred to them, and the pigskin supremacy of Western, the Only Cause. The old friendship of the days of adversity held them tight in a trio in which each was always ready to sacrifice to the other two. They played together tight as woven yarn. When they bucked, it was rolled up in one ball; when they defended, they filled up breaches with such ensemble they were like one block of cement; they were like the *Three Musketeers*, one for three and three for one, and the result was beautiful play which drew hoarse acclaims from the bleachers, and placed in the same bleachers a love shyly expressed by that name—the Pony Triette.

The situation continued thus till half the season was gone. A tang was in the air; each Saturday the preliminary game (with inferior opponents, in preparation for the big duel with Northern) was a little harder and already, throughout the college, a sort of shivery anticipation was beginning to mount like a fever. The Pony trio were toiling along in a sort of contented dream when, suddenly, the world crashed about their ears. Of a nice golden fall afternoon, the head coach abruptly made up his mind he was going to have heavy backs.

Probably, as a matter of fact, he had made it up during the night, figuring it all out upon paper with a pencil. The perilous thing about him was that gradually the scientist in him had caught up to, and finally passed, the football man. Signs of this evolution had already appeared. For ten days now he had given the squad each day a complicated play which the next day would be discarded for another just as impractical and manderinish. Then he had decided that the left side of the line was so strong that it needed no support, and had moved the backs to the other side, leaving the left end all alone. The left end had been flattered, but had wept in secret. Now he decided upon a heavy back-field,

Adding to the disorder, a half-dozen alumni, old Varsity men who had broken in, were giving advice individually in dark corners.

The first the Pony Triette knew of it was when they found themselves on the side-lines, their place taken by a monstrous back-field made up thus: The fullback was Halliday, who had been the Varsity counter; the right half was Thornweil, who had been left guard on the Varsity; and the left half was Ludgren, a substitute tackle on the Varsity. Halliday weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds, and Thornwell and Ludgren about two hundred each, which made some six hundred and thirty-five pounds to throw in throughout. Newville was light, and they swept through it like snow-plows. And now the Ponies saw what had happened to them. It was what had always happened to them—after weeks and weeks of straining labor, the prize suddenly grasped out of their closing fingers because of that old distrust of their weight. The old story, the old story. For a while they lived in unalloyed bitterness. The coach was using them in old positions they had played in the past (they had been jacks of all trades). He would use Johnnie let themselves fall backward. They lay there, across the bed, side by side, their faces out of sight, tired and thoroughly discouraged. Bart, standing above them, smiled quizzically. "Johnnie! Clem!" he suddenly called out sharply.

They came up again, like jacks-in-a-box, and faced him with startled eyes.

"Fellows, we're wrong, all wrong. We mustn't give in; we must fight. I think we have a chance to get back on the team. I think we have a chance to play in the big game with Northern."

The three pony backs now lost their individuality. They became one long iron-spined animal with six legs.

at the line—a nice-looking thing on paper. At first, though, the ponies had a tendency to deride. The mountain of flesh behind the line looked to them like that sort of mountain which never comes to Mahomed. Those pachydermous legs had a way of getting all tangled up, and in the domes surmounting these behemoths, in the Ponies' opinion, there was much ivory.

In a few days, though, the Ponies were scared. The big backs, under the coach's constant tuition, were learning fast, and in the daily line-up against the scrubs, their work was very impressive. The scrub line was very light; the big backs were crashing through it like clowns through tissue-paper hoops. When came the Saturday game with Newville, a light team, the big backs were put in and kept as substitute end, and Clem as substitute quarter, and let handsome Bart star, if he could, as full on the scrubs. The old days which they knew so well, the old days of hurling all of oneself without adequate support at everything that came, of being pounded and ground and overworked and ever sticking to it with all nerves taut, those old days had returned. And scattered now, deprived of the warm comradeship which had been half of their strength, they grew cold to each other, and irritable and snappy!

It was Bart who first realized the futility of their attitude. One evening, at training quarters, after blackboard talk, he herded Johnnie and Clem into his room.

The two halves immediately made for his bed, sat on its edge, then in a moment,

"A fat chance," said Johnnie with heavy irony. "A fat chance!"

"They're going to play beef," said Clem. "Beef, pounds, meat; we're out of it."

Bart changed his point of attack. "Have either of you thought," he asked, "what this business of heavy backs has done to our line? Halliday and Thornwell can't be both back of the line and in it. To be back of the line, they've been taken out of the line. And what sort of a line does it leave us? A mighty mushy line, I should say."

"Still, it works," Clem put in.

"It works—of course it works. Against the scrubs it works. Against weak teams. Against teams with still lighter lines. Then those big backs look fine, and prance

(*Continued on page 76*)

When We Made Good

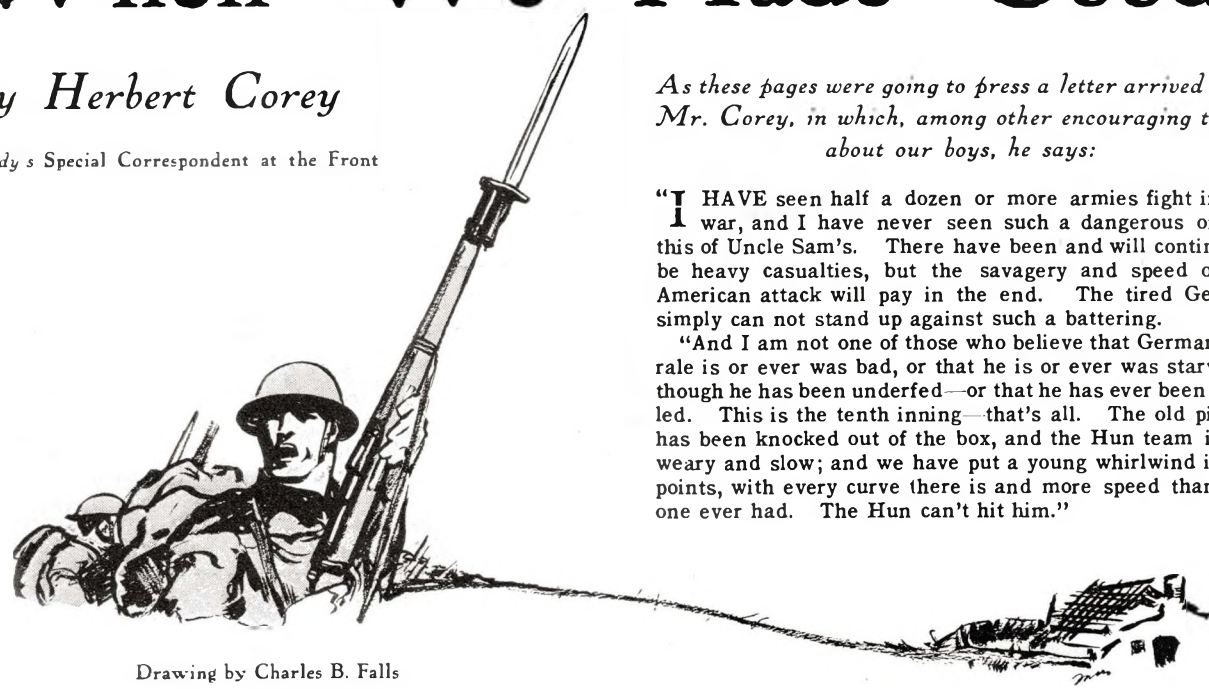
By Herbert Corey

Everybody's Special Correspondent at the Front

As these pages were going to press a letter arrived from Mr. Corey, in which, among other encouraging things about our boys, he says:

"I HAVE seen half a dozen or more armies fight in this war, and I have never seen such a dangerous one as this of Uncle Sam's. There have been and will continue to be heavy casualties, but the savagery and speed of the American attack will pay in the end. The tired German simply can not stand up against such a battering.

"And I am not one of those who believe that German morale is or ever was bad, or that he is or ever was starved—though he has been underfed—or that he has ever been badly led. This is the tenth inning—that's all. The old pitcher has been knocked out of the box, and the Hun team is leg weary and slow; and we have put a young whirlwind in the points, with every curve there is and more speed than any one ever had. The Hun can't hit him."



Drawing by Charles B. Falls

IT WAS "H hour" and in front of Cantigny. The gently rolling land in advance of the American trenches had for an hour been bubbling and steaming with bursting shells. Their dust-filled craters looked in the mist of dawn for all the world like the little pot geysers that bubble and steam on a volcanic flat. Around a half-circle four hundred guns were concentrating their fire upon the German batteries. The gun crews worked single-mindedly, dripping with sweat through which black powder fumes were smeared. They had ceased to think of anything but speed. They tore the breech-blocks open, jammed in a shell and hurled the steel gates shut. Sometimes they bawled to each other at the top of their voices. The roar of the guns had reached a high level which was quite unbroken by any peaks of sound.

Twelve tanks left their hiding-places behind the line and began to waddle and slip and clank down the hill. A tank would be absurd except in war. The absurdity of war normalizes it. They reared at obstacles and crossed or crushed them and nosed blindly into ditches. A curtain of dust and smoke was drawn across the volcanic flat ahead. The rolling barrage of the seventy-fives had begun. Somewhere back of the American line sixty-four machine guns began to tat-tat-tat. The thin air of their bullets passing over the trenches was precisely that of the wind in the lighter cordage of a ship at sea.

American soldiers climbed unemotionally out of the jumping-off trenches and began to plod across the flat behind the tanks, under the protection of the curtain of dust and black smoke, which from time to time made fifty-yard leaps ahead, in time with their progress. They walked stiffly, with a peculiar, flat-footed, laborious cadence, for they were heavily laden. They walked in little groups, each man behind his leader. As they moved on the groups began to thicken up. Second lieutenants shepherded their platoons. In such a charge, officers do not run and wave their hands, in spite of the war artists. Each had crooked his left arm before his face and eyed his wrist-watch intently. Now and then they waved their men to a slower pace or imperatively beckoned them to hurry. The men watched them from the corners of their eyes.

Overhead an air-plane methodically signaled the progress of the advance to the regimental post of command. It flew very low, sometimes not more than fifty feet above the ground. In this way the observer could locate the German machine gunners who had been nested in this field across which the Americans were moving. Now and then one would pop up, deafened and shaken by the shells, blinded by the dust, to sprinkle that advancing curtain with bullets. They knew that behind it the Americans were coming. Sometimes the advancing men stumbled on them and there would be a little fight with two or three on the one side and the stuttering machine on the other. Always the line moved on.

A second and then a third wave of Americans left the trench behind and began to plod heavily and unhurriedly across the flat. Each in its turn had been brought to the jumping-off trench when its occupants started across the volcanic flat. Behind them at intervals came groups of others. There were angry carriers strung about with canteens and other angry carriers with bundles of wire and screw-end stakes, and still other angry carriers with ammunition and grenades. Carriers are habitually angry because they are forbidden to get into the fight except in case of necessity. Yet their risk is as great as the others. Stretcher-bearers came, too, and hospital orderlies with first-aid packets, and the military police.

Copyright by Committee on Public Information.

The smile—and cross—that won't come off.

Private John A. Menenhall of the Signal Corps, awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for maintaining communication during a five-hour gas and artillery attack.

At headquarters they say the affair at Cantigny was a mere straightening of the line. It would not do to brag before the French—the heroes at Verdun and the Aisne and the Marne—of such a pinprick to the Boche! No doubt headquarters is right. There are—there were—only a chateau and twenty-odd houses at Cantigny. The careful documents of the French war office specify them in the schedule which was prepared for the taking of the place. One reads that Machart's house was built upon a vault and the Fontain's cellar was thirty feet deep and that Hennique's home was underlaid by a chain of caves in

which the Boche would shelter himself.

But, if one considers the attack at Cantigny from other than a purely military angle, the story is worth the telling. It was here that the American Army made its first gain of ground in the war against the German in France. It was the first offensive planned and carried out by the Americans alone. It is true that French tanks and French guns helped. It is also true that there had been much American fighting in the Vosges and Lorraine, but this affair at Cantigny was something more than mere fighting. Small it may have been, but such as it was, it was a battle.

Most of all, the taking of Cantigny was the touchstone that proved the worth of the American soldier. The French onlookers declared he was magnificent. A week later an American division was thrown into the breach made in the French lines before Château-Thierry in the fight on the Marne. The German advance was stopped short when it ran into the Yankees who helped hold the road to Peric. They would hardly have been given the chance if their mates had failed at Cantigny the week before.

Cantigny

WHILE it is true that Cantigny was a little place, it was a most irritating little place. First the French held it and then the Germans took it and the French regained it and the Germans got it again. It had been mauled about and pawed over until it had ceased to be a village and became only a dangerous point on the military maps. In front of the little place the Germans had thrust an obtuse V—a salient, in military language—right into the Allied front. Headquarters recognized that as a good jumping-off place for a German offensive. The town was held by the 271st and 272d German Reserve Regiments. They were not the best German troops, but they were very good.

The men in the observation posts on the hill used to watch Cantigny as scientists might examine under the microscope a nest of bugs. The little town glistened in the yellow light of the French spring against its background of green hills. Sometimes a gray figure hurried from one pile of white chalk ruins which had been a house to another pile of white chalk ruins which had been a house. If the figure loitered, some one sniped at it with a piece of artillery. There was one gunner who had an allowance of fifty shells of six-inch caliber each day for sniping only. Sometimes he sniped the crossroads, where the ammunition wagons passed, but he preferred to snipe at singles in Cantigny. The game required more skill.

Between times other gunners would drop shells into Cantigny, and columns of white chalk-dust would spurt into the air. The gray cloud would hang about for half an hour afterward, so thoroughly had Cantigny been pulverized. The shells were mere evidences of dislike on the gunner's part, for every one knew the gray figures lived underground and were safe as safety goes in war. Tunnels crossed and recrossed from the cellars of the houses. A tunnel seventy yards long led from the cellar of the château. Some of the ruins which had once been houses had been starred on the secret maps as doubtful.

The Underground Village

"A PRISONER," the notations ran, "says that a machine gun is hidden here. The post of command is believed to be under the château. Look out for Robillard's house. A prisoner thinks there is a new observation post hidden there."

When the Germans looked out from Cantigny toward the American line the view must have been about the same. There was a no man's land of rolling green, bounded at one end by a swamp and at the other cut across by a ravine. On the hills behind were other piles of sparkling white chalk which had once been houses and more muddled blotches which had been villages. Patches of wood had been frazzled into stubby brushes. There were shell-holes which had been made into strong points and here and there a puny bit of trench. Neither side bothers to dig trenches in open fighting.

An American division had been sent to the Montdidier sector. Its men say proudly that they are "old regulars." They are not, of course. There is no American regular army any more. But

Press Illustrating Service.

Bringing up the American artillery, Cantigny.

Press Illustrating Service.

American soldiers resting after the battle of Cantigny.

the regimental numbers in this division were those of "old regular" regiments and here and there is an old regular officer, and there are leather-faced old non-coms. who are its regimental souls. There are no traditions in such a regiment as these. One hears of fights at Mindanao and China and where-not, and forgotten names crop up in the talk at mess.

"Take Cantigny!" was the order that came to the division. "Straighten out that kink in the line! Get rid of that salient!"

One day three regiments suffered heart-break whe they heard the fourth had been given the assignment to take Cantigny. The lucky regiment became unbearably chesty. Its men talked vaguely of incidents in its past which had led to its selection for this honor. The other regiments hinted darkly that there was favoritism somewhere and that if Black Jack knew of this outrage he would fix somebody all right, and there were dissensions and shoulder-hitting. Some one brought the news that the Germans knew the Americans were opposite Cantigny and had laughed about it!

"What do we care?" the Boche had asked. "The Americans are no good. Soft, you know!"

Every time the division heard that the steam rose in the divisional gage. The officers of the three regiments invited the officers of the fourth to dinner and told them, in the kindest and most insulting fashion in the world, of little dodges they had picked up which might be of use and offered to ride over some day and show 'em. And the officers of the lucky fourth regiment told in a superior way how they were giving their men a special training for the

Putting German wounded into an ambulance at the Twenty-eighth Infantry regimental-aid station, Cantigny sector.

fight. They thought the general planned to have the other three regiments look on some day. It would do 'em no end of good.

Rehearsing a Battle

WHEN there is time to spare such affairs are rehearsed as carefully as any other great modern spectacle. Not a "Queen of Sheba" herself, with her fireworks and adjuncts, could be given more minute drill. Miles in the rear an area had been found which duplicated that of Cantigny as nearly as possible, and on it the stage-managers did themselves proud. Both enemy positions were marked off, and the enemy gun emplacements indicated by stakes and flags. The town itself, or what remains of the town, and its streets and houses and tunnel exits and dugouts were carefully plotted out.

A sand-table was even built, twenty by thirty feet in size, on which every house was built to scale. Then the regimental and then the battalion and later the platoon officers were rehearsed in the parts they were to have in the new play. They were kept at it until they were letter perfect on every detail. They knew where they were to jump off from and where they were to go to. They knew the compass bearings of their prospective routes, and each had marked down a landmark to follow. At last, on "J three" day, the whole regiment was rehearsed.

"J three" is three days before "J" day, which is the day on which a planned fight is to happen. On "J three" the regiment as a body moved forward behind men waving tree branches, which represented the protective barrage behind which they were to make the assault. It was a most distressing performance. Officers and men got tangled and forgot and were frankly bored and lost their way. They were stupid and slow and careless. Yet when "J" day came, that dull regiment went through on its toes, like so many ballet-dancers. There was not a single mistake.

When "J" day came twenty thousand Americans sustained the sort of painful excitement one used to feel about the climacteric game of a World's Series. It is true that only thirty-four hundred were to be engaged in the fight, if all went well, but the rest of the division was ordered to stand by. Cantigny was to be taken, for the commander-in-chief himself ordered it. If the lucky regiment failed the three others were to put their men in the attack. "H hour" was 6:45 A.M. and for four hours before it sounded there were groups of men before every divisional telephone. One found them in dugouts and first-aid stations and posts of command. They might have been waiting for the election returns or a flash from the ringside at Reno. Between times they kidded each other:

"They've detrucked," was the first of the messages to come in.

That is one of war's new words. The men who were to fight had been brought up to a point near the jumping-off trench in camions. It was a warm, starry night in the last quarter of the moon. As they marched forward there was a sentimental reaction. Some of the platoons sang, one repeated over and over and over—that its "Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Another sang "*Madelon*," this season's French march song, with great feeling and an atrocious accent. Others harmoniously scattered themselves among other songs, but almost every platoon sang the "*Marseillaise*." Not one sang a hymn, although every village-reared private in the regiment knows a hymn or two.

Photograph from Press Illustrating Service. Never before published.

American raiding party in a wood near Cantigny.

Waiting!

THE telephones were silent for a long time. By and by reports began to come in. Companies C and G and I had found their places and settled down for the wait. At half past three o'clock only one company was still straying about in the darkness that had begun to grow gray and wan before the advancing sun. The men at the telephones worried. They discussed the character of the company commander and

the company's past history. At 4:57 A.M. the bells shrilled again along the divisional line.

"Fifty-four-forty," came the report from the regimental post of command. That meant that every company was in place and ready. The men at the telephones began to ask each other for the makings and to twist cigarets busily. Waiting became a nervous business. Yet only three casualties had been reported on the march up. The company officers had avoided the areas which the methodical German was in the habit of shelling. Down in the jumping-off trench the men propped themselves up against their packs and began to smoke. Noise was

Photograph from Press Illustrating Service. Never before published.

American patrols reconnoitering at Cantigny.

discouraged, but they were permitted to talk in low tones. They might even smoke cigarets if they kept their heads below the trench parapets. Many of them went to sleep, for they were tired.

The Bombardment

THERE had been little shelling during the night. From time to time an American heavy had registered on the battery it was to smash later on. When the gunners had found their target they stopped firing. It was not the intention to alarm the German, and induce him to start active counter-battery work. A little play—a little camouflage—was put on instead. The night before the Germans had raided the American lines with some slight success. They might have had more luck except that Captain Frey, wounded to death by the fragments from a high explosive shell, had leaped on the lip of the trench.

"Come on, boys!" he had cried when he saw the round-topped helmets of the enemy through the morning light. "Come on; give 'em hell!"

That is a good American war-cry. Frey's men broke that German charge inside our wires and Frey knew that they had broken it before he died. It was but natural that we should try for a little revenge for such a raid, and the Germans no doubt expected it. The American guns fired just enough that night to make it seem like a reply to the previous night's affair, and not enough to alarm an enemy who reads signs as well as an Indian tracker reads a twisted leaf. As morning came on, the firing thickened up a little, but not much. The German batteries replied from time to time. Down in the dugouts and chalk caverns the telephone-bells began to whir. A voice at regimental headquarters said over the wire: "Five o'clock forty-two minutes—three — five forty-four——"

No one heard it say "five—forty-five." That was the hour at which the bombardment was to begin. The guns went off with a crash. There was to be an hour's work on the German batteries before the charge was ordered, in order that the charge might be accomplished in comparative safety. There were heavies and superheavies, and mediums and lights. All blazed away at the top of their voices. The sky above had paled before the morning, but it glowed above this jerking fire. Over on the German side a tangle of flashes showed where the shells were bursting. They made one think of the signal lights of a fleet at sea. The Germans replied feebly at first. Then they became almost silent.

Timing the Attack

THE confronting positions followed the configuration of the land. Neither side had much in the way of trenches, but had built strong points to be defended in an attack. At places the lines waved toward each other so that they were hardly more than one hundred yards apart. Elsewhere four hundred yards separated them. If the attacking troops had "hopped over" from the front line, the distances to be traveled would have been unequal. Some must have stuck their noses in the barrage, as the French say, while others must have run breathlessly to catch up with that moving curtain of fire and smoke.

Therefore a jumping-off trench had been built, a kilometer and a half long, in the rear of the American positions and roughly parallel to the German line. Each American would in this way have approximately the same distance to march that each other had. The watches of the platoon leaders had been synchronized, so that they might march with the march of the barrage. They must put their men just one hundred yards from the jumping-off trench within two minutes from the jump in order to get under cover of the friendly curtain. Every

man of the three waves must be out of the trench and grouped two hundred yards away within ten minutes of the jump-off. An exhaustive inquiry into the Boche's mental processes and battery speed had led to the conclusion that it takes him just ten minutes to lay his barrage down from the time of alarm.

They're Off!

AN INTELLIGENT enemy hides himself when he is being vigorously shelled and does not come out until his watchers tell him that the attack has started. At 6:43 A.M. the officers in the jump-off trenches nodded to their men. "On your toes," said they. At 6:44 A.M. the leaders put their hands on the trench lip and prepared to climb out. At 6:45 the men at the telephones along the line nodded at each other. Their synchronized watches told them the move had started, but their ears would have done them the same service. The tanks were clattering on like so many threshing-machines in travail. The note of the bombardment had changed. The seventy-fives were tack-tacking the barrage down.

"I want you to show me that new three-inch machine gun," said a serious-minded German prisoner after the fight. "That is very new. We did not know a three-inch gun could be fired so fast before."

The men plodded ahead under their sixty-pound loads rather slowly. Each had two canteens of water, two hand grenades and one rifle grenade, some empty sand-bags, a pick or shovel, two hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition, two days' iron rations and a shelter half. Each kept his eyes on the ground on the lookout for stray Germans in ambush, much as quail-shooters watch for birds. Now and then they took snap-shots at those they saw. The photographs taken by the air-plane observers at this time show groups of Boches, spouting out of unsuspected hiding-places and running away. Only here and there a pair or trio stayed to fight.

"There were three machine guns we overlooked on the advance," said an officer who went through it. "The Germans hid themselves. It was not until we passed them by that they pulled their guns out of the holes and turned them on us."

The line went on calmly, in spite of this itch of bullets at its back. Maybe the men did not know that the gunners were there. The noise of passing shells had become that of a great siren, of which the inflections varied but in which the ear could not detect a separate note. A lieutenant who eight months before had been an undergraduate at Harvard detached a few of his men and ordered them to clean up the gunners. The line went on. By and by the men caught up to it, panting and wet with sweat. The gunners were piled in odd heaps over the saddles of their guns. From a little distance they looked like piles of old, gray clothes.

One thinks of a charge as a peculiarly deadly affair, and yet this at Cantigny was safe as churches—at least as churches are in a German war. Not more than a dozen casualties were later reported, and some of these were occasioned by fragments from the friendly barrage. There are always casualties of that sort to report, but it is always better for the men to keep close to their curtain. When the edge of Cantigny was reached a few more men fell from the bullets of the Germans who had learned what was going on. They were beginning to clamber out of their holes and begin their defense. They are not to be blamed, even by the All-Highest War Lord, for their tardiness. The Americans had covered in twenty-five minutes ground which by a German schedule should have taken them forty-five minutes to march over.

Photograph from Press Illustrating Service. Never before published.

Americans using a French "75" in the battle of Cantigny.

It is always interesting to know the enemy's method of thought.

"What came next?" I heard a colonel ask one of the men who went through the fight.

"Well," he said vaguely, "we ran around —I don't know."

Mopping Up

NO MAN tells the same story of what happened after the Americans entered Cantigny. Our guns stopped playing on the village, once our men were in it, and began on the batteries behind. Having kept the Germans underground during the charge, it was their part to reduce the activity of the German batteries upon a town that in twenty-five minutes had become actively hostile. The men of the two sides fought innumerable little actions,

in which one man or two or three would combat as many enemies. There is none of the parade and show of war in such a fight as this. The duty of each man is to kill.

"We never saw men fight so angrily," the German prisoners said after the affair ended. "They seemed to hate us. They hit us with the butts of their guns."

It is rather incomprehensible, but that inherited trait of a nation of woodsmen seems particularly to fret the German soldier. To be shot or stabbed with a bayonet or to have the butt of a gun thrust in his face may be unpleasant, but it follows the rules laid down in the text-books. These thin-hipped Americans, their ridiculous iron hats lopping over one ear and then another, their eyes flaming, leaped at the Boche and swung the gun by the muzzle. Wherever a butt landed one of the Kaiser's unsafe folk went out of business.

Hand to Hand

THE tanks slipped and slathered about in the dense obscurity of the dust and smoke. Outside of Cantigny the day was a bright one. The hills were gilded by the sun. The air-plane photographs show that over the town itself a heavy cloud hovered, as though the funnel end of a cyclone were twisting there. At the forward end of each tank a man peered through the tiny slits and swung his gun pointblank on the German groups. From either side machine guns clacked away. In the rear walked the men of the tank *liaison*. Their duty is to keep the men inside in touch with the events of the insane world without and only to fight if forced. Each carried a grenade in his right hand.

The most vivid description of hand-to-hand fighting I have ever heard came from a man who was there and yet could recall no incidents at all. He painted a scene of utter, mad confusion, through which men ran and yelled and shot aimlessly, as it seemed. A German and an American, running madly, heads down, met each other full on, breast to breast. They reeled from the shock, glared at each other for a moment, and each ran on. A German ran howling through the fetid mist. His trench knife in his right hand was red and his arm was red to the shoulder. He tripped and fell.

"Then he sang," said the observer. "Just sat there in the middle of that madness and sang. Some one killed him."

Other Germans ran away. He reported a curious optical illusion. "The Germans seemed about knee high," said he, "and their legs seemed to pump up and down very rapidly, as in an old 'chase' film, and yet they did not make speed. Do you understand me? Their effort was prodigious but unavailing. Their clothes looked floppy, somehow. The Americans seemed about fifteen feet tall and advanced by huge leaps. I stood there and laughed like hell."

Once again a German sergeant-major at the head of a group put up his hands in token of surrender. He smiled as he did so. "He was rather a handsome man," said the man who saw it, "blond with big blue eyes and an open, candid expression." An American lieutenant advanced to accept his surrender when the blond man hurled a grenade. It struck the lieutenant fair in the breast and he died.

"I'll say this for the blond man," said the American. "He knew what was coming when he threw the grenade and he died game. But the other men of his group whimpered."

A wounded German was being led to the rear by a wounded American. They were leaning upon each other, amicably enough, it seemed. They whirled apart, and, bleeding as they were, thrust at each other with the bayonets they had drawn from their belts. The American killed his man and then sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. A captain came by:

"Gee, I'm tired," said the wounded man simply.

Once a group of Germans tried to surrender. They walked about with their hands up, crying "Kamerad." No one paid the least attention to them, busily hunting other Germans out of the underground hiding-places with bombs and flame-throwers, and shooting at those who appeared. In despair the weak-hearted crowd ran toward their own lines. They were on the outskirts of the little town, without guns or canteens or any of the other impedimenta, lacking which a soldier seems stripped and bare, when a tank saw them. One after another, as they ran, the machine gun dropped them.

Time drew on. The tanks swung around and started for the safety to be found miles back of the line. A tank is helpless in the open against artillery. There was an effect of duck-like agitation as they squattered down the road. The surface of Cantigny was being cleared. Stretcher-bearers had carried the wounded to the rear or into the caverns in which the odor of blood and death mingled with the heavy stench of burned petroleum. Dead were everywhere, their blank faces turned up to the sun that was now appearing through the clearing clouds of smoke and dust.

Squads of prisoners were being trotted to the rear by the same military police with the green bands on the left arm that one sees now at so many roads in France. The mopping-up parties were clearing the tunnels of the bodies of those they had mopped up, for Americans must live in those tunnels now. A minute—hours—had passed. No one can say.

Hot Work

MEN did not stop even to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. There was too much to do. The men of the first wave were frantically turning the shell-holes in the edge of what had been a town into a "line of surveillance." Those of the second wave were digging trenches. Those of the third were building three tiny strong points for defense against the anticipated counter-attacks. Carrying parties staggered up from the rear with screw-poles and wire—and the odds and ends of organization. The American artillery fire upon the German batteries was slackening, for the guns were getting too hot to work. A stream of walking wounded was reaching the first-aid posts where the surgeons waited. They were chattering anew, like magpies:

"You'd oughta seen me mop up that big Heinie, Doc," one said.

"Lie still," said the surgeon.

"Yes, Doc, but listen," said the soldier, sitting up on the stretcher. "He was coming at me, and I said to myself——"

So it went on. Every man had his story to tell. The litter-bearers not only worked like heroes—a man must be a hero to be a litter-bearer—but like the giants in an iron-furnace. Their khaki clothes were black with perspiration. Not one of them slept for forty-eight hours and during those forty-eight hours they worked constantly. It is impossible to understand how men could do what they did, for flesh has its limitations of strength and a soldier is extraordinarily heavy when carried in a litter.

The wounded clamored to get away from the hospitals and back to the fight:

"I'll come back to-morrow, Doc," man after man promised. "Honest to God, I will. But the boys need me over there to-day."

Holding Fast

THE spectacular event was over. The men at the distant telephones hung up the receivers with thankfulness and went about their work or sought sleep. Then the real tragedy of Cantigny began, for the German batteries, relieved of the steel pressure of the American guns, began to shell the little town. The single trench which had been dug was only three feet deep. The tiny strong-points were mere targets for the Boche gunners. The Yankees held the trenches under a concentrated fire that time after time filled it, or uprooted it, or turned its shallow lengths into bowl-like depressions. They might have sought safety in the tunnels, as the Germans had done; but if they had done so they would have lost the town to the first counter-attack.

For two hours the Boche guns dumped shell into the town unopposed, for during that time the American guns could not fire. The one really worth-while counter-attack of the battle was launched at this period. The Germans were beaten off by rifle-fire. Some unidentified officer had told them to be calm. "Go easy, boys," he ordered. "Don't fire until you are sure of your man." Four other counter-attacks were sent to Cantigny in the four days during which the men of the "lucky regiment" held it. Not one reached our lines. The Americans went without food and water, because neither food nor water could be brought up under the German fire. They lived on raw bacon and sweet chocolate and grit. After four days they were relieved.

They came out—those who did come out—tired; impossibly, incredibly tired. They stumbled along dully. They were just able to carry their rifles. Lines were cut deep in their faces and sweat had run in them and dirt had dried black in them. They were thin and tattered. They only looked at one if they were addressed and they did not speak if the effort could be avoided. But they were happy.

"Do you know what the Germans call us now?" asked man after man, smiling with stiff lips: "The Blacksnake Division. And I guess Heinie knows why."

More of these vivid pictures of the American fighting, by Herbert Corey, will appear in later numbers.

"It's verra likely," said Tam; "then again it's verra unlikely."

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

The Cloud Fishers

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

"ARE you going through Bezierville, Tam?"

"Aye an' no," replied Tam cautiously.

"What in thunder do you mean?" asked Major Blackie irritably. "Either you're going or not going!"

"Weel, sir," said Tam, "A'm goin' to Bezierville to buy a few cheap seegairs; 'tis Mr. Baxter's bairthday to-morrow an' A thocht A'd gi'e him a surprise, the puir body. A'm no' goin' *through* Bezierville—but intae Bezierville."

Blackie laughed and picked up a heavy leather case from his desk.

"You're a long-winded beggar," he said. "Drop these at Advance Survey—they're photographic plates which young Oathwaite exposed on his last reconnaissance. Get a receipt from the photographic gentleman—be careful as to this; photographs have been going astray lately and G. H. Q. has been kicking up the devil of a shine."

Tam took the leathern wallet, received the printed receipt-form and passed out to the motor-cycle and side-car. He tucked the plates carefully away in the bottom of the little carriage and pushed off.

Bezierville (this is not the real name of the town) lies twenty-three miles due southwest of the Umpte-fourth's aerodrome, and as the Advance Survey Office lies half a mile west of the town, the journey certainly involved a change in Tam's original plan, since it was necessary to pass through the narrow streets of the town and emerge through the mossy bastions of what had once been Bezierville's western gate. He entered the gaunt dwelling-house where the Survey had its headquarters and found the slim, spectacled chief of the development department.

"Umpte-fourth Squadron—Wytschaete Sector—h'm," said the young man, reading the label. "Why are they photographing that part of the line?"

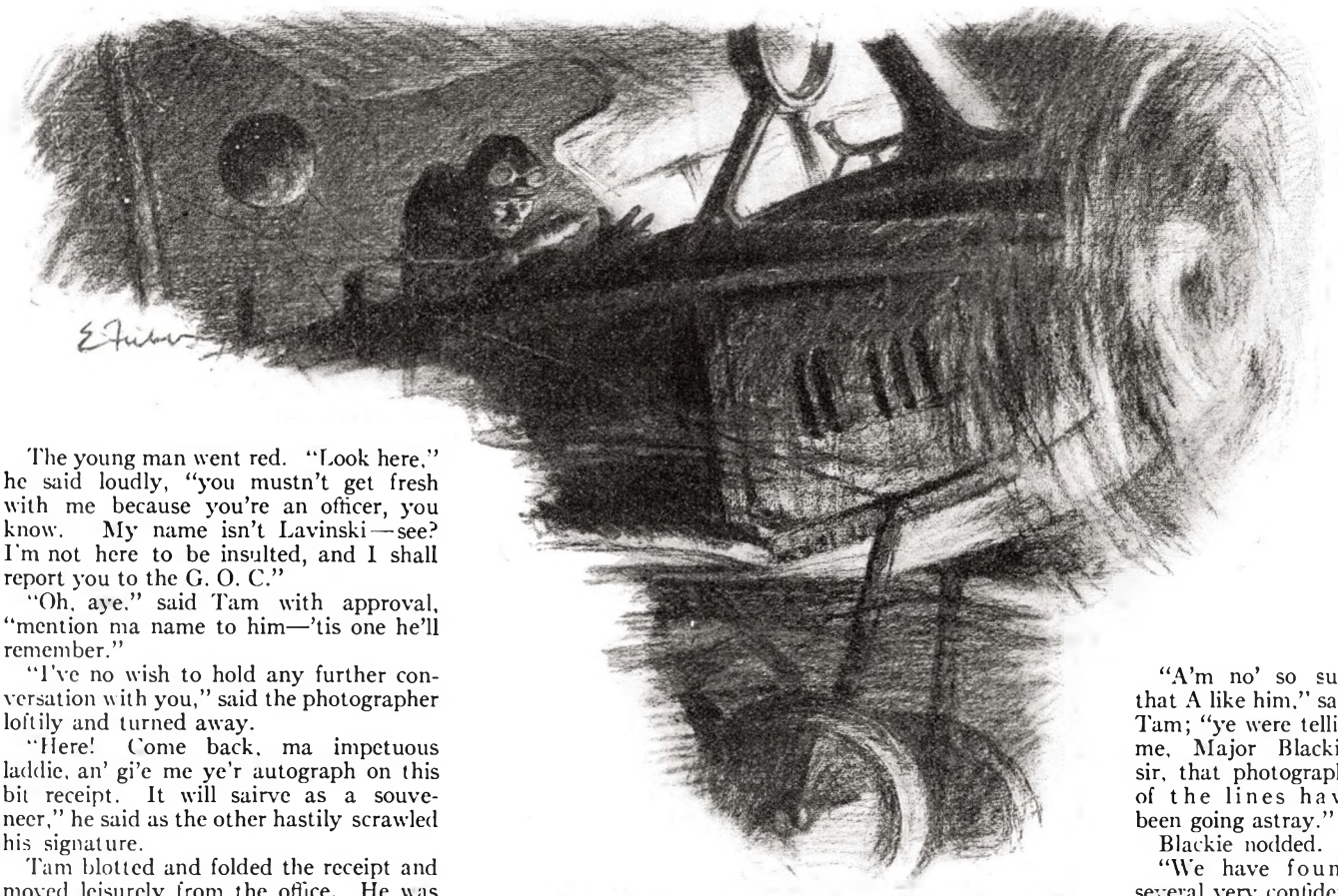
Tam liked or disliked people very quickly. He instantly decided that he disliked this young man very much indeed.

"It's no' for me to tell ye," he said; "but mebbe it's grawin' auld; or grawin' whiskers; or mebbe the Commander-in-Chief wants to frame it an' hang it o'er his bed."

The young man looked at him sharply. He was a civilian and apparently recognized no urgent reason why he should be polite to a junior lieutenant.

"You're a humorist," he said. "Yes?"

Tam shook his head. "Not so ye'd notice it," he said, and added as an afterthought, "Mister Lavinski."



Something big and soft struck the nose of his machine, was jerked violently backward by the tractor, and hit the little pilot full in the face.

The young man went red. "Look here," he said loudly, "you mustn't get fresh with me because you're an officer, you know. My name isn't Lavinski—see? I'm not here to be insulted, and I shall report you to the G. O. C."

"Oh, aye," said Tam with approval, "mention ma name to him—'tis one he'll remember."

"I've no wish to hold any further conversation with you," said the photographer loftily and turned away.

"Here! Come back, ma impetuous laddie, an' gi'e me ye'r autograph on this bit receipt. It will sairve as a souveneer," he said as the other hastily scrawled his signature.

