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Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS
AND
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE
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CHAPTER XIX. A Defiance.

VOICES sounded in the hallway outside the double doors. Jaimhr Khan, a finger to his lips, nodded as he whispered, "Three-thirty at the Splendide." He faded like a white wraith through the door to General Crandall's room as the double doors opened and the masculine faction of the dinner party entered. Woodhouse rose from a stooping position at the telephone and faced them. To the general, whose sharp scrutiny stabbed like thin knives, he made plausible explanation. The beggar who lost his bag wanted a complete identification of it—had run it down at Algiers.

"I understand," Crandall grunted. When the cigars were lit General Crandall excused himself for a minute, sat at his desk and hurriedly scratched a note. Summoning Jaimhr, he ordered that the note be dispatched by orderly direct to Major Bishop and given to no other hands. Woodhouse, who overheard his superior officer's command, was filled with vague apprehension. What Mrs Sherman had said at table—this hurried note to Bishop; there was but one interpretation to give to the affair—Crandall's suspicions were all alive again. Yet at 3:20—at the Hotel Splendide.

But when Crandall came back to join the circle of smokers he was all geniality. The women came in by way of Jane Gerson's room; they had been taking a farewell peek at her dazzling stock of gowns, they said, before they were packed for the steamer.

"There was one or two I just had to see again," Mrs. Sherman explained for the benefit of all, "before I said goodby to them."

"Well, don't get into trouble with the minister, mother," Henry J. warned. "Some of the French gowns I've seen on this trip certainly would stir things up in Kewanee."

Jaimhr served the coffee. Woodhouse tried to maneuver Jane into a tete-a-tete in an angle of the massive fireplace, but she outgeneraled him, and the observant Mrs. Sherman cornered him inexorably.

"Tell me, Captain Woodhouse," she began in her friendly tones, "you said awhile ago the general might mistake you for a spy. Don't you have a great deal of trouble with spies in your army in wartime? Everybody took us for spies in Germany, and in France they thought poor Henry was carrying bombs to blow up the Eiffel tower."

"Perhaps I can answer that question better than Captain Woodhouse," the general put in, rising and striding over to where Mrs. Sherman kept the captain prisoner. "Captain Woodhouse, you see, would not be so likely to come in touch with those troublesome persons as one in command of a post, like myself." The most delicate irony barbed this speech, lost to all but the one for whom it was meant.

"Oh, I know I'm going to hear something very exciting!" Mrs. Sherman chortled. "Kitty, you'd better hush up Willy Kimball for awhile and come over here. You can improve your mind better listening to the general."

Crandall soon was the center of a group. He began, with sober directness:

"Well, in the matter of spies in wartime, Mrs. Sherman, one is struck by the fact of their resemblance to the plague—you never can tell when they're going to get you or whence they came. Now, here on the Rock I have reason to believe we have one or more spies busy this minute."

Jane Gerson, sitting where the light smote her face, drew back into the shadow with a swift movement of protectiveness. Woodhouse, who balanced a dainty Salsola coffee cup on his knee, kept his eyes on his superior's face with a mildly interested air. "In fact," Crandall continued evenly, "I shouldn't be surprised if one, pos-

sibly two, spies should be arrested before the night is over." And the point about this that will interest you ladies is that one of these, the one whose order, for arrest I have already given, is a woman—a very clever and pretty woman, I may add to make the story more interesting.

"And the other, whose arrest may follow, is an accomplice of hers, I take it, general?" Woodhouse put the question with easy indifference. He was stirring his coffee abstractedly.

"Not only the accomplice, but the brains for both, captain—a deucedly clever person, I'm frank to admit."

"Oh, people, come and see the flagship, signaling to the rest of the fleet with its funny green and red lights!"



"And the other is an accomplice of hers."

It was Jane, who had suddenly risen and stood by the curtains screening the balcony windows. "They look like little flowers opening and shutting."

The girl's diversion was sufficient to take interest momentarily from General Crandall's revelation. When all had clustered around the windows conversation skipped to the feet, its power and the men who were ready to do battle behind its hundreds of guns. Mrs. Sherman was disappointed that the ships did not send up rockets. She'd read somewhere that ships sent up rockets, and she didn't see why these should prove the exception. Interruption came from Jaimhr Khan, who bore a message for Consul Reynolds. The fussy little man ripped open the envelope with an air of importance.

