



By EARL DERR BIGGERS and ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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PROLOGUE

"Inside the Lines" first appeared as a stirring war drama of today, the best of its kind since "Secret Service." Its author, Earl Derr Biggers, is known to fame as the author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." His later play has been novelized by Robert Wells Ritchie, and the story opens at the outset of the present great war drama in Europe. Caught by the swirl of events, a lovely American girl is detained in Europe and becomes innocently enmeshed in the machinations of spies and of the secret service of two contending nations. Every chapter is replete with mystery and incident, skillfully woven threads that blend to a surprising climax.

CHAPTER I.

Jane Gerson, Buyer.

"I HAD two trunks—two, you know! Two! Ou est l'autre?"

The grinning customs guard lifted his shoulders to his ears and spread out his palms. "Mais, mam-selle—"

"Don't you 'ma's' me, sir! I had two trunks—deux troncs—when I got aboard that wobbly old boat at Dover this morning, and I'm not going to budge from this wharf until I find the other one. Where did you learn your French, anyway? Can't you understand when I speak your language?"

The girl plumped herself down on top of the unshipped trunk and folded her arms truculently. With a quizzical smile the customs guard looked down into her brown eyes, smoldering dangerously now, and began all over again his speech of explanation.

"Well, mam-selle, she caught a familiar word—'ma's' on; that's where I want to go—aboard your wagon—lit, for Paris, Veila!" The girl carefully gave the word three syllables. "Mon ticket pour Paris!" She opened her patent leather reticule, rummaged furiously there—

"A little misunderstanding, Miss Gerson. The customs guard says your other trunk has already been examined, passed and placed on the baggage van. He was trying to tell you that it would be necessary for you to permit a porter to take this trunk to the train before time for starting. With your permission?"

The stranger turned and hailed to a porter, who came running. Miss Gerson had the trunk locked and strapped in no time, and it was on the shoulders of the porter.

"You have very little time, Miss Gerson. The train will be making a start directly. If I might—ah—pilot you through the station to the proper train shed. I am not presuming?"

"You are very kind," she answered hurriedly.

They set off, the providential Samaritan in the lead. Through the waiting room and on to a broad platform, almost deserted, they went. A guard's whistle shrilled. The stranger tucked a helping hand under Jane Gerson's arms to steady her in the sharp sprint down a long aisle between tracks to where the Paris train stood. It began to move before they had reached its midlength. A guard threw open a carriage door, in they hopped, and with a rattle of chains and banging of buffers the Express du Nord was off on its arrow flight from Calais to the capital.

The carriage, which was of the second class, was comfortably filled. Miss Gerson stumbled over the feet of a puffy Fleming nearest the door, was launched into the lap of a comfortably upholstered widow on the opposite seat, ricocheted back to jam an elbow into a French gentleman's spread newspaper and finally was catapulted into a vacant space next to the window on the carriage's far side. She giggled, tucked the skirts of her pearl gray duster about her, righted the chic sailor hat on her chestnut brown head and patted a stray wisp of hair back into place. Her meteor flight into and out of the carriage disturbed her not a whit.

As for the Samaritan, he stood uncertainly in the narrow cross aisle, swaying to the swing of the carriage and reconnoitering seating possibilities. There was a place, a very narrow one, next to the fat Fleming; also there was a vacant place next to Jane Gerson. The Samaritan caught the

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-lives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JAN. 14th, 1915.
"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-lives'.
I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-lives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—try 'Fruit-a-lives' and you will get well." CORINE GAUDREAU.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

broad, humorous mouth and tiny nose slightly nibbled upward. Miss Up to the Minute New York, indeed! From the cocked red feather in her hat to the dainty spatted boots Jane Gerson appeared in Woodhouse's eyes a perfect, virile, vividly alive American girl. He'd met her kind before, had seen them browbeating bazaar merchants in Cairo and riding desert donkeys like strong young queens. The type appealed to him.