Tam blotted and folded the receipt and moved leisurely from the office. He was mounting his bicycle when the young man appeared at the doorway and, after a few seconds hesitation, came down to the scout.

"Excuse me if I got a bit heated up," he said; "it's very worrying work. My name's Veldstein—Dutch, but lived all my life in dear old Blighty. Grand country, England."

"So A've heard," said Tam gravely; "'tis the wild land sooth of Glasgae, A'm told, but I have never explored it."

"Oh, you are Scotch."

"Scots," corrected Tam.

"A grand country, Scotland," said Mr. Veldstein. "Maybe you know my two cousins. They've got a store in Perth—MacPherson Brothers. Ike's a good chap, so's Abe."

"A never mix with the hieland nobility," said Tam.

"Look here, Mr. What's-yer-name," Mr. Veldstein went on, "I hope we are not going to be bad friends."

"It's no use hopin'," said Tam solemnly.

"Any time you're around this way, look me up. I've got quarters here," he pointed to a large barn-like building behind the house, "you will always find a drop of the real wine of Scotland—you know what I mean."

"Aye," said Tam, wilfully dense, "ginger ale."

He would have made a dignified retirement, but his front tire just at that moment decided to go "phut!" and Mr. Veldstein became the soul of hospitality, summoning slaves from dark rooms and workshops to repair the damage, and carrying the unwilling Tam to his quarters.

The place had originally been a storehouse, but its new owner's native genius had transformed it into a very comfortable living-room. The dark young man produced whisky and large and opulent-looking cigars with imposing gold bands.

"Just make yourself comfortable," he said, "while I run over to the office and tell my people where I am. We are getting photographs every hour of the day and night." He called back from the doorway, "You will find the soda in that second cupboard."

Tam was not very keen on drinking, but he had his ideas as to what was and what was not polite. There were two doors, but the first did not reveal either a cupboard or a wine-store. It was, in fact, the entrance to a small room innocent of anything more refreshing than might be contained in six large steel cylinders.

Tam was peering into the interior in his quest for soda siphons when Mr. Veldstein returned.

"No, not there!" said the photographer hastily; "the next!"

He shut the door hurriedly, slipped a key from his pocket and locked it, and Tam noticed that his face was very red.

"Some photographic stuff. I thought the da—I thought the bally room was locked."

Tam found the soda, refreshed himself and took farewell of his voluble host, who, from the moment of his return to the room to the moment he shook hands with unnecessary heartiness, did not stop speaking.

Tam mentioned the matter casually to Blackie the next day.

"He is a pretty useful photographer, I believe, and was in a good way of business in the north of England when he was called up," said Blackie.

"A'm no' so sure that A like him," said Tam; "ye were tellin' me, Major Blackie, sir, that photographs of the lines have been going astray."

Blackie nodded.

"We have found several very confidential maps in the German lines when we raided them," said Blackie; "there has been an awful row about it, but obviously they must have come through some neutral country."

"It's verra likely," said Tam; "then again it's verra unlikely."

Blackie groaned. "I can see you joining the Intelligence Department," he said.

A week later Tam took a flight to escort a dozen bombing machines on a night raid.

It was one of those commonplace affairs which ordinarily receive a line such as, "*bombs were dropped on enemy dumps*," in the official communiqué, and the escort had a simple and uneventful time, turning in the direction of their headquarters soon after midnight. In order to facilitate their return, the raiders followed the course of a little river which carried them west and south of their homes, turning north again when the lights of Bezierville showed on their right. This brought the raiders immediately over Bezierville, to which they had signaled their innocent character in order that the civilians of that town should endure no agony of mind.

Tam, leading the squadron, had crossed the dull silver thread which marked the river south of the town, when something big and soft struck the nose of his machine, was jerked violently backward by the tractor, and hit the little pilot full in the face.

He flung out his hand and pushed the thing away and it disappeared, leaving on his knees a thin cotton bag some ten inches square and torn at the neck, as he subsequently discovered.

The occurrence was alarming, though from first to last it had occupied less than a second of time. Tam turned in his

seat and flashed from his Lucas lamp an anxious inquiry to the following squadron. Sixteen lamps winked O. K. and Tam went on, mystified.

Blackie chuckled when Tam recounted the mysterious appearance.

"You were quite unconsciously sailing under an enemy squadron," he said. "They were reported in the region of Bezierville at ten o'clock. Probably one of the pilots dropped something overboard. You ought to be thankful it wasn't anything worse."

"Oh," said Tom, relieved, "is that a'? They bombed Bezierville A've nae doot."

"No," said Blackie. "They did not drop anything on that little dorp, so far as I can find out. As a matter of fact, they are rather keen on Bezierville, though what they expect to find there, Heaven knows. There is always a Hun scout or two in that region, but they usually choose daybreak for their reconnaissance."

Tam scratched his chin. "That's verra strange," he said.

This was in the early hours of Tuesday morning. An hour before dawn on the Wednesday, Tam left the aerodrome, flying his tiny Hepworth Kitten and headed straight for Bezierville. He awaited the dawn and beyond the dawn and saw nothing. The next morning he repeated his visit, this time flying at an incredible height, and had the satisfaction of watching three very fast German machines come swiftly from the east, circle widely about Bezierville in the very first light of dawn and return to their bases. He did not attack them then nor the following morning when, through his glasses, he witnessed something which left him gasping.

"They waire machines of the Intelligence Squad," he reported, "and Major Blackie, sir, the Gairmans have a grand stoont."

What that stunt was he described in detail, and it was Blackie's turn to gasp. Tam made a personal report to the corps commander, and that gray veteran listened in absorbed silence.

"It seems incredible," he said, "and yet it can be only that. We know maps are getting across to the other side, but as to how they manage it, the Intelligence are in the dark. Take all the men you want from any of the squadrons, Major Blackie," he said, turning to the squadron commander, "and see what you can do in the morning."

The next scene of the drama was set on a bleak road where an anti-aircraft waited patiently for the dawn.

The battery commander scanned the heavens through his glasses—carefully covering that gray patch of sky which represented his "area of protection." His signaler lay face downward by the side of the dusty road, a telephone receiver clamped to his ears, and carried on a *sotto voce* conversation with a young gentleman similarly employed at a distant observation post.

Now and again he raised his official voice to convey military secrets:

"Passin' Q. B. 73 T. sir—headin' for Q. V. 99 B., sir."

The battery threw a glance left and right to the big trolleys where the A. A. guns pointed their slim noses upward; to the expectant gun-crews, their faces turned to the officer at the range-finder, then returned to the inspection of the clouded blue.

"That fellow's moving some—a fast scouting machine," said the battery commander.

"How did you know?" he asked in English, and he addressed the little Scottish aviator who was standing over him regarding him with a look in which solicitude and amusement were blended.

Suddenly: 'Swat that fly!" A monotonous voice drawled range and deflection.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The Archies flashed and roared. Black smudges of smoke and white puff-balls appeared against the clouds, and through it all sailed one serene bird, dazzling white and almost ethereal in the dawn light.

The intruder into these forbidden realms neither swerved to the right nor to the left. The impression left on the mind of the observer was that the pilot was unconscious of the discourteous greeting. Shells burst beneath, above, before, behind, but this swift dragon-fly hummed on its course and presently was out of range of this anti-aircraft battery on the road and was receiving the attention of another Archie group three miles to the westward.

The battery commander ordered "Cease Fire," and walked across to his second in command.

"Fritz is in a hurry—reconnaissance?"

His captain was drinking from the cup of a vacuum flask and shook his head.

"Solitary Fritzes hardly go on reconnaissance work," he said; "he's carrying a message to one of our aerodromes and——"

"Passin' due north Lorette headin' for Q Y. 99 B., sir," yelled the signaler.

"Stand by!"

(Continued on page 89)

The EYES of the BLIND

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

WITHIN twenty-four hours, Robert Deems, reporter of the ***Record,*** has the following strange experiences:

A man knocks at his door at midnight, and apparently falls dead. A few hours later, he wakes to find a beautiful woman searching his rooms. The next morning de Grecque, calling himself Wilder, offers Deems one hundred thousand dollars, which he refuses, to go to South America.

Later in the day, he escapes death twice. The same evening he meets Gryce, the owner of the ***Record,*** de Grecque, an alleged French diplomat, and Gryce's daughter, Lydia, whom he recognizes as his visitor of the previous night.

He has an interview with her before he leaves the house, and she accuses him of having conspired with Rogan—the dead man—to deceive her about a piece of paper which she claims Rogan had left with Deems, and ends by herself offering Deems one hundred thousand dollars and immunity.

Very much mystified, Deems returns to his home to find Rogan sitting in an easy chair.

Rogan discloses the fact that he belongs to the Secret Service, that he has lost a mysterious and valuable paper wanted by a band of spies, and that he suspects Gryce and his daughter of treason. He induces Deems to join him and Deems, as "Curtiss," attends a meeting of the "Booklovers' Club," where he finds an apparently innocent gathering, mysteriously suggestive of intrigue. He applies for membership and is accepted through his friendship with Heinrich Graffe—an ***alias*** of Rogan. Among the club's members is de Grecque, then absent. After reporting the meeting to Rogan, Deems goes to the room he has engaged under the name of Curtiss, to find that Lydia has been there and has again searched his effects. He goes off to tell this to Rogan, and as he nears the book-shop—where Rogan does business as Graffe—he sees a woman resembling Lydia emerge. A few seconds later a German woman, clerk of the book-shop, becomes hysterical over a bomb that has been left there, apparently by Lydia. It does not explode, but one left later at Deems's new quarters blows that house to ruins.

That evening, Lydia has two callers—the first, Randolph Fallon, an ex-reporter of the ***Record,*** now a taxi-driver, who claims to have driven her that afternoon to Irving Place, and to the book-shop. His object is blackmail, and he is successful in obtaining a check for ten thousand dollars. The second caller is Deems, who desires to have his suspicions allayed. Notwithstanding the incriminating evidence, he comes away still believing in her. Later on, he seeks Fallon, and discovering Lydia's check takes it from him. Then, in the moment when his last hope of her innocence vanishes, Deems knows that he loves her. That same night, Lydia is awakened by the butler, who announces important visitors. They are policemen who insist on arresting her.

Previously, Lydia has discovered the plots of the Booklovers through a dictaphone in a room adjoining their ***rendezvous*** at the Royal Restaurant. Hening, a waiter, assists her. He falls a prey to de Grecque, who compels him to disclose Lydia's identity. Rogan—as Graffe—is present and plans to capture her. He is successful, but, finding her really loyal, allows her to escape. Meanwhile, Deems, worried and unable to get word of Rogan, on his way up-town accidentally saves Gryce from assault by the occupants of a taxicab. Earlier in the evening, de Grecque has charged Gryce, who is a pacifist but not a traitor, with treason, and draws a revolver, which Gryce tears from him. De Grecque escapes, and it is he who is responsible for the attack. Deems goes home with Gryce and is there when Lydia telephones that she is safe. Just as she is telling her location, the connection is severed.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Pursued

THROUGH all the ages weaklings have sought, outside of themselves, surcease from the ills of humanity. The great philosophers have taught and retaught that within ourselves only may we find solace for our agony; but only the great, the strong, have been susceptible to their teachings.

Randolph Fallon was not great or strong. When trouble, a minor trouble, first came to him, his spirit was not big enough to meet it; he turned to liquor. And rarely does one who has turned to liquor for aid relinquish that aid. Fallon was weak.

At first his weakness did not become master of the man. But sooner or later the undefeated champion, John Barleycorn, "gets" whoever dares to pit himself against him. He got Fallon. And swift was Fallon's descent into degradation.

Sloppy sentimentalists love to maintain that the average victim of alcoholism, or of other drugs, never had a "chance." But chance has little to do with the unfortunates of Fallon's stamp. Fallon was a spiritual coward. He had become a drunkard because he was incapable of gritting his teeth when Fate was apparently unkind and of forcing Fate to be kind.

Like every other drug-fiend, he had convinced himself that life had been unfair to him. He believed that the universe had conspired against him, was bent on dragging him down.

And now, as he looked about the shabby room above the Bleecker Street saloon, the universe was personified in Bob Deems. Through the sodden brain of Fallon surged the hatred of the lost for the saved. But

Fallon stared, from the vantage of his doorway, across the street to where, in the glare of an electric light, a girl tinkered with the engine of her runabout.

for the young man of the *Record* staff, Fallon would have been the possessor of ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand dollars! The things that he might have done with it! The ease! The luxury! Deems had taken these things away from him, Fallon, who was rightfully entitled to them. Had it been perfectly safe, had there been assurance of no requital demanded, Fallon would gladly have killed Deems before the latter could have left his room.

But spiritual cowardice is often but the complement of the physical—Deems left Fallon's room unharmed. And the coward thinks more of his own safety than he does of revenge.

Liquor-soaked though he was, something more powerful even than alcohol worked upon Fallon's brain-fear. A crime had been committed to-day; Fallon, witness of that crime, had accepted blackmail from the criminal. Once Deems showed that ten-thousand-dollar check which Lydia Gryce had given to the driver of the taxicab, to the police, Fallon would be headed for Sing Sing. Unless, of course, Fallon should manage to disappear.

To disappear, then, was Fallon's one thought. Down-stairs, in the custody of the bartender, was the balance of the money that Fallon had received from the sale of his taxicab. He would get that, cross over into Jersey, and catch a train in the morning. Fluently he cursed as he dragged himself across his room to the door. He had been getting along well. His earnings as a taximan had been sufficient to enable him to stupefy his brain of nights, and that was all that Fallon asked of the world. All that he *had* asked lately. To-night, of course, he had once again dreamed great dreams. With money he would have leisure. Deems had taken from him his one last chance of rehabilitation. Fallon was not capable of understanding that rehabilitation must come from himself, not through adventitious aid.

The bartender was loath to surrender the money which he had earlier persuaded Fallon to surrender to him for safe-keeping.

"Be nice, be nice," he said. "You don't want to go out again to-night. You'll be rolled for the wad sure as sin, Fallon."

"Whose money is it?" demanded Fallon.

"It's yours, kid, it's yours," admitted the bartender. "But whyn't you be a good feller and pound your ear to-night? I'm your friend, ain't I? I wouldn't be advisin' you for anythin' except your best good, would I?"

His best good! Fallon could have shrieked with mirth. What did this ignorant man know of good or evil? His only ambition was to own a saloon of his own. Randolph Fallon had once occupied a high estate; he had been a good newspaperman. To-night, staring at a check that meant fortune to him, he had seen himself gratifying those cultured tastes that had been his not so many years ago; he had seen himself beginning life over again, climbing to the heights. In his own eyes he was now the most tragic figure in the world. He was—at least he would be within a little while—a fugitive from justice. And he had no time in which to bandy arguments with a bartender.

"You'll give me my money or I'll bring a cop in here," he announced.

The bartender shrugged. It was none of his business. If Fallon wished to make a fool of himself, the bartender should worry! He gave the taximan his money. With a grunt Fallon took it and left the saloon.

Over on West Broadway was the Elevated track. As rapidly as he could, Fallon made his way east. The sooner he got away from this neighborhood, the better for him. The police, informed by Deems, would be on his trail. And it was because he walked so fast that just as he was about to mount the 'L" steps, he caught sight of the loitering Deems.

Deems, engrossed in his mental agony because of the certainty of Lydia Gryce's treachery, was almost aimless in his progress. And fear had quickened the wits of Randolph Fallon. It was not so many years past that Fallon had been a good newspaperman, and that meant that he had been a shrewd observer. All of his powers of observation had not left him.

His foot paused on the first step of the flight leading to the Elevated platform. It would be interesting to know whither Deems was bound. The *Record* man was headed north now. Everything considered, it was rather surprising that he had been able to catch sight of Deems at all. Of course, Deems, after leaving Fallon, might have delayed to telephone. But there was that about his walk which led

Fallon to believe otherwise. A man on important business does not loiter, and Deems was loafing along.

Fallon had never been honest to the bone of him. Liquor had robbed him of what judgment of character he had once possessed. No longer did he believe in the honesty of others. There had been a time when, though crooked himself, he had trusted others. Now he doubted every one.

Young Deems was a clever young chap; no question about that. And a clever man would perceive the possibilities for wealth in the information that Deems possessed of Lydia Gryce's guilt. Why, Deems was a *Record* man, and Stephen Gryce owned the *Record!* Fallon sneered at himself. What a fool he had been to think himself in any danger from the police! Gryce would protect his daughter from scandal and jail. Even young Deems, the victim of the girl's murderous intention, had been "reached" by the publisher. Fallon could see what Deems had done. In some manner Deems had discovered the identity of Lydia Gryce; he had learned from the girl that Fallon had blackmailed her; he had gone to Fallon. Why, there wasn't a single bit of evidence against the girl now! Only Fallon's word for it that she had been the woman to visit the Lexington Avenue bookshop and the Irving Place lodging-house.

Fallon could see two angles to the affair now. Deems, in consideration of money from Gryce, might have got the check back from Fallon in order that evidence against Gryce's daughter would not exist. Or, and this held appeal to the crooked heart of Fallon, Deems might wish to do a little blackmailing himself. The Gryce girl's check, shown to her father, would convince the publisher of her guilt. He might write his own check for several times the amount that his daughter had paid for hush-money.

Indignation possessed Fallon; the righteous indignation of a man deceived. He would go to the police—that indignation did not hold him long. If Deems denied visiting him, or, at any rate, denied having received the girl's check from him, and the girl denied ever having visited the two places where she had been to-day, Fallon's word would not have much weight. His ability to frighten Lydia Gryce did not mean that he would be able to convince the police of her guilt.

Deems was playing his own game. What an idiot Fallon had been to think that a *Record* reporter would want evidence, for publication, of the criminality of the daughter of the owner of the *Record*. Fallon had been rattled, dazed, drunk. Even to himself the taximan would not admit that his fear had governed his actions and obliterated his common sense.

But what was Deems's game? It would be just as well for Fallon to find that out. Indeed, it was vital that Fallon find it out. After all, flight from New York was the last thing that Fallon cared for. With money he could have turned his back on the metropolis forever, without regret. The metropolis, he felt, had used him unkindly; he would gladly revenge himself by having no more to do with it. But with only the proceeds of the sale of his taxi—

It was not hard to shadow Deems. Even the legs of Fallon, shaky from dissipation, were not taxed by the pursuit. He was within a half block of Deems when the latter hesitated at sight of the policeman on guard near Heinrich Graffe's bookshop, and he was inside a taxi when Deems rode, a bit later, to the Royal Restaurant. He was still behind Deems when the newspaperman engaged in struggle with the assailants of Gryce, and with eyes that shone with hatred watched the reporter and publisher enter the Gryce mansion.

For a moment Fallon hesitated. But cowardice won the battle against daring that was waging within his heart. He had surrendered Lydia Gryce's check to Deems. Deems and Gryce had put up a considerable battle a few moments ago. It might well be that if he went to Gryce's house and threatened the publisher, violence would be his portion. And Fallon had no stomach for violence. In fact, it had been only by the most desperate effort that, observing from afar the struggle between the occupants of the two taxicabs, he refrained from running away.

Reluctantly he turned away, but all thought of leaving the city, of fleeing from the police, had left his mind. To buck Stephen Gryce—that was a big job, but—Fallon took stock. He had less than three hundred dollars. He could not buy another taxicab. He had spent, in premature celebration, too much of the money he had received. Life held for him very little, unless—

New York, it is almost axiomatic to say, never closes. That is, the criminal element always knows of places where, no matter how tightly the police may think the lid is shut down, they may find that nourishment, mental and liquid, that they think they need.

Fallon, as a taxi-driver, knew more of these places than he had ever known as a newspaperman. And his nerves called for stimulant. Hatred and excitement had muffled the call until now, but he could not concentrate longer without a stimulant. So he walked rapidly east until, off Third Avenue, he came to the side door of a saloon.

Admitted, he ordered whisky. He gulped the first one, but the second he consumed more slowly. He had been

The words died away on her lips.

intoxicated already to-night; now he was fairly sober; he wished to remain so.

And as he drank, he studied the situation. Lydia Gryce had tried to kill Robert Deems. Lydia Gryce had given him, Randolph Fallon, a check for ten thousand dollars to insure his silence. Deems had taken the check away from Fallon, had paid some apparently unimportant visits and then, by accident, had apparently saved the life of Stephen Gryce. He was now, or had been ten minutes ago, closeted with Gryce in the millionaire's home.

Exactly what did it all mean? Could it be that Deems had "planted" the assault upon Gryce in order that he might win the publisher's regard by a well-timed rescue? And then, to clinch that regard, did Deems intend to tell of the attack made upon him by Gryce's daughter, surrender the check, the evidence of his guilt, and—Fallon shook his head. It was too much for him. He was forced to admit that the affair was too deep for him.

He ordered a third drink of whisky, and he used this as he had the first—he gulped it down.

Long ago he had known how to judge the effect of liquor upon himself. But that was before liquor had openly become his master; it was when he had thought, like all drunkards in their early stages, that liquor was his slave.

Excitement and fear had conspired to delude him into the belief that he was sober. But this third drink rendered him intoxicated again. And in certain stages of intoxication he was braver than in others.

Deems had robbed him of hope. Deems was probably cashing in on Gryce's gratitude by now. Fallon would do what a little while ago he had been afraid to do: he would go directly to Gryce and demand the return of the check that had been taken from him. More than that! Ten thousand dollars was picayune money; he'd demand fifty, and he'd get it, too.

He rose unsteadily to his feet and walked from the saloon. He did not know that the money he had displayed when paying for his drinks had excited the cupidity of men who had done murder for a tenth of the sum that he had upon his person. Quite unaware that he was followed, he set out again in the direction whence he had come—toward the home of Stephen Gryce.

AT FOURTH AVENUE those who followed fell back for a few yards. Their victim was *too* unsuspecting; perhaps his drunkenness was feigned to lead them on to their own destruction. For even a drunken man is too wise to step into the shadow of a doorway where he invites attack. It would be the part of discretion to wait a moment. Half-way down the block they waited. Moreover, they wished no witnesses.

As for Fallon, he stared, from the vantage of his doorway, across the street to where, in the glare of an electric light, a girl tinkered with the engine of her runabout.

She was a handsome girl so far as could be told from that distance, and any one would have admired the workmanlike manner in which she raised the hood and handled her tools. But not even the oddity of a girl fixing an engine at this time in the morning accounted for Fallon's interest. The girl was Lydia Gryce.

It was dark where he stood; she was in the light. She could not possibly see him, and he was certain that he saw her. The fact that his brain was obsessed with her and her father and young Deems could not account for his recognition. It was the girl whom he had driven this afternoon, the girl who had written him a check for a small fortune this evening.

What she was doing here; why she had no chauffeur with her—those were matters that could wait. Meantime—no, he would not accost her. That wouldn't do. But he'd follow her. He stepped out from the shelter of his doorway. His lifted finger halted a night-hawk taxi. When Lydia Gryce, her engine attended to, started off again, Fallon was right behind her.

His taximan was disgusted. The runabout sped only a couple of blocks; then it was halted. Its occupant descended from the machine and entered, evidently with a latch-key, a small house. It looked as though once it might have been a stable, remodeled by some one to whom economy and art were more than mere acquaintances.

Fallon dismissed the taximan. He stood a moment, beset by indecision, upon the pavement. But Lydia Gryce was only a girl. Moreover, she had been afraid of him only a few hours ago. Doubtless she would give him another check. The threat that had been effective before would be no less effective now.

Only—and this called for thought—even a frightened girl will refuse a blackmailer who calls too often or too soon. There must be some explanation as to the reason for this second demand upon her. And the truth would not do. If Lydia Gryce knew that Deems and her father were with her—It required thought. Fallon regretted his three drinks in the back room of the Third Avenue saloon.

He needed to think; and to think quickly as well as clearly. He felt in his waistcoat pocket. It was there, the prescription, compounded mainly of morphin, that a doctor had given him a year ago. Sparingly did Fallon use this remedy for "katzenjammer." Liquor had him in its power; he had sense enough left to dread the morphin habit. But this was an exceptional occasion. He must think.

He retraced his steps toward Fourth Avenue. An all-night drug-store awaited him there. He entered; the druggist read the prescription, eyed the man who presented it, shrugged, and—Fallon gulped down the drink prepared for him.

His heated imagination made him believe that its effect was instantaneous. He seemed to have regained clarity of thought at once. He left the drug-store almost immediately.

And so it was that those who had followed him from the back room ran across him again.

Having seen him pause a few moments in a doorway, suspicion had held them back. And then he had entered a passing taxi and been whisked away. He had vanished from their thoughts, but business was business. Now that they were out upon the trail of easy prey, they would not relinquish the quest merely because one victim had eluded them.

Then, propitiously, as they moved toward Fifth Avenue, in the hope of finding some belated wanderer, they overtook Fallon. Not every one would serve their purposes. It was advisable, when one risked jail or the chair, to be sure of the probability of profit. But this man—they had *seen* his bank-roll!

They wasted little time. Almost before he sank to the ground deft fingers running through his pockets had relieved him of their contents.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Baffling Discoveries

STEPHEN GRYCE had not become publisher of a chain of newspapers without learning to control himself. His first impulse, when Central told him that the line did not answer, was to order a car and race up-town to look into every lunch-room on Seventh Avenue, from One Hundredth Street north. But, aside from the perspiration that streamed down his forehead and the anxious look in his ordinarily too-complacent eyes, it was the normal Stephen Gryce, cool, master of the situation and himself, that turned to Ferguson.

"Tell it to me, Ferguson, from the beginning," he said quietly.

His own calm soothed Ferguson.

"There ain't much, Mr. Gryce," said the man-servant, "to tell you. Some policemen came here just after you went out to-night. They asked for Miss Lydia, sir. And they arrested her as soon as she came down-stairs. They said there was a charge against her of doing bomb work. She asked them for their warrant. One of the men told her that they didn't need a warrant. I advised her to insist. Then they reached for her, and I—I interfered, and they knocked me down—and she told them she'd go. And she did. She got into a small car with one of the men—the leader, he seemed to be—and the other men followed her in a big car. And—that's all, sir."

Gryce nodded his head slowly. The man who succeeds greatly must have the faculty of impersonally treating every situation as it arises. So Gryce, apparently, treated this one. Most fathers would, as Deems phrased it in his thoughts, have "hit the ceiling." But Gryce was the coolest man in the room, outwardly.

"And Lydia just said that they weren't policemen," he said thoughtfully. "They charged her with—bomb work, you called it?"

Ferguson nodded assent. Over Gryce's ordinarily ruddy face spread pallor. He had seen enough of de Grecque to-night. Lydia had been right all along. He, simple-minded fool— But self-recrimination could wait. He turned to Deems.

"What's Commissioner Grant's private number? Happen to know?" he asked.

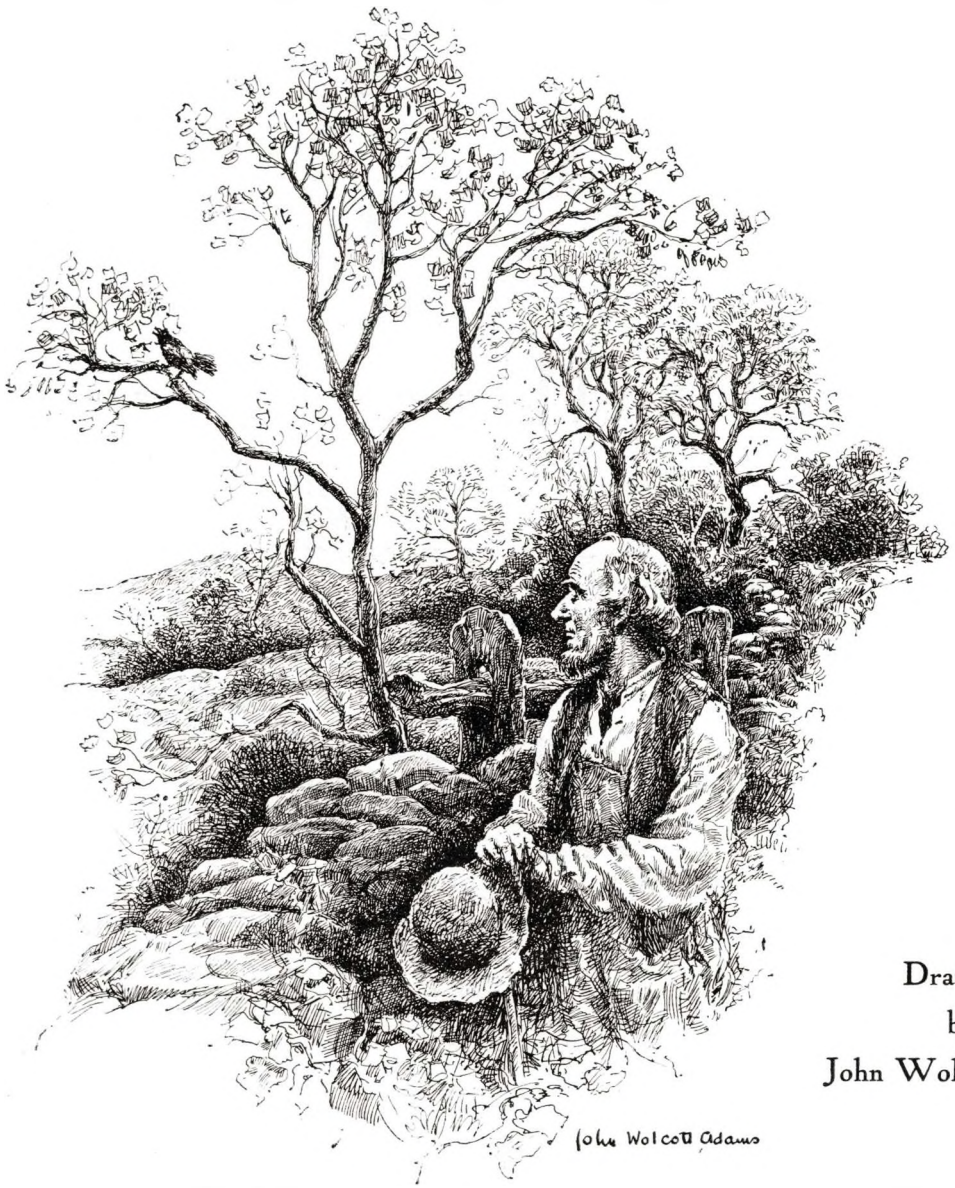
Deems did know. In every newspaper office is a list of the numbers of those telephones which are not to be found in the ordinary telephone directory. And among those written in Deems's note-book was that of Police Commissoner Grant. But he did not reach for his note-book.

"Why do you want it?" he countered.

Gryce stared at him. The veins on his forehead were slightly swollen. It was only by the mightiest effort that he was retaining self-control, and the slightest opposition was almost enough to render him frantic with wrath. But this young man whom he employed had but a few moments ago saved the publisher's life. Gryce held back his fierce retort.

"I'm going to do a fairly obvious thing,

(*Continued on page 81*)



Drawing
by
John Wolcott Adams

Git Out o' My Medder, Bobolink!

By Irving Bacheller

GIT out o' my medder, Bobolink, ye gol' dum little shirk!
Ye ought to know I can't work my hoe
While ye set there pickin' yer little banjo.
What ye dallyin' for,
With other folks workin' er gone to war?
You better quit foolin' an' go to work.

Ye stop yer laughin', Bobolink. Ye oughtn't to be so pert:
Ye teeter an' play on a spear o' hay
Like ye never heard o' a meatless day,
With yer cap an' plumes
Bobbin' up an' down in the timothy blooms
An' dew all over yer stockin's an' shirt!

I'm cross an' tired, Bobolink. My boy has gone to the war
As heavy as stone my heart has grown,
An' ye see I'm workin' here all 'lone.
An' you pickin' yer strings
Like yer heart was as light as the down in yer wings!
Can't be ye know what I'm sighin' for.

Git out o' my medder, Bobolink! Ye keep me smilin' so,
In spite o' the fears o' lonesome years,
An' ye throw a rainbow into my tears.
What's that? It's yer part
To put smiles on the face an' lighten the heart
O' the man that fights with the sickle an' hoe?

Ye're right! An' I vum! it seems to me, ye clown o' the summer day!
As yer full heart sings, yer flickerin' wings
Are pluckin' a harp o' a thousan' strings.
No matter where he ye,
Seems so the ol' sun kind o' wanted to see ye,
An', by golly! he whips the clouds out o' the way.

Jim Sullivan's Dope

By William G. Shepherd

Author of "The Scar that Tripled," etc.

Illustration by Charles B. Falls

I SPENT several hours, one Sunday recently, in my old seat in the press-stand at the Olympic stadium in Stockholm.

From that same seat, in the summer of 1912—in the golden age before the war—I had seen the best athletes of the earth win the highest honors their world had to give.

The stadium is thronged, tier upon tier, this afternoon, just as it was during the great events of 1912. Canopies of royal purple shelter, in the same old royal box, the same royal family and the same gaunt, gracious king. Boys and girls, in thousands, selected from every corner of Sweden for the charm of their voices as well as for their physical beauty, move about in a bewildering phantasmagoria of color, each clad as some wild flower of Sweden, singing a vast and beautiful chorus.

The occasion is a benefit entertainment for Swedish orphans.

But I can not see the children clearly; their great, sweet song is murmurous and distant, for, as I sit here, I am overwhelmed by ghosts.

The Olympic Games of 1912

HERE, in these seats about me, had been gathered press correspondents of all the countries of civilization. There, in that seat, for instance, is the ghost of the bewhiskered and literary Frenchman from the big Paris daily; there is the shade of that plump, linguistic reporter from Holland, who stood ready to serve as interpreter between any two correspondents of any known tongues on earth; there is the hulking ghost of that sporting editor from Berlin who grunted noisily whenever a German was beaten; and here are clustered the shadows of the reporters from the London dailies who tried in vain to analyze each British setback.

Here is the ghost of the likable reporter from Athens, whose French was so Grecian, and who was the proudest man of us all because, some twenty or thirty centuries ago, his country had inaugurated these illustrious games.

All about me were ghosts of those trim Boy Scouts of Sweden, who acted as our messenger-boys, and especially of the little blond chap who used to stand proudly beside my seat, ready to run with my messages to the near-by telegraph booth and start them off on their journey under the seas to the United States. He had caught the romance of journalism—that boy.

And out on the track and in the infield—there are the grimmest ghosts of them all. The singing flower-clad children can not lay them for me. Over there, on the green grass, Alvah Richards, from our "Wild West," wearing a stretched sweater and a merry widow straw hat part of the time, humbles into the dust, at the running high jump, a German officer named Liesche, the haughtiest German that came to Stockholm. Out there, in the center of the field, are the ghosts of those trimly clad German teams, marching shoulder to shoulder, fifty of them, a hundred of them, each man looking like all the others, each man walking, striding, jumping, spreading legs and arms, waving his members, throwing out his chest, just like everybody else—massed formation in sport, with no individuality, no personal responsibility, except to see that you do your best to win the coveted cup by crushing your individuality and doing everything as everybody else does it. I remember how, even in those days, when everybody thought a German was all right, we used to laugh at the machine-like movements of those competing Germans and wonder how a man could prize a cup that was given for such banalities. The day was to come when we would shudder at what we laughed at then.

Here, at this turn on the track, Braun, the German runner, claimed that an American had fouled him and raised an uproar that disgusted the twenty-five thousand onlookers.

Here, also, swinging through the masses of the singing children, goes the ghost of that beaten but unbeatable solitary Russian, who, being outdistanced by the champion walkers of the world, had found himself three laps behind at the end of the race and insisted on finishing the course, though for many minutes he walked alone and unashamed before the gaze of thousands of amused people.

Ghosts

HERE, at this corner of the field, is a group of excited ghosts. It is the day when Kohlemainen, from Helsingfors, astounded the world by defeating the greatest runners that had come to Sweden. The Finnish flag has been run up on the honor-pole and a group of Russian officials had hurried down onto the track and insisted that this must be counted a Russian victory; the Russian flag must be run up; if the officials of the course care to do so they may raise a Finnish pennant beneath it. I see again that Finnish flag come down and again I see that flag of a proud czar mount in its stead; and then the Finnish emblem crawls up, shamefacedly, beneath it. How the grand stands cheer, in sympathy, for the Finns!

I wonder where they are now, those ponderous, powerful Russians?

The memories of those first days slip by me; those days before we knew the boys from the United States could conquer the athletes of the world. And then there grows again in my heart the pride that

Jim Sullivan's Dope Filters Into Germany

"THE quality of the men must be characterized as remarkable. They carry themselves well and are well-developed, and from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age. Only a few of the men are pure American by race. The majority of them are sons of foreign parents. These half-Americans, most of whom were born in America and have never before seen Europe, express, without hesitation, purely American sentiments."

—Report of German officer to German Intelligence Department, after interviewing American prisoners taken at Bourcsches in June.

"We will win these Olympic games, this time and every time, until we cease to attract the pick of the folk from Europe. We'll win the games; it was all decided years ago, by the fathers and mothers of these boys of ours."

Our Olympic team has gone to Europe, and Jim Sullivan's dope is good and sure. His confidence of victory was not a vague optimism; it was based on a mathematical calculation of how strong our boys were, and how hard they would try.

came to us all, as the American list of victories began to grow.

Comes to me, again, my Boy Scout messenger with a cablegram from my editor in the United States, which reads like this:

Please cable 500 words explaining recent successes of Americans and telling whether or not America will win.

That telegram had been too much for me. I was not an expert at athletes. On my trip across the Atlantic on the *Finland* with those two hundred and fifty life-filled American boys and a score of clean-cut, upstanding American men who were leaders in amateur athletics in the United States, I had discovered that there was an inwardness to the institution of amateur athletics, a world of past records and data as to human physical possibilities, of which I was ignorant. And so I had decided not to write my five-hundred-word cablegram hastily, but to have expert advice.

Why We Won Then

AND there comes an evening, in a grove in the beautiful Djürgarden. I am dining with James Sullivan, the chief of American amateur athletics. In our evening clothes, wearing such decorations as some of us possess, we sit in the whiteness of the northern night until it grows chilly. The waiters, after the Swedish summer-garden fashion, bring us huge, thick blankets which they throw about our shoulders. And there seated next to Jim Sullivan, his glistening shirt front and a small jeweled stone therein throwing out furtive rays from the cavelike recesses of his half-folded blanket, I put to him the questions that have come to me over the cable: Will America win; and why?

"Can't you write an answer to that, young fellow?" he asks me with a note of surprise in his voice.

"No, no!" I answer impatiently. "I'm no sporting editor. This is all new to me."

