

# UNDER FIRE

A European War story based on the drama of  
ROI COOPER MEGRUE

## SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England.

In this installment is given a remarkable picture of Belgian village life—its peacefulness and hopefulness—just before the German host swept the little nation in 1914. You will enjoy Charlie Brown's meeting with the innkeeper, and sympathize with old Henri in his pathetic effort to reassure his frightened daughter of her safety. You will thrill at the meeting of spies.

Capt. Larry Redmond, a British spy, discusses plans with a French spy in a Belgian village inn.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Larry swiftly cautioned him to be careful.

"Pardon! A slip of the tongue!" his ally apologized.

"You have arranged matters as I planned with your General Jacques?" Larry asked.

"Yes! Last night we have strung a wire from the fort to this inn. Even now the end of it is dangling in that chimney." He nodded toward the huge fireplace across the room. "I have outside a telephone. . . . I wait only the opportunity to connect the instrument."

"Now sit over there!" Larry commanded, waving the man to a chair at one of the tables. The fellow obeyed him without question. And after a quick survey of the place to make sure that there were no eavesdroppers, Captain Redmond joined him.

"Good!" he said. "Now the Germans will be here tonight," he confided, as he seated himself upon the table and leaned toward his fellow-spy.

"So soon?"

"They march fast," Larry said. "Here the road forks. One turns to the left, the other to the right. The safety of your fort depends on which road they take."

"I know," the other assented. "And



"The Germans Will Be Here Tonight."

on their arrival a woman will send us word by our telephone."

Larry had not learned that. "A woman?" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"I do not know, m'sieu."

"Is she here now?" Larry persisted. A suspicion had suddenly swept across his mind, filling him half with hope, half with fear, that the unknown woman might be Ethel Willoughby.

The Frenchman shook his head.

"No, m'sieu, I wait her return," he explained.

"She was not, perhaps, a Madame de Lorde?" Larry mused.

"I was not told her name, m'sieu. I am to find her by code."

"I thought possibly it might be a Madame de Lorde," Larry told him. "Until two days ago we were working together in Brussels. Then I had to leave. . . . I thought she might have come this way." He slipped off the table onto his feet. "Still, no matter!" he added, as the French spy looked at him a bit too inquiringly. "You can depend on this woman?" he inquired.

The fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"She serves General Jacques. He trusts her," he replied, as if that fact absolved him of responsibility.

"Explain everything carefully to her," Larry cautioned him.

"Everything, m'sieu!" the little man promised. "Shall you return here later?" he asked, as Larry started to leave him.

"I do not know if my regiment will stop here, or if it will go on; so I must rely on you and the woman," Captain Redmond warned him. "Remember—it is imperative your general know if the attack be direct or by a flanking movement."

"Yes, yes! . . . Now I shall get the telephone," the Gallic gentleman announced. And then he exclaimed quickly, in French, "Vous avez raison!"

His change to his own language, no less than the inflection of warning in his voice, brought Captain Redmond around sharply; and he saw that they were no longer alone. It was the innkeeper, Henri Christophe, who had come back to serve his leisurely patron.

"Ah, gentlemen! Something to drink?" Christophe asked them, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the feel of good coin in them.

"No, thank you! My friend is leaving now," the Frenchman said.

"But I will be back soon," Larry promised. And with that Henri Christophe had to be content.

Again the indefatigable newspaper reader returned to his favorite pastime, while Henri Christophe regarded him with a mild pensiveness. The fellow had loafed much in his inn during the past two days; but he had been altogether too abstemious to suit the proprietor's notions of what was due him from a guest. And then all at once old Henri's face turned happy once more, at the sight of a quaint little creature who tripped into the room and called to him:

"Ah, father! You are home again! What news of the war?"

"Nothing, ma petite!" he said.

"Nothing! Do not be alarmed."

"But all say the Germans are coming through Belgium," she told him plaintively.

