

APRIL 10, 1917

THE CARLETON PLACE H. BALD.

7

Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

and ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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"There I go again—slang, 'vulgar American slang,' you'll call it. If I could only rattle off the French as easily as I do New Yorkese I'd be a wonder. I mean I'm afraid I won't make good."

"Oh!"

"But why should I worry about coming over alone?" Jane urged. "Lots of American girls come over here alone with an American flag pinned to their shirt waists and wearing a Baedeker for a wrist watch. Nothing ever happens to them."

Captain Woodhouse looked out on the flying panorama of straw thatched houses and fields heavy with green grain. He seemed to be balancing words. He glanced at the passenger across the aisle, a wizened little man, asleep. In a lowered voice he began:

"A woman alone—over here on the continent at this time! Why, I very much fear she will have great difficulties when the—ah—trouble comes."

"Trouble?" Jane's eyes were questioning.

"I do not wish to be an alarmist, Miss Gerson," Captain Woodhouse continued, hesitating. "Goodness knows we've had enough calamity shouters among the Unionists at home. But have you considered what you would do—how you would get back to America in case of war?" The last word was almost a whisper.

"War?" she echoed. "Why, you don't mean all this talk in the papers is—"

"Is serious, yes," Woodhouse answered quietly, "very serious."

"Why, Captain Woodhouse, I thought you had war talk every summer over here, just as our papers are filled each spring with gossip about how Wagner is going to retire from the game or the Yanks are going to be sold. It's your regular midsummer outdoor sport over here this stirring up the animals."

Woodhouse smiled, though his gray eyes were filled with something not mirth.

"I fear the animals are stirred, as you say, too far this time," he resumed. "The assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand—"

"Yes, I remember I did read something about that in the papers at home. But archdukes and kings have been killed before and no war came of it. In Mexico they murder a president before he has a chance to send out 'At home' cards."

"Europe is so different from Mexico," her companion continued, the lines of his face deepening. "I am afraid you over in the states do not know the dangerous politics here; you are so far away; you should thank God for that. You are not in a land where one man—or two or three—may say, 'We will now go to war,' and then you go, willy nilly."

The seriousness of the captain's speech and the fear that he could not keep from his eyes sobered the girl. She looked out on the sun drenched plains of Pas de Calais, where toy villages, hedged fields and squat farm-houses lay all in order, established, seeming for all time in the comfortable doze of security. The plodding man-kings in the fields, the slumberous oxen drawing the harrows amid the beet rows, pigeons circling over the straw hatches by the tracks—sides—all this denied the possibility of war's corrosion.

"Don't you think everybody is suffering from a bad dream when they say there's to be fighting?" she queried. "Surely it is impossible that folks over here would all consent to destroy this." She waved toward the peaceful countryside.

"A bad dream, yes. But one that will end in a nightmare," he answered.

"Tell me, Miss Gerson, when will you be through your work in Paris and on your way back to America?"

"Not for a month, that's sure. Maybe I'll be longer if I like the place."

Woodhouse pondered.

"A month. This is the 10th of July. I am afraid—I say, Miss Gerson, please do not set me down for a meddler—this short acquaintance and all that—but may I not urge on you that you finish your work in Paris and get back to England at least in two weeks?"

The captain had turned and was looking into the girl's eyes with an earnest intensity that startled her. "I cannot tell you all I know, of course. I may not even know the truth, though I think I have a bit of it, right enough. But one of your sort—to be caught alone on this side of the water by the madness that is brewing! By George, I do not like to think of it!"

"I thank you, Captain Woodhouse, for your warning," Jane answered him, and impulsively she put out her hand to his. "But, you see, I'll have to run the risk. I couldn't go scampering back to New York like a scared pussycat just because somebody starts a war over here. I'm on trial. This is my first trip as buyer for Hildebrand, and it's a case of make or break with me. War or no war, I've got to make good. Anyway—this with a toss of her round little chin—"I'm an American citizen,

and nobody'll dare to start anything with me."

"Right you are!" Woodhouse beamed his admiration. "Now we'll talk about those skyscrapers of yours. Everybody back from the States has something to say about those famous buildings, and I'm fairly burning for first hand information from one who knows them."

Laughingly she acquiesced, and the grim shadow of war was pushed away from them, though hardly forgotten by either.

So the afternoon sped, and when the sun dropped over the maze of spires and chimney pots that was Paris each felt regret at parting.

"To Egypt, yes," Woodhouse ruefully admitted. "A dreary deadly place in the sun for me. To have met you, Miss Gerson, it has been delightful, quite."

"I thank you, Captain Woodhouse, for your warning."