"But sport hasn't anything to do with it," he says. "This isn't a study in athletics. It's a problem in Americanism. I've been at four of these international Olympic games and I know just what is going to happen at this one. It has always been the same way. It's my dope and you can't go wrong on it. We aren't through the woods, yet; there's two weeks of fighting before us, but no matter how things go, no matter what happens, we'll win; listen:

"American Blood"

"YOU take those boys we have on our boat"—he points out through the trees to the harbor where the *Finland*, lights out, boys asleep, swings at anchor—"and study their names. How many different nationalties do you suppose they represent? We've got Americans of German blood who are going to beat Germans from Germany. We've got Italians on our team who are going to beat Italians from Italy. We've got boys of English blood who are going to beat Englishmen, and boys of French blood who will outrun or outjump their brothers from France. Why, we've got men from almost every nationality in the world in our American team who'll beat fellows of their own blood from Europe.

"There's no such thing as American blood, yet," continues Sullivan, expressing an idea that was new to most of us in 1912; an idea that only an Olympic contest could bring to light. "Maybe we'll get an American blood, in time. Jim Thorpe, the Indian, from Carlisle, is the only original American in the whole team. Our boys are all of the blood of Europe.

"Now here's my dope: These boys on our team are the sons of parents who had nerve and backbone. Their parents wanted something more in life than Europe had to offer them. And so they tore up their home anchorages and went to the United States. It takes a good man or woman to do that; healthier and more ambitious than their neighbors. Men and women like that are going to have fine children; ambitious children with lots of red, good blood and brimming health. They'll be better children than the average run of their cousins back in Europe.

"That's why we'll win these Olympic games, this time and every time, until we cease to attract the pick of the folk from Europe. We'll win the games; it was all decided years ago, by the fathers and mothers of these boys of ours.

"No matter how things go, no matter what turn things may take or what surprises we meet, the percentages are all in our favor. We won't lose. It's all a matter of mathematics, from now on. That's my dope."

And in the white northern night, in far-away Sweden, I see America for the first time as it really is.

The Olympic games, that were to have been held in that great stadium on the outskirts of Berlin, in 1916, are being held in French and Flemish fields and in Italian mountains. These are Olympic games that Jim Sullivan, who piloted American teams to victory through three Olympiads, will not attend, for he is dead.

Why We'll Win Now

OUR Olympic team has gone to Europe, and Jim Sullivan's dope is good and sure. His confidence of victory was not a vague optimism; it was based on a mathematical calculation of how strong our boys were, and how hard they would try.

Our confidence ought to be like his.

The result of this war is not a thing to be decided in the future. It has been decided in the past. Through all the departed decades of building and growing, through all those years when great tides of strong, fresh blood were pouring into our veins past the Statue of Liberty, we were deciding it; we were creating something too precious to lose.

"No matter how things go, no matter what turns things may take, no matter what surprises we meet, the percentages are all in our favor."

By Jim Sullivan's dope we *can* do the job; all we have to do is to go ahead and *do* it.

In the December number—"Nothing as Usual"—a war map of American business as seen by William G. Shepherd in Washington.

Behind the Lines— 5000 Miles

IT HAPPENED last winter during the blizzard that paralyzed nearly the whole country. Yeomans, the inventor, had just completed the plans of a gigantic planing machine which would speed up the production of guns of high calibre. The old type of planer took two years to build: this one of Mr. Yeomans sixty days.

Gabriel Longmuir of Coal City, Ill., was put in charge of turning out a number of these wonderful machines. Longmuir is a Scotchman and his neighbors say he has the granite of the Highlands in his blood and the sweetness of the heather in his heart.

Be these poetic touches as they may,

when Longmuir started to break ground for the foundations of concrete for the planers his men's picks rang like bells against the frozen ground. But Longmuir pushed them along, working himself as hard as any one of them. Then the pouring of the concrete began. This work had to continue night and day in order to insure success. Then the blizzard struck Coal City and the temperature dropped to twelve below.

This was when the poetic granite in the Scotchman's blood began to seem less poetic. He ordered the concrete mixer *not* to stop. And he remained on hand to see that it did not stop.

He stood at his post for sixty hours without sleep. With his brawny arm bared to the shoulder he tested the temperature of every batch of concrete.

Then the pro-German blizzard gave up the assault.

The Government got its planers when it needed them.

And Longmuir became a hero in his own home town. ROBERT H. MOULTON.

AFTER THE WAR—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?
What will the war do to man?
What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?
What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations? Write us your opinions frankly.

The Square Deal

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

What effect will the world war have on the world?

Listen.

One bright May morning, a gray-haired material checker faced a ruddy-cheeked construction lieutenant before the desk in the commandant's office at a certain army post being built by civilian labor under military supervision. Anger lowered the brow of each, and the motive of their enmity was the thing behind the world war.

A week before, the material man's working mate had been prevented from reporting for his daily task and the checker had held the post of both. When the partner returned to duty, the lieutenant, to whom due credit should be given for a sort of alertness, had assigned the returning one to other duty and left the checker to hold down the volume of work the two men had previously performed.

The trouble arose when the checker requested a material advance in pay and had been peremptorily refused by the lieutenant upon the ground that what he was getting was giving him a comfortable living and that he did not deserve any more. During the argument the officer saw fit to impeach the civilian's patriotism. After the guard had untangled them, the commandant had them both brought before him for examination.

NOW it so happened that this commandant had earned his major's oak leaves on the weary peace-time army road. And he had learned much about men that the young lieutenant had missed in his cramming at the training-camp. He had found that you can lead a Yankee soldier further than you can drive him and that the Yankee civilian was of the same stripe. He listened patiently while the young officer preferred his charges.

"And what do you say," he asked of the civilian, "in defense of the charge of striking a man in uniform in the discharge of his duties upon a military post?"

"I say that when this outfit hired me, it hired me to hold the one position and that you had the duties of that one position reasonably fixed in your mind, else you could not have made the intelligent assessment of the wage you are paid to make. And I say further, that in compelling me to hold the two positions, or in compelling me to go beyond the service you hired me for, without a commensurate increase in pay, you are invading an ability that belongs to me personally, an ability that you have no right to invade, jeopardize or confiscate without a fair appraisal—" At least that is what it amounted to, reduced to a semblance of dignified English. It would require asbestos writing material to reproduce the answer verbatim in its vehement Irish voicing.

"What have you to say in rebuttal, Lieutenant?" the commandant then demanded of the scornful officer, who, banking upon his prewar training in a big law-office, had already figured out his legal refuge.

"I say that we bought his *time* for the Government, and that we may compel him to do anything we order him to do as long as we pay him what we have agreed to pay him for that duration of time. I have looked up the law time and again in my practise before I entered the service and I know that I am right. It is a custom of the business world, hallowed by custom, and accepted by all——"

"Except by this battling harp you have dragged in here this beautiful day," interrupted the commandant. "As to the hallowing feature—Oh, Lord—" and the Commandant laughed derisively. "If what you say is the rule of your business world, I thank Heaven I chose the army and that a military court is subject to the illumination of common sense. You ought to have wits enough to know that this war is to be won by service and not by the mere putting in of duration of time. This is a fight we are in, not a legal pink tea. We don't care a whoop for a man's time. What we are interested in is the matter of what he does with it, how much, how well and, last but not least, how soon. And the Government does not want the man's service without a just appraisal. Military necessity is not in the American code of morals.

"By the way, Lieutenant, why is it that you are just finding out that this man could handle both those positions? You might have consolidated them long ago at a reasonable discount and saved a bit of Liberty Bond money. Can you cite any precedents from your legal practise to offset that oversight on your part? And even if you can, they won't help you any on this post. You were just about to waste a good man for the sake of a legal quibble and a false idea of contractual freedom. American legal talent seems to be the most prodigal factor America has to put up with."

"But, Major," expostulated the embarrassed lieutenant, "don't you understand that if you adopt your policy you will have every civilian on the post clamoring for a raise in pay——"

"Which they will be more than welcome to, if they have the service to exchange for it. Your business from this hour on is not one of military legal enlightenment. It is the one of finding all the men possible on this post that care enough for their business to study it, analyze it and perfect themselves in the conduct of it. Fire the ones who do not care to do it. If you need any help in your battles along that line, come to me. This applies to union and non-union men alike. I'll gladly raise the scale for every union man that can show more than the average capacity in a fair technical examination at his trade. Try it on some of the older men above the draft age first. They will make good leaders and convince the others that we have the general good at heart. Perhaps you can in this way release some younger fighting blood for overseas service. See this man you have had the row with fairly compensated in the light of the service required and rendered on his detail, if it takes all the money we have in our allowance——"

"And you—" he continued, turning to the civilian. "Do not assault the uniform, unless you are first assaulted. No matter what your quarrel, you may always prefer charges, and have them heard and judged in the army. The Constitution pervades the officer's tent as well as the open post. It does not stop at the door of private business in the Army as it does in the civilian world. And if there are any more pinch hitters like you on the job, tell them to hop to it. I'll see them rightly used or mail my commission to my superior. Now both of you get out of here—I'm busy."

THAT reactionary devil in the guise of an angel of light, known as Frederick the Great, said the same thing to Germany one hundred and fifty years ago, hiding his sinister purpose with his canny shrewdness, when he ordered every German never to

(*Continued on page 85*)

Girls They Left Behind Them

This illustrator has to keep both the home and studio fires burning owing to the fact that her artist husband, W. J. Enright, decided to go to France to draw Germans. So while Maginel Wright Enright keeps the Enright name where it belongs, Lieutenant Enright is making decorative (and useful) little maps of the enemy lines. The pathetic part is, that no matter how good his stuff is it is never published.

When Conductor Harry Nelson was called to the colors early in the year, Mrs. Nelson wondered for the moment just how the home-fires could be kept burning their accustomed calories. It seemed rather a pity to chop up the new dining-room set. "One to stop and two to go ahead," Harry had often said to her in their long talks about his work during the early days of their courtship. Down went Mrs. Nelson and got Harry's job, thereby seeing the world and learning a trade.

Brown Brothers.

One of the smartest of the many smart coming-out parties given in New York during the season of 1916-17 was the one Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Allen gave at the Ritz for their daughter Lorraine. Then she went and married young Lieutenant Alan MacDougall II., with his shiny new bars, and journeyed with him to Yaphank and washed dishes and tended the furnace in their little hut without sighing a sigh for the dear old days of orchids and champagne and dancing all night. Let others fight, says Lieutenant MacDougall, for Alsace if they want to. He will fight for Lorraine.

Robert H. Moulton.

These are the twins Blendine and Geraldine Smalley of Sheldon, Ill., who spend a large part of their time writing fat letters to another pair of twins, Walter and Albert Grierson, formerly of St. Louis, now of France. (See the right-hand corner.)

It's one thing for an engaged girl to sit quietly at home of an evening where an occasional tear dropped on her knitting won't do much harm. But Ina Claire, in "Polly with a Past," has to make people laugh with her every night, no matter how worried she may be about Captain Herbert Sherman.

Judge Othilia Beals of Seattle has released two majors for the front, her brother, formerly Judge John Carroll, and her husband, Walter B. Beals.

Private John Edwardson's wife Anna works on the night-shift in a Chicago munition plant. She lives with a woman who works in the daytime. So each cares for the other's child and her own during their respective hours at home.

Robert H. Moulton.

Many a time before the war the Smalleys and the Griersons compared notes on those fiendish little practical jokes that all twins play. There are rumors—how do those things get started?—of a double wedding after the war, but whether it's Walter or Albert with Geraldine or Blendine we won't tell.

Mrs. Farwell Putnam Lilly before her war wedding to Lieutenant Lilly was Betty Sander, a Seattle debutante. Now her talents as poet and pianist are at the service of the Red Cross. They are not idle—these girls behind the men behind the guns.

Curtis Studio.

Khaki Klippings

The page this month is made up of clippings from papers published by Canadian regiments of the B. E. F. in France.

Trench Cookery to Fool the "Doc" and the Quartermaster

By Iama Scillyass

MOCK CHICKEN SOUP—Take a piece of white paper and lead-pencil and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a saucepan and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blond appearance, stir it with a lead-pencil, which will make it more of a brunette. Let it boil two hours. Then coax the hen away from the saucepan and serve the soup hot with a glass of ice-water on the table.

IRISH STEW—Remove the jacket and waistcoat from a potato and put it in a saucepan. Add three quarts of boiling water. Get a map of Ireland and hang it on the wall directly in front of the saucepan. This will furnish the local color for the stew. Let it boil two hours. When the potato begins to molt, it is a sign the stew is getting done. Walk easy so as not to frighten it. Add a pinch of rhubarb and serve hot with lettuce dressing.

BREAKFAST BACON—Take a hat full of pine shavings and remove the interior. Add a little sherry wine and sweeten to taste. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and other cosmetics, and let them sizzle. Now turn them over with a spoon and serve hot off the griddle.

APPLE DUMPLING—Take a large sheet of blotting-paper and remove the ink. Ink is a non-conductor and discolors the palate. Borrow an apple from your mate and tie it up in the blotting-paper. The blotting-paper will absorb the flavor from the apple in about three minutes. Now give the apple back and say "Much obliged, thank you." Cut the blotting-paper into thin slices, and add water. Stir gently until it boils over, and then unhook it.

R. M. R. Growler.

Trench Nursery Rhymes

CAPTAIN MULDOON has lost his platoon,
And doesn't know where to find 'em;
But leave 'em alone, and they'll come home,
When the estaminets close behind 'em.

Private Horner sat in a corner,
Handling a Mills grenade.
With a silly old grin,
He pulled out the pin—
He was absent from next parade.

The Brazier.

BRITISH Officer to Canadian, somewhere in London: "When do you expect to go to the front?"

Canadian Slang Artist: "Search me."

British Officer: "But I don't want to search you; carry on."

The Listening Post.

ONE thing about trench mud
Seems hardly quite right:
It makes white spots on black things
And black spots on white. *The Brazier.*

A Song of Wintry Weather

IT ISN'T the foe that we fear;
It isn't the bullets that whine;
It isn't the business career
Of a shell, or the bust of a mine;
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud;
No, it isn't the guns,
And it isn't the Huns—
It's the Mud,
Mud,
Mud.

It isn't the mêlée we mind—
That often is rather good fun;
It isn't the shrapnel we find
Obtrusive when rained by the ton;
It isn't the bounce of the bombs
That gives us a positive pain:
It's the straſing we get
When the weather is wet—
It's the Rain,
Rain,
Rain.

It isn't because we lack grit
We shrink from the horrors of war.
We don't mind the battle a bit;
In fact, that is what we are for;
It isn't the rum-jars and things
Make us wish we were back in the fields:
It's the fingers that freeze
In the boreal breeze—
It's the Cold,
Cold,
Cold.

Oh, the rain, the mud and the cold,
The cold, the mud and the rain;
With weather at zero it's hard for a hero
From language that's rude to refrain.
With porridgy muck to the knees,
With sky that's a-pouring a flood,
Sure the worst of our foes
Are the pains and the woes
Of the Rain,
the Cold,
and the Mud.

The Twentieth Gazette.

TWO of our scouts who were wearing German caps, souvenirs of the recent fighting, were, to their dismay, arrested by the battalion next day, and had a deuce of a time proving an alibi.

Their innocence was eventually established, and their identities proved by sheer force of profanity.

You may fake an identity-disk and a pay-book, but army English, Canadian army English, can only be acquired through long experience and incessant practise.

After they had put on the third record (you know the one, "Holy, sufferin' systematic,") the officer who was questioning them leaned weakly against the parados and said: "'Senough, boys. Your characters are cleared. Go!"

The Listening Post.

THERE was a young soldier named Trickett,
Who was made an estaminet picket.
When they stopped "English beer,"
He was haunted by fear
They'd do something else just as wicked.

The Dead Horse Corner Gazette.

The Philosophy of Thomas

SO 'ERE'S philosophy simple and plain:
Wotever we 'ates in the bloomin' campaign,
'Tis balm to our souls as we grumble an' cuss,
To feel that the Boches are 'atin' it wuss.

The Growler.

The French Litany of the Trenches. Nothing to Worry About

YOU have two alternatives. Either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are, you have two alternatives. Either you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are at the front, you have two alternatives. Either you are in reserve or you are on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives. Either you scrap or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives. Either you get slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slight, you have nothing to worry about.

If badly, you have two alternatives. Either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever. *The Brazier.*

A Perfect Day

DIX 'Steenth Battalion boys eating Bully *Bœuf*,
One caught the tummy-ache and then there were *neuf*.

Neuf 'Steenth Battalion boys munching *des biscuits*,
One broke his wisdom tooth and then there were *huit*.

Huit 'Steenth Battalion boys did it for a bet,
One met the A. P. M. and then there were *sept*.

Sept 'Steenth Battalion boys called to see Élise,
One cut his comrades out and then there were *six*.

Six 'Steenth Battalion boys not heeding what they drank,
One called for Grenadine and then there were *cinq*.

Cinq 'Steenth Battalion boys starting to *se battre*,
One riled a heavyweight and then there were *quatre*.

Quatre 'Steenth Battalion boys broke the blinkin' *loi*,
One made a job of it and then there were *trois*.

Trois 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling *très heureux*,
One spoilt the gramophone and then there were *deux*. *The Brazier.*

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THE young and beautiful Beatrice is Duchess of Siona, a hill town of fourteenth-century Italy. The Sionese are heavily taxed by the Lord Malatesta, who had conquered the city when Beatrice was but a girl of fifteen. Her memory of that terrible conquest and the slaughter that resulted has made her cold and relentless. She hates all men and refuses to marry, although on his deathbed her father exacted the promise from her to allow any man who came courting her a month's grace before she gave him her answer. The rules she has laid down for her suitors discourage men from trying their luck, and after three years no more suitors come to Siona.

But Siona needs a strong man's hand. Malatesta doubles his taxes and demands a levy of men. And there are threats of rebellion among the guilds. Meantime, Guilielmo, Malatesta's son, wanton, cruel, and a coward, sends a messenger to demand the Duchess in marriage. Beatrice is still quivering from her indignant refusal of this proposal, when a lover is announced, the first in a year.

However, the suitor, who bears himself as a gentleman, proves to be no more than a man without title, by name "just Pedro." The Duchess is so enraged at what she deems his insolence that she gives him to the city mob to punish as they choose, although she forbids his death.

Pedro plans his revenge. In a wood, high above Siona, he comes upon a young nobleman for whom life has lost its savor and who is about to hang himself. Pedro begs him to try one more experience and urges him to take his chance at winning the Duchess. Together, as master and man, they enter Siona, Pedro therefore inviolable.

There, Pedro, although he never presumes on a lackey's position, still contrives to make the Duchess constantly aware of his presence. She recognizes his brain in the advice her new suitor gives her about the difficulties of her duchy. Even his love-making is borrowed from Pedro. The Duchess begins to lose sleep and longs for the month of trial to come to an end.

Before the month is out Guilielmo arrives in person to demand once more the Duchess in marriage, swearing that he will have her, by fair means or foul. The Duchess at last realizes that she must have a man's aid in ruling Siona. Needless to say, Pedro is aware of all this and he is next found at a little inn down by the river taking control of what might otherwise have proved a disastrous conspiracy against the Duchess.

He wins over Bartoldi, a condottiere in the service of Malatesta, and Shimei, a rich Jew, to call on in time of need. The kingdom waits for him and unconsciously the Duchess begins to yield to his charm.

CHAPTER TEN (Continued)

AT HER command all began to move away, passing down the broad steps that led into the torch-lit gloom of the vaulted hall on whose pillars the great pile was reared. She wished them good night as they saluted her. Giolina she bade wait. The girl left Francesca and came across to the Duchess, who put a hand under her chin and looked searchingly into her eyes. "No more tears, then?"

The girl laughed and shook her head shyly.

"Then sleep with me in my room to-night. Amati, bid me good night, and let us forego our battle till to-morrow." With a touch of Giolina's shyness she held out her hand. He dropped to his knees, and pressed it to his lips.

"Good night, Amati," she murmured. He still detained the hand, and for some seconds she allowed this, then suddenly withdrew it. "Good night—come, Giolina, you shall teach me something I appear to have forgotten—how to sleep sound. Can you sleep?"

Giolina laughed again, lightly and brimming over with joy. "Not to-night, Excellency. To-night I will lie awake and hug myself for joy." She had her bosom folded in her arms as she spoke. Thoughtfully the Duchess looked at her. "Because of what that man said?" She looked around. Pedro was just discernible in the darkness that lay under the cedar. "Come here," she said to him.

She was at this time half-way up the massive steps, rock hewn, that led up to the terrace across which she would pass to her bedroom, behind the great silk hanging which dropped over the door.

At the foot of the steps stood young Amati. Pedro, a little way behind, came forward as the Duchess commanded, passing his master and pausing a little way up the steps, his face lifted to where the Duchess looked back and down at him. She spoke to him quietly, a certain earnest curiosity in her tone.

"Where got you this art of speaking so to a woman?"

"I have no art, Excellency. I lent this young lady what she lacked—hope. To be happy, a woman needs three things—love, faith and hope. If she have love and faith, yet no hope, she can not be happy. If she have love and hope, yet lack faith, she can not be happy. If she have faith and hope, still she can not be happy till she seek and gain love."

She waited a moment, as if considering what he said. Then, "And if a woman will not?"

"Then happiness is not for her."

"And—if she forego happiness?"

"Then forever must she be something less than woman, for the crown and completion of woman is happiness. Therefore, to be true woman and complete, a woman must love."

She was silent again for a little. Then she said, "I think—I think you have a tongue women would do well to beware of. Good night. Good night, Count. Come, Giolina." She was gone, up the steps, across the terrace. Giolina held the silk draping aside for her, both women entered, the silk fell back.

Amati, his foot on the bottom step, pressed both hands to his lips and threw a kiss after her. "Good night—good night, beloved." He turned, restless and unhappy, to Pedro. "Pedro, what shall I do? I lose all hope—she's not for me."

Pedro answered him with a touch of scorn: "Well might you lose hope if you let your chances slip like this. Why did you let her go? You should have kept her here. Look at the garden, the moonlight—oh, lad, this is a fatal hour for a woman. She knew, she knew. She fled from you. She dared not stay. The music moved her. She's frightened for herself."

"Frightened?"

"Aye, frightened." He took a step or two away, and spoke half to himself: "Were I you, and loved this woman, could I but meet her upon these steps, with all the magic of night about us, under the spell of the moon, I'd not let her go till I had talked the heart out of her breast, and made it mine."

Amati heard him. "She has no heart," he said, despairingly.

"No heart—! Something beats in that bosom. She calls a truce, but I have known truces broken," Pedro dropped his voice till it was but a murmur to himself, "and a castle stormed by night." He broke away from his thoughts. "Go you, and rest, dear lad," he finished, with genuine affection.

"Rest!" said the lad, mockingly. "Are you not coming?"

"Presently. Not now," answered the older man somberly. "Let me walk awhile."

The Count walked away. "Good night."

"Good night, Amati," Pedro made answer. "Good night, my lord."

The Count's figure vanished among the shadows, and from the shadows another footfall sounded. Young Francis was at his elbow, still in his gipsy guise, all eagerness, all impatience.

"Pedro, shall I see her?"

Pedro took him by the arm, turned him toward the castle and pointed over his shoulder to the great cellar of gloom looming under the low archway built below the level of the garden. Something moved

"If such a man as you," she said pleadingly, "could take to himself the strength that lies in love, it could make you a god."

there, a figure stealing quietly up from the vaults.

"There?" Francis's voice went quietly across the garden.

"Who's that?" came answer.

"Murcia!" The boy sprang to her, she ran up the steps, caught him to her, held him tight. Neither could speak. Pedro shrugged his shoulders and moved away.

Ten minutes, he decided, was fair law, and presently he came upon them, arms intertwined, pacing the lawn, heedless of the dew. Francis took his hand, pressed it, pressed it into Giolina's.

"Dear, thank him, thank this man, this lion, this fox, this prince of all princes among men. 'Twas he that brought me to you, for first he spared me, and saved me afterward from the river and cured my wound, and now he brings me to you."

She kissed Pedro's hand again. "I know, Pedro, he has told me. He bids me love you for his sake, and indeed I do. One day I'll be your friend."

"And I," said Francis, taking him by the arm affectionately. "My life for him if he should ask it. Pedro," he went on, "I wish I could see more of you. I wish —I wish—why not come with me to Malatesta? Take your service there—think what might happen there for such a man as you."

"And what kind of a man am I?" Pedro posed this to him with a sudden seriousness, then laughed it off. "Francis, I think I am getting too old for fighting. You young bloods are too swift for me nowadays. Time was—alas!" he broke off in mock regret. Francis laughed derisively, full of admiration. "I think," continued Pedro, thoughtfully, "that I must turn barber. 'Tis the safest career for bloody-minded men, and I am come to the age when a man learns to take care of himself. But come, what's the hour? I am under responsibility here. As a respectable cutthroat I must remind you young people of the proprieties."

Giolina threw a glance up at the terrace. "Francis, I must run. The Duchess will be going to bed. I sleep in her room tonight. When will you come to me again?"

He kissed her fondly. "Soon, soon, my little love. Look for me soon."

"How will you go back?"

"I have my horse handy outside the town. The guard will pass me out, and I shall be at Missona within three hours."

"Take leave, you two," came Pedro's warning.

They clung together, lips to lips in a long, lingering kiss, reluctantly relinquished. Then, still holding Francis by the hand, Giolina turned to Pedro.

"Pedro," she said, "what do you here?"

He seemed a little embarrassed at her unexpected question. "I, Lady Giolina?"

She looked him over steadily. "This is the Duchess's garden, and at night no man should walk here. Do you often come here?"

"I have been here," he admitted.

"At night?"

"Why do you ask?" he answered. She continued to look searchingly at him.

"Pedro," she said, most surprisingly, "shall I make her walk in the garden?"

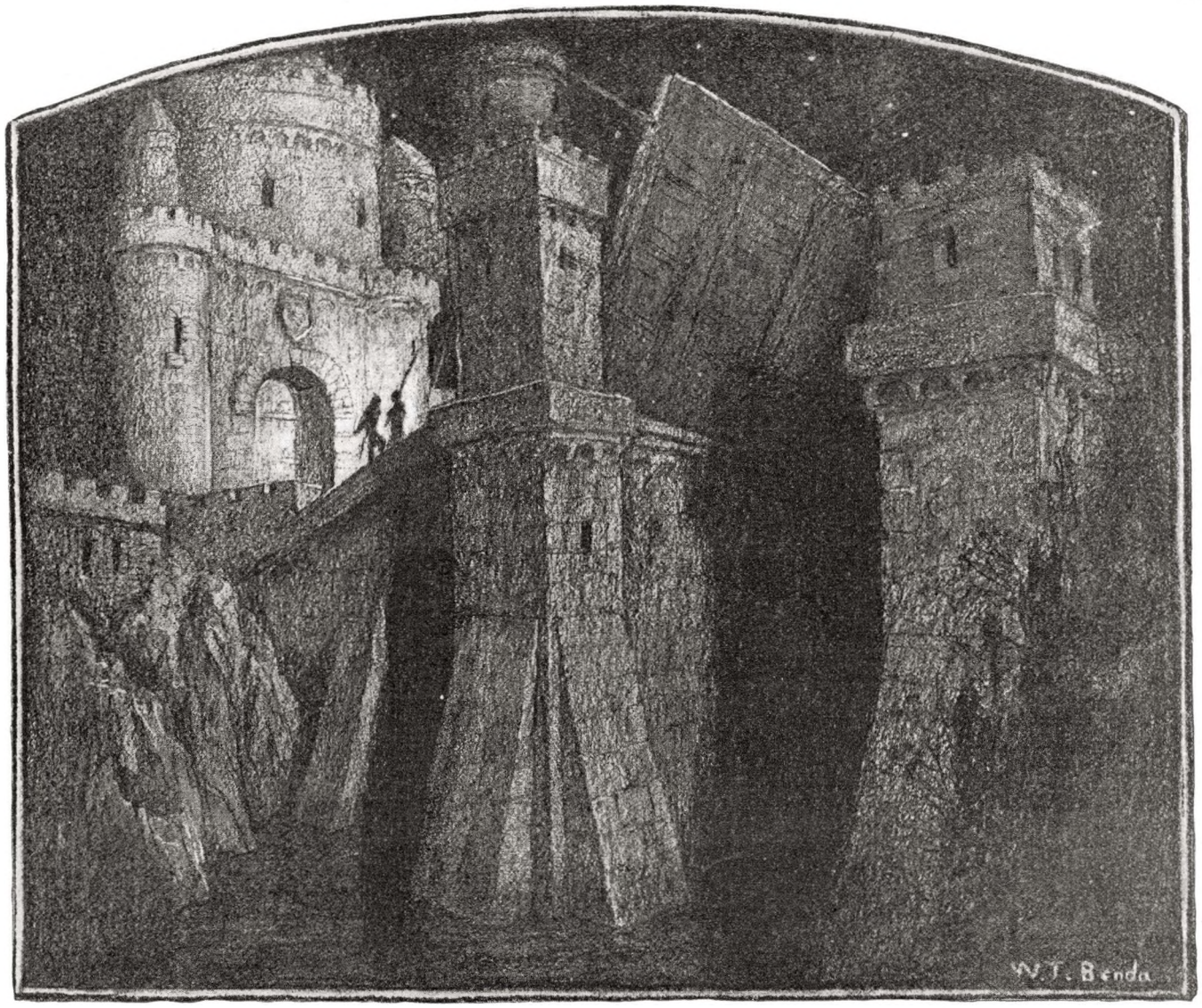
Even in the moonlight, a flush of color showed itself faintly under the dark of his face. "What do you mean?"

She answered him with a grave smile, eyes still reading him. "You know what I mean." She dropped the hand of Francis, and coming over put her hand on Pedro's arm. "You saved my lover for me, now I will do something for you. Some one shall walk in the garden."

She felt under her hand the muscle of his arm grow rigid as he suppressed a start. He was agitated. "Lady Giolina——"

With a little laugh of gratification and triumph she stepped away. "Wait here. Some one shall walk in the garden. Do you think I can't see?" She nodded to him, once more embraced her lover, and went happily away, up the steps to the terrace. One kiss thrown back as she drew the hanging aside and she had gone.

Francis stood at the foot of the steps



Pedro spent the night with the guard on the stone bridge giving access to Siona.

for a minute, his eyes filled with the vision of the girl he loved, then turning to Pedro saw only the empty garden. But running across the lawn, all eyes, he found his man under the cedar. He showed dimly in the darkness, but Francis could make him out sitting on the seat there, head in hands, elbows on knees, a brooding figure. Francis slipped on to the seat by him, and put his arms around his neck.

"I must go. But shall I see you again?"

"Oh, God knows—yes; no; I don't know; why not?"

"What's wrong?" Immersed in his new-found happiness the boy could sense something gone awry here. Pedro took his hands from his face and sat with them clasped between his knees, staring all the while up at the terrace where very faintly a shimmer of light from the Duchess's bedroom edged its way round the covering of her doorway.

He put his hand on Francis's. "Away, lad; I'll meet you again, some day. Get you back to Missona. Get your sleep as a good soldier should." He stood up, the boy rising with him, and kissed him on both cheeks, then held him at arm's length.

Into the gloom of the garden shot a great gout of warm light. Clear out against it stood Giolina. She held the silken hanging back, and turning her head, spoke clearly to some one within the room. You might have guessed that her words were meant to reach ears below in the darkness.

"Come into the cool air, your Grace. One can breathe here."

Into the light came another figure. Giolina held the curtain back, and the Duchess came slowly out on the terrace. She had undressed for bed. She was in her bedgown, a light robe over it, but left open at the front. The moon showed the slender grace of her young figure in its thin draping, the small slippers in which her feet were shod. About her shoulders and tumbling down her back almost to her knees poured the great mass of her wonderful hair, vaguely dark save where the light from her room caught it and showed the glory of its red. As she emerged into the garden her hands went up to her head—leaving the privacy of her room, even for the privacy, as she did not doubt, of her garden, she prepared instinctively to modify the abandonment that the free flood of her hair about her suggested. Giolina checked her.

"Nay, leave your hair down; only the moon can see."

Cunning, cunning! Her own heart filled with the rapture of love, returned in full, Giolina guessed what the glory of that hair must mean to the man she knew was watching in the dark, and the thrill which can possess a generous woman in the beauty of another of her own sex ran happily through her.

The two women came down the steps into the garden, slowly, the Duchess leading, giving herself with luxurious ease to the refreshing coolness of the night air.

She came a step or two down the path from the foot of the steps. The cedar was not far away. In its gloom a man stood, brooding, gnawing at his thumb while something he dreaded gnawed at his heart. He heard her speak.

"This beautiful garden! How lovely in this light, and how strange. The moon's an enchanter, I think, Giolina, and down his beams there rides a witchery we women should be on our guard from." She looked back where the turrets of her castle towered black and fantastic against the vast cavern of the sky in which the moon rode in a kind of pitiless, arrogant blaze of its own glory. "Giolina," she asked thoughtfully, "am I so different from other women?"

"How 'different'?" the girl answered.

"They say I am cold."

"Are you not?"

The Duchess did not seem to hear. She stood, looking at the moon; then, "Am I?" The man under the cedar heard, faintly, "I wonder."

Quietly and cautiously Francis whispered to his companion, "I must go."

Pedro drew a long breath. "Away, boy. Soon I'll see you——"

A grip of the hand and the boy's light figure had slipped away.

The Duchess moved slowly down the path.

CHAPTER ELEVEN
All Woman

SUDDENLY she stopped. Something moved by the cedar; the form of a man was faintly visible in the shadow. "Who is that?" she said. "Who is it? Is that you, Count?" She expected yes for an answer. The presence of the young Count here, beneath the terrace, seemed a natural thing. The figure was silent. "Who is that?" Raising her voice a little, "Tell me your name, or I call my guard."

She did not retreat, but her body stiffened as she drew herself up, folding her robe round her with a woman's instinct of self-protection.

Pedro moved forward slowly. No sudden or abrupt act on his part should startle her, no tone in his voice alarm her. In the faint light, his attitude plainly enough was all deference—head stooping forward, shoulders drooped, back bent, very proper for a lackey answering the imperious questioning of a great lady.

"Madam, it is I, Pedro, the Count's man. My master is in bed. He is worn out with the anxieties of these past few days, and if he is to bear himself with spirit to-morrow, some rest he must have."

Nothing in this to alarm her. Every line of him, every tinge of tone in his voice gave assurance of humility. He would not presume. She might answer him safely.

"Does he take it so hardly then?"

"How else?"

"Yet—he knew—when first he came."

"Oh, yes, Madam. But how could he know at the outset how much he ventured?"

"At least I did not lead him on."

"No, that's true; but, Excellency, you might have spared him much."

"How should I have spared him?"

"Think of to-day. You let him sit near you, take your hand. What more should a lad want from you to set him afire? Because he is a gallant lad you have gone out of your way to be kind to him. That was cruel."

"I had no thought of that."

"Ah, but think what your kindness meant. Knowing my sword is sharp, I keep it in my scabbard. But you—think what you are, and you have stooped from your heights and let this lad dream that you were within his reach. Was that kind? No, it was cruel. Better for that boy had you treated him as you treated me—the mob and the moat. I have never thanked you for that. I do so now."

Still all respect. The words presumed, but the manner—that of a man who suffers injustice bravely. It accused her without passion. It put her on the defense. Yet she could not stoop to defend herself. The thing was too absurd. But she could not ignore him either. Positively there was nothing left but to show him his place.

She answered coldly, a very duchess:

"You speak with too much freedom."

Deprecation, submission, uncomplaining acceptance of whatever injustice she chose to lay upon him—all this his bow expressed. "Do I so? Pardon, your Grace. I am your humble servant. I will go." He made as if to go.

Spite of herself she must speak again. The strange questioning the air held seemed to engulf her. The mystery of the garden, the moonlight, had communicated itself to this dark and somber man, whose pale face bowed before her, whose eyes seemed to be answering questions she had not yet formulated.

"You may speak. What do you here?"

How easy it had been to bring the conversation on to this plane! Where now was the Count? Forgotten. The talk now was entirely personal to these two. She, questioning, he answering. He noted, essayed a quiet chuckle to himself and found himself trembling instead. "Ah, ah," he thought, "careful, Pedro!"

His answer: "Excellency, I wanted solitude. I should ask your pardon for being here. At night, in such a light, with this still air, and the scent of the flowers, this garden lapped in these grim walls seems—" he paused—"seems like the thought of God's mercy in the heart of a sinful man." She stared at him. Again she felt, knew, "No lackey, this."

Her silence questioned him further. He felt it, and laughed inwardly—and started to feel himself glow inwardly, too. He went on, quietly, still with his air of cold and calm resignation: "This night in every year it is my custom not to sleep. I spend the hours in solitude, and reflect on the goodness of God, who, when I thought He had forgotten me, was pleased to pluck me out of hell, and set me on His earth again."

"Tell me of this."

He half turned from her, as if afraid that his dark face might betray some emotion he was unwilling she should suspect. "Clever, clever, Pedro!" he said in his heart and felt his heart leap within him.

He had caught her! She was interested now. Not merely curiosity, but a touch of sympathy was in her voice— This strange man, quite respectful—in the garden—no right there—plucked by God from hell—he says so, acknowledges God's goodness—an anniversary—her command was instinctive.

"On this day, four years ago, through the instrument of a good woman who sought to make some offering to God for the soul of her dead lover, I and a dozen others were set free from the galleys."

The last word was unexpected. It startled her as might a cold rain-drop suddenly on her bosom. She drew back, one foot on the bottom step.

"The galleys! You were a galley-slave?"

"Yes, your Grace."

She froze. Bah! Fool that she had been to talk to him—and yet he spoke of it so simply, without apology. She must know.

"What was your crime?"

"Crime? Oh, your Grace—" a touch of faint reproach mingled with his resignation—"did you think I was a thief? No, not that. I served on a ship in a fight off Cyprus against the Moslems, and being taken prisoner with the rest of our company at the close of that disastrous day I was sold with the others to a Smyrna pirate. In his galley I pulled at an oar for three years. Such years, Duchess——"

He gave a shudder. It was genuine enough.

She was aglow with shame. He had been a slave, a Christian slave, toiling in the hell of below deck, laboring in the rowers' bank in the yoke of an infidel. And she had thought him a criminal, had accepted his statement of sufferings as a confession of crime. She flushed with shame in the dark, abased at the injustice she had done him. Her voice told him all this as she spoke. "Tell me."