Her remark seemed to exasperate him. What with poor business, and the worry of the last few days—for Henri Christophe did not entirely share the complacency of his more placid patrons regarding rumors that were in the air—what with those things to trouble him his patience had become fidgety. The good God knew that he did not desire war to sweep over his fatherland. He hoped passionately that it might escape that calamity. And dreading it as he did, he took occasion, whenever the possibility was mentioned, to denounce the contingency as being beyond reason. Somehow, he derived comfort simply from asserting his disbelief in such a thing.

"All say it!" he repeated after her with an irritation which was strange in him. "So always it is with you women—you exaggerate every rumor," he cried. "I tell you—your father—we are a neutral country. All the big nations they have promised us that our land is safe from invasion. It is nearly a hundred years since they gave us their word and always they have kept it."

"But still I am frightened," his daughter reaffirmed. She was, in truth, a timid little thing—just the sort to be thrown into a twitter of excitement over a mouse—or a war. It mattered not what one might tell her to calm her. She would still be alarmed. And now Jeanne looked up at her father with such fear in her great dark eyes that he forgot his anger in his attempt to soothe her.

"But why?" he asked her more gently. "They did not come through our country in 1870 in the Franco-Prussian war. Why should they now? The Germans make much money from us and we from them. They are our friends. . . . No, ma petite, thanks to God we need fear nothing."

"I hope, father, you may be right," she said, albeit somewhat doubtful still.

"You shall see! You shall see!" he reassured her. He made his way to the cigar counter and busied himself setting things to rights there. "What worries me far more than the Germans, my little one," he went on, "what worries me is that we have so few Americans automobiling this summer. Always in August there are many; and they pay well."

"Perhaps it is the Germans who keep them away," she ventured unhappily.

"Will you cease?" he cried angrily. "Always you talk of the Germans. Soon you will have me nervous like you," he complained, as if he were not already that.

"I am sorry, mon pere," she said in filial repentance.

"There, there!" he exclaimed, as if ashamed that he had chided her. "I did not mean to be cross. Come! Forget your fears and pray to your saints that business will be better. To think that in August we have only that one lady lodger!"

At his remark the French spy glanced up quickly from his newspaper. He had not known that there was a lady staying in the house. And he wondered whether she might not prove to be the person for whom he was on the lookout.

"And what do you suppose she is doing here in Courvoisier?" little Jeanne asked her father. It was not quite the usual thing for a foreign—or any other—lady to stay in an inn without an escort.

"That I do not know—not do I care, ma petite," Henri Christophe said.

"She is not French as she says. One may tell from her accent," the girl remarked. It was patent that her woman's curiosity had been aroused by their feminine guest.

"But she pays, my little one—and she minds her own business," her father responded. "Let us do likewise. . . . Wipe off the table yonder!" he directed Jeanne, as if he would give her something to think of that would take her mind off such idle thoughts.

Little Jeanne took the cloth from a nearby hook and proceeded to polish the table top at which the two peasants had lately sat. And while she was thus engaged their too frugal French guest folded up his paper, rose, and left them.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Lost—A War!

A stranger—unmistakably American—pedaled a decrepit bicycle up to the very threshold of the Lion d'Or before he threw a leg wearily over the rear wheel and stood there, leaning heavily upon the handle bars and saddle. It was Charlie Brown, though his best friend might not have recognized him without some difficulty. He was both dirty and disheveled, and hot and tired as well. Dust lay thick upon his shoes. And now he gazed mournfully into the inn, somewhat as a thirst-parched wanderer in a desert might have looked upon an oasis, with its promise of shade and cooling water.

Henri Christophe did not see him at first, for his broad back was toward the street. But he sprang up quickly as Mr. Brown called to him in very bad French—

"Monsieur le proprietaire!"

It was like music in the innkeeper's ears.

"A customer, and an American!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Oul, monsieur!" he responded delightedly.

"I am very tired," Charlie explained—though he scarcely needed to dilate upon that obvious fact. "I desire a chamber with—a bed, immediately."