"I hope," the girl said as Woodhouse handed her into a taxi—"I hope that if that war comes it will find you still in Egypt, far away from the firing line."

"Not a fair thing to wish for a man in the service," Woodhouse answered, laughing. "I may be more happy when I say my best wish for you is that when the war comes it find you a long way from Paris. Goodbye, Miss Gerson, and good luck."

Captain Woodhouse stood, heels together and hat in hand, while her taxi trundled off, a farewell flash of brown eyes rewarding him for the military correctness of his courtesy. Then he hurried to another station to take a train not for a Mediterranean port and distant Egypt, but for Berlin.

CHAPTER II.

From the Wilhelmstrasse.

"It would be wiser to talk in German," the woman said. "In these times French or English speech in Berlin—"

She finished with a lifting of her shapely bare shoulders sufficiently eloquent. The waiter speeded his task of refilling the man's glass and discreetly withdrew.

"Oh, I'll talk in German quick enough," the man assented, draining his thin half bubble of glass down to the last fizzy residue in the stem.

"Only just show me you've got the right to hear and the good fat banknotes to pay, that's all." For an instant—half the time of a breath—a flash of loathing made the woman's eyes tigerish, but at once they changed again to mild bantering.

"So? Friend Billy Capper of Brussels has a touch of the spy fever himself and distrusts an old pal?" She laughed softly, and one slim hand toyed with a heavy gold locket on her bosom. "Friend Billy Capper forgets old times and old faces—forget's even the matter of the Lord Fisher letters—"

"Chop it, Louisa!" The man called Capper lapsed into brusque English as he banged the stem of his wineglass on the damask. "No sense in raking that up again—Just because I ask you a fair question—ask you to identify yourself in your new job."

"We go no further, Billy Capper," she returned, speaking swiftly in German. "Not another word between us unless you obey my rule and talk this language. Why did you get that message through to me to meet you here in the Cafe Riche tonight if you did not trust me? Why did you have me carry your offer to—to headquarters and come here ready to talk business if it was only to hum and haw about my identifying myself?"

"Louisa—Louisa, old pal; don't be hard on poor Billy Capper," he mumbled. "I'm down, girl—away down again. Since they kicked me out at Brussels I haven't had a shilling to bless myself with. Can't go back to England—you know that; the French won't have me and here I am, my dinner clothes my only stock in trade left and you even having to buy the wine."

A tear of self pity slipped down the hard drain of his cheek and splashed on his hand. "But I'll show 'em, Louisa! They can't kick me out of the

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well!

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Brussels shop like a dog and not pay for it! I know too much, I do!"

"And what you know about the Brussels shop you want to sell to the Wilhelmstrasse?" the woman asked tensely.

"Yes; if the Wilhelmstrasse is willing to pay well for it," Capper answered, his lost cunning returning in a bound.

"I am authorized to judge how much your information is worth," his companion declared, leveling a cold glance into Capper's eyes. "You can tell me what you know and depend on me to pay well or—we part at once."

"But, Louisa"—again the whine—"how do I know you're what you say? You've down high since you and I worked together in the Brussels shop."

"The Wilhelmstrasse is a most perfect spy machine in the world! How I'd like to be in your shoes, Louisa!"

She detached the heavy gold locket from the chain on her bosom, with a quick twist of slim fingers had one side of the case open, then laid the locket before him, pointing to a place on the bevel of the case. Capper swept up the trinket, looked searching for an instant at the spot the woman had designated and returned the locket to her hand.

"Your number in the Wilhelmstrasse," he whispered in awe. "Genuine, no doubt. Saw the same sort of mark once before in Rome. All right. Now listen, Louisa. What I'm going to tell you about where Brussels stands in this—this business that's brewing will make the German general staff sit up." The woman inclined her head toward Capper's. He, looking not at her, but out over the rich plain of brocades, broadcloths and gleaming shoulders, began in a monotone:

CONTINUED

(Back numbers may be had.)

GIRL COULD NOT WORK

How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Taunton, Mass.—"I had pains in both sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I suffered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."—MISS CLARICE MORIN, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.