He stepped toward her. He lifted his face toward her, put out his hands. She saw him shudder. "Such years, Duchess. Such cruel years. The cold at nights, the burning heat by day. We starved, we thirsted. We rotted, fevered, maddened, perished. The toil—the bitter toil—and the whip! Think of that." She thought of it and shivered. "Three hundred naked Christian slaves—and they lashed us like horses. We were fettered, each man to his oar, in gangs of three, and they drove us with the whip." His lips were dry, he was shaking. He came closer. A genuine passion was in his voice. "Do you know that when a man's hands are fettered, as mine were fettered, it is not so much his body as his soul you lash? You can cut into that—and draw blood with every stroke. With a whip, men do this to each other. But a woman, a woman can do it with a word, a look."

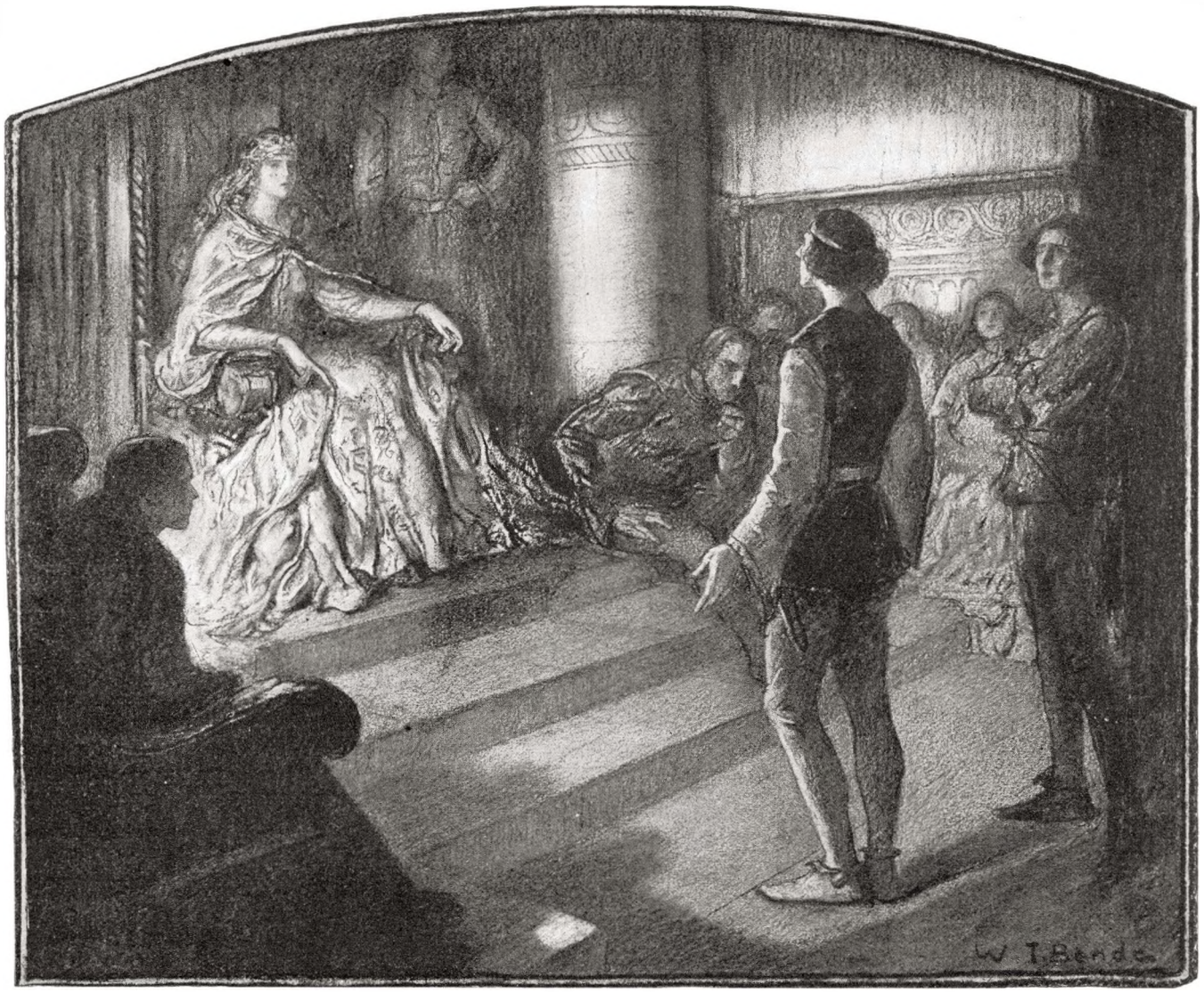
He was too near. She heard his breath come hard, his eyes, fixed on her face, burned like coals. She retreated backward a step, lifting herself above him. That last sentence of his was an accusation. She felt its truth. She had lashed him, she knew. She was embarrassed. "I did not—a woman might not know, might not understand," she answered.

He dropped his head again, and spoke more quietly. "Well, there God's mercy found me. I was in hell. I cried that there was no God, and yet in the depths of the pit His hand sought me and found me, and drew me out of it. And so, on this day in every year I fast, and on this night I forego sleep, and commune with myself and give thanks. And to-night I will give double thanks, for the kindness and charity of the woman that saved me from the yoke of the Turk, and the scorn and cruelty of that other woman that freed me from the slavery of loving her."

THIS was unpardonable. Plainly the fellow presumed here. He must be dismissed. Enough of his story, a painful one, and in some way explaining him—even excusing. Excusing? Poor wretch—can we, after all, be too hard? But a rebuke, certainly a rebuke here, to remind him.

"My poor Pedro, you have suffered." A thought too condescending, that. Still, on the spur of the moment one can not always find the exact word. Besides, it was true, the man had suffered. "You must be a little mad, I think." That would rebuke him, of course. He would understand that only this evident lack of mental balance excused the presumption of his speech. "I should be angry with you, but I can not. I pity you. Tell me—I have wondered—who are you, what are you? Sometimes I have thought——"

His spirit leaped within him and hugged itself. He knew it. Sometimes she had wondered—Yes, yes, Duchess, you think of me when you are alone, and wonder—



Amati drew a deep breath. He felt all eyes upon him. A faint blush was on his face. He looked a handsome and romantic figure. "Excellency," he began.

and here you own it. What a child it was! Shame, Pedro—yet he was trembling.

She was standing now on the third step from the bottom, one hand resting on the stone balustrade. He put one foot on the bottom step and placed his hand on the balustrade, not near hers. His face all aglow, eyes gleaming up at her, he drew her question:

"You are not Italian?"

"I am Spanish. My mother was a Spanish gipsy."

"But at times, from your speech, one would take you for a man above such a station as that."

"Chance in my youth put me for a time in the company of the great. I have wandered so far, seen so much—some things appealed—and I took hold. Then, too, fortune has played queer tricks with me."

He was sure of his ground now, and into his voice, unnoticed by him, noted on the instant by her, there crept a hint of the strength that lay in him. That note, strength, reached and set gently trembling the responsive chord in her woman's nature. She leaned downward as she answered:

"Tell me more. Sometimes I have thought—have you not had ambition?"

"Ambition? Yes."

"Then, why have you failed?"

"Failed?" He was working again for his effect.

"You are poor—a swordsman for hire, a servant."

"I own a sword, I own—myself. Service or command, I can assume either. All's one to me. Is that failure?"

Like a flash she saw it true. He was a servant, yet he could command. Who could doubt that? She loooked at him, and even in the dark she could see that with the subtle change in the timbre of his voice had come a change just as subtle in his attitude. The voice was quiet, restrained, yet strangely confident; the figure—what did it remind her of? Had she seen it before? Somewhere in her girlhood she sought to place that memory.

"I knew you were no lackey. You have some purpose here?" She waited, but he gave her no answer, only looking at her with unswerving gaze. Her heart went fast—she did not know that his was racing. "Sometimes the thought of that frightens me. What are you, strange man?"

He came up a step, and as she stooped toward him their faces were near. Now he spoke, still quietly, but every word rang through her: "I have held cities in leash. I have beaten a king in counsel. I have heard twenty thousand men in arms acclaiming one man's name, and that name, mine! Power has been mine—I won it for myself, and if for my own pleasure I put it aside, if I so willed I could take it again."

Power. That was it, that was the influence he held over her. In this man was a strength that she felt overmatched hers. She felt afraid of him, and yet she wanted him to speak more of himself, to assure her and reassure her of his strength.

"Is not that boasting? No, although you speak so strangely I don't think you are a boaster." What was the memory she was searching for? It was close, only just out of her grasp. She went on, "You are strong, are you not? Men do what you tell them?"

"Yes," he answered.

He was aflame. She could not guess how sweet was every syllable of this to him. This was what he had worked for—that she should know his strength. All the passion of pride gratified poured along his every vein. "Yes," he answered. "I have power to gather men's minds and wills into mine, and wield them, as I wield my sword."

She accepted it without a doubt. She felt, she knew, it was true. And instantly there leaped into her mind the memory she

(*Continued on page 90*)

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

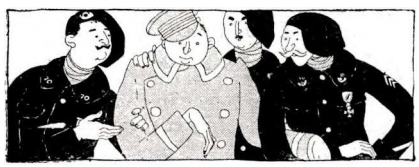
Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

AFTER coming in from a twenty-mile "hike" the officer in command of a negro company said, before dismissing them, "I want all the men who are too tired to take another hike, to take two paces forward."

All stepped forward except one big husky six-footer. Noticing him, the officer said, "Well, Johnson, ready for twenty miles more?"

"No, sah," replied Johnson, "Ah'm too tired to even take dem two steps."



WHEN the Blue Devils of France recently visited New York they were entertained in lavish fashion by everybody who could lend a hand. If one of the French soldiers happened to be walking along unattended, some hospitable automobile owner invariably spotted him and took him for a ride, which was usually followed by a dinner or a theatre party.

The practise became so general that a trio of the visiting French warriors, eager to show their appreciation, suddenly decided to reciprocate by entertaining the first American soldier whom they should see.

"There's one!" exclaimed one of the Blue Devils, pointing to an American in uniform who stood near the entrance to one of the city's leading hotels.

Over rushed the trio. Smilingly they grabbed the American, who good-naturedly protested against being kidnaped, but to no avail. He was marched along Broadway to the nearest café, where he was forced to drink a pint of the best French wine. Several other cafés were visited and much French wine drunk, with the result that the American became noticeably wobbly. Thanking his genial companions for the surprise party, he begged that he be allowed to leave them.

"We'll take you wherever you want to go," offered one of the obliging Devils. Then, noticing the two rows of big brass buttons on the American's long coat, he asked. "What is your command?"

Rather brokenly and somewhat dreamily the American spoke:

"P-p-please, gen'emen, jus' drop—hic—me in front of the Knick—hic—erbocker. I'm doorman over there."

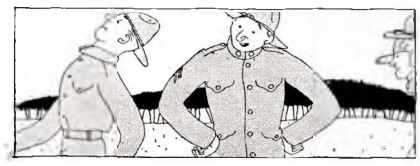
A PROFESSOR, talking to the mother of a child who had been named after him, was trying to show his appreciation of the compliment. "And does the dear child walk?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, he has been walking for six months," the mother replied.

The professor had lapsed into a metaphysical problem. He recalled himself to reply, "What a devil of a distance he must have gone."

DURING the Civil War Lincoln gave a bumptious German a commission as captain. At the end of the interview Herr von A. said: "You know, Mr. Lincoln, my name is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Germany."

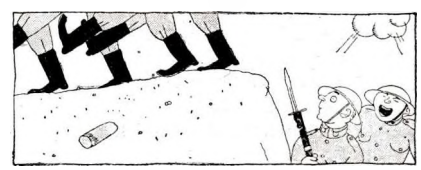
Lincoln looked at him a moment and then said dryly, "Well, if you are careful it won't hurt you any."



THE new recruits were very keen. One man especially did everything with energy. The order was given to march. The enthusiastic one, who was in the front rank, set off with a will.

He strode out, arms swinging, head erect, and eyes strictly in front, never noticing that he had left his comrades behind.

The drill sergeant swallowed hard, then called sweetly: "Say! You! When you get there, send us a picture post-card!"



THREE days on the western front had been quiet, with only an occasional shell coming over from "Fritz."

On the fourth day a new draft came. Among them was a young man named Simpkins, who was a professional ventriloquist; he amused the men and kept up their spirits.

At about five o'clock that afternoon the Germans came over to pay a little visit, but when they got within fifty feet of the Allied trench the command was given in German to retreat.

The men looked at each other and then at Simpkins, who was roaring with laughter. At last he said, "The poor fools, I ordered 'em back."

"MAMA," said the little boy, "now that the people know that the Kaiser is going to hell when he dies, won't everybody try, extra hard, not to go there?"

Weed Chains of Solid Gold

—would not be worth as much as the Weed Chains of Steel you use on the tires of your passenger car and truck.

Steel is worth more than gold now, for in these days we measure the real value of a metal by the work it does.

Conserve your Weed Chains as you must conserve gasoline.

Use your passenger cars in bad weather only when it is necessary.

Weed Chains must be saved for trucks and essential passenger cars, which should be kept going rain or shine.

When you must use your car put on your chains at the first drop of rain, and take them off the moment the road is safely dry.

Waste through reckless, unnecessary use is now a crime.

If you don't help save Weed Chains, as you are helping to save gasoline, there will be a national shortage.

This means not only a tremendous loss, through injury to cars and trucks, but the checking and curtailing of essential industries to which these cars and trucks are essential.

Cars and trucks must have chains on slippery pavements and muddy or snowy roads.

A nation-wide shortage in Weed Chains means the use of makeshifts—a harmless rope, or ruinous non-creeping chains that give a certain amount of traction, but cut the tires to pieces.

Conserve your Weed Chains.

AMERICAN CHAIN CO., INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

CHARACTER, STRENGTH—AND PERSONALITY

(*Continued from page 28*)

the American troops liked the lively French girls and the athletic English girls better. Of course no one says so. But after a while the Overseas Canteen Division was taken over by women. And "character" had to take in a couple of reefs in favor of "personality." And the ages of applicants took a slide downward, almost to the débutante line.

"First of all we avoid the cheap girl," said the Division. "The cheap girl may be known by her drug-store complexion, her giggles, her perfumery, etc. The importance of this is, of course, obvious to any one. One careless, frivolous girl in a responsible position can undo the good work of a hundred one-hundred-per-cent. girls On the other hand, we don't take the over-serious business girl. Girls who have been struggling too long in the business world sometimes have an exaggerated sense of the value of their time and services which makes them take unkindly to discipline. The leisured girl, long deplored in song and story, has risen wonderfully to this particular emergency. She takes orders well and her trained social sense is invaluable. Somehow she does 'the right thing.' The college girl four or five years out of college who has done something useful with her time during that period is apt to be splendid.

"But there is no 'ideal type.' Five minutes from now a plump woman of forty-five with mouse-colored hair and a gold front tooth may walk in and be exactly the person we want. We will recognize her at once by a special sixth sense which we have cultivated for this work."

As we started for the door, the Division called after us:

"Motive! For Heaven's sake, don't forget that! Everything depends on motive. We won't send people over there just for the ride!"

There is red tape up at the Division and some petty jealousies and frequent changes of mind regarding styles of uniforms.

But they sent Marjorie over, Marjorie who will make the boys feel that the world is a pretty good place after all—or will become a good place some day.

And that was mighty intelligent of the Division.

UNIMPORTANT (?) PEOPLE

THERE were the boys in blue, back in the sixties, and now there are the boys in O. D., and in between there were the khaki-clad boys of the Spanish-American War. But when they are wounded or sick, boys are all pretty much of a color and wear the same colored bandages. Mrs. Lucy A. Clayton of St. Joseph, Missouri, has done her bit in each of our three last wars, and it was all the photographer could do to make her keep her hands still for the picture.

"There wasn't any Red Cross in Civil War days," says Mrs. Clayton, "and, though we women did what we could, a high percentage of the wounded were lost and twice the number that died of wounds died of disease. I am not able to do nearly as much work now as I did then, but I feel that whatever I do counts more and goes further because of the businesslike methods and wonderful organization of the forces of mercy now. Yet, however much two hands can do, it seems like a drop in the bucket these days, when you think that after only one year of war America has as many men in Europe as were put in the field by both the North and South together during the whole four years of the Civil War."

Mrs. Clayton's happiest memories are those of Lincoln, whom she knew well when her parents lived in Jacksonville, Illinois.

"Father always thought that Mr. Lincoln used to come over to talk business or politics with him," says Mrs. Clayton; "but we children knew better. As soon as he could, Mr. Lincoln always escaped to the garden to play with us. How he loved children and how they loved him! And how he loved flowers! That was one thing about him men could never understand. But women did, and children."

"A drop in the bucket," Mrs. Clayton calls her work, but just the same the downtown headquarters of the St. Joseph, Missouri, Red Cross would feel mighty lost without her daily "Good morning."

By CHARLES A. GODDARD.

FIVE and twenty years ago the two of them were working in the same factory. And there was an accident.

And Henry Davis saved his sweetheart Marion's life.

But in doing so he lost his own eyesight.

They had been keeping company quite a while and Marion had been shy about naming the day.

"We are well enough as we are," she was wont to say.

But now things were different. It was Marion who was eager and Henry who held back.

"You don't want a blind fellow on your hands to look after," he said.

"You won't be, and anyway I do," said Marion very logically.

So they were married, and with half the four thousand dollars Henry had received for the loss of his eyes the Davises bought a little farm near Chicago.

And Marion worked it, and Henry learned his way about it and did what he could.

"The place" keeps them.

And no matter how tired Mrs. Davis is after her hard day's work, she curls her hair.

For if she didn't, Henry, passing his hand over it as she sits near him, would notice, and think she was tired, and that would worry him.

By LILLIAN B. KILMERE.

The New Easy Shorthand for Everybody

MODERNISM has at last embraced stenography. Now it is clarified, simplified, pruned of its maze and mystery, fit for universal use —for everybody—and above all, so readily absorbed that truly, he who runs may learn.

Learn K. I. Shorthand in 5 Evenings

It is hard to believe that shorthand has been reduced to such few essential principles that you can acquire it by a few evenings of pleasant home reading and practice. Yet that is the astounding truth. Forget your prejudices, your notions of old difficult shorthand systems.

K. I. Shorthand is immensely different. For simplicity and directness of technique it is in a class by itself. Many who mastered our course have said, "I never believed shorthand could be made so easy." Now, simplified, easy-to-learn, K. I. Shorthand is an established fact, numbering thousands among those who practice it.

Everybody Needs Shorthand

K. I. Shorthand is not only for stenographers. Men and women in all walks of life can utilize it to the greatest advantage. It is in daily use by business men, bankers, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, newspaper reporters, in our Army and Navy, including the U. S. Radio Service.

Business schools teach it, court officials and reporters practice it.

You need it because it will save you time, do your remembering for you, enable you to capture valuable nuggets of thought that would otherwise get away.

It fraction-izes writing. It is a war-time necessity because it is a war-time script.

Once learned, it is never forgotten. It is so highly simplified, standardized and self-explanatory that you can read your notes months or years old.

30 Days Approval

K. I. Shorthand is mastered so quickly because it omits all the intricate, perplexing and mystifying special rules, positions, shadings, etc., that complicate other systems. You write complete words and sentences from the moment you start the first lesson. You waste no time in useless preliminaries.

Here are a few of the many expressions that reach us daily from enthusiastic K. I. Shorthand writers:

A Court Clerk: "K. I. Shorthand is so easy to learn and meets all requirements. I have been using it in short dictation in court already."—*Clark L. Bouton.*

A Journalist: "Your system is excellent, being simple, and yet comprehensive. I find K. I. Shorthand fascinating in my work as a press correspondent."—*Abbie Tompkins.*

A Minister: "Learned K. I. Shorthand in a few hours. During my study I make notations which I later put in typewritten form. Another thing I do is to make footnotes while reading my books, in such a way that they are legible to myself but unintelligible to anyone else who happens to look through the book."—*Rev. Ira N. Fawcett.*

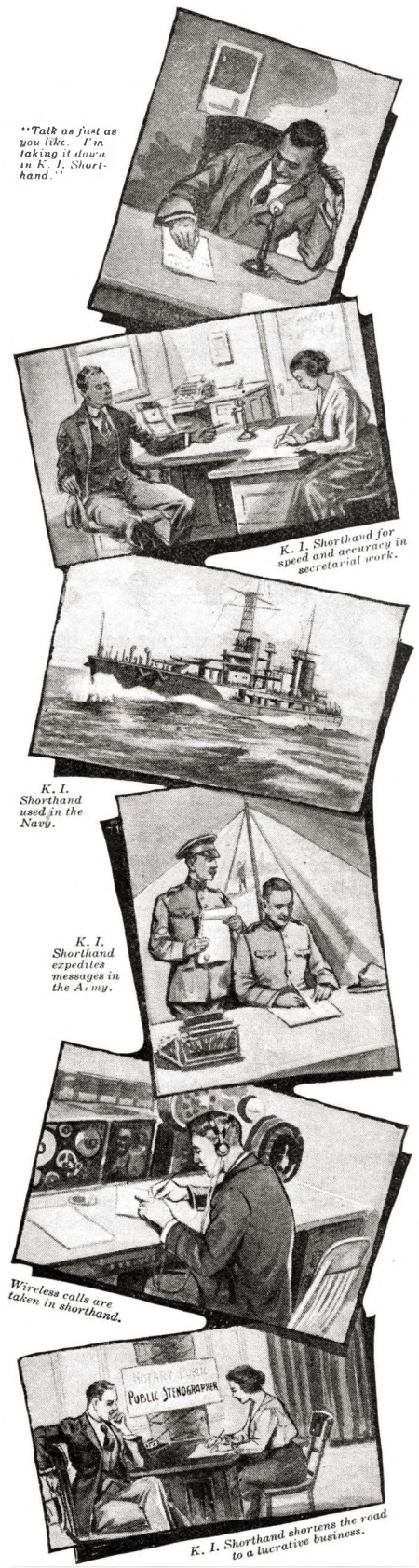
Author and Lecturer: "Your system is pre-eminently practical. I would not hesitate to give your method of simplified shorthand my strongest endorsement."—*Matilda Miller.*

An Engineer: "I learned your system of shorthand to save time in making notes while passing about the plant. After only slight study I can take down ordinary conversations. K. I. Shorthand is practical, time-saving and simple."—*S. B. Roper.*

Send No Money

By the K. I. Shorthand System you get all the good of other systems, plus a saving of months of effort and brain-straining application, and you pay less than one-fifth what it would cost to obtain a stenographic education in any other way.

Let us send you the first lessons gratis. After one evening's practice you can write thousands of words readily and accurately. If you are interested and wish to continue this fascinating study, we will forward the remaining lessons subject to your approval for 30 days. If not convinced, there is nothing to return, no bother, no expense. Why not try it? Mail the coupon, or write mentioning *Everybody's*.



"Talk as fast as you like. I'm taking it down in K. I. Shorthand."

K. I. Shorthand for speed and accuracy in secretarial work.

K. I. Shorthand used in the Navy.

K. I. Shorthand expedites messages in the Army.

Wireless calls are taken in shorthand.

K. I. Shorthand shortens the road to a lucrative business.

Mail Coupon for FREE Lessons

KING INSTITUTE, Inc. EB-171
154 E. 32d St., New York, N. Y., or
8 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the first lessons in K. I. Shorthand, FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

King Institute

154 E. 32d Street New York, N. Y. or **8 So. Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill.**

BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 16*)

credit of a thing than about the thing itself, I wished no one to be deprived of what was his; the idea was Mr. Hoover's, unless it were Villalobar's, for Mr. Hoover had mentioned it to me after a conversation with Villalobar.

It was indeed the idea of Mr. Hoover, who was still in Brussels and indignant over the deportations, and Lancken said he would telegraph at once to urge it on his Government's consideration. I said, too, that bad as the whole policy was, it would perhaps be less evil if there were some principle in its application, and I told him of the indiscriminate seizures that were being made all over the Hainault and Brabant. The Baron said that they could not distinguish between *chômeurs* and non-*chômeurs* because they had not the lists. I replied that of course the *Comité National* could not give up the lists.

"Heavens, no!" he said, lifting his hands with an ironical gesture, as of pious horror. "The *Comité National* is sacrosanct!"

There were the burgomasters, too, but he recognized the fact, without having to protest, that they could not give up the lists.

"They would be lynched," he said.

I asked whether, if we were to bring to his notice cases of what might be called injustice under the German policy as he had defined it, such as seizures of men who were employed, they would be considered and rectified, and he replied that they would. It was agreed that all Belgians employed by the C. N. or by the C. R. B. should be exempt. Beyond this, which was so little, the Baron's visit to Berlin had been rather barren of results.

LXXXIII

BY ONE of those ironies that are so implicit and so inevitable in the scheme of things that they must affect the purely philosophic observer of life as monotonous, the winter came on very early that year of the deportations and was the most severe Belgium had ever known. In November it was already cold, a cold the more bitter because of the humidity of the Low Countries. Fuel was scarce; the Germans were taking great quantities of coal from the mines down in the Borinage; they controlled the railways, and as they used all the wagons to transport their troops toward the front, the *chômeurs* and coal to Germany, the barges on the canals were the only remaining means of transport, and before November was gone the canals were frozen over, the barges could not move, and coal for use of the Belgian population could not be brought to Brussels. One of the saddest sights of those sad times was that presented to me one cold morning as, in my selfish furs, I drove along the boulevard. The tramway had been torn up and working men were putting in ballast—some sort of slag.

Along those tracks for two blocks women and children were clustered like flies in a black, solid mass along the tramway, bent over with bags or baskets, grubbing with their half-frozen fingers in that slag for bits of coal. It was one of those humiliating spectacles, not infrequent in times of peace, but abounding in time of war, of the indignity that life heaps upon the poor.

It happened to be the day of King Albert's fête and there were the usual masses at Ste. Gudule and at St.-Jacques-sur-Coudenberg, the usual crowds, "*L'Avenir*," its last chords gliding into "*La Brabançonne*," then swelling loudly and more loudly, then the demonstration, the shouts, the cries for the King and the nation, and the usual arrests. The Germans were parading their machine guns to cower the restless people, angered that day more than ever by the publication in the Brussels journals of a French translation of von Bissing's interview with the correspondent of the New York *Times*, in which he explained and tried to justify the deportations. The interview was in the conventional tone of hypocrisy, though there was too much Parisian sophistication in the Political Department to permit Bissing to boast the usual patronizing intimacy with the Almighty; I do not know, indeed, that he was that way disposed; at any rate, Brussels was spared that.

It was all that Brussels was spared; the interview added irony to insult and injury by the pretense that the deportations were in the Belgian interest; and the very same day there was proclamation ordering the restoration of the ruined towns of Belgium, and the injustice of such a demand deepened the indignation of the people.

Indeed, the posters at that time seemed to rain down grief and calamity on the land. One of them a few days later announced that the contribution to be paid by Belgium for the year 1917 would be fifty million francs a month, an increase of ten million francs a month over the former contribution, and von Bissing had signed the decree the same day on which he gave out the interview stating that the Belgians had been seized and borne off to German mines and quarries solely in the interest of Belgium, which was too poor to support idlers.

Another decree of that same day announced that Brussels, Schaerbeek and several other communes would thereafter be Flemish communes, which meant that only the Flemish language would be used in the criminal courts—a part of the plan for the division of the country, and the precursor, many felt, of a decree ordering Flemish to be the sole language in use in the schools. As though the machine guns and all this were not enough, a Zeppelin, with horrid whir of motor, circled low and menacing, over the city.

Then on the twentieth of November there was a great red poster on the walls, and a red poster was usually either the signal or the seal of tragedy. This notice ordered that after the twenty-first of November all public establishments, hotels, shops, restaurants, theatres, cinemas, in all Brussels were to close at eight o'clock in the evening. No one without a written permission from the Kommandantur, unless he were a German or a citizen of a neutral country or of a country allied in war with Germany, could be abroad in the streets. The reason given for this measure was that there had been "demonstrations" at Ste. Gudule and at St.-Jacques-sur-Coudenberg on the King's fête, those pathetic demonstrations of sorrow and of the hope that was trying so hard to keep itself alive. But Brussels thought it was a precautionary measure for the night when the slavers should come to Brussels.

Indeed, turn where one would in Brussels or in Belgium those days, one saw the evidence of some new injustice. When I drove past Quatre Bras I saw the sentinels arresting groups of poor women, dozens of them, with the little sacks of potatoes—no need to hide them longer—which they had thought to take to their hungry children at home. The women, their meek hands under their thin black shawls and bent in the pathetic resignation of the patient poor, were marched away, their potatoes seized for the benefit of the potato bureau—and they ultimately fined or perhaps imprisoned. "*L'emballage*" (the round-up), the peasants called it, and to accomplish it there were new and zealous sentinels detailed at that spot which I had seen change in three years from a gay and lively crossroads with a popular inn where cyclists and automobilists paused for luncheon or tea, to a grim sentinel post where every passer-by was halted, eyed, and often searched.

Those who had so confidently hoped that the war would not endure another winter were giving up that hope: the offensive of the Allies, of which Brussels was just then incapable of appreciating the military results, had been to waiting Belgium but one more failure, and from Roumania there was the news of German victory which seemed so inevitably to arrive with every autumn. And winter was already there—a winter whose snows, some said, would be the shroud of Belgium.

And this was Brussels, once so beautiful and gay and light-hearted in its careless liberty. Must the dear little land, the brave little people that had preferred honor above all and so instantly flung itself before the German legions at Liège and Namur, and saved Paris, and, standing again along the Yser, saved Britain and America and all their civilizations had wrought—must they drain the cup of sacrifice to the dregs?

I got into my motor to go to the Orangerie. It was twilight; vague figures were scurrying through the fog of those sad, deserted streets, hurrying homeward before the hour of the German curfew. Would the long nightmare ever end? Would the land that reeked of German injustice and bled from German brutality ever be delivered?

LXXXIV

AND now there was a new phenomenon in Brussels, theretofore unknown, one of those amorphous expressions of the psychology of the crowd, a thing obscure, indefinable, instinctive, atavistic, evoked out of the mysterious and unfathomable

depths of human consciousness. No one identified it; it went unnamed, unrecognized; men entered into a tacit and spontaneous conspiracy not to mention it, yet each felt it and was himself its helpless victim. That vague, unnamed thing was fear, a monstrous, cruel, merciless, odious fear, under the dominion of which men felt all the sensations that are ascribed to those who have seen ghosts, or hideous apparitions, vague, spectral emergencies beyond the common experience of man.

It was not that natural and human shrinking from danger that courage overcomes; it was no mere cowardice; it was deeper, more subtle and terrible, the instinctive dread that animals and savages know, a thing of human instinct that lay beyond the jurisdiction of the reason, from which there was no escape; it was not to be conjured or dismissed. The invasion of the German hordes, the long reign of terror, the persecutions and plottings, the spies and secret agents, the summary trials, the drumhead courts martial, the firing-squads, all the enginery of a soulless military despotism, scorning all the restraints that men of honor have devised, had never been able to produce that sensation. But now the gangs of slavers stealing through the land, appearing suddenly at night, tearing men from their beds, from their wives and children, to send them off into that unknown and shameful slavery, benumbed the very currents of life, destroyed the last of the few of life's satisfactions that were left, so that men could not eat; they dreaded the coming of the night, and the dawn brought them no surcease or hope.

"Do you think they will take men of our class?" a young nobleman asked me one day. He repeated the question a dozen times, and put it to me for days every time I met him. When a man left his home he never knew, his family did not know, that it was not for the last time; there, ever before all eyes, was the vision, the slave-pen, the long ride in open freight-wagons in that bitter cold, to Germany, the mines, the quarries, or perhaps to the front and the trenches. For it was known that the men taken from Tournai had been sent to dig trenches; it was known by the German proclamation commanding the men of Tournai to report. "They will not be exposed to a continuous fire," the order concluded. I saw it; a C. R. B. man brought it up to Brussels.

Written appeals had poured into the Legation; they came from everywhere, the most pathetic notes and letters in French, in Flemish, looking to America in this latest hour of agony. Women came in person, often tramping in from distant villages, to tell of husbands and sons torn from their homes, boxed like cattle in freight-trains, and sent off they knew not where.

BRUSSELS had not as yet witnessed any of the pathetic scenes, but the great round-up, the man-hunt, was closing in. One day it was announced that the *chômeurs* of Tervueren had been summoned, three hundred and seventy of them, to report at a given hour. The day came, but not one reported. And nothing was done, nothing happened. Had the Germans abandoned their intention, receded before the flood of a moral indignation so overwhelming that it could daunt and change the purpose even of German militarism?

But no; that was insensible to moral influence; the Burgomaster of Brussels had been summoned to give up the lists of *chômeurs*. The stout Lemonnier had refused pointblank—let the consequences be what they might. And a little hand-bill was circulating through the city, saying:

WE WILL NOT GO!

The order for the men of Antwerp to report had been posted early in November; it was expected to appear on the walls of Brussels at any monent. The most harrowing tales were brought to town and told and retold; every one had the story of some friend, some acquaintance, in some village he knew; it made the terror personal, brought it within the limits of the imagination. I received hundreds of letters, pleading, imploring protection; men wished to be attached to the Legation so that they might have diplomatic immunity; women came to ask that I take their sons into my home and give them asylum; there were innumerable requests for the cards issued by the C. R. B. testifying that the bearer was employed in the relief work, and therefore immune. I even had anonymous letters threatening me if I did not, or if America did not, intervene and stop the press-gangs. Men were quite beside themselves with this fear.

The net indeed seemed closing in; one day in the middle of November it had been said that the impressments were to begin the following day in the suburbs of Brussels, in the communes of Auderghen, Uccle and Forest. Nothing else was talked of, and when men spoke of the Germans it was with deeper hatred in their tone. The story of the seizures took form and detail: men were herded into rooms, under officers told them off, pronouncing two words that came to have a sinister and fatal meaning:

"*Links, rechts*" (Left, right).

Those to whom the word "*links*" was spoken passed out one door; those to whom "*rechts*" was spoken passed out another. The first meant slavery, the second, liberty—at least for the time being; sometimes the slave-gang came a second time to the village. Then, wives wailing and screaming, dragging themselves on their knees to the feet of the Uhlans, who, with their crops, whipped them off like dogs. Men and women shuddered at the mere words "*envoyé en Allemagne*" (sent to Germany). To complete the horror the weather grew more and more bitterly cold. Every day trainloads of men swept by, the men crowded like cattle in open cars, without overcoats, without food, seized and taken off before they had time to provide themselves for the awful journey. And yet invariably they went singing "*La Brabançonne*" or "*La Marseillaise*," and shouting: "*Nous ne signerons pas!*" (We will not sign!)

Living in this constant fear, this implacable terror of the morrow, men went heavily clothed, for those taken had to leave with what they had on their backs. Many carried large sums on their persons to be used in bribing the soldiers so that they would pronounce the word "*rechts*" or to connive at their escape after they had been taken.

Sometimes there were rumors, born no doubt of the implacable need of hope; one that the Germans had abandoned their purpose; another that President Wilson had sent an ultimatum to Germany saying that if the policy of enslaving Belgians was not abandoned and the men returned to their homes within twenty-four hours, America would break off diplomatic relations with Germany, that there was nothing to be gained by equivocation, that the President had all the facts from his Minister in Brussels.

"What is America doing?" every one asked.

Herbert Spencer says somewhere that in every rumor there is some basis of fact, though the rule did not seem to be without its exception in our experience in Brussels, and there was truth in so much of that rumor as said that the President had all the facts from his Minister in Brussels, who had a cablegram from Washington, approving the course he had followed, and saying that Mr. Grew had been instructed to make representations on the basis of the keen interest that the American Government felt in the Belgian civil population, and that the German Government had promised an explanation.

Then hope, for a space, returned again. The brave Lemonnier, having refused to give up the lists of the *chômeurs* in Brussels, had been arrested for his resistance, but when the Germans could not daunt him he had been released again. He had been to see Villalobar and me, not for himself—he never asked anything for himself—but to see if I could not do something to lighten the lot of M. Max, who, the report was, had been transferred to the cell of a common felon at Berlin.

Days passed; the hope grew. But German purpose is as inflexible as German patience is limitless. A plan once formed is never abandoned, and one day suddenly the burgomasters of Greater Brussels and of Brabant received an identical circular. It was not posted on the walls, but it was no secret; it was the first explicit declaration that the turn of Brussels had come. The letter read:

GOVERNMENT OF BRUSSELS AND OF BRABANT

FILE NO. 2766 1 B

BRUSSELS, NOVEMBER 12, 1916

NOTICE

For all the Mayors of Greater Brussels and of Brabant:

The removal of the unemployed and of the men who refuse to work and are public charges, is decreed by the Governor-General, likewise and particularly in the interest of the entire Belgian population. A remunerative salary is to be given in Germany to those workmen who have been without employment for years, while these workmen can not find wages in Belgium mainly because of the lack of raw materials.

It is the duty of all Belgian communal administrations to lend their aid to these measures. All mayors should at once prepare the lists requested of them of workers who are without sufficient occupation, and transmit these lists to the *Kreischef* (administrator of the district); in the case of Greater Brussels to the *Kommandantur*—as from to-day the communes are to be ready to hand over the unemployed to be taken away.

The German authorities themselves will proceed to make a choice of those to be deported in those communes which do not transmit the lists in due course. However, the authorities do not have the time or the means to examine individual cases. Therefore, if, when the choice is made, severe and unyielding measures are taken, the responsibility for the same will accrue to the mayors who refused their cooperation. I call attention further to the fact that workmen once taken to Germany will not return to Belgium except in the most exceptional

and urgent cases, and can not be made the ground for any complaints.

I shall act with the greatest severity against those mayors who do not prepare the lists or who act negligently, not altogether because of their disobedience as regards the orders of the German authorities, but also because of their lack of duty as regards the population confided to their care.

GOVERNOR HURT,
Lieutenant-General.

There was no hesitation, just time enough to meet in joint session, and the stout burgomasters of the fifteen communes of Greater Brussels sent this reply:

COMMUNAL ADMINISTRATION OF BRUSSELS
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
FILE U. 7831
BRUSSELS, NOVEMBER, 16, 1916

Mr. Commander:

Following the meeting of November 14, 1916, the mayors of Greater Brussels have authorized us to inform you in their name as well as in our own that we are of the opinion that we can not accept the invitation made to us to prepare lists of workmen without employment to be transmitted to the German authorities.

We can but refer again to the different reasons which have already been cited in support of this decision. First and foremost we think that we could not deliver to the German authorities the names of fellow citizens who are to be torn from their families, to be constrained to forced labor in Germany, without misinterpreting the voice of our conscience and our duties to our country.

In expressing ourselves thus we are convinced that we are voicing the unanimous sentiments of the entire population.

Accept, Mr. Commander, the assurances of our high consideration.