"Oul, monsieur—I have a very good room, on the mezzanine floor—excellent for monsieur! . . . Ten francs a day!"

"Ten?" said Charlie. "Cheap enough! Go to it!"

And while little Jeanne went to prepare the room for him, he threw himself into a chair and cast a paper parcel—his sole baggage—upon the table in front of him. Beyond a few French collars its contents were negligible.

"I want to go to my room now," Charlie informed his host. "I'm dead to the world." Unconsciously he had lapsed into his own vernacular. And then he realized that a Belgian innkeeper in a country town could by no manner or means comprehend him.

"Oh, how the devil do you say 'I want to go to my room' in French?" he groaned.

"But I speak English, sir," the innkeeper interposed. He had a decided accent, it was true. But to Charlie Brown's ears the words were as gratefully as the sound of a rippling brook upon a hot summer's day.

"You do? Why didn't you say so?" he demanded.

"Pardon me, sir!" the polite innkeeper begged him. "But so many Americans like to exhibit their knowledge of French that I have found it wisest never to speak English to an American until I am asked."

"Say—how did you know I was an American?" Charlie asked him with sudden suspicion. He would have liked to know just what it was about his appearance that seemed to stamp him as a Yankee, no matter where he went.

"Oh! I could tell at once. . . . The voice, the manner. . . . Oh! I cannot explain. . . . It is a something," Christophe gaped, "an air—one can never mistake it."

Mr. Brown grinned at him.

"Right there with that French 'gaff,' aren't you?" he said.

Henri Christophe smiled.

"Ah, m'sieu, I understand," he exclaimed, nodding his head sagely. "But you do me an injustice. I do not flatter. I speak the truth."

All at once the American remembered that he was a newspaper man.

"Well, then, have you seen anything of a war around here?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"Neither have I!" Charlie volunteered. "And I've been looking for it for a week."

"Oh, there will be no war here," Christophe assured him. "It is always like this—just our peaceful little village! We harvest our crops; we brew some beer; we make a little wine—good wine. Monsieur shall sample it and see," he added parenthetically.

"We go to church on Sunday, we live and die in the quiet sunshine. . . . There will be no war here."

Charlie Brown did not like to break rudely in upon the good man's placid dream. But at the same time he saw no reason for dissembling. If trouble were coming—as he believed—he considered it as well that the innkeeper

should be prepared for it as well as might be.

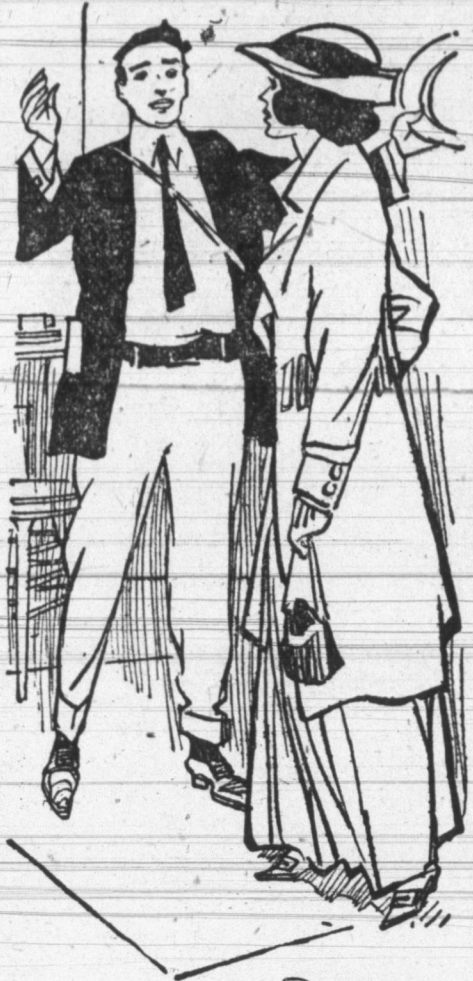
"But they say the Germans are coming through Belgium," he ventured.