"Ah, listen, folks! Here we have the latest wireless from the Saxonia: 'Will anchor about 2—sail 6. Have all passengers aboard by 5:30.' Excited gurgles from the refugees. 'That means,' Reynolds wound up with a flourish, 'everybody at the docks by 5 o'clock. Be there myself to see you off. Must go now—lot of fuss and feathers getting everybody fixed.' He paused before Jane.

"You're going home at last, young lady," he chirped.

"That depends entirely on Miss Gerson herself." It was the general who spoke quietly, but emphatically.

Reynolds looked at him, surprised. "Why, I understood it was all arranged."

"I repeat, it depends entirely on Miss Gerson."

Woodhouse caught the look of fear in Jane's eyes, and, as they fell for the instant on his, something else—appeal. He turned his head quickly. Lady Crandall saved the situation.

"Oh, that's just some more of George's eternal red tape. I'll snip it when the time comes."

The consul's departure was the signal for the others. They crowded around Lady Crandall and her husband with voluble praise for the American dinner and thanks for the courtesy they had found on the Rock. Woodhouse, after a last despairing effort to have a word of farewell with Jane, which she denied, turned to make his adieu to his host and hostess.

"No hurry, captain," Crandall caught him up. "Expect Major Bishop in every minute—small matter of official detail. You and he can go down the Rock together when he leaves."

Woodhouse's mind leaped to the meaning behind his superior's careless words. The hastily dispatched note—that was to summon Bishop to Government House; Crandall's speech about the spies, and now this summary order that he wait the arrival of Bishop. Would the arrest be here in this room? The man who carried a number from the Wilhelmstrasse felt the walls of the library slowly closing in to crush him. He could almost hear the whisper and mutter of the inexorable machine moving them closer—closer. Be alone with the man whose word could send bullets into his heart!

"A very pleasant dinner, Lady Crandall," Woodhouse began, eager to lighten the tenseness of the situation.

"Yes, it seemed so." Crandall offered the younger man his cigarette case and, lighting a smoke himself, straddled the hearth, his eyes keenly observant of Woodhouse's face.

"Rather odd, Americans, but jolly nice." The captain laughed in reminiscence of the unspoiled Shermans.

"I thought so—I married one," Crandall retorted.

The ear of Woodhouse's mind could hear more plainly now the grinding of the cog: the immutable power of fate lay there.

"Oh—er—so you did. Very kind she has been to me. I got very little of this sort of thing at Wady Halfa."

"By the way, Woodhouse"—Crandall blew a contemplative puff toward the ceiling—"strange Mrs. Sherman should have thought she saw you at Berlin."

"Odd mistake, to be sure," Woodhouse admitted, struggling to put ease into his voice. "The lady seems to have a penchant, as her husband says, for finding familiar faces."

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"Major Bishop!" Jaimhr Khan announced at the double doors. The major in person followed immediately. His greeting to Woodhouse was constrained.

"Woodhouse will wait for you to go down the Rock with him," Crandall explained to the newcomer. "Captain, excuse us for a minute while we go into my room and run over a little matter of fleet supplies. Must check up with the feet before it sails in the morning." Woodhouse bowed his acquiescence and saw the door to the general's room close behind the twain.

He was not long alone. Noiselessly the double doors opened, and Jaimhr Khan entered. Woodhouse sprang to meet him where he stood poised for flight just inside the doors.

"The woman's prattle of Berlin"—the Indian whispered.

"Yes; the general's suspicions are all aroused again."
"Listen! I saw the note he sent to Bishop. The major is to be set to watch you tonight—all night. A false step and you will be under arrest." Jaimhr's thin face was twisted in wrath. "One man's life will not stand in our way now."

"No," Woodhouse affirmed.

"Success is verree near. When Bishop goes with you down the Rock?"

"Yes, yes! What?"