The Council of Aldermen
(s.) MAURICE LEMONNIER.
Secretary of Council
(s.) M. WAUTHIER.
To the Commanding Officer
of the City of Brussels.

LXXXV

AS IN the depressing business of looking over my notes and of reading memoranda that were furnished me at the time, I live over again those terrible days of the autumn and winter of 1916, with their darkness and their bitter cold and their hourly tale of horror, I wonder how we ever lived through them at all.

The pitiless and insensate cruelty, the brutal indifference to all human rights and human dignity that characterized this restoration of human slavery in our time, the violence to every moral sentiment and the strain upon the sympathies imposed by the ruthless deeds that marked it, made those days in many ways the saddest that Belgium up to that time had endured.

There were no words for it then; there are none now. I could only write to my Government that it was enough to cause one to despair of the future of the human race, and I found words weak and inadequate to the expression of all I felt, all I suffered, and knew something like shame that I could write calmly of it at all in the cold and formal terms of an official report.

Better, I often thought, yield to the constant and importunate temptation to cry out against it in some hot and sudden flash of rage and indignation, to have done with the too polite expressions of diplomacy; to call things, for once in the world, by their right names—when one meant slavery, to say slavery, instead of deportations. But we were still officially neutral, we of America, and in any position of public responsibility one must think of many things at a time. And there was always the relief work to which I had clung, that those poor wronged people might at least have their daily bread, that the brave little race that had had the excruciating and immortal honor to stand in history as the symbol of the greatest of its wrong, might live, and with it the liberty which it had conquered so long before and in which it had felt itself so secure.

The policy of carrying off into slavery the people of a conquered territory, which in our stupendous illusion we could associate with no other nationally organized people since mankind had emerged from the long darkness of the Middle Ages, was characteristic of the military chiefs who celebrated their accession to undisputed power in Germany by its inauguration, and they carried it out amid the amazement and horror of the civilized world, with brutal accompaniments that affirmed the essentially savage qualities of their creed. And that no hideous detail might be wanting, with a face of brass they justified it by hypocrisies that were as revolting as the acts they sought to excuse.

The account of the work of those gray press-gangs in any one of the lovely little villages of Flanders or Brabant might have served as a résumé of what went on everywhere, if it were not for the fact that the slight difference in detail and method, marking the varied taste and the virtuosity in cruelty of those in command of the various localities, throws a flood of light on the essentially irresponsible nature of the whole German organization.

The earlier pretense that they were taking only those men who were living in idleness on the charity of their absent Government was abandoned even as soon as the excuse was put forth. It is perhaps well that it was, since that position was as untenable under international law and the code of morals professed by every nation that had a sovereign and a seal, as the indiscriminate slave-driving that followed.

The excuse that the men wished to labor was equally stupid and void, for the men would not work when offered it, and, as will be seen, were not even shown the consideration inspired by those economic motives, when human motives were wanting, that used to lead masters to feed their slaves sufficiently to support them in a physical state fit for labor. And if, among the intellectual classes or among the working men, among the journalists or preachers or professors, or among the Socialists who, on the evangel of Karl Marx, had founded a theory not only of the dignity and freedom and international fraternity and solidarity of labor, but had based a claim to dominate other so-called classes of the nation, as the militarists dominated it then and now—if among those there was any objection or opposition, any moral repugnance anywhere in the German nation, then or later, it never found, so far as I know, any public voice or utterance. I was told that Bissing disapproved, and that certain of his henchmen disapproved, and I heard stories to the effect that soldiers in executing orders actually wept at the scenes they were compelled to witness, and that even officers turned away in shame, but no one ever gave any public expression to the sentiments that did them such unusual credit.

The policy, in defiance, one would say, of the conventions of the Hague if it did not seem ridiculous to invoke again those mutilated charters wherein short years ago we thought to record the progress of the human species, had been instituted, as early as 1915 in the zone of operations, that inferno whose history will not be written until its rightful occupants shall have been released to recount their hideous sufferings. But that was not surprising; anything was to be expected of the war zone. It spread up into the lowlands of Flanders, where old men of the *Landsturm* were quartered in peasants' homes, living in some sort of understanding by which they got on well enough, carrying water for the housewives, helping with the chores, able to converse in those vocables that are so much alike in Flemish and in Low German, and perhaps paving the way, as Bissing shrewdly divined, to some sort of an understanding with the population, which he hoped, by his subtle schemes, to turn to the imperial advantage later on.

I HAVE given perhaps, in dwelling so long on personal events of far less importance than the great tragedy to which they were ancillary, some glimpses of what was going on in those obscure villages where the slave-gangs were plying their hideous and heinous trade. We had had, indeed, ourselves, only glimpses, for news, when it dealt with German deeds, traveled slowly and circumspectly in Belgium in those days and the details were long in reaching us. They came in slowly, bit by bit, and even then do not tell half of the dreadful story that some day will be told in Belgium.

There lies before me as I write a letter, written in Flemish by the sister of the cook in a certain home in Brussels. The woman who penned it sent it, as its contents reveal, by stealth from her village in Flanders, and the master of the house where its recipient worked gave it to me. I can not read it in the original, but it was translated for me, literally, word for word, out of its poor faulty Flemish into French, and from the French I have tried to put it into English, as literally as may be, so that it might retain some flavor of its original. To me it has all the pathos that is part of the fate of the poor in all lands. It gives an impression, however vague, of the sorrow and despair that were in all those little cots with the red tiles scattered over Belgium. This is the letter:

DEAR SISTER:

I write you these few lines to let you know that we are all in good health and hope you are the same. I have lots of news for you, but it is not very good. Without doubt you have already heard that the young men who were living on the Committee have had to go away to work but without knowing where. They say they must go to work in Germany. Saturday Albert received his letter and Franz of your brother Alois also.

You can imagine that it was not very agreeable to us to see them all go away like that. Just think, four hundred and sixty-five boys from Hamme alone, and Monday they all had to go to Termonde, and there they locked them up with twenty-eight hundred others in the barracks until now, Thursday. This morning they went away on the train, we think for Germany, but we don't know yet. Sunday we sewed all day to prepare their clothes, which they must take with them—two working suits, two shirts, two pairs of socks, two vests, a towel, a bowl to eat out of, a fork, a spoon, a knife, and a lot of little things, and

enough to eat for two days. They had to have all that.

So you may see what sad days we have passed this week. Last Sunday we ran from one shop to another to buy the clothes, and everything is so terribly dear. If we had known all that in advance we could have asked the Committee. They have not taken all the workers: whether they have to go or not we don't know. The saddest of all is that at Termonde they received so little to eat. Alice and her father went to Termonde for two days with a little bread, but they could not even get it to the boys.

Everybody was there with food. They sat all day long before the barracks, but they could not get their packages in because of the Germans, and Wednesday morning very early they went back to Termonde and then they gave their packages from Hamme to the gamekeeper and he was able to get them in, but Alice and her father were not able to get very near, but all the same he got his package. Just think what it was down there at Termonde with all those people who could not see their boys. There are some who gave up their last mouthful of bread and all the money they had to give it to their children. So dear sister, it is the same thing with our Albert, and I had to buy it all without anybody giving me a penny, but I could not let him go without a penny in his pocket. It is already so little that one can give to them. The Overstraetens, they gave him a comforter; without that I would have had to buy it myself.

So you can see what it was. All these boys had to run with that sort of package on their back. They say that they will be able to write. I don't know whether it is true. As soon as I know where they are I shall let you know. Now I'm going to close and I shall wait for a reply by D. G. who will give this letter to you, and I hope that Madame received my other letter that I sent her a fortnight ago.

Now my compliments to Monsieur and Madame and to the children of Alice and of us all.

Your sister,

LEONTINE.

This letter was written in the first days, when the seizures were all in Flanders—remote, inaccessible, incommunicado, governed by the whim of colonels and sergeant-majors and district administrators. It began there, as I have said; Helfferich had just made his declaration on forced labor in the occupied territories in the Reichstag, where it was received with docile acquiescense. I remember how at the time I imagined what would happen if Mr. Lloyd George should arise in the House of Commons, or Mr. Kitchin in the House of Congress and casually announce that the Government had decided to seize men in their homes, deport them to another land, and set them to work in mines, and quarries and factories!

The declaration in the Reichstag was hardly made before the notices were posted all over Flanders ordering the men to report. The very next day the men were sent away—"God knows where," said the man who brought in the news. He came with the story of Alost. There the men "capable of bearing arms"—nothing was said there about *chômeurs*—were summoned by proclamation on Thursday, the twelfth of October, to present themselves the following day. About seventeen hundred men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five were assembled. They were examined by the Germans precisely as slaves would be examined in the slave-market, their muscles pinched and tested, and about four hundred who appeared physically unfit were thus eliminated. The remaining thirteen hundred were locked up at Alost and a second examination eliminated about

three hundred more. The thousand who remained were imprisoned and the military authorities by force compelled the burgomaster to announce to them that they need not fear, that they would be utilized only for work on the railways. The men were then released and told to appear on the sixteenth, bringing certain clothes and effects.

On the sixteenth, however, instead of the thousand only four or six hundred appeared. Of these the married men were released and the remaining four hundred were given a paper to sign. The paper was in German and the military refused to translate it or to explain its contents. The men, all of them, refused to sign, and were again locked up. What happened after that the man did not know, but two trains filled with young men went away and the young men were singing "*La Brabançonne*" and "*De Leeuw van Vlaanderen.*" ("The Lion of Flanders.")

The paper men were asked to sign was, no doubt, a contract to labor which would invest the transaction with the innocent and legal aspect of a contract for voluntary employment. The Germans laid great stress on this contract in the earlier days of the press; they sought by threats, by cuffs and blows of gun-stocks, to force the men to sign it, and frequently tried hunger—indeed, did starve some of the men into signing it—and exhibited the contracts afterward as proof of the Belgian willingness to work.

THERE seemed to be some regard for the appearances, and a resort to tricks and subterfuges that resembled the stupid cunning of maniacs. For instance, at Roulers, which was in the military district, perhaps even in the occupation district, when the Belgians, presenting themselves in the customary way at the registration bureau, showed their cards of identity, the Germans suddenly stamped the cards, or the cards of such of the men as appeared able to perform manual labor, with the words, "*Freiwillige Arbeiter*" (volunteer worker), and having thus easily transformed them into willing workers, they sent them off to dig a fourth-line trench from Staden to Ostend. A man from Flanders told me at the Legation that near by the scene where they labored there was to be seen a large sign labeled "*Freiwillige Arbeiter!*" This was not "deportation;" this was requisition. But later this effort to make the transaction appear normal and legal was abandoned and the "contracts" were heard of no more.

The workmen living along the Roulers-Dixmude railway line (which extends as far as Zarren) were allowed to return to their homes every evening. They went to and came from their place of work penned up in flat cars whose sides were scarcely eighty centimeters in height. They were exposed to all weathers, shivered from the cold, were wet to the skin, and they made this journey thus twice each day. "A cattle-breeder, in taking care of his live-stock," said the men, "would not permit them to travel under such conditions."

At first these workmen had been transported in closed cars, but on the twentieth of December a poster announced that if they continued to deface the cars, the military authorities would be forced to have them transported in uncovered cars. *If they continued to deface the cars!* But

there had been no complaint of their defacing cars; how could common cattle-cars be defaced? There it was again, the subtle lie, that common trick to threaten punishment for something that had not been done, something the Germans themselves wished to do, and the next day the announced punishment was inflicted.

The factory where these men worked for the Germans was situated a very short distance from the front. The men toiled there under the fire of the Allied armies and several of them were wounded. Under these conditions it was evident that the work they performed must have served for military purposes, and, in fact, it was said that they were digging trenches.

THURSDAY, the twelfth of October, and Friday, the thirteenth, were sinister dates in the territory of East Flanders, for the seizures were begun everywhere in those days. Two thousand, some said twenty-five hundred men were locked up in the storehouse of the *Société Anonyme l'a Linière*—"*La Gantoise*," a large flax-spinning factory at Ghent. The men were held there by German troops and the selection was made after a most cursory examination. The men thus imprisoned were not all of them unemployed workmen; some of them were clerks or small tradesmen. They refused to work for the Germans or to sign the proposed contract. They were kept imprisoned, huddled together in an insufficient space, with no sanitary arrangements, no place to sleep except the bare and crowded floor, with little or nothing to eat. Once a day they were taken out-of-doors for exercise under a heavy military guard. All the while, by means of threats and every manner of intimidation, the Germans tried to extort from them if not their signatures to the contract, their consent to work for the Germans. Finally they were shipped off to Germany, and they, too, went singing "*La Brabançonne*" and "*De Leeuw van Vlaanderen.*"

The shops of Van den Kerkhove were "requisitioned," the directors having declined to permit their plant to work for the Germans. Then the Germans seized the shops and installed German foremen, but the men refused to work under them, or to work for the Germans at all. Then, as a German improvement on the old system of the lockout, they were locked up and given no food, in order to force them to work for their conquerors. They were closely guarded, but out of the factory windows they used to drop notes which their friends picked up and thus learned of their sufferings.

In the old city of Bruges, which, like Ghent, was in the district, the effort to induce the laborers to work for the Germans was made in a somewhat different fashion. Toward the end of September the German authorities ordered the city of Bruges to provide four hundred workmen, in groups of one hundred, "for employment on the west front." The Burgomaster of Bruges, Count Vizart, and his colleagues in the municipal administration, replied in the proud spirit of the old free city, saying that it was for the workmen themselves to decide whether they would work for the Germans or not; as for the city fathers, they would neither provide the laborers nor give their names to the German authorities. The German *Kommandant* then asked, or perhaps ordered the burgomaster and the aldermen to appear at his home. They went, and the *Kommandant* laid down the law: the Germans were masters in Bruges, he said, and as masters they had the right to dictate orders, and that the orders were not to be discussed but to be obeyed.

BUT it was not in the traditions of Bruges for the municipal authorities to take orders from any one; the whole history of the proud and lovely old city had been one long defiance by burgomaster and aldermen of some truculent overlord. The burgomaster and the aldermen persisted in their stout refusal, and the *Kommandant* informed them that they were dismissed from office; they were to return to their houses and remain there considering themselves under arrest, and the city of Bruges was to be fined one hundred thousand marks for each day's delay in providing the workmen. The *Kommandant*, in the German municipal way, had a professional mayor ready, Lieutenant Rogge, a German officer who in time of peace discharged the functions of Burgomaster of Schwerin, and he was named Burgomaster of Bruges.

The Germans then demanded the lists of the *chômeurs*, but M. Henri van Vaillie, who was director of the municipal service for the aid of the unemployed, refused to give the lists without the authorization of the *Comité National* at Brussels. And so he too was arrested at his home and put in prison, whence the Germans took him to the employment bureau, seized the books and took him back to prison where, without trial, he was condemned to remain for twenty-eight days and to pay a fine of three thousand marks, or, in default, to spend twenty-eight days longer in prison.

The German police were then sent to the homes of the *chômeurs* whose names were on the lists, to summon them to appear. Workmen, or men who appeared capable of working, were seized indiscriminately in the streets and at the office, where all men between the ages of sixteen and forty-five were compelled to report at intervals. As rapidly as groups of one hundred men were assembled, they were put under guard, conducted to the barracks, and on the following day shipped off in the tramway toward Meerbeek, near the Dutch frontier. All along the way people gathered, women weeping, until German guards dispersed them.

The Germans were constructing trenches just then along the Dutch frontier, in fear, it was supposed, of a British invasion from that direction. The men refused to work in these trenches. Then they were imprisoned in a large building and told that those who would not work could not eat. Some of the men, after two days without food, surrendered; others held out longer. The same thing occurred in all the communes near Bruges.

Burgomaster Rogge, however, notwithstanding the fact that he was a professional mayor, did not succeed very well in directing the municipal affairs of Bruges. It was not the same thing to govern a Belgian population as to govern a German population, which does as it is told to do. Like some other cities I might mention, Belgian cities are not so easily governed, and after a week the imported professional burgomaster gave up and the Bruges municipal authorities were recalled to their posts and the city condemned to pay a fine of four hundred thousand marks.

About October first the authorities of the city of Tournai, in the province of Hainault, and the authorities in each of the ninety-one communes in the district known as the Tournaisis, received an identical order to turn over the lists of *chômeurs*.

They all refused. General Hopffer, who was the district commander, then demanded of each commune its electoral list, and used this list, together with the records of the registration bureaus, to "requisition" all laborers, whether employed or not. On the eleventh of October, General Hopffer in a notice announced that these men had been deported. There were about eight hundred of them. On the twenty-second of October, because of the attitude of the municipal authorities of Tournai, General Hopffer issued another order commanding the inhabitants of the city to remain indoors from six o'clock in the evening to seven o'clock in the morning. The following day General Hopffer was out in another poster levying a fine of two hundred thousand marks on the city of Tournai for the failure of its authorities to hand over the lists of unemployed, and a further fine of twenty thousand marks daily was exacted until the lists were surrendered.

THE whole region of the Tournaisis was in rage, terror and despair. Their own men were being constantly seized and all the while trains were passing filled with men who, during the stops at the stations, told the Tournaisis who were standing by and who talked with them, that they had come from the two Flanders and that they were being taken not to Germany but to France.

Under the constant and excessive exactions of General Hopffer the city authorities of Tournai were in a most difficult position. They would not yield to the menace, and they knew not which way to turn to obtain the funds for the fines that were the penalty of their resistance. They could only refuse again to surrender the lists and formally notify their insatiable tyrant that they had no more money with which to pay the tribute he so mercilessly exacted. And even their firm position could not protect their citizens. The lists seemed to be more a matter of pride than of necessity to the Germans, for the seizures went off uninterruptedly.

The terrible press-gangs in field gray were busily at work. Mr. Pate told me that by the fourth of November twenty-five thousand men had been taken. They were ordered first to work at Ramegnies-Chin, near Tournai, where an aviation field was being constructed, and when they refused they were sent toward the front in France and there they were left without food. Hunger indeed was a weapon constantly employed. The Germans took a hundred and fifty French workmen to work on that aviation field at Ramegnies-Chin—a tragic place, by all accounts—whom they starved into accepting the conditions they imposed.

The story of the deportations and of the crowning crime of German tyranny in Belgium—the attempt to divide and destroy the little country—are continued in the December instalment.

THE CROWNING CRIME

"We supposed that the deportations had come to an end . . . and that the worst of the horrors the Germans had brought in Belgium had passed.

"And yet, almost unnoticed, there were being enacted the first scenes in a tragedy that transcended any yet played in Belgium, the preparation for a deed worse than the atrocities, worse than the Cavell case, worse than the deportations.

"They were of that sensational nature which instantly shocked mankind; but this went deeper, was far more subtle and insidious.

"The atrocities, the deportations destroyed the body; this was an attempt to destroy the soul. They murdered men; this would assassinate a nation."

The story of the deep-laid plot to lead Belgium to destroy herself—the last act of German barbarism before the dark curtain closes over her tragedy—is contained in the

December
Instalment of

BELGIUM

BY

BRAND WHITLOCK

American Minister
to Belgium

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE

For Those Who Seek a Place

THE steady stream of inquiries we have had, since we started EVERYBODY'S GUIDE, has been highly gratifying, and we hope we have been of some assistance to the hundreds of people from all over the country and from every walk in life who have written us. Our chief difficulty lies in the lack of any information whatever, in practically every case, as to whether our suggestions have been of any value. We have tried to consider each applicant individually, and we are confident that our advice has been good in many cases; but if it hasn't been good, if the leads we have suggested have proved useless, it would be of the greatest assistance to us to know it. If you are one of those who have written us, will you not take the trouble to let us know the result of your quest?

There are some facts which it may do no harm to mention for the guidance of future inquirers.

It is extremely difficult to secure part time work that will bring compensation. The paid jobs not only require one's whole time but in most cases demand some special qualifications. For example, a woman or man with stenography or typewriting need have no trouble in getting work—perhaps not at home, for that depends upon where home is—but somewhere. In Washington there are always openings. If a woman can fill a man's place she may be sure that there is a man's place ready for her. But for the woman without training there seem to be very few chances for paid work. Remember that there are countless volunteers, and that they for the most part do the odd time work and the work for which no special training is required.

The big relief organizations, from the Red Cross down, are primarily for volunteer workers. In some cases where special fitness is needed and where the applicant is particularly desirable, a small salary may be paid, but the general rule is—no pay.

Another thing which women seeking foreign service should remember, is that the Government will not issue passports to applicants under twenty-five years of age, and women over that age will find a mere desire to be of service hardly sufficient qualification if specific training of one kind or another is lacking.

Remember also, that for most kinds of work you stand a greater chance of success in your application if you can make it in person. It is impossible to get an accurate idea of any one merely from a letter, and some of the large organizations are so flooded with written applications that they have no recourse but to ignore them, or—at best—to send some formal, and usually discouraging, answer. For many kinds of work, canteen work for example, the personality of the applicant is of the utmost importance.

Do not forget that if you are confused as to your allowances, allotments, insurance, legal rights, etc., we will do our best to straighten you out or tell you where you can get proper advice *gratis*.

Readers seeking assistance from "Everybody's Guide" should, in their own interest, fill out the following form. It will save time and correspondence. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Please address
Mr. Hoyt, Care "EVERYBODY'S GUIDE"
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

Name..... *Citizenship*.....

Address.....

Age..... *Color*..... *Married or Single*.....

Occupation..... *Religion*.....

Do you expect compensation?..... *Can you leave home if necessary?*.....

Can you give all your time?..... *If part only, how much?*.....

What language other than English do you know?.....

State any qualifications you have, such as knowledge of stenography or typewriting, any specific trade or profession, ability to write, or to speak in public.

.....

State what previous service of a public character you have rendered.....

.....

State military experience, if any .....

If in the draft, give status .....

.....

PEASE *of the* NAVY

(*Continued from page 21*)

after-peak—once the last two bolts were unscrewed, that leaky packing would blow out like a cork—and nothing on earth could save the *Iceberg* from foundering.

III

TWO nights later Willis was awakened by an unusual occurrence, the cessation of the regular throb of the engine. He jumped out of his berth in the wardroom. Outside his port-hole he could hear hoarse shouts, and, looking out over the black racing waters, he saw here and there twinkling lights that flashed signals. The destroyer convoy! Somewhere out in the Atlantic, off the broadside of the French coast, they had met their destroyer escort. Presently a launch ranged alongside and an officer went up the gangway. Under the glare of a searchlight Willis watched the two seamen holding the grim, black, iron shell of the war-ship launch off the ship's sides with long boat-hooks. The forward man, a tall, rangy Middle Westerner, with no chin, and barefooted in spite of the freezing weather, hung tenaciously to the pole, meeting the surge of the sea with powerful thrusts of his body. Astern, a short, stocky, hook-nosed sea-dog, also barefooted, with his pants rolled up nearly to his knees, jammed his boat-hook into a big iron ring in the ship's skin. Willis could not have lived out there five minutes without his overcoat on, but these men were true barnacles of Neptune's trident, real men of the sea. Yet his own brother, Roddy, was almost as rugged. Why hadn't Nature given *him* some of Crinky Pease's iron stamina!

The swash of waves told of a destroyer ranging alongside. She passed at half-cable length and seemed to stop a little in front of the *Iceberg's* bows. Looking astern Willis saw a second destroyer in line with the first, while between them a set of floats showed the line of the torpedo-net, spread like a screen protecting the *Iceberg's* sides from submarine attack. Somewhere out yonder over the dark waters were, no doubt, the flanking destroyers, with their ready depth bombs, guarding the net trailers; he wondered if Roddy was on one of them.

The *Iceberg's* engines began to throb again and she took her place in the line of ships proceeding to France. Willis could hardly sleep with excitement, and it seemed but a minute before the machinist of the eight-to-twelve watch was poking him in the ribs with the announcement, "Twenty minutes to twelve, sir!"

He dressed hurriedly and went on deck before going below to take over his watch. The range lights showed the *Iceberg* in the transport line, with a double line of destroyers to port and starboard, so that the whole convoy pushed on to France steaming down a guarded lane. Far out over the waste of waves was the fleet, its searchlights scouring the seas for submarines, while the flanking destroyers patrolled the adjacent waters within torpedo range. Willis went below, looked at his fires, felt his bearings, and relieved McIntyre, the ensign of the eight-to-twelve. "Everything's O. K. but the after-peak—she's plugged again," grinned that worthy. "Wish you luck of it!"

This time Willis found the shaft-tunnel awash and the suction-pipe clogged with a solid ball of waste, evidently rolled that way by human hands, and he was now convinced that some one on board was bent on at least jeopardizing the ship's safety by putting that pipe out of commission. It took nearly the whole watch to get the pump throwing again. Toward the end of it, when Willis stood drowsing over the engine-room desk, the speaking-tube to the bridge suddenly screeched. He opened it hastily, to get the startling hail, "Periscope! Broad on the starboard bow, sir!"

Willis jumped into the fireroom. "Torpedo stations!" he yelled, "All hands stand by your battle positions! Look lively now! Six first-class foremen on each boiler! All oilers and second-class machinists to engine-room!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted Barlow.

"Aye, aye, begorra!" echoed Sullivan, a first-class fireman.

"Aye, ready-O!" shouted others.

"F'r th' luv of Gawd, Mr. Pease, ye'll not be sending up old Micky Malone!" begged a gaunt old Irishman, the best man on the forward boilers, coming hastily around from one of the side passages. "Ye'll not be sending old Micky away, Ensign darlint!"

"No, not you, Mike," beamed Willis. "You get me one hundred and fifty pounds of steam on the forward boilers! You six, tend the after fires, and, you, Barlow, and you, Kopke, stay in the engine-room with me!" Just then their own guns began to speak, their jar on the ship vibrating down to them, even above the throb and whistle of the engine-room.

Man after man of the other watches came tumbling down the iron stairway from the deck, each one saluting as he ran to his battle station. Presently the clash of a sword against iron railings announced Lieutenant Andrews, the Chief, followed by McIntyre of the eight-to-twelve. "I brought you down yours, Willis," laughed the latter nervously, handing him his sword. "It's battle stations, you know, and you had best put yours on—mind the Blue Book, old top—it's Reg, you know!"

A CHEER from up on deck floated to them amid the barking of guns and the thud of others fired far at sea, felt through the ship's sides. Suddenly Paine, an oiler, came running down the four ladders which led from the cylinder tops to the engine-room floor. "We think they've got her, Mr. Pease," he gurgled. "It's almost dawn and we could see two destroyers make for where the periscope was last seen, and—say, it was fine—they dropped depth bombs and you could see the spouts, a dozen of them—how any sub could live under such fire seems impossible!"

"Thanks, Paine, but get out of here; you're not supposed to come down here at all; and if the Chief sees you——"

Paine vanished, and Willis went around back of the main condenser to test the air-pump bearings. Kopke should have been on duty here, but he was nowhere to be seen. With a flash of suspicious recollection, Willis dashed on aft to the shaft-alley. Suppose those devils—

He set down the smoky torch outside the tunnel and crept along the planks in pitchy darkness, feeling for the rolling shaft with his left hand.

A dull glow a hundred feet aft down the long iron cavern—some one was in the after-peak! Willis crept on, catlike. Two dim figures were working over the stuffing-box, a lurid torch giving a faint light from the platform at the end of the planking. The water still swashed below, for the pump had not yet cleared out the peak.

Nearer. They each had a wrench and were working feverishly at the huge flange! It had a ring of twenty-four bolts in it, Willis knew—at least ten minutes of fast work to unscrew them all, but—when the last two came off!

Nearer. He was now in the after-peak itself, ten feet behind the workers. A ring of bare boltheads stared at him; only four nuts left, and the wrenches went round and round as fast as hands could turn! Willis called on his gods for courage, and silently drew his sword and fastened the sword-knot securely around his wrist. It had been the fashion to sneer at this bodkin in the wardroom, as an obsolete weapon of no use compared to a good pine baseball bat—but now!

TWO more nuts came off, and now the water came spouting in in a great ring-shaped shower, squirting around the stuffing-box flange and dashing into the faces of the workers. "*Schnell! Geschwind!*" ordered one of them, working furiously at his bolthead.

"Halt!" Willis was surprised at the force of his own voice—it sounded more like Crinky Pease's than the gentle lisp in which he was accustomed to give his orders.

The two turned suddenly, facing him with their backs to the ship's stuffing-box—and the lamplight flickered on the faces of Kopke and Rossak!

"Drop those wrenches!" ordered Willis,

"Not quite yet, Mr. Pease," retorted Kopke grimly; "we have business for them." An arm movement behind his back appraised Willis that he was still working secretly at the last nut.

"Stop! Don't move, or I'll kill you in your tracks, Kopke!" shouted Willis, springing forward with his sword at point.

"*Not* Kopke, Ensign Pease," said the other suavely, "but Lieutenant von Armheer of the Imperial German Navy, at your service. Rossak, finish those nuts, while I attend to this crazy Yankee," he grunted, and brandishing the wrench, he sprang at Willis, who found his poor skill with the sword at once put to the utmost proof.

Willis lunged again, but von Armheer warded with a deft movement of the wrench—oh, he knew singlestick, all right, Willis noted!—and then he beat down Willis's guard with a macelike smash of the wrench. The blow glanced, but the mere touch of it on his shoulder hurt cruelly and it roused in Willis a savage anger that he never dreamed lay in him. He struck back fiercely, and just as he lunged, with a mighty *Pong!* the flange blew off and a deluge of sea-water drove

Rossak headlong into them. The sword went right through his fat body, but Willis and von Armheer were so transported with the fury of battle that they hardly noticed him or the water either. Striking and stabbing at each other, they were borne back in a rush of sea-foam, like two men in the grip of the surf. The water rose around them and the tunnel planks floated crazily underfoot. With the extinguishing of the torch it had become pitch dark, but still Willis could feel his adversary's steel. He stabbed blindly, the swirling waters now impeding his arms. He felt his point strike bone; he heard a coughing groan and a sudden splash, and then Armheer's strokes ceased to seek him out in the inky blackness! He swam on, borne down the tunnel with the racing current, and a few moments later his hands struck an iron wall. It was the bulkhead—but they had closed the sliding water-tight iron gate. He was alone, trapped like a drowning rat—and swiftly, steadily the water rose.

IV

UPON the bridge the Captain was straining his eyes over the gray dawn, striving with the roll of the ship to hold the destroyer in the field of his binoculars. Suddenly she flew a line of signal-flags. "Submarine's sunk, sir!" said the grizzled quartermaster, reading them. "It's the *Schley*, Lieutenant Rodman Pease commanding."

"Thank God, we didn't get *that* torpedo!" ejaculated the Captain fervently. "Roddy Pease, eh! Always right there! Gad, what a boy! I wish Willis—" Just then the engine-room speaking-tube screeched and the quartermaster jumped to answer it. A hideous expression of fright went over his face. "Goddlemighty, Capt'n—the ship's sinking under our feet!" he gasped.

"The ship's sinking! Who says it?"

"Lieutenant Andrews, sir! He says the water's pouring in out of the shaft-alley in a flood——"

"Tell him to close the water-tight bulkhead door——"

"It's being done, sir!"

"Let me at that tube." The Captain questioned the Chief excitedly. "Here's a fine mess, Adams," he growled at the executive officer, who had come over from the port side of the bridge; "the ship's sinking under us! Andrews says the shaft-alley's full of water. He's getting the bulkhead door closed, but there's no telling how long the shaft will run before it works the oil out and the bearings gum fast. Where's Ensign Pease?" he asked, turning to the tube again.

". . . Not there! Put him under arrest when you find him. He was supposed to be on duty in the engine-room. I'm coming below at once!"

"Take the bridge, Adams!" ordered the Captain hastily. "I've got my hands full below! And when Roddy Pease comes aboard—Quartermaster, signal the *Schley* to board us as soon as he can—send him on down to the engine-room."

A racket of pumps greeted the Captain as he reached the top grating around the big cylinder heads. The engine throbbed on endlessly, but above its orderly din rose the shrill click of dozens of pumps. It boded ill, and he hurried down the four ladders, past the flying cross-heads and the

whirling connecting rods, down to the iron platform at the level of the spinning crank-shafts.

"Why all the pumps, Andrews?" shouted the Captain above the noise.

"Can't get the bulkhead door shut tight!" yelled the Chief. "Some one has jammed a cold chisel in the bottom of the guides and we dare not open it again. We have the tank manholes open and are pumping out all that comes—Look!"

He pointed at the shaft-alley bulkhead door, from under which gushed a flat stream of sea-water. "We can just about hold our own until a plug is made," he added.

"Where's Pease?"

"Haven't seen him. Isn't he on deck somewhere?"

The Captain stepped to the bridge speaking-tube. "Tell Mr. Adams to have my orderly search the ship for Ensign Pease and report," he ordered.

They watched the flow of water, fascinated. A machinist came up to Andrews. "She's gaining on the pumps, sir," he saluted.

"Hook on the evaporator pumps, then—and report," barked Andrews. "We'll have a wooden wedge made to stop it soon, Captain; but we can hardly hold her now as it is."

Presently the orderly came down. "Can't find Ensign Pease, anywhere, sir," he reported.

The Captain looked blankly at Andrews. "What in the devil do you suppose this means, Andrews? Is he—*could* he be *in there!*" he gasped hoarsely, pointing to the shaft alley.

"Not and still be alive—it's full of water!" demurred Andrews, shaking his head. "No it isn't; there must be air trapped along the roof of the tunnel—when the equilibrium of pressure is established, you know—" he corrected.

"God!" jumped the Captain suddenly. "Some one is tapping on the inside of that bulkhead! It's he!" They both rushed to the door and put their ears against it. The tapping came from inside, but high up, about where the top of the shaft-alley would come.

"Listen! He's signaling Morse!"

THEY put their ears to the steel plate. *Tap-scrape-tap, tap-scrape, tap-tap-tap!* went the signals. The Captain and Chief translated the letters together: "Pease—drill - hole - here - with - breast - drill!" A machinist was hurried to the spot, and swiftly the small bit sank into the steel. As the man tired, another took his place, a third pouring oil on the drill, and in about ten minutes the drill broke through, and—air whistled out, as from a compressed-air tank!

"Plug up that hole, quick, you're letting out all the air I've got!" came Pease's voice, and he shut it off on the inside with his own finger. An oiler was hustled up to the doctor's office to get a small cork and also the surgeon himself, who presently came running down the iron stairs.

Again came a tap in the bulkhead, and the Captain jumped to the hole. "*Don't open the bulkhead door till I tell you!*" came Willis's voice. "I've got a little air that is trapped along the top of the tunnel, and am floating on a couple of shaft-alley planks. Kopke and Rossak were a pair of damned spies, and I caught them taking off the stuffing-box flange. Killed Kopke; but they got the flange off—and Rossak is drowned——"

"God! boy, we thought *you* were!" interrupted the Captain. "How are we ever going to get you out?"

"I've got about half an hour to live," came Willis's voice, ringing like iron through the steel. "My head is bursting with the air-pressure, and you must soon plug up the hole, for I can not let you have any more of what air I've got. *I'm going to put that flange back on again!* It's the one chance to save the ship!"

"Good-by; God bless you, boy," said the Captain humbly, putting in the plug again. He turned to the surgeon. "How long can a man live under the air-pressure that must be above the water in that tunnel, Doctor?"

The surgeon shook his head. "An hour, at most. Divers come out of the bell bleeding at the ears and nose after a half-hour shift. For my part, I'd rather open the door and let the ship go, if we can dash in and save him."

THE Captain demurred sadly. "These are war times, Doctor. Thousands of lives depend upon this ship. If I have to sacrifice an officer to keep her in the line, it shall be done—it is war, no less than on the battle-field."

The Captain's orderly touched him on the sleeve. "Lieutenant Rodman Pease, sir," he announced, saluting.

The Captain whirled around. "I'm afraid you're here at a very solemn occasion, my boy," said the Captain, interrupting the other's greeting and query concerning Willis. "No, your brother's not under arrest—he's covered himself with glory instead—but it's touch and go whether he comes out of it alive."

"Trust a Pease for that!" laughed Roddy. "What's the hero stunt? Willis was never much on heroics."

"Engine-room heroism!" broke in Andrews, with shining eyes. "Captain, it's my turn to speak. Your brother never had any chance for grand-stand plays with the whole fleet looking on, such as you fellows who escape engineer assignments are always getting; *but*, he has just fought two spies single-handed who tried to sink the ship, killed them both——"

"*Wow!*" yelled Roddy. "Willis!" incredulously. "Willis kill anybody! Well! good for him!"

"Let me finish, please—and is now fighting for his own life, not against men with weapons who can be seen and beaten in the open, but against the pitiless forces of cold science——"

"No! Where?"

"In—*there!*" said Andrews, pointing solemnly at the shaft-alley bulkhead, and he rapidly sketched the situation—"and darned if I know how the boy's going to get himself out," he concluded. "There must be three feet of water above that shaft—yet a man might reach it with his feet, and push the flange back on again, now that the water's quiet in the shaft-tunnel, but, where would he get the nuts to hold it on with?"

"And, I'm sorry to add, that whatever he does will have to be done quickly, for no man can live under that pressure," put in the doctor.

Roddy looked at them aghast. This cold-blooded death, alone, fighting, not men, but cold engineering facts of air-pressure and water—alone in the dark, iron tunnel—it was not the way he hoped to meet his end! Rather, far rather, the swift bullet of the bursting shell, with Old Glory floating in the rigging amid the roar of battle, up in the smoke and clouds and the blue sea—*that* was the death he cherished! This clammy iron grave made him quail.

"Can't we chance the bulkhead door, Captain?" he queried tremulously. "I'll be the first to dash inside, to rescue my—" his voice shook—"m-my brother!"

The Captain shook his head. "No. Roddy, this ship means too much to our country, and *he* would be the first to order us not to try it—he did so, not ten minutes ago, in fact! Here's where we fighting men have to drop out and let brains fight science. Chief, it's up to you; can't you do something?"

They all turned appealingly to Andrews.

"If we had an air-compressor aboard ship I could hook her in and blow the water out of that tunnel; but, Doc you say he could not live long under such pressure anyhow."

"Long enough to get the door open and get him out, anyway," burst in Roddy. "Can't you try it somehow?"

The Chief bowed his head. "We have no such thing as an air-compressor aboard this ship——"

"Dammit!" shouted Roddy. "Somebody think of something! I'm going to speak to him, anyhow!"

He pulled the cork out of the hole and shouted—"Willis!"

No answer.

"*Willis!*" he yelled.

No answer.

They waited hopelessly ten minutes more, Roddy going more and more wild with anxiety.

