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airy apartment, where, with a sharp, incisive voice, altogether different from the tone employed when previously conversing outside, Steinburg bade his guest be seated. He himself stood, his face puckered in thought. Suddenly, without a word of explanation or apology, he turned and strode into the adjoining room, returning soon after with a bundle of papers and a letter file. He deposited these carefully on a little table and was in the act of sitting down when his gaze became attracted by the three windows overlooking the garden and the street. Neatly patterned lace curtains swelled inward, permitting a light breeze to flood the compartment. With a significant gesture, Steinburg straightened up again and went over and began fumbling with the sash.

"A little heat won't hurt us, my friend," he observed, speaking in German.

Afterward, the interview began. With the exception of an occasional exclamation, it was carried on in tense undertones. Steinburg did most of the talking, from time to time, pausing long enough to refer to the letter file or the papers in front of him. For two hours the conspirators sat, so deeply absorbed with the business in hand that neither heard the low creaking of a rocking chair in the room adjacent or the busy click clack of delicate steel needles in the hands of a contented but determined little woman. In fact, Mrs. Steinburg's near proximity was not observed until twenty minutes later when the visitor rose to depart. Catching sight of her through the open

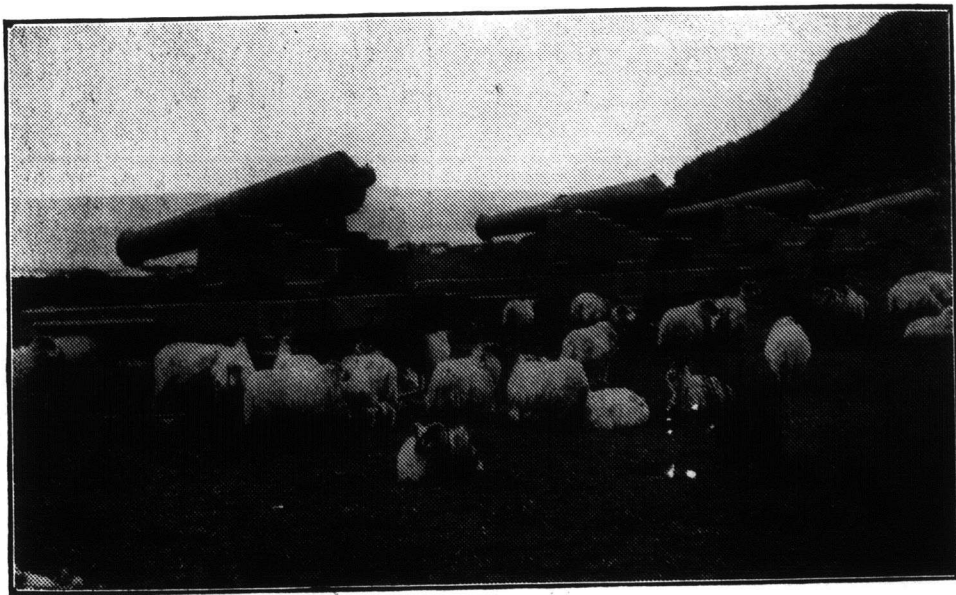
That evening he ate his supper in a little restaurant off Hastings Street. It had been his intention to return home, but somehow he dreaded to meet his wife face to face, even though he knew that in punishing her he had acted solely in the interests of what he considered to be right. If it became necessary, he would do the same again. His purpose, like the great beacon light of military Prussia, must never grow dim, must never fail or falter. He and all his kind were subservient to the requirements of the Fatherland. What mattered the outraged feelings of a woman? If it came to that, what was life itself compared to the ideal for which they strove—a new Germany dominating the world.

Shadows fell across the street, then gray twilight and the calm of descending night. Traffic had settled to low ebb, while thousands of shimmering lights gleamed from store fronts and electric signs or blazed forth in a straight and dazzling path along the curb. For an hour he sat, then moved by a vague impulse, he got up and crossed the room to a telephone booth.

"I'm coming home in half an hour," he informed his wife.

She made no comment. There came no answering voice; only the dull throbbing of the instrument. He hung up the receiver with a savage impatience that boded ill to the unfortunate Mrs. Steinburg.

"I'll break your splendid spirit, mein goot woman," he consoled himself as he proceeded homeward



The cannons shown in this illustration are not of the 1918 type, but are captures of the Crimean War. The scene is at St. Andrews, Scotland, famous for its golf links and University.

doorway, he nodded pleasantly and passed out into the hall. There was the low thud of receding footsteps on the walk outside and then ominous and oppressive silence.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Steinburg, blinking furiously. "What? Haf you so soon already begin this accursed business of the Red Cross?"

"I have not joined the society yet," said Mrs. Steinburg calmly. "but I was over to Mrs. Tulle's a while ago and I got some Red Cross yarn, and, and—Well, you see I've begun knitting," she finished almost brusquely.

"For soldiers?" he inquired threateningly.

She nodded.

German atrocities did not begin nor end in Belgium. With a snarl, he swept the precious skein from her lap. In a rage, his other arm flashed forward in a half circle and his open hand struck with brutal force upon the smooth, pale cheek.

The incident was closed. At least, that was the opinion of Mr. Steinburg, who immediately slipped into his coat and was hurrying off to keep an appointment with a subordinate, who lived in another part of the city. As his feet turned from the gravel path leading to the street, he produced a soiled blue handkerchief and feverishly mopped his flushed and angry face. His act had been warranted, he thought, and it pleased him to believe that the vexing question had been settled for all time. Circumstances, he argued, had forced him to mete out just punishment for his wife's wrongdoing. She had been guilty of a grave offense. It should not be said that a dependant of his had been guilty of disloyalty to the Kaiser and the cause which he himself so ably upheld.

He had gone only three blocks when someone touched his arm. Instinctively he jerked away, a sudden fear in his heart.

"It's me—Theda," was the breathless announcement. "Come quick! It is important what I tell you."

Together they hurried forward a few hundred yards, finally turning aside into the shadow of a deserted arcade.

"Listen!" breathed Theda in German. "Somebody has told! Every shipyard in the city is strongly picketed. Eisenman and Umbach are both under arrest. All our plans are in the hands of the police and the military authorities. An hour ago your house was searched and a policeman and plain clothes men are there now waiting for you to return."

In the dark, Steinburg's eyes blinked like a cat's.

"Who?" he gasped. "Who?"
"We don't know for sure yet," replied Theda sourly, "but one of our informers who lives across the street from your house, said that just at sundown he saw your wife go out and nail the Union Jack up over the door."

Sir Edward Elgar's "The Spirit of England" was performed for the first time in its complete form by the Royal Choral Society, London, at its first concert of the season. It is in three parts. "The Fourth of August," "To Women," and "For the Fallen," the text is three poems by Laurence Binyon. Ernest Newman, speaking of the work says that Elgar has expressed the enduring emotions of the war better than anyone else has done or can hope to do either in music or in poetry, it awaits an American production.