

Inside the Lines

By **EARL DERR BIGGERS** and **ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE**



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"Yes; a tap on the head—so?" Koch broke in, casting a quick glance toward where Captain Woodhouse had risen from his seat. A shrewd appraising glance it was, which was not lost on Woodhouse. He stepped forward to join the physician by the side of the figure on the operating chair.

"Our man, doctor?" he queried casually.

"Your name sponsor," Koch answered, with a satisfied chuckle; "the original Captain Woodhouse of his majesty's signal service, formerly stationed at Wady Halfa."

"Quite so," the other answered in English. Dr. Koch clapped him on the shoulder.

"Perfect, man! You do the Englishman from the book. It will fool them all."

Woodhouse shrugged his shoulders in deprecation. Koch cackled on as he began to lay out sponge and gauze bandages on the glass topped table by the operating chair.

"You see, I did not tell you of this because—well, that fellow Capper's coming last night looked bad. Even your explanation did not altogether convince. So I thought we'd have this little surprise for you. If you were an Englishman you'd show it in the face of this—you couldn't help it, eh?"

"Possibly not," the captain vouchsafed. "But what is your plan, doctor? What are you going to do with this Captain Woodhouse to insure his being out of the way while I am in Gibraltar? I hope no violence—unless necessary."

"Nothing more violent than a violent headache and some fever," Koch answered. He was busy fumbling in the unconscious man's pockets. From the breast pocket of the uniform jacket he withdrew a wallet, glanced at its contents and passed it to the captain.

"Your papers, captain—the papers of transfer from Wady Halfa to Gibraltar. Money too. I suppose we'll have to take that, also, to make appearances perfect—robbery following assault on the surgeon."

Woodhouse pocketed the military papers in the wallet and laid it down, the money untouched. The two white aids of Dr. Koch, who were standing by the folding doors, eyed the leather folder hungrily. Koch meanwhile had stripped off the jacket from the Englishman and was rolling up the right sleeve of his shirt. That done, he brought down from the top of the glass instrument case a wooden rack containing several test tubes, stoppered with cotton. One glass tube he lifted out of the rack and squinted at its clouded contents against the light.

"A very handy little thing—very handy," Koch was talking to himself as much as to Woodhouse. "A sweet little product of the Niam Niam country down in Belgian Congo. Natives think no more of it than they would of a water fly's bite, but the white man is—"

"A virus of some kind," the other guessed.

"Of my own isolation," Dr. Koch answered proudly. He scraped the skin on the victim's arm until the blood came, then dipped an ivory spatula into the tube of murky gelatin and transferred what it brought up to the raw place in the flesh.

"The action is very quick and may be violent," he continued. "Our friend here won't recover consciousness for three days, and he will be unable to stand on his feet for two weeks at least—dizziness, intermittent fever, clouded memory. He'll be pretty sick."

"But not too sick to communicate with others," Woodhouse suggested. "Surely!"

"Maybe not too sick, but unable to communicate with others," Dr. Koch interrupted, with a booming laugh. "This time tomorrow night our friend will be well out on the Libyan desert, with some ungentle Bedouins for company. He's bound for Fezzan, and it will be a long way home without money. Who knows? Maybe three months."

Very deftly Koch bound up the abrasion on the Englishman's arm with gauze, explaining as he worked that the man's desert guardians would have instructions to remove the bandages before he recovered his faculties. There would be nothing to tell the luckless prisoner more than that he had been kidnapped, robbed and carried away by tribesmen—a not uncommon occurrence in lower Egypt. Koch completed his work by directing his aids to strip off the rest of the unconscious man's uniform and clothe him in a nondescript

civilian garb that Caesar brought into the consultation room from the mysterious upper regions of the house.

"Exit Captain Woodhouse of the signal service," the smiling doctor exclaimed when the last button of the misfit jacket had been flipped into its buttonhole, "and enter Captain Woodhouse of the Wilhelmstrasse." Turning, he bowed humorously to the lean faced man beside him. He nodded his head at Caesar. The latter dived into a cupboard at the far end of the room and brought out a squat flask and glasses, which he passed around. When the liquor had been poured Dr. Koch lifted his glass and squinted through it with the air of a gentle satyr.

"Gentlemen, we drink to what will happen soon on the rock of Gibraltar!" All downed the toast gravely. Then the master of the house jerked his head toward the unconscious man on the operating chair. Caesar and the two white men lifted the limp body and started with it to the door. Dr.

Koch preceding them to open doors. The muffled chug-chugging of the auto at the gate sounded almost at once.

The doctor and No. 1932 remained together in the consultation room for a few minutes, going over, in final review, the plans that the latter was to put into execution at the great English stronghold on the Rock. The captain looked at his watch, found the hour late and rose to depart. Dr. Koch accompanied him to the gate and stood with him for a minute under the strong light from the nearby arc.