Henri Christophe picked up the checkerboard that the two peasants had used to amuse themselves, and placed it upon the counter.

"Ah, no, m'sieu! And even should they, our people are good people. They will not touch us," he said as optimistically as he could.

"Well—I hope not," Charlie agreed. "But at least I'd like to see some of the beggars. It's d—d irritating to look for a war and not be able to find it." He rose stiffly from his chair and strolled to the cigar counter. "Got anything to smoke?" he asked, leaning over the glass case. The innkeeper fumbled inside the showcase and laid his wares out for his guest's inspection.

"Gosh, Peter!" Mr. Brown exclaimed in delight. "And a real cigar counter,



"Great Scott! You!" He cried.

too! Where on earth did you get that?"

"Oh, I was in New York," the other told him proudly. "I educated my daughter there. I was a waiter at the Beaux Arts."

Charlie Brown stuck his hand out. The Beaux Arts was one of his special weaknesses.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed. "And you brought this with you?" He looked almost lovingly upon that familiar contrivance of oak, glass and nickel.

"I had wished to introduce here a little of the American—what you call it?—enterprise. And this year I had hoped to purchase a book to registration in, and little boxes behind for the letters and the keys," Christophe added. "But business has not been good."

He sighed.

"You're a good sort, old man!" Charlie told him. "I hope if they do come, they'll leave you alone."

"I hope so, m'sieu," the innkeeper answered. And he breathed a silent prayer that the Germans would not come that way.

At that moment a lady in white entered from the street and started across the room toward a door that led to the chambers above.

"Bonjour, madame!" Christophe said politely. It was his mysterious lodger. And since she paid well, there was every reason why he should be affable to her.

"Bonjour!" the young woman answered. She did not recognize her fellow guest until he approached with outstretched hand.

"Great Scott! You!" he cried, scarce believing his own eyes.

Ethel Willoughby—for it was she—could not do otherwise than pause. She stared at Charlie Brown.

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" she said. Her manner was nervous, constrained. But Charlie Brown did not notice that in his surprise. He took her hand with undisguised delight.

"Imagine meeting you here!" he said with great good-humor. "I suppose I ought to say, 'This is a small world after all.'"

Henri Christophe had witnessed

their unexpected meeting with all the interest of a curious-minded resident of a small village. It pleased him, moreover, that his newly found friend from New York already knew his feminine lodger.

"Ah, m'sieu knows Madame de Lorde! That is good, good," he murmured, as he beamed upon them both.

Charlie Brown looked first at Henri Christophe—then back at Ethel again. And an expression of bewilderment spread over his face.

"Madame de Lorde?" he said to her questioningly.

"Yes, yes!" she answered impatiently. And he perceived then that she was decidedly ill at ease. But all that escaped the pleased innkeeper.

"And now I myself will prepare dinner," Christophe announced. "Perhaps you and madame will dine together," he told Mr. Brown.

"Why, yes, sure—if Madame will," Charlie agreed promptly. So far as he was concerned, nothing could please him more.