"CAPTAIN, you *must* open that door!" he raved. "I demand it! What is a few hundred tons of water to a ship like this! I'll get him out, and then you can catch up with the pumps—hook in the main condenser air-pump if necessary——"

Suddenly—*Tap-tap-tap!*

Roddy jumped to the plug. "Hello, Mike!" he yelled.

"Hullo! That you, Roddy?' Did you get the sub?"

"Yes; dammit, never mind that! How are *you* holding out?"

"I've got that flange on, *and shored!* Tell them to open the door! Get all tank manholes open, as there will be a lot of water——"

"Open the door! He's got her *shored!*" yelled Roddy, dancing about the engine-room. "*Open* her, I say!"

A machinist sprang up the stairs to the winch handle. Andrews sent his men scurrying to open all floor-tank hatches so as to drink down all the water the pumps could not take. The door slowly rose. A huge flood of sea-water poured out into the crank-pit. The cranks took it and whirled it in showers all over the engine-room. Other machinists brought turns of packing, ready to dash into the alley and drive it around the flange of the stuffing-box for a stop-gap. The water poured on in, into the bilges of engine and boiler room, and surged against the iron plates with each roll of the ship. More came in over the floor, and the Captain

looked grave, for it only had three feet more to rise to reach the boiler-fires. But the Chief reassured him, and the din of the pumps redoubled. Clouds of steam wafted through the engine-room like huge vaporous jinn, and through it all went on the ceaseless throb of the engine, the ceaseless whirl of the crank-shaft and the endless up-and-down of the pistons and crossheads. The deck-officers quailed under this appalling manifestation of forces far beyond their ken—five thousand horsepower let loose in that lurid engine-room!

And before them stood yawning the open door of the bulkhead, out of which belched a foam of sea-water and great gulps of compressed air. Roddy, holding aloft a torch, dashed in at the head of the rescue party, stemming the current of water up to his waist, dodging the whirling flanges of the main shaft as best he might. On and on, through the darkness he pressed, until he finally made out a dim figure standing beside the stuffing-box on a single plank which had lodged across the iron beams as the water had settled. A spray of salt ocean still spurted out all around the shaft, but already there were two bright nuts over the boltheads, and Willis was busily turning on another.

"Dive, boys, dive for them!" he called cheerily. "Thank God we don't need the shores now!"

They looked aloft, and from the dim roof of the tunnel two planks, firmly wedged against the iron gussets, reached down to the flange of the stuffing-box, "shoring" it firmly in its place in the stern bearing. Two machinists plopped down into the depths of the after-peak and came up with a missing nut in either hand. Willis and the others caught them from their hands and turned them swiftly on the boltheads. By the time a dozen of them were in place, it was safe to knock away the shores and complete the circle of boltheads. Then other men from the engine-room started driving in packing between the flange and the bearing, which, while by no means as efficient as the regular packing in its proper place in the bearing, would suffice to hold the water at bay until the ship reached France.

The Captain laid an arm on the shoulder of each of the two Peases. "A true-blue Pease, Willis!" he commended, patting them affectionately. "Chip of the old block, Roddy! I wish I could see Crinky Pease when he reads the Admiral's mention of you two in orders!"

Willis carefully unwound the gold sword-knot from his wrist and wiped the dull blade of his dangling weapon preparatory to replacing it in the scabbard.

"Some bodkin, sir!" he smiled at the Captain through his clenched teeth. But the savage glint that still smoldered in his eyes was that of fighting Crinky Pease!

THE PONY TRIO

(*Continued from page 31*)

and think they are the whole show. But what about Northern, eh? Northern has a *line!* Wait till we hit Northern. Our line as it stands won't open up holes in the Northern line, let me tell you. And those big backs will think they're smashing into a brick wall. Have you ever hit a brick wall, Johnnie?"

"I've been hitting brick walls all my life," said Johnnie.

"Let me tell you about hitting a brick wall," Bart went on. "Just try it some fine morning. The first time, you buck it pretty hard. But there is something about the way that wall meets you that discourages. The second time you go at it, somehow you've lost a little dash. And the third time, you find yourself slowing up a bit, and swerving. And the fourth time—well, after that, you can't go at it. You *can't*, that's all, you can't. Your mind may want to, but your body won't. It plumb refuses. Well, on November twenty-first, when we meet Northern, those big backs will be hitting a brick wall. You see if they don't."

"Well," said Clem, "I suppose that means we'll lose the game."

"Not by a jugful," Bart cried, having come to his point. "That's where I rebel. Fellows, *I'm going to force myself into that game.* If you'll stick by me, I'm going to force *ourselves* into that game. *Some time* during that game, our chance will come, and we're going to pry ourselves into it. Not for our own good, but because our own good in this case is the team's own good, is old Alma Mater's own good. Only, we must prepare."

And he unfolded to them his plan. "The thing to do," he said soberly, "is to make sure we are ready. We must keep fit, and we must keep our team-work polished up. We can't do it when *he* plays Johnnie at end, and substitutes you, Red, at quarter, and holds me on the scrub—that is, we can't do it without extra work. We must put in an hour or two by ourselves every day to keep our best form. *Then* we'll be ready to jump in at the first chance."

HAVING decided upon their line of conduct, the Ponies did not let the grass grow under their feet. The next morning, at ten o'clock, cheerfully "cutting" some classes which, as far as they could see, contributed little to the particular efficiency sought by them, they were out in the large back yard of the Beta House.

Besides being large, the yard possessed the further advantage of a high fence, which promised a certain amount of secrecy. From the Beta House, Bart, who belonged to that fraternity, commandeered Simpson, an ex-center, retired from the game on account of a bad knee; from his Chi Phi's, Johnnie brought a little quarter-back returned that year by the faculty on account of an exaggerated fondness for the fascinations of cigar-machines (then at the height of their popularity). These two recruits, after a little practise, did very well as feeders of the ball, and the Ponies worked and worked at their repertoire of plays, starting like lightning, running with cohesion, polishing up their attacks, to a point of automatic perfection. After a few days Bart ceased to be satisfied with this exercise in the void, this bucking of vacuums, and he let his wishes be known.

The following morning, several harmless residents of Beta House, several eminently pacific Chi Phi's, and several sturdy members of the One-Two-Three Club who, husky enough to be on any football team, were kept out of the game because of the fact that they must work their way through college, were brought around respectively by Bart, Johnnie and Clem. They were lined up in the shape and semblance of a football team—a hostile football team—and the Ponies went at them. Went at them scandalously, practising upon them all their interference blockings, licit or otherwise, their most refined jiu-jitsu tricks, hitting them like roaring little bombs, sending them up in the air and back to the dust. When they had had all the exercise they deemed necessary, they dismissed the dolorous assembly with orders to come again to-morrow. Which they did, for by that time an inkling of what the Ponies were doing was about, and awakening sympathy.

MEANWHILE, at regular practise, the Ponies were having other chances to keep fit and were using these to the fullest. Before the teams lined up for the daily scrimmage, there was always a half-hour during which the balls were aimlessly kicked about. Bart took this time to perfect his own private booting. He went at it like a golfer. He had collected six old balls. He would place a piece of white rag on the ground at some distance, then would kick the six balls successively, aiming to have them land as near the rag as possible. Having done so, he would gather up the balls, and do it all over again, perhaps changing his angle. He was acquiring thus a remarkable and uncanny control of his punts.

Then an occurrence, which might be called accidental, gave them something new to work at. One Saturday the coach, having decided not to use them, sent them as scouts to a game between Northern, the great rival, and the team of an athletic club called Reliance. Bart was thoughtful as they returned from the game. "Did you notice that formation Reliance used in their bucks?" he asked, as they sat, all three, in one seat of the home-bound train.

"The way the backs kept hold of each other and sort of tandemed?"

"Yes. What do you think of it?"

"It didn't seem to work very well," said Johnnie. "They get into each other's way, it seems to me."

Bart was silent. They entered a long tunnel. When they emerged into the light, Bart's eyes were closed. They remained closed a moment longer. "You know," he spoke slowly, "I think there is something about that tandem formation. Whoever gave it to Reliance is close to something good. They haven't worked it out, that's all. It isn't perfected. But there's something in it. You know, I shouldn't wonder if we were all bucking that way in a year or two."

As his speech was more in the tone of a reflective monologue than in one calling for conversation, his brother backs did not answer.

But the idea was still tormenting him, for after a while, he turned squarely to them with a question: "Johnnie," he said, "you'll agree, won't you, that one body of four hundred and fifty pounds, thrown at one spot, does more than three bodies of one hundred and fifty each?"

"Yes," Johnnie agreed cheerfully.

"And an animal with six legs—it ought to be harder to capsize than an animal with two."

"Yes, Bart, boy," Clem agreed.

Bart did not notice that he was giving amusement. But after a while he murmured to himself, "That's just what a tandem does. It makes the backs over into one animal. An animal weighing close to five hundred pounds, with six legs. Say, Johnnie, Red," and his manner changed, "we'll have to work that out to-morrow."

They went to work at it the following morning. It did not take them long to discover that, if there was to be any merit in the new formation, it would come only through a tight homogeneity of movement. The strides of the three backs must not only be in absolute time, but must also be of exactly the same length. Bart had an inspiration. He tore some rags into long strips and with these tied their legs together, one strip holding all three left legs together, another, their three right legs. Thus tied, the second man with his arms around the first man's waist, the third man with his arms around the second man's, the three backs stamped about, lock-stepping, at first at a walk, then as they became used to it, at a slow trot.

There was some amusement in the experiment; every now and then they lost step, tangled, and went to the ground in a heap. But little by little, they were becoming used to the bond; tied together into one being, they were acquiring ease and speed.

BART, though, was not satisfied. "Remember the old three-legged races?" he asked one day.

The others had seen such races in field-days when young boys.

"Two men would run with the left leg of one tied to the right leg of the other. Their inside legs, in fact, made one leg; the two men were like one man with three legs. They used to run couples like that against each other. They would practise running till they could make really wonderful time. We must get out on the track and practise running tandem till we can go almost as fast as running alone. It can be done."

They did this every day, and, finally, clocked by a friend, found they were running fifty yards in less than six seconds. "Now we're beginning to go," said Bart.

But he was taking ideas from everywhere. An Australian fifteen touring the country, gave an exhibition of Rugby. Bart was interested by the long passing from runner to runner, and the next day he had his pals at it. They had a ball now always with them. Whenever there was nothing else to do, they would start running—anywhere, it might be on the street—and, keeping abreast, would send the ball

from one to the other, without checking speed, in passes which daily grew longer and more accurate.

And then they entered the last week of the season, the week at the end of which was the final game, the Big Game, the game with Northern.

Up to this time, what with the absorption of their extra work, and the bit of hope instilled by it within their breasts, the Pony Three had largely rid themselves of the feeling of desolation which had fallen upon them when they had found themselves ousted from the team on account of an abstract theory of their coach. Now they felt themselves once more under its oppression. The last week of the season at Western, the days of final preparation for the game with Northern, was always an occasion for ceremony and enthusiasm. During these last few days the entire college came out in support of the team. They serpentined over the field before practise, filled the bleachers with tumult and song practise, and serpentined again after practise. Thunderous yells, mounting war songs were rehearsed, the band blared, legendary alumni waxed oratorical, and the team on the field, with new sweaters, was the team chosen in finality to defend the honor of the college in the big battle.

The Ponies had awaited this last Monday with some little spark of stubborn hope still within them. But when, on that Monday afternoon, the coach, forming the team, ringed by the whole squad, called out, one by one, the names of the eleven chosen ones, it was his heavy pets whom he named for the back-field, and the practise started with the Ponies on the sideline, disconsolate, huddled close together, as though they were sold.

And it was the same on Tuesday and on Wednesday and on Thursday. During that week, forgotten, kneeling in the mud of the side-lines, they heard about them the enthusiasm rise to thunders; they saw before them the team, the team of which they were no part, cavort smoothly in its last rehearsal; and now and then Johnnie or Red made a slight movement as though wiping secretly some furtive, small tear. By Thursday, though, Bart was again indomitable. "You can never know; you can never know," he kept saying. "Maybe we will get into it. You can never tell; you can never tell!" The other two, turning upon him, jeered heavily.

AND on Saturday, at two o'clock, the Pony Three were again on the side-lines, with the Big Game beginning before their eyes. They thought that for a long time they had no hope. Now they found that all the time, without knowing it, they had been hoping; they could hardly believe the brutal evidence of their final misfortune. So that, when Bart again began his refrain, "You just wait; we'll be in there yet! You just wait!" Johnnie and Clem turned upon him with a rageful "Shut up!"

Within fifteen minutes, though, Bart, tormented between a certain satisfaction at his foresight, and rage and humiliation for Western, was saying: "You see, you see; I told you so."

For everything was happening just as he had prophesied long before, the day he had called his chums into his room at the training-quarters. In taking a center and a guard out of the line in order to turn them

into backs, the coach had fatally weakened that line; and now, those big backs, who should have been in the line, were hurling themselves against a wall whenever they attacked Northern. You could see them strike solid when they bucked; their big necks bent; they advanced only with infinite labor, inches at a time. This was too much for human wills, for human frames, for human nerves.

In less than twenty minutes Western had ceased to be able to gain at all. Each attack mired, bogged, bent back upon itself—and the team was placed on the defensive. And now the line once more proved its weakness. The Northern forwards tore it open wide again and again.

For a time the big backs, playing very close in a formidable secondary line, were able to halt some of these onslaughts, or shorten them. But as the main line tired under efforts beyond its strength, as Northern, feeling something giving way, gained in confidence and ferocity, the backs were no longer able to bolster what was crumbling before them. The Northern backs now were tearing loose for gains of five or six yards. They neared the last white line, their offensive fury rising with the approach of success. The Western forwards were now gone, the Western backs sobbing. And in a last long buck that went through like the prow of a ship, curling up the last resistance in a wake on each side, Northern went over for the first touch-down.

THE fight then took on the aspects of a rout. The Western line, sobbing, panting, spent, struggled on desperately, as if in nightmare. They felt themselves in the grasp of some superior weird force, and the Western backs, with all their strength, with all their weight, although they kept their heads, were unable to hold. The masses that came at them through the ripped line, arriving unimpaired, solid and in perfect order, struck them with the force of water from a high-pressure fire-hose. When they tackled, they felt themselves being dragged like terriers by a bull. It only took ten minutes for the second Northern touch-down, and for the third only five, and thus the half ended—three touch-downs and two goals—nineteen points in all for Northern against desperate Western's zero.

The Pony Three left the place on the side-line where they had been kneeling, frozen, a whole century, it seemed to them, and walked across the field toward the door of the dressing-rooms, into which the men of the team were already flowing, shoulders humped and heads down, fairly broken with humiliation and weariness. As they went across, Bart spoke to his two partners fiercely. "Do you want to get into it now and see what we can do, eh? Do you want to get into it?"

"You bet we do," the others answered, simply, but in voices husky with emotion.

As they entered the dressing-room under the grand-stand, a picture of disruption and defeat met their eyes. The men of the team, being sponged and bandaged by the trainer and rubbers, were scattered all over the place, instead of being tight together as a team with morale instinctively arranges itself. In the center, the coach was pacing to and fro, saying not a word. Adding to the disorder, a half-dozen alumni, old Varsity men who had broken in, were giving advice individually in dark corners. Bart, with Johnnie and Clem at his heels, made for the coach. "Mr. Johnson," he said, "put us in next half."

"Eh? What?" said the poor coach, who was becoming more and more a college professor and less a football man (a sad evolution). His eyes were glazed; he did not understand.

"PUT Halliday and Thornwell back into the line—then the line will be all right," said Bart, as though he were speaking to a child. "Then, put *us* behind the line," he added, "and we'll win the game for you."

Johnson looked at Bart fixedly. When he tried to free his eyes, it was to have them sink into Johnnie's, and then into Clem's—eyes that burned like coals. "There is something to your plan, Bart," he said at length. "There is something to that. But I must think about it."

"Don't think, Coach," said Bart compellingly. "Just do it, that's all. Do it without thinking—that's the easiest way."

Rather to Bart's own surprise, the coach raised his hand and brought the room to silence. "Halliday," he ordered, "you take center. Thornwell, you go in at the left guard. Bartholomew, Kent and Rust will be the backs."

He said nothing more, and resumed his pacing. But what he had said was already having an effect worth several exhortations. Halliday, who had been sitting on the edge of a bench, his head in his hands, straightened up suddenly; something like a grin distorted his pounded visage. Thornwell, who had dropped to the floor and had not moved since, now rose and set himself next to Halliday. After a moment, each slipped his arm around the other. Brown, the right guard, joined them. The three now were one block.

After a line, a voice said: "Only two minutes more."

Bart leaped to the bench, and his voice rang clear in the confined space. "Fellows, let's all get together!"

The men of the team gathered before him. "Fellows, they made three touch-downs, but they missed one goal. Fellows, we're going to score three touch-downs *and three goals!*"

A sullen growl came from the mass below him.

"Fellows," he said softly, "let's get together."

He stepped down among them, and they all drew tight with arms over each other's shoulders. "Fellows," he said, "we're going to go through some hell. Let's make up our minds to it. Let's stand here, tight and still a minute, and think about it."

They stood still, all tight, and little by little a current established itself, flowed through them, welding them; in their breasts there came a fierce resolve mixed with a tenderness.

The referee's whistle blew shrill outside. "Come on!" Bart cried.

They trotted out upon the field. Something new must have showed in them, for at their appearance their drooping supporters rose up in the stands in a long ovation.

It was Northern's kick-off. Bart ran the ball in ten yards. But those who expected Western to attack immediately were disappointed. Bart decided the team would wear itself out trying such a distance as it was to the goal. He kicked. A punting duel established itself. Kicking carefully, with admirable regularity, each punt leaving his foot only at the last possible moment, and then sailing very high so that the ends kept well under it, he gained a little at each exchange, till finally he had the ball almost in the center of the field. Then he started the team to its self-appointed task.

The three Pony backs now lost their individuality. They became one long iron-spined animal with six legs. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. The strange creature was weirdly fast, yet almost uncapsizable. It sank into the line like a rapier, and when it came out on the other side, it was still one, still strong on its six legs, and dragging tacklers along for several yards. Northern, over-confident, had begun loosely; now, when it tried to tighten up, it couldn't. It was pitted, also, against an immensely strengthened line with a berserker center, once full-back, who fairly roared with fury, with a left guard, once half-back, full of cold malevolence.

And as they yielded, Western was gaining strength, a terrible exulting strength. In ten minutes, Clem, head of the tandem, had crossed the last white line. Bart, with elegant precision, kicked the goal. Six points.

One touch-down in ten minutes—just within the necessary schedule, just within, by a narrow margin. Northern kicked off and Johnnie Kent, receiving the ball, streaked along the ground like lightning for twenty yards. Seventy yards to the Northern goal. Bart sized up the distance with one glance, and feeling the pressure of time, decided to chance it. Without preliminary kicking, Western immediately hurled itself into new attack.

THE Pony backs were working like a well-oiled machine; the forwards were shielding them ably; the tandem still had Northern puzzled; buck by buck, four yards at a time, Western pushed down the field. Bart's mind worked with a lucidity that astonished him; an unerring intuition told him each time where to strike; and the tandem, to the command of his brain, nosed and searched along the whole Northern line like some prehistoric monster of strange intelligence, sinking its whole body to the hilt, in places found soft. But seventy yards is a long way to go thus.

Northern, now cured of all fatuous over-confidence, healthfully scared, was resisting stubbornly; under its terrific counter-attacks, Western, doomed to an unceasing offensive, was tiring. The tandem now could not longer free itself; it was advancing in short, short bucks, one painful two yards after painful two yards. Still, going thus, it crept up to Northern's five-yard line. But there, right under the shadow of the goal, with the fought-for touch-down within reach, Western fumbled, lost the ball, and a minute later, with desolation in their souls, saw it sailing over their heads, far up in the air, clear back to the center of the field.

They seized it there, and, with almost all the long way before them again, buckled down to their stubborn purpose. There was a ring in Bart's voice, as he gave the signals, which placed a strange desperation of resolve into the hearts of the worn, torn men. Again they pounded their way down the field. They labored,

and very slowly the white lines passed under their feet, each white line a fortress. But the way was long and the resistance strong. Bart felt the team tiring. Ten yards from the goal, two attacks netted almost nothing.

HE STOPPED a moment, tightening all his faculties upon the problem. Looking along the Northern line, crouching there before him, he saw how low it was. The Northern line was almost part of the ground; it dug into it with cleat and nail, awaiting the tandem's battering-ram. And, suddenly, Bart had a vision of an attack through the air, above this ugly, low and almost inevitable wall, and sang out the signal for the kangaroo.

The ball moved, sailed up into his arms; he jumped; his brother backs caught at him as he passed, heaving him upward, and he went sailing over like a bird. Nobody seemed to expect him on the other side; he landed on his feet and had time for three steps ere downed.

Immediately he repeated. This time they were waiting for him, and as he landed on the other side, he received the punishment dealt in those days to the hurdler of the line. But a joy was singing within him, for he had made his three yards. The Northern line, now, was standing up high for him; he sent the low tandem into them, and once more made the distance. They crouched, and he went high over their heads. It was like falling into a sausage-machine, just about, but triumph was in his heart and a smile on his lips. "Go it again, old boy," his brother backs whispered. He went over again, and even as he disappeared within the Northern avalanche, knew by the thunder of the stands that the touch-down had been made.

From a difficult angle, Bart kicked his goal carefully, and the score was twelve to seventeen. But now the situation looked desperate. For this second touch-down, what with the unfortunate fumble, had taken a long time, and now there remained only five minutes of play. Five minutes of play to make a touch-down on a team which, though being slowly mastered, was as yet unbroken, and would put in those five minutes all that remained of its strength, of its resources, to the dregs. In the stands all the Western supporters were up roaring exhortations without hope, to which the Northern rooters, sure of victory, answered with jeers and superior contempt.

Clem Rust took the ball from Northern's kick-off and with a long twisting run, slithered his way thirty yards to the center of the field. The Western bleachers went wild. Then, to the stupefaction of every one, at this moment when only the promptest of offensives held slight hope, and when Northern might have been thrown into momentary disorder, Bart punted. A defensive game with only five minutes to play! The stands went suddenly silent.

Northern, delaying as much as possible, used up as much as possible of the fast slipping minutes in two downs, which Western held; then punted back.

But meanwhile Bart had spoken to his brother Ponies. "We'll Rugby it through," he had said. And now the stands were treated to a sight such as had never been witnessed in the game before.

As the ball soared far up in the air, it was seen that the three Pony backs were spread out in a line to receive it. It came down toward Bart, who was in the center. He caught it; two ends were down upon him, like gulls upon a piece of bread. Without turning, he made a sudden movement of his arms, and the ball, from his fingers, sailed across field and a little back, right into Clem Rust's hollowed stomach. Immediately, Clem was on the run.

He ran straight ahead, in a direction perfectly parallel to the side-line, and some twenty feet within it. But he was not running alone. Bart also was running at full speed, straight down the center of the field, and just a little back of Rust. And Johnnie Kent also was running, straight ahead, some twenty feet within the left side-line. The three backs, in one far-flung line, were all running straight down the field, Bart and Johnnie keeping just a little behind. Rust along the right side-line, Johnnie along the left, and Bart down the center of the field. For some ten rapid strides, Rust was clear. Then, suddenly, the ball went sailing out of his hand, literally into Bart's. It seemed only to touch, and no more, Bart's fingers, and then on it sailed, again across field, to Johnnie's. No one was before Johnnie. He tore along, his sturdy legs twinkling. Three white lines passed under his feet, then some one was before him, a red-jerseyed person. Up again the ball floated into the air, across field and a little back to Bart. Catching the oval while at full speed, Bart ate up two white lines, made the gesture of passing to Rust, and passed back to Johnnie, who by that time was again clear. And Johnnie doubled up upon the ball, streaking it not higher than two feet above the ground, went over the last white line like a bomb.

IT TOOK a long time to kick the goal. First of all a punt-out was necessary. Then, when this had been successfully accomplished, Clem and Bart were a long time preparing for the final gesture. There was a little spot on the ground which Clem had chosen as the one upon which the ball must be placed, and he was patting it and patting it, and it never seemed to be just smooth, just nice enough. The stands were profoundly silent, and hearts were pounding. Clem kept on patting. Then, just as every one was sure he was going to die in another second, Clem stretched himself on the ground, holding the ball delicately between his fingers. He changed its angles, he presented seams, he twirled it in little adjustments while Bart talked low to him. "I'm going to scream!" the stands said, as clearly as though they were indeed saying it. Suddenly, Clem brought the point of the ball down to the place he had patted so well, Bart took a step forward. His right foot swept the ball smoothly from the ground; it went up in the air, above the charging Northern's forwards' heads, seemed to hesitate a moment, then, resolutely, with a coquettish little swoop, sailed fair between the posts and above the cross-bar. Score—eighteen to seventeen!

The Pony backs sat right down where they were. They looked at each other and laughed like fools—laughed till a roaring avalanche from the bleachers bore down upon them, and floated them up upon billowing shoulders like three little chips.

THE EYES OF THE BLIND

(*Continued from page 46*)

Deems," he said. "I'm going to have the commissioner detail every man on his force——"

"Suppose, Mr. Gryce, that you give me a moment alone," suggested Deems.

Puzzlement was in the publisher's eyes. But young Deems's work was known to him; the youth was nobody's fool; he could wait a moment.

In the little reception-room off the hall Deems faced the big man. Silently he handed Gryce the check that Lydia Gryce had given Fallon, and that Fallon had surrendered to him. Gryce looked at it. He turned it over in his hands.

"Well, what of it?" he demanded.

"Fallon used to be on the *Record*, I think, Mr. Gryce."

"Well? Is that any reason——"

"He's now driving a taxicab. But his newspaper experience taught him the value of news; even the value of the suppression of news."

Gryce's big fists doubled. "Deems, get down to cases! My daughter——"

"I will," said Deems. "To-day Fallon drove your daughter to a book-shop on Lexington Avenue. She left a bomb there. He also drove her to my lodgings on Irving Place; she left a bomb there. It exploded, wrecking the building——"

Gryce took a step toward the reporter; his right fist was raised menacingly.

"Young man," he said softly, "if you aren't very careful——"

"I'm telling you the truth, sir!" cried Deems. "The absolute truth! And Fallon got ten thousand dollars from your daughter——"

"You mean that she submitted to blackmail? My daughter? Why, you—I get it," he suddenly sneered. "Maybe you think you can put something over, too! What's your price? Your little game?"

"I took the check away from Fallon," replied Deems, flushing.

"To get a bigger one from me, eh?"

Deems bit his lip. "Let's not quarrel, Mr. Gryce."

"NOT quarrel? When you insinuate—insinuate, hell! You have the nerve to tell me that my daughter tried to kill you! My daughter, whom I love!"

"No more than I do," said Deems.

As though the newspaperman were some curious insect, not necessarily repulsive, but absurd, Gryce stared at his employee until the flush of Deems seemed to burn. Suddenly Gryce laughed.

"You love her, eh? That's why you accuse her of mur——"

"That's why I don't want you to telephone the police," interrupted Deems hotly. "I don't want you to start something that can't be finished *right*. And just now, I don't know——"

"You don't know, eh? Well, I know," roared Gryce. "I know that my little girl has been trapped by a bunch of traitors, a gang of treasonable snakes that I'll put on the griddle if it's the last act——"

He stopped short; over Deems's face had spread bewilderment, honest bewilderment.

"I suppose," went on Gryce, after a second, "that you're surprised to hear me talk this way? I suppose that the whole country has me written down as a damned pro-German. Well, the country will think differently in another day. And de Grecque and the rest of his scheming bunch——"

"De Grecque!" Deems eyed the publisher. "Look here, Mr. Gryce, do you mean what you are saying about de Grecque?"

"Mean it? D'ye think I'd lie?"

Deems shook his head. "N-o, I don't suppose so," he admitted.

"You don't *suppose* so?" Gryce took another step toward the reporter. Then his body seemed to sag; the fire went out of his glance. "I deserve it, I reckon. I've been so badly fooled; I've been so blind; I can't blame you for doubting me when de Grecque himself threatened to expose me; tried to scare me by saying that he had a letter I'd signed——"

"And he hasn't? You're sure?"

Gryce shrugged. "I suppose, in justice to you, I've got to take this sort of thing, hear this sort of questioning. You have every right to doubt me—if you know what sort de Grecque is. And how do you know?" he demanded.

Deems shook his head impatiently. "That doesn't matter now. That paper de Grecque said you signed——"

"I never signed a paper in my life that I'm not willing the whole world should read!" cried Gryce.

"But your daughter said——"

"My daughter said what?" But even as he uttered the question Gryce remembered that Lydia had mentioned that paper too, and there had been in her eyes something close to contempt when he denied knowledge of the document.

"Deems, how do you happen to know what my daughter said? What made you think that I'd ever signed an incriminating document? My God, de Grecque seemed to think I had, though he couldn't produce the paper." He passed his hand across his forehead.

Deems was a young man, but his experience was vast. Few people had managed to deceive him. And Gryce—the man was most palpably honest. Despite all that he had suspected, all that Rogan had suspected, their suspicions had been unfounded. Gryce was no traitor. Deems made no effort to hide the expression on his face, and Gryce himself, shrewd save when his enthusiasms led him too far, saw the younger man's bewilderment.

"How do you come into this, Deems?" he demanded. "What do you know of de Grecque? And of my daughter? Do you know that she has been doing some sort of government work, the sort of work that would make de Grecque willing to risk his neck to defeat her?"

"You know that? I mean, you're sure of it?" queried Deems.

The foundations of his house of suspicion had given way; the whole edifice was tumbling to the ground. Gryce was no traitor, that, he would have staked his soul, was true. And Gryce said that his daughter was doing government work.

"Know it? She had a dictaphone in the Royal Restaurant to-night, so that she could overhear de Grecque and his gang. She told me so, and I didn't believe her. But now—I know she told the truth. De Grecque himself—you saw those men, the men you saved me from? De Grecque's men!"

It was all consistent. Lydia Gryce might very well have been working for the government and distrusting Rogan, and doubtful of her father. Save for the bombs!

"Those bombs," suggested Deems.

Gryce looked at him. "You believe that she tried to kill you?"

Deems looked at the check in the millionaire's hand. It was the irrefutable proof of the guilt of Lydia Gryce. There could be no answer to that proof. And yet—it was not proof. There could be no proof against Lydia Gryce!

"You think she's a murderess and still you tell me that you love her? And where do you get off to love her?" Gryce cried. "Has she ever looked at——"

DEEMS grinned. "Just now," he said, "suppose we postpone that argument. No, she doesn't dream of how I feel. And you're not ever to tell her. I'm presumptuous—Mr. Gryce, she just told you that the men who took her away were not policemen. Yet they knew of the bomb business. Call your butler in here."

Gryce stepped to the door; in a moment the white-faced Ferguson was in the room. Gently, lest he confuse the old man, with a tact that made Gryce's respect for the young man grow, Deems questioned the man-servant. And at the end of the questioning he had come to the only possible conclusion.

The leader of the men who had abducted Lydia Gryce was Rogan! Ferguson could not have been mistaken; he described Rogan too well. Further, who else knew of Lydia's guilt in the bomb matter? There was little chance that de Grecque could have known of it. It was Rogan who knew of it, Rogan who had seized the girl, Rogan who had betrayed Deems! And it all fitted in with certain dormant suspicions that Deems had held.

Why had Rogan been so unable to tell Deems his real aims, and who was behind him in those aims? More than once Deems had been doubtful of the Secret-Service man. It was absurd that Rogan should be a traitor—why had he enlisted Deems's aid? And yet—

"I know the man who took Miss Gryce away," he told the publisher.

"You know a lot," said Gryce. "Suppose you begin to tell me something of what you know."

Rapidly Deems talked. Gryce was loyal. It amounted to no breach of faith for him to tell Gryce everything now, especially since Rogan's status was now doubtful. And tensely the publisher listened.

He inhaled deeply as Deems finished. His mouth, always firm, but of late years holding a hint of tolerance that might have led to weakness, was harsh, forbidding now.

"I've been the blindest fool that ever lived, Deems," he said. "I admit it. I'm going to admit it to the whole world. But that I should have been thought capable of treason——"

"When the life of a nation is at stake,

Mr. Gryce," Deems reminded him, "people haven't time to split hairs to analyze what lies behind appearances. It's a case of 'with us' or 'against us.' "

Gryce nodded. "And now—because I was blind—my little girl is—this man Rogan? You think he might be treacherous?"

Deems shrugged. "God knows, Mr. Gryce. He took her from here——"

"And she got away," interrupted Gryce. "And now de Grecque——"

The telephone jangling in the hall stopped him. He answered it himself, brushing by Ferguson. It was de Grecque talking.

"Are you willing now to come to terms with me?" demanded de Grecque.

"To terms with you? I'll see you damned forever first!" cried Gryce.

"So? And your daughter? What about her? Suppose I—do things to her, Mr. Gryce, that will not look well?"

Gryce's rage choked him.

"You touch her," he spluttered, "and—"

IN HIS impotence the threat was left unuttered. De Grecque, at the other end of the wire, laughed.

"You will do—what, Mr. Gryce? Shall I tell you? Then I will; you will do nothing, Mr. Gryce. Now listen! I have not too much time to waste on you. I want to know——"

"Put my daughter on the phone," cried Gryce.

"It is not necessary. You know that she is here," answered de Grecque.

Deems, watching eagerly, could see the expression of relief on the publisher's face.

"Know it? I have only your word for it, de Grecque, and the word of a mangy rat is—the word of a mangy rat."

"Your daughter will pay for that," said de Grecque.

Gryce laughed. "She isn't with you!" he cried. "If she were, you'd be torturing her now. That would be about your size, de Grecque. Now, listen: you can't make any terms with me. I know your whole crowd and the name of every last one of them, and proofs of what you intend will be in the hands of the police to-night. That's all."

He hung up before Deems could stop him.

"Is that wise?" demanded Deems.

"Why not?" retorted Gryce. "Lydia isn't with them. I know de Grecque; he was bluffing."

"Then where is she? What made her ring off?"

Gryce shrugged. "God knows. But—de Grecque hasn't her yet."

"But if he should—if some of his crowd are taking her to him——"

Appalled, Deems's voice died away. For Gryce's face was set like granite.

"Even so, Deems. The sins of the father—I have sinned. Not intentionally, but—to be a fool is to be a sinner. In effect I have been disloyal, for I have consorted with, encouraged, traitors. To make terms with de Grecque would mean that I permitted evil to be done to my country. And not even for Lydia, and I love her better than life, would I permit my country to suffer. What's Commissioner Grant's number? The police *must* find her. As for the check she gave Fallon, your evidence against her, she'll explain that. My girl is no criminal. And she isn't insane, either. What's the number, please?"

Deems gave it to him. Gryce advanced to the phone again. He spoke to the girl who answered. And then the fingers that gripped the receiver tightened until the cords of his wrist stood out rigidly. For de Grecque spoke to him.

"Mr. Gryce, eh? Perhaps now you will reconsider your determination to treat with me, eh? Or, perhaps you consider it accident that I answer the telephone? So? Try again then, Mr. Gryce."

Dumbly Gryce hung up. He walked to his library, followed by the wondering Deems. Here was his private wire, the wire that connected only with the *Record* office. From the *Record* office he could be connected with Commissioner Grant.

But even as the hook clicked as he picked up the receiver, he heard again the voice of de Grecque:

"You are beginning to understand, are you not, Mr. Gryce, that those who oppose us must reckon with us, eh? You would communicate with your office. Mr. Gryce, you communicate with no one in this world, except with my consent."

Once again, without argument, Gryce hung up the phone. He was a doer, not a talker. Time enough to talk to de Grecque when he had won the fight.

"Deems," he said, quietly, "they've cut off our phone connections. Which makes me think Lydia may not have been captured by them. She got away once, evidently. Perhaps de Grecque's people cut in on our wires while she was talking to me. The girl who told me that the party didn't answer—same voice as the girl who answered just now when I asked for Grant's number. In with de Grecque. Lydia—she's safe. I know she's safe. As for us——"

He stood a moment looking down at the floor. Then he lifted his head. "De Grecque will stop at nothing. He's tried murder twice to-night; he'll try it again. Suppose—" He walked to the library window. He knelt upon the floor. He made a gesture to Deems. Even in this moment of stress Gryce could appreciate Deems's quick wit, for the young man understood instantly. He turned off the electric lights.

In the darkness the two men knelt by the window. They could see, clearly enough outlined by the street lamps, a group of men on the corner. Another group stood on the far corner. They seemed idlers, chatting sociably. But men do not gather just off Fifth Avenue, long after midnight, merely to chat idly.

"De Grecque doesn't give up easily, Deems," said Gryce.

There was no fear in the big publisher's voice; the hand that he laid upon Deems's shoulder trembled not at all. And in the darkness Deems could see that Gryce's eyes glistened. Deems understood now the meaning of the phrase "the light of battle."

Errors the big publisher had made; there was no denying that, and little extenuating it. But the error that had brought Deems into intrigue against him had been an error of the head. Gryce's heart was in the right place.

"Youngster," said Gryce, "there's just a chance that de Grecque is going to get away with it. Armed?"

Deems's fist snuggled tenderly about the automatic in his pocket.

"Yes, *sir*," he declared. "Eight shots. I ought to get *one* before they pot me, eh? And you?"

Gryce shook his head. Then, suddenly, he guffawed. "Took a gun away from de Grecque and carried it all through a lovely scrap and forgot it! But I have it now."

He produced, from the pocket where he had thrust it, de Grecque's weapon. He examined the mechanism. "Six bullets," he announced, "and once a long, long time ago, son, I could hit the side of a barn door. We ain't dead yet, youngster."

"Not so's you'd notice it," chuckled Deems.

He was infected with the other's enthusiasm. For a pacifist, Gryce was certainly pugnacious. Gryce answered his unspoken comment.

"Funny, I've always been against bloodshed," he said. "Against other people shedding blood, anyway. As for myself—son, if I knew where Lydia was, knew that she was safe, I'd begin to perk up and enjoy this little party."

And then he rose suddenly to his feet. Unmolested, swinging a night-stick, a policeman came down the street. He passed by the group on the nearest corner and paused in front of the Gryce mansion.

The publisher threw up the window. "Officer," he cried.

The uniformed man looked up. "Well?" he inquired.

Gryce's voice shook in triumph.

"Signal for help, officer! That gang on the corner—they're here for murder——"

The policeman slowly turned on his heel. He stared at the group on the corner.

"Suppose," he said, "that you wait a few minutes. Mr. de Grecque will be here then, and——"

Gryce turned back from the window, away from the leering smile of the counterfeit policeman. He looked at Deems.