The first stiffness of informal meeting wore away speedily. The girl tactfully directed the channel of conversation into lines familiar to Woodhouse. What was Egypt like? Who owned the pyramids, and why didn't the owners plant a park around them and charge admittance? Didn't he think Rameses and all those other old pharaohs had the right idea in advertising—putting up stone billboards to last all time? The questions came crisp and startling; Woodhouse found himself chuckling at the shrewd incisiveness of them. Rameses an advertiser and the pyramids stone hoardings to carry all those old boys' fame through the ages! He'd never looked on them in that light before.

"I say, Miss Gerson, you'd make an excellent business person, now, really," the captain voiced at my expense to old Pop Hildebrand, of Hildebrand's department store, New York," she flashed back at him. "I'm trying to convince him of just that very thing."

"Really, now—a department shop! What may I ask, do you have to do for—ah—Pop Hildebrand?"

"Oh, I'm his foreign buyer," Jane answered, with a conscious note of pride. "I'm over here to buy goods for the winter season, you see."

"This Hildebrand, he—over here alone just to buy pretties for New York's wonderful women? Aren't you just a bit—ah—nervous to be over in this part of the world—alone?"

"Not in the least," the girl caught him up. "Not about the alone part, I should say. Maybe I'm fidgety and sort of worried about making good on the job. This is my first trip—my very first as a buyer for Hildebrand. And, of course, if I should fall down—"

"Fall down?" Woodhouse echoed, mystified. The girl laughed and struck her left wrist a smart-blow with her gloved right hand.

CONTINUED

Optimistic Gadsby.

"Gadsby has always wanted to live in a cottage by the sea. That's the dream of his life."

"And I presume fate has doomed him to end his days in a flat?"

"Yes. But Gadsby is an optimistic fellow. He still clings to the marine glasses he bought years ago."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were Carried Safely Through Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies."

—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis.

A Massachusetts Woman Writes: Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

—Mrs. PIERRE COUNOVER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Second Quarter, For April 8, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xi, 17-44. Memory Verses, 25, 26—Golden Text, John xi, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The lesson chapter today is out of the regular order, just one lesson, because of its being suitable for Easter. This is the home in Bethany which seemed to mean more to Jesus than any other and to which we were introduced in Luke x, 38-42, when we saw Martha serving, but not restfully, Mary serving also, but finding time to sit at Jesus' feet and hear His Word and commended by Him. We shall visit them again two weeks hence. In Matt. xxvi, 6, it is called the house of Simon, the leper, and we feel like asking some questions, that we may know the family better. But whom shall we ask? Until we can see them and inquire more fully, if it shall then seem best, let us rejoice with them that Jesus loved each of the three, as it is written, "Now, Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus" (verse 5). Many Marthas have been made glad by this verse. I am glad because the Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me and that He loves with everlasting love and to the uttermost (Gal. ii, 20; Jer. xxxi, 3; John xiii, 1, R. V. M.). Why He permits sickness and suffering and death to come to those whom He loves is a constant question with many, but there is comfort in the assurance that God is love. His way is perfect. No real evil can ever come to His own, and the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us (I John iv, 8; Ps. xviii, 30; xci, 10; Rom. viii, 18). Why He did not go to them as soon as He received the word, but abode two days where He was (verse 6), is another perplexity, but we must have absolute confidence in Him and keep singing, "Just and true are Thy ways" (Rev. xv, 3).

It would be well if the last clause of verse 4 held us under all circumstances, "For the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified." Glory to God in the highest is the first thing, and then peace (Luke ii, 14). When He did come Martha met Him first and Mary a little later, but both greeted Him with the same words, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died" (verses 21, 32). They sound reproachful, but He understood and loved them just the same. He spoke to Martha of resurrection, but she thought that He spoke of resurrection (23-26). The resurrection of the righteous should be to believers an ever present possibility and also the thought of being caught up without dying, both of which He here asserts. See also I Thess. iv, 16-18; I Cor. xv, 50-53. Not something in the far distant future, but a possibility any day. "Yet a very little while, He that cometh shall come and will not tarry" (Heb. x, 37, R. V.). Mary did not come to Him until Martha returned and said, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Then she arose quickly and came unto Him (verses 28, 29). I wonder how the Jews comforted her (verse 31). How would you comfort such a sad heart? God is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforts us that we may comfort others, but I remember only one place where it is written, "Comfort one another with these words" (II Cor. i, 3, 4; I Thess. iv, 18). Of too many it might be said, "Miserable comforters are ye all" (Job xvi, 2). In due time they came to the tomb, and Jesus wept and groaned in Himself (verses 35, 38).