Thousands of girls suffer in silence every month rather than consult a physician. If girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a safe and pure remedy made from roots and herbs, much suffering might be avoided.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Second Quarter, For April 15, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John x, 1-12—Memory Verses, 11, 12—Golden Text, John x, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The Golden Text seems to be the heart of the lesson this time if not always. While in our lesson He is the Good Shepherd laying down His life for the sheep and giving unto them eternal life, with the assurance that they can never perish nor any power take them from Him (verses 11, 15, 27, 29), in Heb. xiii, 20, 21, He is the Great Shepherd risen from the dead, living His life in us and working in us that which is well pleasing in the sight of the God of Peace. In I Pet. v, 4, He is the Chief Shepherd who shall give rewards to His faithful followers at His appearing. In Gen. xli, 24; Ps. lxxx, 1, He is the Shepherd of Israel. This last shall be fully seen when Ezek. xxxiv, 11-16, and verse 31 shall be fulfilled, and then shall be seen the significance of Ps. xxiii as never before in the history of the world. In our lesson chapter He is talking to Israel, but He spoke of other sheep whom He must bring (verse 16), and some of those we are now gathering to complete His body, the church, but the full gathering of the nations to Him shall be after Israel has learned to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," according to Zech. ii, 10-13; "Many nations shall be joined to the Lord in that day and shall be my people." Also Jer. iii, 17, "At that time they shall call Jerusalem the Throne of the Lord, and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord to Jerusalem."

He had been dealing with and was in the midst of thieves and robbers, who sought to enter the fold, but not by the door. They were persistently robbing God and making His house a den of thieves (Mal. iii, 8; Matt. xxi, 13). He is the door as well as the Shepherd, the only way of access to God, God's own appointed way, and it is not possible to come to God but by Him (verses 7-9; chapter xiv, 6). But by Him, the door, any man may enter in and be saved and in Him find pastures green and waters of quietness (verse 9), peace as a river and righteousness as the waves of the sea (Isa. xlviii, 17). All who are not "Christians" are in the employ of the leader of all thieves and robbers and liars and murderers, the devil, of whom He said in a recent lesson that these religious hypocrites were his children (verse 10; viii, 44). With righteous wrath He denounced them in these words: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii, 33).

The Spirit through Paul said to Elymas, who tried to turn a man away from the door to life, "O full of all subtilty and all mischief, child of the devil, enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" (Acts xiii, 7-10). Contrast the Good Shepherd, who by laying down His life for us has provided life, and life abundantly, for all who will receive Him. He gives freely that which He has purchased at so great a price, even the sacrifice of Himself. Life eternal, the water of life, eternal redemption and all that is included in such expressions become the sure and everlasting possession of all who receive Him, and there is nothing in the Bible that in any way conflicts with the positive assurances of verses 27-30. See Heb. i, 3; ix, 12, 26; Rom. vi, 23; iii, 24; Rev. xxii, 17. There can be no contradictions in the Bible, for the same Holy Spirit wrote the whole book.

As to life abundantly, compare pardon abundantly and an abundant entrance into His kingdom (Isa. lv, 7; II Pet. i, 13). The Lord gives not only freely, but fully, all that He has purchased for us, and He desires to be able to give full rewards for service in that day (II John 8) which He certainly will do if we have been faithful. Salvation is wholly of grace and the same to all, but the rewards will be according to our works (Rev. xxii, 12). Note the wonderful statement in verses 17, 18, that no man could take His life from Him, but that He laid it down of Himself, having power to do this, and to take it again. His was the only life that could not be taken from Him. It is true that he killed Him but it was because He allowed them to do it. He willingly suffered all that was put upon Him, leaving us an example that we might follow His steps, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously. Then, having left us a perfect example and having no sin of His own, for He was without guile, He took the sinner's place and suffered in our stead, His own self bearing our sins in His own body on the tree (I Pet. ii, 21-24).

Hirelings seek their own welfare rather than that of the flock, but true followers of the Good Shepherd seek the welfare of the sheep, not considering themselves. David took his life in his hand when he delivered part of his flock from the lion and the bear, but the Son of David actually laid down His life for His flock. When He putteth forth His sheep He goeth before them, and He only asks that we keep close to Him and follow Him fully (Deut. xxxi, 8).

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New England's Name.

The pilgrims had nothing to do with the naming of New England. That name was coined by Captain John Smith of Pocahontas fame and one of the founders of the Virginia colony. In 1614 he explored and mapped the northern coast, then called North Virginia, and renamed it New England. The Mayflower pilgrims did not arrive until 1620, and the charter granted the new colony adopted the name used in Smith's map several years before.

Cheerful Surroundings.

Uncle Josh—Here's a letter from Nephew Harry, that's gone to Africa, and says that within twenty rods of his house there's a family o' laughing hyenas. His Wife—Well, I am glad he's got pleasant neighbors anyway—that's something.—London Tit-Bits.

As Defined.

Little Mildred—What does "B. A." stand for, mamma? Mamma—"Bachelor of arts," my dear. Little Mildred—And what is a "bachelor of arts," mamma? Mamma—Any bachelor who is trying to stay in the bachelor class, darling.—Indianapolis Star.



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