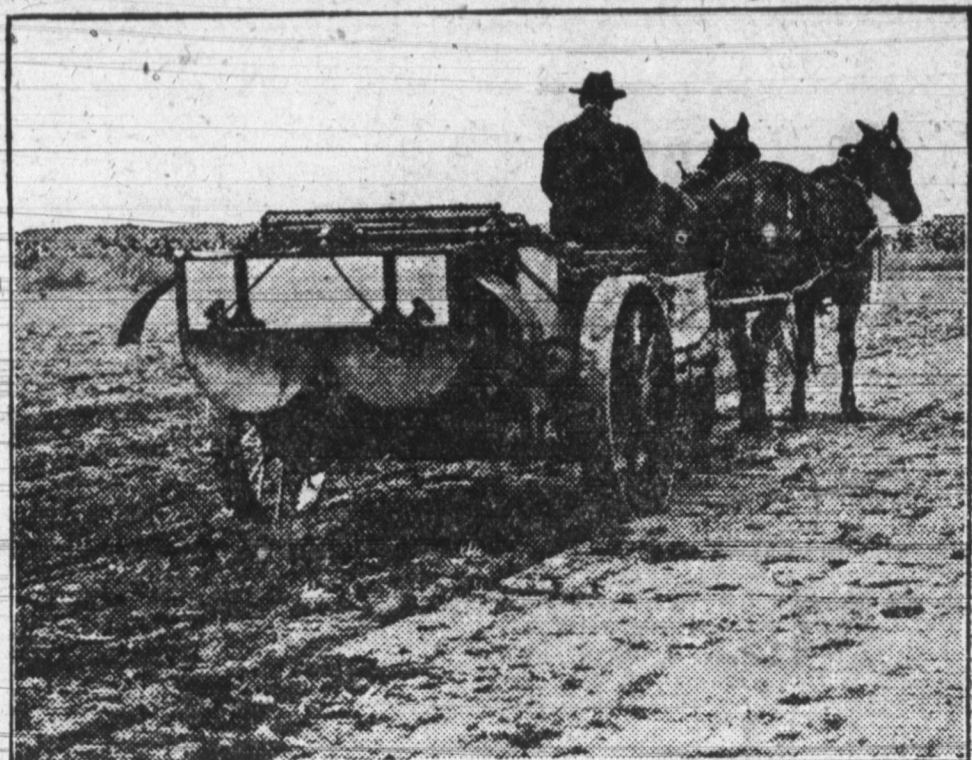
Do you believe that Brown will discover for himself the truth about Madame de Lorde, and do you think he will join his friends in their spying work?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# MAKING the FARM PAY

By PROF. P. G. HOLDEN,

Former Dean of the Iowa Agricultural College.



Proper Way to Apply Manure to the Land.

## WASTING THE FARM MANURE

The farmer who sells 1,000 pounds of red clover hay worth from \$4 to \$7, sells from his farm as much soil fertility as he would if he sold a 1,000-pound steer or two fat hogs weighing 500 pounds apiece; and the hogs or the steer would bring him from \$75 to \$100. In 50 bushels of corn there is about \$15 worth of soil fertility; in 100 pounds of butter about 4 cents worth of fertility; or in other words from 70 to 85 per cent of the fertilizing elements, such as nitrogen, phosphorus and potash taken from the soil by crops are returned to the soil if the crops are fed to animals and the manure put back on the land. It is well to remember that manure represents fertility which has been taken from the soil by crops and must be returned to it if productiveness is to be maintained. It not only adds to the store of plant food in the soil by returning a large per cent of the nitrogen, phosphorus and potash removed by crops, but it also renders the native plant food of the soil more available. It improves its physical condition, makes it warm and enables it to receive and retain more moisture; lets air into the soil, aids in the development of bacteria and helps to prevent washing.

### No Substitute Found.

No substitute at present known is capable of completely filling the place of farm manure. Notwithstanding its great value, there is probably no material on the farm in which so great and needless waste occurs. It is a common sight in almost any section to see stables and feed lots situated upon the bank of a stream or ditch where the most valuable portion of the manure will pass into the stream.

There is no soil so fertile that its producing power cannot be eventually exhausted by continued cropping which takes away fertility and returns nothing. We must not forget that the manure crop does not belong to the farmer, but to the soil, and must be returned to the soil.

Manures are carelessly thrown out where they are washed into the streams or the fine particles leached away or burned by self-generated heat and robbed of a large portion of their nitrogen.

Can you expect manures to be worth much after they have been washed by rains, dried by winds, burned by combustion, rooted over by hogs and tramped into the ground by stock?

### Interesting Experiment.

A very interesting experiment was conducted at Cornell university to show the effect of weathering and leaching upon the value of manure.

Four thousand pounds of manure from the horse stable composed of 3,319 of excrement and 681 pounds of straw were placed out of doors in a pile and left exposed for six months. (April 25 to September 22.) At the end of this period out of 4,000 pounds only 1,730 pounds remained—a loss of 57 per cent of the gross weight and 65 per cent loss in fertilizing value.