On this occasion, as He entered Jerusalem and in Gethsemane are the three occasions on which it is recorded that Jesus wept, but He was ever a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief (Isa. liii, 3). When He said, "Take ye away the stone," Martha objected, as if it were an impossible case, for he had been dead four days. His reply is for each of us and for every day, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" (verse 40). The same truth is in Ps. xxvii, 13—I believed to see. The world's motto is, "Seeing is believing," but the Christian believes in order to see. Jesus talked a moment with His Father and then cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" Instantly he was at the mouth of the tomb, alive and well, but still bound hand and foot, with the graveclothes and his face bound about with the napkin. The same word that gave him life brought him also to the mouth of the cave. Some day that same voice will bring forth all the dead, the righteous at the beginning of the thousand years and the unjust at the close of that period (chapter v, 28, 29).

It probably gave fear and trembling to some to see a dead man stand up with the graveclothes still on him, but Jesus said, "Loose him and let him go," and soon he is freed from the habiliments of death. Oh, the wonder working Christ; truly a man, for He wept; truly God, for He can raise the dead, and He is ever "this same Jesus." Many who have come to life from being dead in sins have not been fully freed from their graveclothes, the things they did in their former days when they were of this present evil age, but He who gave life is able to set free from all bondage and make free indeed to serve Him. If you are free by His word and Spirit, He will use you to set some one else free if you will.

Belloc Hates Cats. A tax on cats would commend itself to the considered judgment of Mr. Hilaire Belloc. He cannot find a good word to say of the domestic pet. "They are gluttonous always and upon all occasions, and in every place and forever." "They, alone of all creation, love hateful noises." "All that they do is venomous, and all that they think is evil, and when I take mine away (as I mean to do next week in a basket) I shall first read in a book of statistics what is the wickedest part of London, and I shall leave it there, for I know of no one even among my neighbors quite so vile as to deserve such a gift."

Against this heavy bill of indictment we may see the tribute of the poets. Poets—like the ancient Egyptians—are cat worshippers. Matthew Arnold, for instance, wrote a charming quatrain about a cat, and the cat-loving disposition of Swinburne found fit expression in the following stanza:

All your wondrous wealth of hair,
Dark and fair,
Silken-shaggy, soft and bright
As the clouds and beams of night
Pays my reverend hand's caress.
Back with friendliest gentleness.
—London Chronicle.

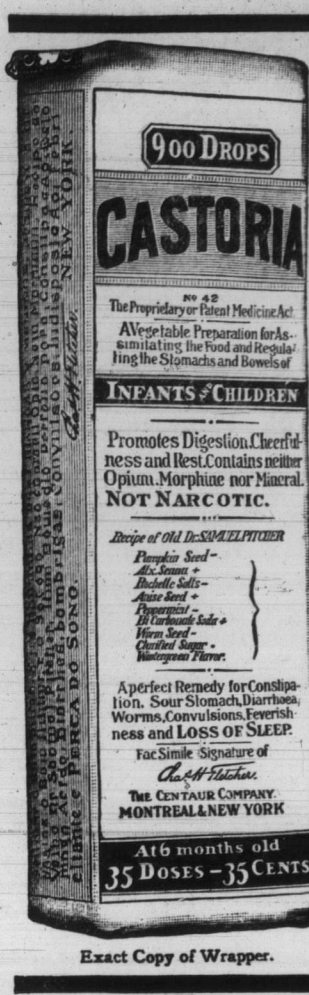
A Growing Thing.

"Mrs. Smith has telephoned six times now about that leak," offered the office boy.

"Give it a chance, son," said the plumber. "In a couple of days that leak'll be worth twice as much."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

No Wonder.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Don't cry, Willie, I'm not going to punish you this time, for you hurried when I called you. Willie—Boo-hoo, mamma, I fell down stairs.—Chicago Herald.



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