"Son," he said slowly, "if I ever get out of here—I've laughed at all this talk of German organization, right here in the old U. S., but—I've been a fool. Still, I'm not such an awful fool at that. You get what they've done, eh?"

"Overpowered the policemen on the beats around here and substituted their own men," said Deems. "Suppose we take a shot at them now? Why wait for them to start anything?"

Gryce chuckled. "Lots of time, son, lots of time. Personally, I want to save every shot I have for de Grecque. I have a sort of miserable little hunch that before the game is over that gentleman will get his—needin's."

What a human old person the publisher of the *Record* was! Deems eyed him admiringly. He bulked big in the semi-dark of the room. And the hand that poured a drink was as steady as the building that housed the *Record*.

"Not that we need it, son, but it might go to waste. Here's to you. And to the party that lies ahead."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Blackmailers and German Agents

FALLON looked about him. His surroundings were not as unfamiliar as he might have wished: a cell in a police station. He had spent nights in them before this, and been, to his own figuring, at least, none the worse for the experience.

But suddenly, through his bruised head

there percolated remembrance of the circumstances leading to this incarceration. He sat bolt-upright upon the hard bunk. Swiftly he felt in his pockets, they were empty; and black despair settled upon him. But only for a moment. The police might have rescued him; he remembered a rush of stealthy feet and a blow upon his head before the thugs had been through his pockets. His money might be in the custody of the police, as was his body.

For a moment, on his brief way to the cell door, he paused. It might be that he had been arrested for blackmailing Lydia Gryce. But it couldn't be that. He'd been slugged and "rolled" also perhaps, by thugs.

He shook the cell door. To the warder who threateningly approached him he made complaint about his missing money.

"Think we nicked you, eh?" snarled the warder. "Fine compliment you're paying us. You need a jolt on the jaw to knock sense into you. I've a mind to hand it to you. Git back on your bunk."

MEEKLY Fallon obeyed. He'd been robbed then. But why should he, the victim of footpads, be locked in a cell? Indignation possessed him. He'd demand his freedom. But freedom wasn't much to a man who was penniless. Penniless! His means of livelihood was gone; the world had nothing for him save—revenge. That was what it held for him, and by everything unholy he'd have it.

He forgot the threats of the warder, and once again he shook the door of his cell until prisoners in adjoining cells lifted their sleepy voices in protest. The warder came running.

"We've got a special 'tremens' treatment here," he said, angrily, "and you're just the baby we'll try it out on. We use a hose, and it works fine. Come on and try it."

"Don't kid me," said Fallon. He had been a good newspaperman in his day and he knew policemen. He knew how readily many of them yield to the authoritative manner. "I've just remembered how I happened to land here. You'll have a fine time explaining to the commissioner why you put the victim of an assault in a cell."

"Assault?" The warder laughed. "You call that love-tap an assault? If you hadn't been boiled to the eyes you'd never have felt it."

"Never mind that talk," snapped Fallon. "I want to be taken to Headquarters at once."

"Is *that* so? Don't want us to wake up the commish for you, do you?" he was heavily sarcastic.

"You'll find out that they'll wake up the commissioner for me before I get through," snapped the ex-newspaperman. "Come on; hustle with your key."

"Yay-ah? And just why?"

"Why? Because I've got the dope on who planted those bombs on Lexington Avenue and Irving Place yesterday afternoon."

"Even so. I guess it can wait till mornin'," said the warder.

Fallon yawned. "Have it your way, my man. It's a pretty fair job, this. Lots of nice graft from prisoners for slipping them something on the side. Much nicer than being a bull in the Bronx. And that's where you'll be, my friend, if I don't get the ear of the officer at the desk in about three minutes."

The warder eyed his prisoner closely. Apparently Fallon was a disreputable drunk who had been slugged by highwaymen. But he talked authoritatively, and there'd been gossip in every precinct in the city this past evening, gossip that said that Germans were responsible for the bomb outrages of yesterday. *If* this man knew what he was talking about—Well, he could take a chance with the lieutenant at the desk.

The lieutenant listened to the warder. The police, the Federal government, everybody who by any possibility could have been expected to put a stop to the bomb outrages, the arson, the sabotage of the past year or two, had been condemned by the press and public until the situation had become unendurable. This drunken man might be a raving maniac, but, if he *did* know something—

But Fallon refused to talk to any one at the police station. Headquarters and the commissioner were his ambition. And he so impressed the lieutenant that a special trip to Headquarters was made.

At this hour of the night not even a deputy commissioner was to be found, but Fallon finally consented to talk to a captain of detectives. The captain heard him through. It was an incredible story, this yarn connecting Lydia Gryce, daughter of the eminent publisher, and herself well known in society, with bomb-placing. But these were strange times. And while there was nothing to prove that the incident of yesterday was Teutonic in origin, still, bombs were Teutonic weapons, and Stephen Gryce was a pacifist, and pacifists weren't much better than traitors. He questioned Fallon closely.

In everything that Fallon said the man's words rang true. Incredible, yes, but—Miss Gryce might well afford to explain away such damaging testimony. And then, as he reached for the telephone, a thought came to him.

"How'd you happen to know that the girl was Stephen Gryce's daughter?" asked the captain.

"How'd I know it? Didn't I see her around her father's office a hundred times when I was on the *Record?*" demanded Fallon.

Captain Farley whistled softly. "So, that's it, eh? Used to be on the *Record*, did you?" His hand moved away from the telephone.

"Sure I did."

"I see," said the captain. "Resigned, I suppose?"

"I was fired, if it makes any difference in your life," said Fallon.

"Uh-huh," grunted the captain. "Not much; but it seems to have made a difference in yours, Mr. Fallon. And you say that the girl confessed to you that she'd planted the bombs? How'd that happen?"

"I told you—I went to see her," snapped Fallon.

"Oh, yes." The detective-captain was absent-minded. "And she wouldn't give you anything, eh?"

Liquor, excitement, hate, the blow on the head, all things conspired to make Fallon dull-witted now. Revenge blurs the intelligence at best, and Fallon's intellect had other things to blur it. He was poorer than he had ever been in his life; he was incapable of climbing the up-grade to decency; he was incapable ever of starting again to crawl along the lower level that had been his thoroughfare these past few years. Nothing mattered any more, except "getting" Lydia Gryce, Deems, and the publisher, if he could. And so he was incautious.

"I should say she would give me something! She gave me a check for ten thousand dollars, and——"

"You didn't tell me that," interrupted Captain Farley. "Show me the check."

He listened patiently enough while Fallon entered upon the explanation of the absence of the check. But Fallon had made the case too strong. Cases that are too strong have latent weaknesses, Captain Farley had learned many years ago. If Fallon had not said that Lydia Gryce had bribed him, Farley might have given his story some credence. As it was, Lydia Gryce was not a fool, and nobody but a fool would have played into the hands of a drunken chauffeur. A plain case of crazy blackmail, inspired by Fallon's discharge from the *Record*.

The captain reached for the telephone. "Connect me with the home of Stephen Gryce," he said to Headquarters' operator.

"What you doin' that for?" asked Fallon.

"Just to find out how much of a liar you are," grunted the detective. "And you keep quiet!" he roared. Fallon subsided.

Shortly the captain said:

"HOME of Stephen Gryce? In bed? Well, I can't help it, I must talk to him. Captain Farley of Police Headquarters speaking. Important matter. This you, Mr. Gryce? Sorry to disturb you, sir, but a man named Fallon, formerly employed by you, is down at Headquarters with a crazy yarn about your daughter. Says she was connected with some bomb outrages on Irving Place and Lexington Avenue to-day. Says she gave him ten thousand to keep his mouth shut and that a reporter from your paper got the check away from him. Talks like a hop-head, but—your daughter there? May I speak with her a moment? Thank you. Miss Gryce? Captain Farley talking. Merely wanted absolute corroboration of the fact that a man down in my office was lying. He said that you weren't at home, but were at a house on Forty-seventh Street; been home all evening, eh? Well, sorry to disturb you, Miss Gryce. Put your father on again, please. Mr. Gryce? Sorry to annoy you. Your daughter has been home all evening, eh? And was with you all afternoon, eh? Well, I guess your word and hers are good against a dirty drunken hound like this rat I got here. Only called you up because I was afraid he'd get to some newspaper and make talk. Thought I'd nail him right off. Will you come down in the mornin' and make a charge against him? Let him go? I wouldn't do that if I were you, Mr. Gryce. These chaps ought to get the limit the law allows. Teach 'em better; set a good example. Too much blackmail these days. Let him go? Well, Mr. Gryce, you're the boss. Of course, he ain't guilty of nothing more than slander, I suppose. Randolph Fallon, yes. That's his name. All right, sir."

He hung up and turned to Fallon. "Listen, feller," he said, coldly. "Gryce is a nice, milk-and-watery sort of guy.

But I'm hard, man, awful hard. I'd just laugh myself sick if you was brought in here some day, charged with somethin', even if it was only drunkenness. I'd put it over on you so hard that the guy that invented frame-ups would turn over in his grave from jealousy. 'Cause why? Because I hate rats, that's why. But Gryce evidently doesn't. Forgive and let live seems to be his motto. Well, enough. He's the boss. His daughter's the one you been yawpin' about, not mine. If it was mine—but it ain't. Now, feller—git."

FALLON stared, his chin on his chest; slumped in the chair and looked exactly what he was, a crook and a blackmailer, a weakling and a sot. And for the first time in many years he had been telling the literal truth. There was no justice in this world. A man like Gryce could get away with murder. But he, Randolph Fallon, could not get away even with the truth. Yesterday he had been little to boast of, but he had been earning a living, such as it was. To-day, this morning, he was flat broke, his means of livelihood gone, and there was no recourse. Stephen Gryce was a power in the city and country. He made mayors and unmade governors.

A captain of detectives would take the word of Stephen Gryce against that of Randolph Fallon. If only he hadn't mentioned the ten-thousand-dollar blackmail check given him by Miss Gryce. Then Farley might have believed him and he could have had, at least, the beginnings of revenge. As it was, he was lucky to leave Headquarters at all, and he knew it, and showed it in the manner in which, crabwise, he sidled from the room.

He had not even a penny in his pocket; the thugs who had assaulted him had "cleaned" him completely. He must walk. But where to? He stood in front of Headquarters a full three minutes, revolving plans. And then an idea came to him. Gryce had lied to Captain Farley; he knew that. Of course, Lydia Gryce might have gone home in the hours that had elapsed since he saw her descend from the roadster and enter the house on Forty-seventh Street. That was, if it really had been Lydia who talked with Farley. But Gryce had lied when he told the detective-captain that she had been with him all afternoon. It might be that Gryce still lied. And if Lydia Gryce was not at home—well, earlier by a few hours he had tried to think of some shrewd plan and failed. But bluntness might win. Lydia Gryce had yielded to threat before; she might do so again.

It was a long walk up-town; he was tired from excitement, from fear, and the wearing emotion of hate. But greed gave him strength. Steadily he progressed up-town, and, in his intentness upon his errand, he was unaware that he had been followed from the very moment that he left Headquarters. The limousine that had been slowly passing by as he stood upon the steps had not attracted his attention, and if it had the attention would have been casual. And so he did not notice that two men emerged from it half a block away; he did not know that they followed him all the tiresome miles up-town.

He had not remembered the number of the Forty-seventh Street house, but he remembered its appearance. And he no longer needed drugs wherewith to clear his brain. He could think now; his narrow escape from a cell had frightened him into clarity of thought.

There came, at first, no response to his ring, but insistently he pressed the button. And finally the door swung cautiously open. Fallon pressed his foot against it, but the chain that protected it would not give. Through the crack, Fallon spoke.

"I want to see Miss Gryce; Miss Lydia Gryce," he said.

"Miss Gryce?" It was a very sleepy old colored servant who answered. "Who you-all think you are, comin' round this time o' th' mawnin' asking for Miss Gryces? No sech person here."

"No? If she doesn't answer to me she'll answer to a policeman," threatened Fallon. "You tell her that Randolph Fallon, the man she saw yesterday afternoon, wants to see her quick. Don't stall with me; I know she's here."

The colored woman hesitated. "You wait here," she said after a moment, and she slammed the door, bruising Fallon's foot in the action.

Fallon bit his lip. It was not, physically, his lucky night, but still, money would assuage bruises. And he had forgotten the slight injury a moment later when the servant returned and grudgingly bade him enter.

Lydia Gryce had been sleeping soundly when the servant awakened her. It was the second time within six hours that she had been awakened from slumber, but she looked as charming as though she had had the full quota of sleep that doctors prescribe for all healthy adults who would remain healthy. But her charm, to Fallon at any rate, was modified by the contempt in her glance.

"Well?" she said.

"It isn't well; as well as you'd like it, Miss Gryce," said the taximan. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but business is business, ain't it?"

"What business have we with each other? I thought that was all settled," she replied.

"So did I, but I lost that check you gave me, Miss Gryce, and I want another."

She eyed him; he was lying, but that did not matter.

"How did you know where to find me?" she asked.

He blinked owlishly. "That's telling. What do you care? I'm wise, I am. Do I get that check?"

She shrugged. "I shall have the other one stopped, you understand?"

"Sure thing. Ain't I told you that I lost it?"

"Yes, you told me," she said, listlessly. Again she stared at him. In the house with her was only the negro maid, an old feeble woman. As for herself, she was strong, but Fallon, despite the dissipation of years, still retained his strong frame. Lydia could not know that all his muscle had degenerated into flabby fat. And yet it was vital that the man be kept here. In another day her plans would mature, *must mature*, unless they were doomed to failure. And failure she could not believe was to be her portion.

Yesterday evening it had not mattered so much. To get rid of the man and to insure his silence, that had been enough. But this morning—dawn was close at hand—Fallon must not be permitted to leave here. He had, in some unexpected fashion, found her secret hiding-place, the hiding-place that she thought to be secure. If he knew of it every action of hers would be investigated by those who were enemies, not alone of her, but of her country. If Fallon should present this check at the bank, emissaries of de Grecque would know of it, would follow him. Fallon must not leave here.

And yet, how was she to prevent him? Helplessly she stared at him. After all that she had endured, to have her work jeopardized by a man like this! She regretted the fact that she was unarmed. Had he a revolver? He must be a coward. She looked about the room helplessly.

"Come on, Miss Gryce, I want that check," insisted Fallon.

And then the maid was in the room; in the room with a message that brought the color back to Lydia's cheeks.

"Another gentleman to see you, Miss Lydia," said the servant. "Says his name is Rogan, Miss Lydia."

Rogan! So that strange man had eluded de Grecque—was here to rescue her again!

"Show him in," she said exultantly.

Fallon whitened. "Look here, Miss Gryce," he said, "you know what I know about you. You try any funny business——"

Her laugh silenced him. "Do you know, Mr. Fallon," she said, "I have a curiosity as to what a man of your kind will do when facing a real man. You come here to blackmail me. You are very brave dealing with a woman, Mr. Fallon. But you were careless, very careless, when you lost that check that I gave you yesterday. Because you will not get another check from me, Mr. Fallon."

He stared at her. Once again malign fate had balked him of his opportunity for what he termed rehabilitation.

"You talk big, Miss Gryce," he said, "but when the police——"

"After to-morrow," she laughed, "you may go to the police, Mr. Fallon. I shall not mind. But to-night——"

THE words died away on her lips. For it was not Rogan, the man who at risk of a wound to himself had effected her rescue last night, who entered the room. It was de Grecque.

Smiling evilly he stood in the doorway.

"Continue, Miss Gryce, continue, I beg of you," he said. He rubbed his hands together. "This gentleman with you—he practises blackmail, eh? And you—you occasionally submit to it, eh? But not too often. But continue. 'To-night,' you were saying. Go on, please."

Dumbly she stared at him. As for Fallon, subtly he sensed the menace of the stranger's presence. Maybe his game was not up after all.

"I can tell you a lot about this lady," he said, "if you'll make it worth my while."

De Grecque merely looked at him. Before that look Fallon went dumb. He moved not a muscle as de Grecque advanced toward the girl.

The next instalment of ***"The Eyes of the Blind"*** *will appear in the December number.*

AFTER THE WAR—?

(*Continued from page 51*)

cheat another German, but to cheat somebody beyond the pale of the Fatherland, if he had to cheat at all.

The American major went beyond him—he demanded that there be no cheating at all.

His simple injunction was an evidence of the sincerity of an army dedicated to the service of humanity for humanity's sake. Human progress upon the path to immortality does not depend upon material accumulation. It depends upon a fair consideration in the interchange of human service, and this in turn demands a system of contractual policing the world has not hitherto had.

We will have it after the war is over, because we will have to have it before we can get the war over. England has learned it, France has learned it, Russia is struggling for the light, and we are on the way.

FRANCIS DE SALES KERSHAW,
Dallas, Texas.

Wanted—Employment for Two Hundred and Fifty Million Men

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

The most serious problem that we shall have to solve after the war will be the readjustment of business to peace conditions.

It has been estimated that there are 50,000,000 men under arms now, and every nation is doing its utmost to increase the number. Mr. A. C. Miller of the Federal Reserve Board has estimated that for every man under arms there must be four civilians to supply him with munitions of war. Accepting Mr. Miller's figures as correct, the total number of men under arms and supplying men under arms is 250,000,000.

When peace terms are agreed on, what are we going to do with these 250,000,000 men? Surely we don't want to keep 200,000,000 men busy supplying war material for these 50,000,000 soldiers. And surely we can't expect to keep 50,000,000 men under arms in peace times. On the other hand, if the manufacture of munitions of war is suddenly stopped and the soldiers are mustered out of service there will be the finest body of men in the world out of a job. If they are out of a job long, they will be hungry. But they won't be hungry long. The men who are fighting in the trenches are not going to come back and die of starvation. We can not say to these men: "You have saved our lives and our property; we have no further need of you and therefore can no longer feed you; your work is done; go starve."

This problem is far too big for any individual or government, and the Government must not falter in its plain duty to these men.

Properly directed, the men who are under arms and supplying the men under arms can produce more economic wealth in five years than Europe and North America have produced since these two continents have been peopled.

Last year we had in the United States approximately 40,000,000 people employed in gainful occupations. The total value of the labor of these 40,000,000 people was, in round numbers, $50,000,000,000. The per-capita production was, therefore $1,250. To simplify calculations we have assumed that the per-capita production was only $1,000. On this basis the value of the entire 250,000,000 people engaged in war work would be $250,000,000,000 per annum. Ten years at this rate would produce economic wealth of $2,500,000,000,000. Fifty years of such work would transform the earth into a paradise.

Here are a few things that could be done with a few months' work for such a force of men.

In five months there could be built one million miles of railroad; better than the average railroad in the United States. That means practically three hundred railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans.

In one year there could be built 150 trains of automobile trucks reaching from New York City to Pershing's army in France. Each truck to cost $2,000 and to occupy twenty feet of space.

In eighteen months a $3,000 home could be built for every family in Europe and North America.

The work of all these men in one year would produce enough value to put six bracelets of twenty-dollar gold pieces around the earth, with enough left over to put a circle around the United States.

In ten years every family in Europe and North America could have an average wealth of $25,000. Poverty would vanish from the face of the earth. Famine, disease, ignorance and crime would be practically nonexistent.

Somebody is going to say that my figures are too large; suppose they are—what of it? Suppose there are only half as many men engaged in the war as I have said, and suppose that the per-capita production is only half of what I have estimated; what does that prove? It simply proves that the annual value of the labor of the people engaged in the war work and under arms is only $62,500,000,000 instead of $250,000,000,000 as I have estimated. But even accepting these smaller figures it would only require three years to produce economic wealth equal to the total value of England, France, Germany and Russia. That's surely worth thinking about.

The important point is that the governments of the world must provide work for these millions who will be automatically thrown out of employment by the ending of the war. The government that refuses to provide for these people is doomed. The government that attempts to support its returning soldiers in idleness will fall. But the government that shoulders its responsibility promptly and directs the energies of its people to useful *work* will endure.

Such a course will require no new form of government. It will only require new methods. The war has created new conditions and the governments of the world must be readjusted.

There will be people who will say that this plan is merely socialism. It is not socialism. It is inevitable evolution. We simply can not go back to prewar conditions. We must go forward or fall into the blind pit of economic and political oblivion.

There is a wide-spread belief that the most important development of this war will be the increase in the national debts. That belief is not well founded. Suppose, for instance, that when this war is ended the United States has a war debt of $50,000,000,000 and the annual interest charge amounts to $3,000,000,000. The payment of this huge interest is really quite simple. The Government will simply take from the people $3,000,000,000 in taxes and return that same $3,000,000,000 to the people as interest. One cancels the other. If John Smith is taxed $500 and receives interest of $500 he will be neither richer nor poorer. The Government can not take anything from the people that it doesn't return to the people. Therefore the payment of the interest charges need occasion no alarm.

The real after-the-war problem, therefore, is not the payment of the interest charges; that can be done easily enough. The real problem—the serious problem—is employment. Our Government should appoint a commission of the ablest economists we have, to decide how these men could be employed to produce the best results. Employed, they must be, and the Government has got to do it—at least temporarily.

W. W. PHILLIPS, Galion, Ohio.

As an Army Private Sees It

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

The future is, no doubt, of the greatest concern to those who have just gotten over the line to qualify for the National Army. They have the making of it immediately at hand and the living of it as a prospect. There are three aspects under which it is revealed: 1. No future at all in the event of death; 2. A future of regret and suffering in the event of permanent disablement; 3. A future which will be that of the entire world and with which this article is concerned.

No thinking man has entered the Army without stopping to inquire the reason for it all. Starting with himself, he asks why he responds to the call of the nation of which he is a citizen. Next, he asks why this nation has responded to the call of the European Allies. Finally, he considers why all these nations are willing to accept the challenge of the Central Powers in the face of the bloody price they have to pay.

This war is one of and for principles. It is to prove which of the principles, the rights of nations or the rights of humanity, shall survive. The might of the wills of the majority of the human race is being used to prove to a nation that the theory, "might makes right," is a fallacy. (I say a

nation because Germany has tricked other nations by the deluding prospects of power and wealth. Her allies have their faults of greed, which explains Germany's appeal to them.)

Force is the only effectual instrument with which to bring the contest to a close. It is hoped by individuals of both sides that all force of that character will spend itself completely in the execution of this single office, and will be supplanted by a force which may be termed the force of restraint. This force involves the recognition of the rights of individuals and nations in proportion to their merits. In practise, it requires a willingness to abide by the ruling of the majority and, on the part of individuals and nations, a restraint which will cause them to aspire to those positions only which are conceded to them, if not by unanimous consent, at least by the majority.

This in part is what is hoped to be evolved from the war. The next in importance is that our organizations may be preserved. Whether it be our home, our town, our university, our country, we will make any sacrifice that the continuity of their lives may not be broken. When we are making the greatest sacrifice of all, when we are removed from the direct benefit of their privileges, when we are risking our lives for them, we look back to them with more veneration than we ever felt while we were living our routine lives within them.

There is one reservation to be made. It is that these organizations be gradually remodeled to conform to the principle which was first set forth. One benefit which has accrued from this war is that it has opened our eyes to our own faults. It has made us natural and frank enough to confess that we are not entirely inculpable. Life in the army is teaching many of us the meaning of considerate cooperation. It is to be hoped that they will serve as an object-lesson when they get back home. What is true of individuals is true of nations. We are getting invaluable experience in cooperation with other nations, fraternizin with them, getting personal contact, which can not help but increase our estimation of and sympathy for them.

The casualties of the war are impressing upon the minds of those who suffer loss of loved ones the greater value of life over forced gain at the price of lives. It is only that that will school those at home, who are not going through the purging fire of battle, in the lesson of self-restraint. The right of every one and every nation to live and enjoy life will be in the ascendency over the right of any one or any nation to enjoy life in superabundance at the expense of others.

Extreme socialists hail it as the millennium of the power of the working man. They are right in part. There will be more working men, but the scale of averages will remain practically the same. For years to come, an idler will have difficulty explaining the reason for his lack of occupation. The oppression of the lower class will be abated to a degree, as respect for the rights of others comes into greater play. But the weight of numbers will not be the determining factor in issues. Brains and wealth will continue to command and labor obey. It will be in a more brotherly attitude than heretofore.

Anti-militarists claim that it will make an end to war. It is a condition vainly hoped for and for which the world is not prepared. It will cement together all the powerful nations into a union which will, upon repetition of a display of avarice by a nation, join together their forces to beat down the incursion, upon the same justifiable basis as exists to-day. Even Germany will come through with her lesson well learned and, when the sting of defeat is soothed by time, will join hands with her former antagonists.

It is not the brute force of compulsion that will join all the nations of the world into one power, one unit. It will be through the volition and acquiescence of the contracting parties with no secret alliances to cause distrust or to disrupt. Nations will be actuated by the desire to give opportunity to human effort for its fullest development.

PRIVATE V. E. TILLSON, U. S. A.

Victory First, Talk Afterward

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

It seems to me that any discussion at this time of what will happen or what we will do after this war is somewhat inopportune. It is as wise for the hunter to stop in the midst of the chase to discuss the best method of cooking the game that is still in the brush, as to talk now of what is going to happen or we are going to do or be after the war. For what this world will do or be after this war, depends entirely and solely upon what it does before the war is ended.

What Lincoln said of this nation can be aptly applied to the world. This world can not exist half slave and half free. To determine what the world will be in case this war is fought to a finish, and the great ideal of humanity, human liberty, is firmly established, is not difficult.

The overwhelming majority of mankind is intelligent and sane and when the opportunity is given, it will solve rightly the great problems that confront it. If labor has been unreasonable and avaricious, it has had placed before it, by capital, most striking examples of unreasonableness and avariciousness. Labor and capital, after this war, are going to come to an understanding for the reason that this war is going to impress upon all classes the saneness of arbitration, and afford the means of making arbitration more practicable and less difficult.

The silly rot about this war weakening the race is not worthy of space in print. Those who constitute the great armies fighting for civilization and humanity will return from victorious battle-fields one hundred per cent. better men than they were before the war. Those who remain behind and win the great industrial battles, will have acquired an efficiency and view-point of life which will add a hundred per cent. to national efficiency.

If this war is fought to the proper end we and the world at large, will start toward the rising sun of a new and better day and, inspired by a new hope and confidence in a new and better future, we will meet bravely and efficiently the problems before us.

ARTHUR P. ABBOTT.
Highland Falls, N. Y.

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Why We Are

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is an organization of groups of boys and girls of high-school age—about fourteen to eighteen—for the purpose of preparing for better citizenship through a standard national plan of training and activities.

At present, most of these groups are formed in high schools, because most of the boys and girls of fourteen to eighteen are in the high schools in the average community, and because the school is the natural center for all the good citizenship activities of the community, and offers the best facilities of equipment, guidance and instruction for this work. The groups will be called High-School Volunteers until enough independent groups are formed to warrant a broader name.

The idea back of the movement is that boys and girls, and men and women, can and should be specially trained for citizenship by a plan of concrete practical activities adapted to their age, interests, capacities and circumstances, and that this work should be done in addition to the other work of the schools and to the other educational influences of the home and the church, etc.

Citizenship training, to be effective, must meet these requirements:

First, it must be based upon the nature, qualities, instincts and equipment of the boy or girl, and man or woman, it deals with.

Second, it must be continuous and progressive from one stage of growth to another.

Third, it must be an adjunct to and be coordinated with the school system, the home, church and community life.

Fourth, it must be based upon some definite system of organization and leadership.

Fifth, it must be standardized in form and national in scope.

There are several agencies at work outside the educational system with this object in view.

The Boy Scouts and similar movements include the younger boys and girls of grammar-school age. They are organized in groups, generally independent of the school system, though often related to the community and church. Their plan of work is based upon a sound consideration of the nature, instincts, interests and powers of the younger boys and girls, and employs the group system, the competitive idea and the principle of leadership. The work is national in scope and more or less standardized.

The High-School Volunteers carries on the work to the older boys and girls of high-school age. It utilizes the group system, the leadership principle and the competitive idea, but insists upon greater rigidity of organization and leadership and uniformity of plan than is perhaps suited to the younger boys. It attains this by basing its work upon the fundamentals of military organization and discipline embodied in the cadet-corps idea. It is connected closely with the school and community life. The work is national in scope and standardized.

Both these organizations are adapted only to the urban boy and girl. The Farm-Boy Cavaliers of America fills the gap left for the rural boy and girl. It employs the group system of organization, the leadership principle, the competitive idea; but its work is adapted precisely to the needs of the country boy. It is national in scope and standardized.

The American League for Citizenship carries on and completes the better citizenship training of these organizations of younger Americans. It is an organization of men and women for studying and practising better citizenship in the concrete problems of their community state and of the nation. It is a body of active citizens—from eighteen up—embodying in concrete practise the principles which the Scouts, the High-School Volunteers and the Farm Cavaliers aimed to develop in the growing citizen. It works closely with schools, churches and the whole life of the community, and its organization is national in scope and standardized.

The High-School Volunteer movement is not primarily a movement to introduce military drill in high schools. It is primarily a movement for citizenship training, using the cadet-corps idea, with its fundamentals of military organization and discipline, as a basis.

The cadet-corps idea, with its military activities organized on the competitive plan, is admirably adapted to this purpose. The corps is the community unit of citizenship in training. It represents the hopes and faith, the coming strength, good morals, civic decency of the community. It is supposed to act accordingly, to serve the community in every possible way, take part in civic functions, assist in crises, be its vigilantes against disease, crime, fraud, graft, and, in short, with community guidance and inspiration, to act good citizenship in every opportunity. The cadet corps appeals to the instincts of the boy and girl of high-school age and gives picturesque dignity to the idea which it represents. With its activities organized on a competitive plan, and with community interest as a background, it strengthens the physique of every boy better than the grind of ordinary military drill and the unregulated competition of school athletics, improves his bearing and manner, trains him in team-work and fair play, and impresses upon him the importance of clean living, good health and decency. The eyes of the whole community are on him, and with the natural inspiration afforded by the girl-sponsor feature, his will, his manliness and all the vague stirrings of the personal and civic morality of the man-to-be are strengthened and developed.

The competitive feature is essential to make the work successful. It is capable of indefinite extension, starting from the corps squad as a unit, till it reaches the form of a National Citizenship Olympic. Nothing is better adapted to bring about better understanding between communities, districts and sections, and break down the spirit of localism and sectionalism which every far-seeing educational movement is trying to combat.

To make the competitive idea effective it is necessary: First, that the work be undertaken by as many communities as possible and be made national in scope; second,

High-School Volunteers at Camp Steever, Summer 1918.

that the work, its leadership, organization, methods and equipment be standardized; third, that there be some impartial agency for extending the work, arranging, maintaining the records, awarding honors, and securing publicity for the larger competitive events; fourth, that each school and community engaged in the work have equal voice in the movement as a whole.

This can not be done by any one school or community. It must be done by some bureau or national headquarters representing the common interests of all in the work. It is an educational service, national in scope, which can not be left to private volunteer effort. It must be taken over and maintained by the schools, and when it becomes too large for them, it must be put under the joint direction of the Bureau of Education and the War Department.

The present volunteer headquarters is working to this end, and asks the cooperation of all schools and communities who are genuinely interested, in whatever way, in the making of a better citizenship in America.

Every one knows of the splendid service that the very young Americans in the Boy and Girl Scout organizations have rendered the country in this war. The Government has been quick to recognize the important part that young America may play in this struggle, and in the recently formed Student Army Training Corps it is organizing and preparing the young men in our colleges, above the age of eighteen, for real and special service commensurate with their superior training.

But at present the incalculable energies and patriotic spirit of the American boy and girl of fourteen to eighteen are unorganized and unused. Between the Boy Scouts and the Student Army there is a gap filled with great possibilities which conflicting educational and military ideas have compelled to go unused, and which the High-School Volunteer idea affords a way to turn to immediate and lasting national service.

If your community hasn't an H. S. V. U. S. corps, form one. If it has, be sure that it cooperates loyally with the national movement through headquarters. "The Official Handbook and Cadet Manual," Volume I, by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia as a regular text-book, gives the details of the organization, first years' training, and regulations of the cadet corps, which is the basis of the work.

The constitution, membership forms and other information may be obtained from headquarters. The Handbook and the constitution are the basis of association with the national High-School Volunteer movement. Any school, Institution or community forming a corps based on them may be included in the national organization. Other literature dealing with the community and civic phases of the cadet training is being prepared.

The account of the high-school cadet work of Birmingham, Alabama, published in the August number, gives undue credit to Mr. Evans's part in that movement. Later information makes it clear that Mr. Tom Akers, who was mentioned as succeeding Mr. Evans in the work, is really the one to whom major credit belongs in starting it and carrying it out to its present splendid success.

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 42*)

Again the white-winged dragon-fly came streaking through the air—eastward this time. Again the Archies banged and crashed and the trollies jerked and swayed to and fro with every explosion, as a tiny boat oscillates in the wash of a passing steamer.

"Cease fire!" The battery commander walked over to his second, filling his pipe. "That fellow was nearer fifteen thousand than ten thousand," he growled.

"Twelve thousand and four hundred, sir," replied the other; "he didn't stay long—that's one of ours following." He pointed eastward.

Another plane was in the skies—the snarl of her engines came to them above the ceaseless pulsation of the distant guns. It was climbing as it progressed, climbing perceptibly.

"That fellow's moving some—a fast scouting-machine," said the battery commander.

The machine banked over suddenly and began to climb in big spirals. Higher and higher it climbed till it reached that altitude where even the rising sun failed to find reflection on its wings and it became a black speck. The artillerymen watched the climb for ten minutes before a new diversion came. It was afforded by the appearance in the east of a big formation which went slowly across the sky at an altitude of twelve thousand feet.

"Twenty-five—twenty-six—twenty-seven—say thirty," counted the gunner officer.

"Thirty-two," suggested his companion, "or thirty-three, counting the watcher up aloft—I wonder what the devil he's doing up there?"

"Passin' Q. B. 73 T., sir—headin' for Q. Y. 99 B., sir," rasped the weary signaler on the ground.

It was the white German returning; the gunners recognized her. She was following a course identical with that which she had pursued less than half an hour before. Again she winged her contemptuous way through the shrapnel which a western battery was flinging at her.

"'Old fire against 'ostile aircraft approachin' Q. Y. 99 B., sir," sang the signaler.

"HERE comes the watcher!" said the battery commander as the speck in the sky grew larger and larger.

"*Ticka ticka ticka!*"

The chatter of the machine gun came to the men on the road—then something in the long white "body" of the enemy burst into flame and the machine dropped sideways and tail down to the earth, the "watcher" swooping down in his tracks.

"He ought to fall somewhere about here," speculated the battery commander. "What a devil of a time it takes to get 'em down—here she comes!"

Come "she" did, with a thud and jangle on the very center of the white road a hundred yards away.

The gunners started at a run for the blazing wreckage, the battery commander himself leading the way and dashing through the evil-smelling smoke to the very heart of the blaze; his scorched hands wrenched away the strap which fastened the pilot to his seat and lifted him out.

He was unconscious and bleeding from the neck, but there was no appearance of any fatal wound. The big gunner carried the insensible man a dozen yards and laid him on the side of the road. His face was black with smoke, his fair hair was singed and amber brown.

"A good-looking fellow for a Fritz," said the battery commander, scientifically bandaging the neck wound, which was apparently superficial. "Open his tunic, Grey. Ah! Nothing wrong there. I suppose the poor devil got it when he crashed."

He filled a cup with hot coffee from his vacuum flask and forced open the airman's teeth.

"Drink hearty, Fritzie," he said.

The eyelids of the prostrate man fluttered, he gasped and choked and muttered something in German. His destroyer had landed in a near-by field and the pilot had descended and was walking rapidly toward the group, shedding his gloves as he came.

First he made his way to the blazing machine, hopping in and out of the spluttering fire till at last he emerged with a long bamboo pole to the end of which was fastened a thin, steel grapnel-hook. He laid this down by the side of the road carefully and walked toward the circle of men about the fallen airman.

"Your bird, I think," said the battery commander.

"Aye," said the pilot.

He stooped down, unfastened the remaining buttons of the German's tunic and felt gingerly into first one and then the other of the inside pockets. From the latter he took a flat case of limp leather and opened it, disclosing a map which was protected by a mica covering. He nodded and grinned and carefully transferred the case to his own pocket.

Now, it was not unusual for a pilot to carry a map. Ordinarily that map is so disposed in his machine that there is no difficulty about its consultation. It is on the other hand, very unusual for a map to be carried in a pocket which is wholly unget-at-able, and it was more unusual still that a German airman prisoner, awakening to consciousness, should signify that his first thought was of a map which obviously he could not be employing for the purpose of his flight.

The young man, still dazed, his eyes half closed, stirred uneasily and spoke again in the same muttering tone. Then his hands felt for his inside pocket. For a moment he explored and then with a curse he sat bolt upright, staring from face to face. It took him some little time to grasp his unfortunate position and to realize that he was not among friends.

"How did you know?" he asked in English, and he addressed the little Scottish aviator who was standing over him regarding him with a look in which solicitude and amusement were blended.

"A've second sight," said the other solemnly; "'tis a failure o' mine."

The man on the ground groaned and closed his eyes and presently he spoke again.

"I think I can get up now."

"You had better remain where you are," said the battery commander, and Tam nodded.

"We're gettin' our electroplated limousine for ye," he said with a note of sarcasm in his tone; "'tis not often we meet the like o' ye."

All this was very mysterious to the battery commander, but he was too old a soldier to ask questions.

Presently the "electroplated limousine" came up in a cloud of dust, and proved to be a very grimy staff car into which the shaken young man was assisted.

Tam picked up the bamboo pole and strapped it to his nascelle, started up his engine and, flying at a thousand feet, overtook and passed his prisoner and was waiting for him in the aerodrome when the car pulled up before Squadron Headquarters.

THE formality of checking the name and division of the prisoner, of asking him the conventional questions which he as conventionally refused to answer, was got through and Tam and his commander were alone in the office.

"Now let us have a look at that map," said Blackie.

Tam took the case from his pocket and opened it on the table. It was a very ordinary photographic map, what is termed a mosaic, that is to say it was made up of a number of squares which had been accurately photographed by airmen and pieced together, and, unlike most mosaics, it was small, the squares being little more than an inch either way.

"How did you get him?" asked Blackie, looking up.

Tam coughed. "It's no' for me," he said modestly, "to speak in praise o' ma own foresight an' acumen."

"Well don't," said Blackie.

"On the ither hand," Tam continued, "'twould be doing a grave injustice to the Umpte-fourth if I were to mask ma light. At 5:26 on the mornin' of the 4th instant A received a communication from ma respected commander to the effect that hostile aircraft of seenister design, to wit the Gairman Intelligence Department, had been behavin' strangely and even insultingly——"

"Now, Tam, cut all that," said Blackie; "I sent you out to observe while the squadron was assembling."