"You go direct to the Princess Mary," he asked.

"Direct to the Princess Mary," the other answered. "She is to sail at 5 o'clock."

"Then God guard you, my friend, on your great adventure." They clasped hands, and the gate closed behind the doctor.

A shadow skipped from the top of the wall about the major's house across the road. A shadow dogged the foot steps of the tall, well knit man who strode down the deserted Queen's terrace toward the tiled station by the tracks. A little more than an hour later the same shadow flitted up the gangplank of the Princess Mary at her berth. When the big P. and O. liner pulled out at dawn she carried among her saloon passengers one registered as "C. G. Woodhouse, Capt. Sig. Service," and in her second cabin a "William Capper."

CHAPTER VII.
The Hotel Splendide.

MR JOSEPH ALMER, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, on Gibraltar's Waterport street, was alone in his office, busy over his books. The day was Aug. 5. The night before the cable had flashed word to General Sir George Cranall, governor general of the Rock, that England had hurled herself into the great war. But that was no concern of Mr. Joseph Almer except as it affected the hotel business. Admittedly it did bring complications there.

A sleek, well fed Swiss he was, one whose neutrality was publicly as impervious as the rocky barriers of his home land. A bland eye and a suave professional smile were the ever present advertisements of urbanity on Joseph Almer's chubby countenance. He spoke with an accent that might have got him into trouble with the English masters of the Rock had they not known that certain cantons in Switzerland are very close to the frontier of Germany, and Almer therefore was hardly to be blamed for an accident of birth.

It was 4 in the afternoon. The street outside steamed with heat, and the odors that make Gibraltar a lasting memory were at their prime of distillation. The proprietor of the Splendide was nodding over his books. A light footfall on the boards beyond the desk roused him. A girl with two cigar boxes under her arm slipped, like a shadow, up to the desk. She was dressed in the bright colors of Spain, claret colored skirt under a broad

Romany sash, and with thin white waist, open at rounded throat. A cheap tortoise shell comb held her coils of chestnut hair high on her head—Louisa of the Wilhelmstrasse, but not the same Louisa, the sophisticated Louisa of the Cafe Riche and the Winter Garden. A timid little cigarmaker she was here in Gibraltar.

"Louisa!" Almer's head bobbed up on a suddenly stiffened neck as he whispered her name. She set her boxes of cigars on the desk, opened them, and as she made gestures to point the worthlessness of her wares she spoke swiftly and in a half whisper.

"All is as we hoped, Almer. He comes on the Princess Mary—a cablegram from Koch just got through today. I wanted—"

"You mean?" Almer thrust his head forward in his eagerness, and his eyes were bright beads.

"Captain Woodhouse—our Captain Woodhouse!" The girl's voice trembled in exultation. "And his number—his Wilhelmstrasse number—is—listen carefully—1932."

"Nineteen thirty-two," Almer repeated under his breath; then aloud, "On the Princess Mary, you say?"



"Haven't I been Joseph, the cigar girl?"

"Yes; she is already anchored in the strait. The tenders are coming ashore. He will come here, for such were his directions in Alexandria." Louisa started to move toward the street door.

"But you?" Almer stopped her. "The English are making a roundup of suspects on the Rock. They will ask questions—perhaps arrest—"

"Me? No, I think not. Just because I was away from Gibraltar for six weeks and have returned so recently is not enough—"

"Haven't I been Joseph, the cigar girl, to every Tommy in the garrison for nearly a year? No—no, senior; you are wrong. These are the purest cigars made south of Madrid. Indeed, senior."

The girl had suddenly changed her tone to one of professional wheedling, for she saw three entering the door. Almer lifted his voice angrily:

"Joseph, your mother is substituting with these cigars. Take them back and tell her if I catch her doing this again it means the cells for her."

The cigar girl bowed her head in simulated fright, sped past the incoming tourists and lost herself in the shifting crowd on the street. Almer permitted himself to mutter angrily as he turned back to his books.

"You see, mother? See that hotel keeper lose his temper and tongue lash that poor girl? Just what I tell you—these foreigners don't know how to be polite to ladies."

TO BE CONTINUED

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Second Quarter, For June 3, 1917.