During the same period 10,000 pounds of manure from the cow stables were exposed for six months. The cow manure showed a loss of 5,125 pounds, or 49 per cent of the gross weight and 32 per cent of its value. A 1,000-pound horse will produce about nine tons of manure a year (without litter) valued in plant food at about \$15.

A 1,000-pound dairy cow will produce 12 tons of manure a year worth approximately \$20.

One hundred dairy cows weighing 1,000 pounds each will produce in one year about 2,400,000 pounds of manure worth over \$2,000.

Don't you think that \$2,000 is worth looking after? The Ohio experiment station found that 48 grade polled Angus steer calves weighing on an average 448 pounds each at the time they were stabled, produced in 13 months 690,504 pounds of manure, nearly 350 tons including bedding. This amount of manure is worth in plant food almost \$700.

### Value of Stable Manure.

The money value of the stable manure produced on Wisconsin farms for example amounts to millions each year. The fertilizer ingredients contained in the manure produced in one year by the different classes of farm animals are approximately the following amounts per head—dairy cows \$20, other cattle and horses \$15, sheep \$2 and swine \$4. The total value of the

fertilizer elements contained in the manure produced by these animals during the year is as follows:

1,504,000 milk cows, fertilizer value of manure produced . . . . .	\$30,080,000
1,146,000 other cattle, fertilizer value of manure produced . . . . .	22,920,000
652,000 horses, fertilizer value of manure produced . . . . .	9,780,000
822,000 sheep, fertilizer value of manure produced . . . . .	1,644,000
2,030,000 swine, fertilizer value of manure produced . . . . .	8,120,000

Total value of the manure produced annually . . . . . \$72,544,000 by the farm animals in the state is worth twice as much as that annually removed from the soil by crops. If all the fertilizer elements contained in the manure produced on Wisconsin farms could be saved and properly utilized, the fertility of the soil in the state might be maintained and even improved, since the fertility in purchased



Wasteful Method of Handling Manure. feeds brought into the state more than covers that in agricultural products sold by Wisconsin farmers.

### Enormous Waste of Manure.

The United States department of agriculture estimated the number of cattle in the United States on January 1, 1913, at 70,000,000; sheep, 57,216,000; swine, 47,782,000. If we assume that ten sheep or hogs are equivalent to one cow or steer in manure production, we shall have a total of over 80,000,000 cattle. They are no doubt equivalent to 60,000,000 1,000-pound cattle.

If these are yarded four months each winter, there should be a total manure production during that period of 150,000,000 tons, having a crop-producing value of at least \$200,000,000 above all cost of handling. It is a very conservative estimate to place the waste of this manure under the present system of handling at 25 per cent, or \$50,000,000 annually. It is no doubt twice that amount.

Manure is lost by weathering, leaching, heating, rotting, by piling in heaps in the field and letting stand before spreading. If you cannot spread it soon after it is produced, store it in a pit or manure shed.

Of all the ways in which manure is handled, piling it in heaps in the field is the most wasteful. It is worse than leaving it under the barn eaves and letting it leach out there, because of the waste of labor involved in hauling it to the field to be thrown away.

The overgrowth of lodged and half-filled grain over such spots ought to be sufficient to convince any man of the mistake of such a method; yet there are thousands of farmers who are still piling manure in the fields.

### Value of Liquid Manure.

A greater portion of the fertilizing value of the manure is found in the liquid portion. The full effect of neither the solid nor the liquid portion can be obtained except when used in connection with the other. If the liquid is permitted to flow away or become leached out by rain and separated from the solid portion, whether in yard or field, it carries with it the plant food. The only right way to handle manure is to collect the liquid by abundant absorbents as straw, get it promptly to the field, spread it there at once and let sunshine and rain do their work. The sunshine will evaporate the water and the rain which follows will dissolve the salts and wash them into the soil where they are needed.