"And A obsairved," said Tam; "A obsairved the hostile enemy goin' due east. A further obsairved the squadron goin' northeast, so I just hung aroond, ma instinct tellin' me that this wee feller would return. A knew he would return, for he hadna caught anything, for awa' up A could see a wee balloon that was driftin' slowly southward."

Blackie nodded.

"Presently ma fine lad came back. He had missed it the first time and he had missed it the second time, but the third time he spotted it and off he went. A had a good peek at him through ma glasses and A saw him push out his grand little fishin'-rod, hook the cord of the balloon and hike it into the nascelle. It didna take so long to get the map and break the gas-bag. Mon, it was a grand stoont!"

Tam shook his head in admiration.

That morning the Assistant Provost Marshal of Bezierville arrested the amiable Mr. Veldstein and impounded him and his gas-cyclinders, his little balloons of gold-beater's skin and a great deal of correspondence which interested the Intelligence Department long after Mr. Veldstein had filled the grave which willing hands had dug for him.

The DUCHESS of SIONA

(*Continued from page 59*)

was groping for—the memory of Malatesta, as she had seen him, eight years ago, the man on her father's throne with a bloody sword in his hand, who had kept her and her father kneeling on the blood-stained floor amid the smoke, while he balanced their doom. She remembered how eagerly, swiftly, his men had watched and waited on his look, how, at his word they moved, hurried, always looking toward him to see that his little gray eyes approved. And with the shaping of the mental picture there broke on her the certainty that the man before her was a man of Malatesta's type, the ruling, leading, commanding man, whose word, whose gesture, whose every look could compel men into deeds. Here was authority, here was towering mastery, the spirit that would wing its way where common men but walked, and soar till it challenged God's power to limit its range of flight.

"Oh," she said, "as I rule my city I have to deal with such a man as you, and he uses me cruelly. Are you cruel?" She asked it quite simply. Pedro was silent as he stared at her. "Are you? Are strong men always cruel?"

His breast heaved. "Good God—you speak to me of cruelty—have you forgotten?"

She knew what he meant. "That was very strange. You boasted that day, and yet—oh," she said helplessly, "why do you come here? You bewilder me. I'm not clever, I'm not strong, yet I try—You might help me, if you would." The sense of power in him seemed to call up a weakness in her. As far as her pride let her she made this appeal to him.

"You think the condottiere might help the Duchess," he answered. To himself, "Damn you, damn you, coward, what in all hell made you answer her so?"

That should have called her to herself, but the spell was now all about her.

"Are you mocking me? I forget these things, rank, station. Is it the moonlight that makes all that unreal?" She felt herself trembling, and called, faintly, "Giolina!"

He put his hands over hers on the balustrade. In his left hand he took her right. "Giolina has gone. Stay here with me. Have no fear."

"I have no fear. How brave you make me feel when you are near. You should have been a great man."

"I HAVE known greatness — once I thought nothing else worth winning, but now of all life offers I seek but this, to live unfettered in the spirit by bonds of man or woman. This I have achieved. I am my own. Not power nor wealth can lure me, nor desire of anything put a chain about me. Success or defeat can sway me from my set path as little as love or hate can change the moon and her tides. Against all passions but one I wear armor of proof. Against that one I keep ceaseless watch."

"What is that one?" she asked. He meant her to ask. He kept silence, staring at her. She flushed again, and drew back. "What is that one?"

"Dare I tell you?"

She knew what it was, yet she must ask him. Her eyes looked the question. "Tell me," she said.

"Love."

He had got to it now; she might have started away at the word, as she had done before, and yet so cleverly had he led her on, so skilfully and certainly had he thrown the coils about her, that she went straight on under his guidance along the path he had set her feet on.

"Why do you fear love?"

"Because love is the master, the tyrant, the enslaver. All other passions, malice, hate, pride, a man may cherish in his bosom and yet bend to his will. All these are man's servants, serving his moods and purposes. But who accepts love, let him say good-by to freedom. Love is a scourge, a sword, a cruelty, a traitor, man's implacable enemy."

AND she, who had denied it and refused it, felt rise in her a passionate sense of championship of the thing she had despised. She could not bear to be silent and suffer this man to trample love underfoot. "No, no, you are wrong. It gives vision, I tell you. You can not know love, to speak of it so. Even I understand it better than you, because, because—" she cast about her—"because I know how to serve." The thought lit up a place in her mind that had been dark to this very instant, but was now gloriously illuminated. "I love my city, I love my people. Love—oh, if you knew, love gives wings, it strengthens, it empowers."

"It betrays, deludes, enfeebles!" For all his triumph fear was entering him. The moon was slipping behind the tower of the castle, the shadow came moving across the terrace, down the steps—

She placed her hands on his shoulders, he held them there. "If such a man as you," she said pleadingly, "could take to himself the strength that lies in love, it could make you a god."

He shook his head as one who will not believe. "Only in dreams men dream these dreams, and wake—to find themselves fast locked in slavery. This is the supreme lesson life holds for man—to beware of love. This lesson I have learned, and now I walk with wide-open eyes, aware of my danger, and ever on my guard. Only once I have faltered."

She knew. She hardly dared say, "When was that?" But she got the words out.

The moon was gone. In a sky of ineffable violet a myriad stars shone wildly bright. Gloom lapped them both about, and warm air gently moving. The scent of the roses filled them and all the imponderable influences of the garden and their solitude had their way. Her hands, held in his, rested on his shoulders. How they trembled! "When was that?"

"When I first saw you. I was tempted, yielding. I was falling, swerving from the path I tread alone into the common road where the great host of mankind walks bound in chains it has no eyes to see, and God saw my danger, and once again he pitied me, and stooped to save me. Oh, thanks, thanks, for your scorn, your cruelty. The humiliation you heaped on me that was necessary for my salvation. When in my troubled dreams your image walks the chambers of my heart, my memories lend me the spell that defeats all your magic. From that hour of shame I pluck this triumph, that I need never fear you, for I shall never love you."

They were in full contest, he shaking, she quivering, wrestling in the darkness with the terrifying thing that had come upon her from within herself, struck into living by his defiance, his denunciation, the very blasphemy, as it seemed, of his words.

"You will not love me?"

"Not I. Though the night and the wonder of your beauty assail me by every avenue of my senses, though my heart turn traitor and fling open its gates to you, though my very soul faint and surrender, yet I tell you in the remotest citadel of my breast dwells an unconquerable instinct that is ME—and *that*, to the last, will still defy you!"

She leaned forward. Only the pressure of her hands held rigidly on his shoulders kept her from falling. "You defy me?" Her challenge to his defiance, faintly voiced, yet unyielding.

"Yes, I defy you, defy you!" His hand went to his left sleeve, he clutched the bracelet there, unclasped it, thrust it roughly at her. "Take it back, take back your bracelet." He compelled her to take the golden circle. "There's magic about you, there's a spell in this thing that works a spell on me, but still I am unconquered. I will not yield though your hand were on my hair—though your face stooped to mine—and your lips, your lips——"

Her hand was on his hair, her face stooped to his, her lips hovered over his face, trembling sank toward his, his arms closed on her, she was fainting—falling—"God, what is this, where am I?" She wrenched herself away, she thrust him back, she fled up the steps to the terrace. she heard his unsteady footsteps behind her, she turned, her breast heaving wildly, knees trembling, hand uplifted, to check him. "Go down! Go down! I am the Duchess!"

THE mingled torrent of anger, pride, distress, entreaty, poured from her, flowed over him, overwhelmed him. He stopped, he stared—second by second he drooped—bowed. The magic was broken, the spell ruined. The lackey, flung back to his place, bowed where he stood halfway up the steps.

"Excellency!"

She was gone. For a second a flood of warm light had poured into the night, turning its violet to blackness for all its stars, as she had pulled aside the silken hangings over the door of her room. Into that blaze of light she had passed, erect, white-faced, trembling, her hair floating about her, all she knew of pride in aspect given to him in his last vision of her. Then the curtain fell, color came into the sky, the stars rushed out again, and he stood, still panting from that contest, motionless on the steps.

He came down them, walked toward the cedar, turned and looked up again at the silent terrace. He whispered to

himself, "The bird's in the net, the bird's in the net." He tried to laugh—and shivered. And then—"And you, Pedro, you cunning devil—you poor lost devil, where are you?"

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Court of Love is Interrupted

THE unapproachable Siona dawn broke on at least three people in the castle who had had little sleep that night. The Duchess lay with her arms folded over her face, as if trying to shut out visions, thoughts, now and strange, all terrifying. Amati sat in his bed, despairing. Pedro, as he had told Francis, spent the night with the guard on the stone bridge, the fine new bridge Conradi had built, giving access to Siona from the plain of Aquiloja. The road from Missona came to the town here. In the middle of the bridge was a span of wood, the fairway being a stout platform which hinged on the side nearest the town, and which was lifted every night at dark. Exit from or ingress to the city was perhaps easier than it was supposed to be, but the guard always on duty here made some sort of parley with the few chance goers.

With these men Pedro had meant to mingle, as customarily he would have done fluidly enough, his instant ability to suit his mood to his company being always at its best when talking to common folk. The frank simplicity of his manner, his acceptance of their crudities, still left them with a sense of something bigger and subtler than they, but no hint of condescension ever obtruded itself to spoil comradeship.

But to-night he was in no need for company. He let them know that a man might possibly be inquiring for him during the night, in which case, bid him wait. He would return from time to time. He left them and paced the long deserted quay of stone; here and there a black barge swung gently on the river, an occasional faint rustle of the moving water tinged the stillness of the night with tremor.

Here, as in the castle garden, the moonlight turned all it touched to a fairy beauty, but he had no eyes for beauty. He was tired, faint. He had fasted all the previous day, and a great weariness held him. A sense of exhaustion he could not understand was over body and brain. He would have given much to sleep.

A dozen times that night he approached the sentries on the bridge, but no one had asked for him. He was thoughtful, anxious even. There was no reason to connect the move Bartoldi had sent him word of with any possible interest of his, Pedro's, yet his mind persisted in returning to the question as to what it might mean. All ranks at Missona to be ready early next, that is, that morning. He laughed in bitter disparagement of himself, despising himself for having actually forgotten to question Francis as to how many men Malatesta had at command. This reflection brought him to another, the recollection of what had been his mental obsession at the time Francis had given him his news. That thought was too irritating—a great melancholy took him.

A fresh guard came on soon after dawn. The drawbridge was lowered. Pedro still hung about. Something bade him run no risk of a messenger's missing him. The hours passed by. The city was wide-awake and bustling. He gave it up.

Bartoldi, he told himself, was too big a fool to be of any service to him. Surely he should have found out by now something of what Malatesta had in view. Bartoldi was condottiere, the men practically his as much as Malatesta's; it could not be supposed that he was to know nothing of a move in which these men were to be used. He went back at last to the castle in a state of high exasperation.

Amati was up, dressed with an exquisite melancholy. He cast a wistful eye at Pedro, who looked at him stonily. Brief word passed between the two. Pedro asked him if he had breakfasted. Received an impatient answer, no. Pedro advised him to eat. He declined. Pedro let it be; he had had nothing himself.

HE WAS tired and hungry, but the one redeeming thought that came to him was that that was his last day at Siona. He had had enough of it. He could continue without food or sleep for that day. He suddenly resolved that he would never again eat or sleep in that town. Amati, victor or vanquished in his quest, should see the last of him that evening, and he would hasten from the castle, the city, in which he found it now difficult to breathe.

Presently there came a tap at the door. A page, gaily dressed, had come to summon Amati to the putting of the question. Amati looked at Pedro, who was squatting on the bed. He rose, and followed the page with the Count.

The Court of Love was already in session. Instead of being held in the main hall, the Duchess had suddenly decided that it should be held in the room of which mention has earlier been made, the room seldom used, in which was the recessed doorway in which Pedro, we may suppose, had hidden during the colloquy between the Duchess and Guilielmo.

Here one was in the actual primitive stronghold of Siona. Partly built of enormous stones many feet in thickness, the rest of the room was actually nothing more nor less than a cave, hewn out of the living rock. Here and there the outer walls were cut into by recesses in which a man might stand, and in each of these a slit was opened to the outer air so that a bow might be used in defense. The light admitted through these slits was no more than a glimmer, and when used, as now, the room was necessarily illuminated by torches. Down the length of one side, and across the end, for some reason long forgotten, two narrow platforms had been built, three steps up from the level of the floor. From near the center of the longer of the two a single pillar sprang to the roof. Though the air outside was sweltering with the autumn heat, the room was cool; its very grimness, lit with the barbaric glow of the torchlight, set off effectively the brilliant appearance of the crowd of men and women who thronged into it for the ceremony now due.

As Pedro was following Amati into this room, he was held back a second. Turning, he saw the white, intellectual face o Shimei. He remembered at once his appointment, a week old, for the night before. He had forgotten it completely; but beyond some compunction at having given the old man a useless journey, he felt no regret. Whatever plan he had contemplated, whatever

use he had determined to make of the Hebrew, might now dissolve. He had done with Siona.

"Signor," began Shimei, deferentially, "some other business no doubt detained you last night, but I am a man of business, and if you could spare a little time now—I ventured——"

"No, Shimei," Pedro assured him abruptly. "There is no need—this is no occasion——"

"Then give me time, signor, and a place, where we may confer. I am anxious to know what service I can render you."

Pedro turned sullenly away. "I'll send word."

"Soon, signor?"

"Soon as may be—if need be." The Jew held him.

He broke away. "I can not speak now—another time—" He released his arm from the Jew's detaining hand and passed into the court-room.

At the end of the room, facing the massive oak-and-iron door which alone gave entrance, was a dais on which the state chair of Siona had been placed, ready for the Duchess. About it clustered a group of her ladies. Others of these, with some thirty or forty gentlemen of the household, a half-dozen pikemen, a score of lads acting as pages mingled in a gay group about the floor. A sardonic grin passed over Pedro's face. He recalled the assembly on that memorable occasion of his first entry into the castle. Something of the same thought apparently struck others there. He found amused glances being turned in his direction, a whisper here, a laugh there, caught his ear.

Through the doorway Guidomari entered, in some sort a master of the ceremonies, and highly enjoying his job. "Coming! Coming!" he called loudly. "Ladies and gentlemen, really, let us have less chattering, I beg. The occasion is a solemn one. A gentleman well liked by us all comes to submit his hopes to slaughter."

The Count, handsome, elegant, sighed with a sad smile.

"You're a cheery soul, my Guidomari."

"Pray, stand here, Count. Who are the assessors? Come, some order, please. Assessors!" he began to call loudly; "judges and assessors, please take your places."

FOUR ladies and four gentlemen separated themselves from the crowd, and coming to the dais stood on the steps, two ladies and gentlemen on each side of the chair. The rest of the crowd began to line up in something like order. Amati and Pedro stood almost alone. At this moment through the doorway passed Gonzalo, very dignified in his fur-trimmed robe, yet not altogether comfortable in the crowd there. He greeted them with affability. "Good morrow, ladies; gentlemen, good morrow." Guidomari stared at him blankly. This entry was frankly a piece of presumption, but, after all, the man was the uncle of the Duchess. Guidomari did his best to be a diplomat.

"Good morrow, my lord. We greet you as our mistress would greet you." Gonzalo moved up the room well toward the dais.

"Signor!" It was the voice of Shimei again. Pedro turned, impatiently, yet with a feeling of amused respect. "If on a day next week—forgive my importunity——"

Pedro cut him short. "Jew, you'll lose your ears. Away!" He began to push him to the doorway.

The two pages there suddenly stiffened; looking out across the main hall Pedro caught a glimpse of an oncoming entry; he hustled the Jew back to the wall behind the crowd. "Presently, presently," and stepped up to the Count. The Duchess entered.

The Chancellor, wand in hand, led her in. She was royally robed, the grand embroidered cloak of state trailing from her shoulders, the coronet on her head. Her face was white; her eyes, their violet strangely brilliant, looked mournful and tired. Her progress was full of dignity as ever, yet she seemed more girl, less duchess, than usual.

All bowed as she entered. She bent her head and swept on to the dais, giving Amati another little inclination as she passed. Pedro suddenly flung into his gaze all he possessed of power of will; the impulse seized him to make her look at him, to compel her to turn those wonderful eyes of hers into his. Did she know? Her lips tightened a little; perhaps she felt the strain of his attack on her serenity. She mastered it, stared straight ahead, ignored him, passed on to her throne. Gonzalo took care that she should see him. He stood half a pace out from the crowd. She paused as she caught sight of him. "Uncle! You here?" She gave him a cold little smile. "Grace for this honor."

HIS ears were red. "The town has an interest in these proceedings."

She addressed the Chancellor. "Let him see and hear. He shall report to his tradesmen."

Gonzalo stepped that half pace back, his ears no less red.

She went up the steps, bowed again and sat down. The eight judges sat down on the steps of the dais, four on each side of the Duchess. Amati now stood alone fronting her. Guidomari addressed him:

"Count, your month of wooing being completed, the time arrives for you to put the question to her Grace and learn how you fare. But first of all you must follow the established custom in these matters, and explain to the judges and assessors whom you see before you"—he waved his hand toward the dais—"on what you based an opinion of yourself so high that you ventured on this quest."

Amati drew a deep breath. He felt all eyes on him. A faint blush was on his face. He looked a handsome and romantic figure. "Excellency," he began. Guidomari stopped him. "The judges, Count, address the judges."

Blushing a little more nervously at this interruption, Amati spoke up to the judges: "Ladies and gentlemen, let me point out to you in the first place that her Grace's conduct in remaining single is a subtle condemning."

"Oh, come," said Guidomari, "we can't have these attacks on her Excellency."

"Come, come," interposed the Chancellor, "let us get on."

"Go on, Count," advised Filipo.

"Her Grace's conduct in thus obstinately remaining single is a subtle but wilful condemning of those of her sex who, with a cheerful acceptance of the lot God has cast upon them, have deigned to permit—may I even say encourage? Yes, let me say, encourage—the devotion from my own sex which her Grace contumaciously rejects."

Ludovico remarked audibly from the crowd, " 'Permit—Cheerful acceptance—May I say, encourage?' Oh, Jupiter!"

In nowise helped by these interruptions Amati after a little pause continued:

"Now you—I address myself to the ladies—you, who so nobly perform that first duty of your sex, which is to be beautiful——"

Here he was stayed finally by an interruption such as never before had befallen suitor at Siona.

The Duchess had sat, pale, unmoving, eyes downcast. Now she lifted them, and suddenly spoke hesitatingly, troubled: "I must speak. Let these proceedings be stayed a while."

There was alarm through the room. "Excellency, are you unwell?" asked the Chancellor, anxiously.

"I am not well—I am not willing—" she began, strangely faltering. She made an effort and spoke with more firmness. "I desire longer time for reflection. I have no decision, Count; forgive me, if I ask you for a little longer. I have been compelled to reflect that there are other considerations to be weighed going beyond my own wishes. If I might beg you to allow me a little time——"

"Your Grace," said the Chancellor, "this is most unprecedented."

"Yes, Chancellor; yet you at least guess what prompts me to this."

"Beatrice," said Amati, "how can I refuse you? But remember, I suffer."

She looked gratefully at him. "Amati, give me a week. In a week I may be better prepared."

He walked up to her impulsively. "Beatrice, whatever you wish!"

She rose and came down from the dais, extending her hand. He dropped to his knee like the gallant young gentleman he was, and kissed it. She smiled gratefully and as he rose put her hand almost affectionately on his shoulder.

SHE was leaving the room with him, the court, in a buzz of wonderment, was thronging after her, when through the door hurried Pietro Poccetti. Old, scarred, grim and unsmiling, once her father's loyal captain, now hers, he came hurrying in and with him came the certainty of grave happenings. The Duchess stopped, waiting for him to speak.

"Excellency, in haste. Pardon, I must have direction immediately."

"What is it?"

"A shepherd has just run in with the news that Malatesta is approaching the town from Missona with two thousand mounted men!"

No smiles, no chatter in the room now All felt the weight of the news.

"Is it beyond doubt?"

"I sent horsemen out to get news, but we can see now for ourselves. Malatesta's over the Taglia and coming on fast. It must be a matter of minutes. Your Grace, I must have your guidance here. What am I to do—let him in, or lift the drawbridge?"

All the best of her gentlemen were elbow to elbow with her now. The ladies, too, would have crowded round her, but they were elbowed out of the way by the men

with scant ceremony. Little time for courtesy now. All were grave. Something, they knew not what, was coming upon Siona. The Duchess turned to them, breathing fast. Malatesta in Siona again—the thing she had dreaded!

"An army—he brings an army with him. What—into my city—never!"

The Chancellor confirmed her thoughts. "If he once enters we lie at his mercy."

Still, facing the facts, yet inwardly shrinking from what they conveyed, she spoke, half weighing the affair to herself. "He is our overlord—but we still have rights." She looked round at them all. They confirmed the rising resolution in her word and eager attitude.

"Your Grace, let us have the drawbridge up." A dozen voices threw out the advice simultaneously. The rafters and walls suddenly rang to the shout, "Up with the drawbridge!"

She nodded to Poccetti. "Lift it." Order given, the old man saluted, turned to go. The burst of excited talk swelled loud. The men began to hurry after Poccetti, who had reached the door, when a voice called loudly, "Stop, Poccetti!"

He stopped, he turned, the men with him turned, the ladies, the Chancellor, the Duchess herself, turned their faces to where Pedro stood.

Ever since Poccetti's entrance he had stood listening, his eyes fixed, now on the Duchess, now on Poccetti. As usual when reflecting deeply, he gnawed his thumb. When the decision to lift the drawbridge had been given, he had made a little impatient movement, and turned away from the group with a gesture of annoyance. With no more than this he had watched Poccetti's walking to the door, and it was only as the soldier reached the very door that his evident dissent from the decision just reached pushed him almost against his will into speech. With every eye on him he stood stubborn, his attitude seeming to express hostility to all there. One against all—and never blenching.

Poccetti looked inquiry, first at him, then at the Duchess. Pedro's interruption had been too determined to be ignored. The Duchess looked at him, and waited. Her silence ordered his speech. He gave a little bend of the head as if asking her permission, then addressed Poccetti with no more than a word to her.

"Madame, I ask pardon, but it occurs to me—" then to Poccetti, "Why do you lift the drawbridge?"

Pocetti answered him in astonishment: "To bar Malatesta's entry."

"But you do no such thing."

THEY were thronging round him, the Duchess among them, her breast almost touching his shoulder. Her eyes were on his face. "Why not?" she asked.

He ignored her. His business was with Poccetti.

"What about the old bridge—the wooden bridge?"

"I have sent sixty men up there at once, and when the drawbridge is up I shall follow them with all I can take."

"What else?"

He and Poccetti spoke man to man like sword playing on sword. Both brief, clear, to the point.

"I shall build what I can there with all haste."

"In how long?"

Poccetti's answer lingered a second. The Duchess flashed a look at him. She did not understand the drift of the question, but in her old captain's face she read something of acknowledgment of the placing of a finger on a weak spot in his plan. He shrugged his shoulders. "Ten minutes—maybe."

She flashed her look back to Pedro. He gave a little grunt of cold dissatisfaction. "And your broken walls, have you mended them since yesterday?"

Poccetti merely looked at him. Pedro glared at him. "Fine counsel!" He whipped round to the Duchess. The press of anxious men about them both actually forced him against her. "Your Grace, here is no plan. Bar Malatesta at the stone bridge, he turns up-stream, even if he does not make for the wooden bridge first—as I and Captain Poccetti here would do—and what then? You can not stop him there. He'll ride over whatever men you put there; he'll make nothing of any such barrier as you can pile up in ten minutes; in short, in ten minutes he'll be over this side of the river. That's certain. You close the gate on him there—what use? He rides along the wall, and within another two minutes he'll be cantering in at the Great Gap."

POCCETTI had kept pace with him. His face stared blankly, compelled to face the facts. He knew the man was right. He had no answer for him. The others were slower. A hurry of objection broke out. Pedro lifted his voice—the lackey shouted, yes, shouted them down, in a voice like a trumpet.

"I say it is so, Madam. You can not keep Malatesta out, for all you do. He is coming in, he will bring his men into Siona. All you are doing will be to make him very angry."

Filipo, always his enemy, forced his way round to front him.

"Not so fast. Malatesta is not over the bridge yet, and if her Grace will but give the word, Malatesta shall find a little problem waiting for him at the walls."

His was the mood they liked. They caught the answer up in a cry: "Aye, to the walls, to the walls!"

Pedro was impatient. He answered Filipo with a brutal contempt.

"Problem! Not much of a problem to Malatesta! It's as fine a day as may be for cutting throats, and Malatesta will be obliged to you for getting him an appetite for his dinner."

Filipo, ablaze with anger, snarled in his face. "Oho, we shall see. We can give him a tough meal. Gentlemen," he urged himself round to take the approval of their excited faces, "we can at least die in her Grace's defense."

They fired. They roared their acceptance of the young man's challenge. Amati, with them in spirit, touched Pedro impatiently on the shoulder. Pedro, white with anger, never blenching, shouted them down again.

"Die—oh, doubtless. Die, and be damned to you," viciously, "and what will that profit her Grace—unless it leave her freer in the future to listen to good counsel instead of being overborne by the clamor of a pack of fools who have no further idea of serving her than getting themselves picturesquely killed."

His tone, his attitude, his words, still vehemently opposed them. He would not give way. Spite of their hot haste, the quality of the man began to overmaster them. They quietened, looked their doubt, listened, hesitated—only Filipo flung wrathfully away from the group. Poccetti spoke, fairly thrusting responsibility on her—and on whatever advice she might accept.

"Madam, my orders, please."

Without hesitation she asked Pedro: "What do you advise?"

HE ANSWERED her swiftly but quietly. Time was pressing. "Your Grace, it is simple. You can not keep him out. Then, let him in. Let him in," he insisted, "and speak him fair. Your wits must be your weapon here." He saw her hesitate. He urged her, she knew, to a tremendous step. She was to lay aside the proffered barrier her gentlemen offered to build for her with their swords, their lives, and admit the man she dreaded, brutal, unscrupulous, enemy open and secret, into the very heart of her city. She was but a woman; she quailed, but as she threw at her adviser a glance in which lived a mute appeal for guidance to something less terrifying, she saw his eye fixed on hers coldly questioning. She read the question—could she dare? Her strong spirit took the challenge up unfalteringly.

"Leave the drawbridge down. Let him in, with all courtesy. We'll await him here." It was done. One challenge she had taken up. Another she had thrown down. Her heart beat high. Here was a conflict indeed. Well, she would not budge. He should see.

She went back to the dais, but before she could seat herself the argument broke out afresh. Filipo's voice, in taunt, rang through the room. "Well, now we stand committed, to what? Guide us further, braggart."

Pedro turned his back on the angry man.

The Chancellor spoke: "Signor Pedro, I take your advice as sound, but have you ever an idea of what we are now to do?"

He turned impatiently at the question. "None, save catch flies with honey, not with vinegar."

Filipo laughed at him. "Oh, we know you. Your Grace," he appealed to her, "the lives of all of us hang on this. Do you question him as to what we are supposed to do."

She asked him, his face turning to her on her first syllable, "Can you advise?"

He threw out his hands in tired remonstrance. "How can I, on the instant? Do you talk for a time while we think."

"But, surely—he will be here directly." She was anxious.

He was openly impatient. "Well, then, since I must not have a minute to ponder the thing—let us say—let us consider"—he was silent, staring at her, but not, as she knew, seeing her. Then he spoke slowly, as if something built itself up within him during his very speaking.

"Two thousand men, the shepherd said; let us reckon as one thousand." It sounded the merest mental floundering. Filipo jeered. "Why one thousand—why not one hundred?"

Still thoughtfully, his eye on Filipo, he resumed:

"A panic-stricken shepherd bolts into this city like a scared rabbit into its burrow, and reckons them at two thousand. That is why I reckon there may be one thousand. Is that plain? Now, let us consider further. Malatesta enters, without opposition. He rides his thousand men into town. Very well. Horsemen—perhaps he's right. Surprise. Yet for myself I say I do not like horsemen inside a town. Give me footmen. A night march should have done it."

This was almost to himself. Filipo threw a laugh round. "Essay on warfare by our lackey in command."

Pedro lifted an eyebrow at him and went on: "Now, will Malatesta bring his thousand men into the castle? Maybe, if we showed fight—but we show none. All's very gracious and pleasant. We lie timid under his hand. No rabbit held by the ears was ever half so complaisant. He halts, then, his thousand men in the market-place, and into the castle he comes with—how many? A hundred? Fifty?—to hold the gates, the halls, and passages. So. And into this room, a dozen? A score?"

"Oh, hell take you and your arithmetic, too," Filipo blazed, beyond all patience. "What does all this make of his thousand men you've let inside our walls?"

"It occurs to me," continued Pedro, not giving him a glance, "that Malatesta in the market-place at the head of a thousand men is one thing to deal with, and Malatesta in this castle with but a hundred strung out through the passage is another. And Malatesta—" he looked round the room, "within the four walls of this room, with but a dozen at his back——"

He broke off. They caught his meaning now, and stood appalled. It was plain—here, if anywhere, for all his army, Malatesta might be dealt with, somehow, in this room, upon whose stones they stood, before the chair in front of which their Duchess was placed. A grim, stark tenseness took limb and nerve of all there, one by one. Even Filipo was caught up in the sense of doom that spread its wings in shadow about them. "I see," he said, soberly, and his hand lifted to the dagger in his belt.

PEDRO condescended a glance. "I thank you; I see something too, and that is, keep your hand away from your knife till the second before you use it." Filipo turned away.

A page ran in at the door, a young lad, plainly terrified. "Oh, Madam!" he began. Pedro caught him by the arm, clapped his hand over his mouth, silenced him and swung him in among the women, who were huddled together.

"Ladies," he appealed to them, smiling: "Come, a little chatter. Hark!"

Through the open door came the steady tramp of feet marching in time, the ring of steel, nearer, nearer—

He turned to the Duchess. "Madam, let me beg you to be seated. Gentlemen, for God's sake, look a little more amiable. Everything in this room shrieks 'murder.'"

She sat at his entreaty; her ladies caught something of her courage; the gentlemen cleared their countenances, tried to stand in some attitude of less significance. Pedro beckoned the three pikemen, pointed them to the wall at the back of the crowd. In five seconds, apart from the tense atmosphere

of expectation he could not charm away, the room lost the threat that had possessed it. The gathering might fairly pass now for a court of ceremony interrupted, but not outrageously resentful.

The tramp of men came louder. The pages at the door slipped away. In came Bartoldi and a dozen pikemen, armored; halted in front of the throne. Bartoldi raised his hand in salute. "My master, my lord Malatesta of Missona, claims entrance and will visit your Grace." The Duchess bowed. Bartoldi stood aside. The pikemen swung up the hall, split in two files, passed round behind the dais, and stood lined up there, each man stiffly erect, pike grounded and erect. No sound of movement or speech. All stood still as the pikemen.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Malatesta Again in Siona

THE Duchess never flinched. She was pale and, no doubt, her heart beat faster, but she sat still, her eyes fixed on the open doorway. A pause—while she heard her heart beating beneath her heavy state robe; then through the doorway into the room came Malatesta. He came across at his characteristic, rapid pace, head stooping forward, knees bent, all alertness, vigor. By his side walked Guilielmo. Both men were armored, but had doffed helmets. A solitary pikeman marched behind, halted as soon as in the room and stood sentry at the door. Out in the hall the clash of fifty pikes grounded together made a harsh clamor.

The Duchess rose, came down the three steps of the low dais on which her state chair stood, and courtseyed, an irreproachable salutation, a slight bend of the knees and a stoop of the head, a submission, a rendering of homage, never a jot less than was Malatesta's due, never a hint of resentment or alarm.

And then, as your eye took in the courtsey, you gathered Malatesta's mood. He stalked past her, plumped himself into her chair, and squared his elbows, leaning forward, knuckles on thighs. She stepped back quickly, and a flush spread over her face, losing itself in her hair. Her nostrils quivered, her bosom rose, but she spoke no word. She felt—all Malatesta meant her to feel, but if he looked for some outburst he was disappointed. She was not a Duchess for nothing, and the calm with which she let this insult slip unheeded from her was proof that here was no child to be hurried into indiscretion of speech. She waited for Malatesta to speak.

"I give you good day, Duchess, and I present to you my son whom you should know."

"Your slave, Duchess." Guilielmo bowed. I think he would have kissed her—hand? Cheek? She was too quick. A pace further back, and another courtsey. Her face was flushed, her eyes bright. All the Duchess in her was up and on guard.

Malatesta went on. "We can dispense with your duties, and since I am your overlord, I choose to sit here." He paused; she bowed her head slightly, made no other answer. He went on.

"I have a little matter to say to you and it may as well be said here. Strange tales come to my ears of you." He waited, looking at her. She must answer.

"Tales, my lord? I daresay tales of all kinds fly about concerning many people, but we learn not to credence easily."

"I hear tales of you and of your undisciplined amours, and out of my love for you I feel compelled to interfere before they grow scandalous." He waited. She must answer.

"My lord, I may count myself fortunate in evoking a solicitude so imperative that it moved you here so swiftly that you could not even spare time to warn me of your coming." It was the first hint of the dagger's edge. She felt more herself now she had got that out. She was Conradi's daughter.

Malatesta thought a moment, staring at her. "I hear you tire of your philanderings, and will wed. Therefore, I bid you, send your lover packing."

No question now as to the mood he came in. Here undisguisedly he sat, all that rumor made him, brutal, direct, unsparing, ready to ride roughshod over all opposition, threat, and power to make the threat good, in every line of him. She was Conradi's daughter. Her breath came a little faster, but she took up the challenge.

"Malatesta, I am a patient woman——"

He chopped in, "Patient? Excellent. I am a man of simple tastes, and patience and obedience in those I meet are all I ask. I admit here the pleasure it has been to me to mark these two qualities in you. For that reason Siona and you have given me little trouble, and I have been content to let you be these five years. My plans engaged me elsewhere, but times change; the world moves, things unforeseen need to be dealt with, and Siona becomes of importance to me. I must make secure that all here moves as I would have it. My true purpose I shall disclose to you shortly, but for the present I content myself with saying—dismiss your lover."

She looked round. Among her gentlemen there was a shifting and shuffling of feet going on. They were not so calm as she. A faint murmur, a glancing from one to the other, then back to Malatesta. It was not easy for them to stand and listen in silence.

She turned to answer; but lightly, easily, smiling gravely, young Amati stepped level with her. A courtly bow—"Madam, by your leave?" Then, to Malatesta: "Her Grace may be patient, but—I am not patient. I do not find any pleasure in this talk. I beg you to understand that I am her Grace's suitor, here by her leave, owning no man's authority, and I do not intend that any man should dictate to her on a matter that so nearly concerns me also." A very gallant young gentleman. The Duchess turned to him, well pleased, smiling a little.

Malatesta unsmiling flicked him an answer. "Who are you?"

"These rumors that so disturb you must be unsubstantial things, since they have not even given you my name. But you or any other man may know that my father is Bartolommeo Perducci, Podesta of Astoretto, and I am Count Amati of that city, and if any man seeks to engage either him or me in a quarrel, he will find neither of us backward."

A movement among the ladies, rustling, pleasure. Oh, that gallant speech pleased the women. A murmur from the gentlemen, flushed, angry, defiant. Malatesta flashed a gray eye over them.

"You waste my time." He spoke coldly, more as if weary than contemptuous. "I have no wish to quarrel with your father, nor with his Paladin of a son, but this I know, neither does he wish to come at loggerheads with me. He knows me for an old wolf with sharp teeth. In short, Count, I snap my fingers at you and your impatience. Astoretto is a long day's march from here." He waved his hand, dismissing Amati as a mere nuisance. "Duchess, no longer I delay. Learn then that it is my wish that you should marry my son here, and that before you go today."

THAT stirred them. An "Oh" from the ladies, a snarl from the men, ruffling, hands on swords, teeth shown now. But she stood like a statue, white and as unfearing.

"You dare not."

"I say you shall wed my son, in this hour. Stand forth, Guilielmo, and greet your spouse. Duchess, my hope, my jewel, whom here I give you for your lord. See now, if in the past I have been harsh with Siona, how I make amends. He is proved in all things that go to make a husband, a man of rare abilities, and since beauty such as yours may well look for full acknowledgment, I promise you you shall reap appreciation from him."

Guilielmo came across, an infernal grin cutting deep the lines from nostrils to corner of mouth. "Duchess, I shall scarcely dare to try to make you smile, lest you should not be as lovely as now, when you frown."

He put out his hand to take hers. She stepped back again.

"Stand back! Touch me not! What?"—to Malatesta—"I wed, at your bidding, a man you choose for me! You are mad if you think you can bend me to your will in such a matter as this. I tell you, if he were the most desirable man in Christendom, and I loved him, I would refuse him if you endeavored to compel me. Oh, outrage! You dare not. You have had my duties these five years, but I will not submit to this though you threaten to wash Siona in blood."

"The Duchess of Siona" will be concluded in the December number.

PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

In the American sectors in France, in nearly every one of the Army Training Camps in this country, as well as throughout the entire Navy, FATIMAS *are a steady and undisputed favorite among officers and men alike.*

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

"En dépit des hasards de l'Ocean, à vous, mes chères dames américaines, quoique ce ne soit point en galions d'or, j'envoie mon Djer-Kiss. Fidèles, en vérité, sont les travailleurs de Paris qui peinent en vue de produire pour la France!"

—Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: In spite of the hazards of the sea, to you dear American ladies, though not in Galleons of Gold, I am sending my Djer-Kiss. Faithful, indeed, are the workers here in Paris who labor to produce for France.

L'harmonie de la toilette

There is in the *Spécialites de Djer-Kiss* an appeal that is at once haunting and irresistible.

Pervaded with an individuality of Paris, they breathe a freshness, a charm, an *odeur délicate,* indescribably of France. The great *parfumeur* Kerkoff produces them in Extract, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talc, Sachet, Végétale, *et* Soap. Let Madame embrace them all. In their entirety she will indeed achieve a veritable harmony of toiletry.

In return for fifteen cents Monsieur Kerkoff's importateurs, the Alfred H. Smith Co., of 24 West Thirty-Third Street, New York City, will be happy to send you samples of Djer-Kiss Extract, Face Powder and Sachet.

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only

EXTRACT · FACE POWDER
TOILET WATER · SACHET
TALC · SOAP · VÉGÉTALE

R. L. + E. D. FORKUM

Smirnoff's Russian Shampoo **adds a crowning touch to hair beauty. In quality worthy of Djer-Kiss. Send for sample, 10c.**