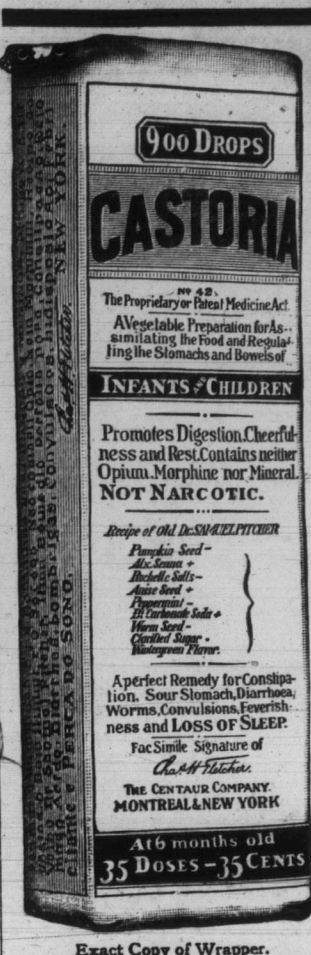
THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xviii, 1-18. Memory Verses, 10, 11—Golden Text, Isa. liii, 3—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We certainly have today in many respects an impossible lesson, impossible for us to grasp or understand or in any measure enter into its real significance. But we can believe it and stand in awe and, bowing low, adore. The first sentence, "When Jesus had spoken these words," takes us back over His discourse and prayer in the upper room that last evening, giving us truth to be pondered every day and hour until we shall see Him face to face, and then to be understood and appreciated as never before. It seems a great pity not to have a lesson on His inimitable prayer in which He poured out His heart to His Father for Himself and for that little company and for us. Do not fail to notice in verse 5 that He was truly one with the Father before the world was; in verses 4, 6, 26, that His one aim on earth was to glorify the Father and manifest Him to others; in verses 11, 18, that is why we are here in the world in His stead. In verses 3, 21-23, He gives eternal life and the glory which the Father gave to Him, that the world may believe and know, and the secret of all is in the last three words of His prayer, "I in them." On that last evening, if I have counted correctly, He spoke of His Father or to His Father over fifty times, reminding us that He lived by the Father, the Living Father who had sent Him, and He would have us live thus by Him (John vi, 57). If redeemed by His precious blood we are given to Him by the Father and can look up and say "Our Father," and that should deliver us from all care and anxiety and lead us to say, as He did, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight" (Matt. vi, 25-33; xl, 26). Being made children of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, we must be content to suffer with Him this little while, according to Phil. i, 29; iii, 10, but always looking onward to the glory (Rom. viii, 18; II Cor. iv, 17, 18).

Turning to our lesson chapter, we see Him going forth from the upper room over the brook Cedron to the garden of Gethsemane because of the rebellion of His son Israel (Ex. iv, 22; Isa. i, 2), and we think of David crossing the same brook because of the rebellion of his son (II Sam. xvi, 23, 30). But David returned and reigned, and so will the Son of David in due time. David also have written of the betrayal by Judas in Ps. xli, 9, and in Acts i, 20, Peter says that Ps. lxxix, 25, referred to Judas. Notice in lesson verses 2-8 the power of the great name I AM, and see how just two words from Him sent the Roman soldiers to the ground, from which they never would have risen again but by His permission. See the greatness of that name in Ex. iii, 14, 15. Note the sword in the hand of Peter (verses 10, 11) and see his misuse of it, for swords are not for disciples, else two would not have been enough for twelve (Luke xxii, 38, 50, 51). How often we figuratively cut off people's ears, or, in other words, prevent them from hearing the voice of Jesus by our zeal or lack of zeal or bungling of some sort! We next see Peter with the servants, warming himself at their fire and then denying that he knew the Lord (verses 15-18, 25-27). This is the man who said, "Lord, I will lay down my life for Thy sake" (xxii, 37). He meant well, but did not know himself. He was boastful, unwisely, overzealous, followed afar off and got into bad company. And there are so many like him! If we warm ourselves at the warming places of the world we shall surely get into trouble. The only way is to follow fully and avoid all associations where the Lord Jesus is not honored, unless by going here and there we can magnify Him. What a comfort it is to us weak ones that the Lord loved Peter through it all, prayed for him, brought him true penitence by that loving, searching love, gave him a special personal interview on the resurrection day and later some special words by the sea of Galilee.

In verses 12 to 14 we see Jesus allowing the soldiers to take Him and bind Him and lead Him away because the time had come for Him to suffer. To see Him consenting to be led from one to the other and be so ill treated by Annas, and so patient before all, leaving us an example of how we should act as His representatives before His enemies and ours, is something that we should constantly consider (I Pet. ii, 19-24; Heb. xii, 3, 4). How grand was His reply to the high priest when asked concerning His teaching: "I spake openly to the world. . . . In secret have I said nothing. . . . Ask them which heard me what I have said unto them. Behold! They know what I said" (verses 19-21). Notice how they struck Him and called Him an evildoer, yet Pilate testified three times, "I find no fault in Him" (verses 22, 30, 38; xix, 4-6). His saying to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world; . . . now is My kingdom not from hence" (verse 36), has been taken to mean that He will never have a literal kingdom on this earth, but only in the hearts of His people. Let such as think so read and believe Dan. vii, 13, 14, 27; Isa. ix, 1-3; Matt. i, 1-3; Jer. xiii, 17; xxviii, 5, 6; Luke i, 31-33.



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Teach your boy to rule, but first to rule himself.—John A. Schleicher in Leslie's Weekly.

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