"The pistol screams, but the knife is dumb. Quick, captain!" With a swift movement of his hand the Indian passed a thin bladed dirk to the white man. The latter secreted the sheathed weapon in a pocket of his dinner jacket. He nodded understanding.

"One man's life—nothing!" Jaimhr breathed.

"It shall be done," Woodhouse whispered.

Jaimhr faded through the double doors like a spirit in a medium's cabinet. He had seen what the captain was slower to notice. The door from Jane Gerson's room was opening. The girl stepped swiftly into the room and was by Woodhouse's side almost before he had seen her.

"I could not go away—without—without—"

"Miss Gerson—Jane!" He was beside her instantly. His hand sought and found one of hers and held it a willing prisoner. She was trembling, and her eyes were deep pools, ruffled by conflicting currents. Her words came breathlessly:

"I was not myself. I tried to tell myself you were deceiving me—just as a part of this terrible mystery you are involved in. But when I heard General Crandall tell you to wait—that and what he said about the spies—I knew you were again in peril, and—"

"And you have come to me to tell me as goodly you believe I am honest and that you care—a little?" Woodhouse's voice trembled with yearning. "When you think me in danger then you forget doubts and maybe—your heart?"

"Oh, I want to believe—I want to!" she whispered passionately. "Every one here is against you. Tell me you are on the level—with me, at least."

"I am—with you."

"I—I believe," she sighed, and her head fell near his shoulder—so near that with alacrity Captain Woodhouse settled it there.

"When this war is over, if I am alive," he was saying rapturously, "may I come to America for you? Will you—wait?"

"Perhaps."

The door to General Crandall's room opened. They sprang apart just as Crandall and Bishop entered the library. The former was not blind to the situation. He darted a swift glance into the girl's face and read much there.

"Ready, captain?" Bishop chirped, affecting not to notice the momentary confusion of the man and the girl.

Woodhouse gave Jane's hand a lingering clasp. Mutely his eyes adjured her to remember her plighted troth. In another minute he was gone.

The general and his guest were alone. Jane Gerson was bidding him good night when he interrupted, somewhat gruffly:

"Well, young woman, have you made up your mind? Do you sail in the morning or not?"

"I made up my mind to that long ago," she answered briskly. "Of course"

OFFICERS FOR HOSPITAL

TO DIRECT ORTHOPAEDIC INSTITUTION

Trustees in Meeting Here Select Officers for Ensuing Term—Site Purchased and Executive Committee Empowered to Act.

At a recent meeting here of the board of trustees of the North Carolina Orthopaedic Hospital officers for the ensuing term were chosen as follows:

President, R. B. Babington; secretary, M. B. Spier; treasurer, J. Lee Robinson; chaplain, Rev. A. D. Wilcox. An executive committee consisting of three members was elected as follows: R. R. Ray, chairman; M. B. Spier and R. B. Babington.

The meeting of the board of trustees was opened by prayer offered by Rev. A. D. Wilcox.

Governor T. W. Bickett was elected ex-officio chairman and Hon. J. C. Harding chairman of the board of trustees.

Trustees attending the meeting were as follows: R. B. Babington, Gastonia; Hon. J. C. Harding, Greenville; M. B. Spier, Charlotte; R. R. Ray, McAdenville; Geo. Blanton, Shelby; J. Lee Robinson, Gastonia; W. C. Bivens, Wadesboro; Rev. A. D. Wilcox, Goldsboro. J. H. Giles, the only absent member, was detained on account of sickness.

A committee on by-laws was appointed as follows: Hon. J. C. Harding, chairman; W. C. Bivens and R. B. Babington.

The board of trustees purchased a site of 28 1-2 acres in Babington heights, one mile east of the city limits on the Charlotte-Atlanta highway, with the purpose and understanding that the executive committee, into whose hands the authority to act is placed, make up specifications, plans for construction of hospital and laying off the grounds, as early as practicable. Actual work will be started as soon as these preliminaries are arranged.

Gaston county has subscribed to this work \$15,000. It is necessary to have an additional \$50,000 subscribed in order to begin the work of building an institution to take care of the crippled children even in the beginning. The board of trustees wants the 99 counties to contribute this amount which would not amount to a large sum for each county.

Summer Complaint.

During the hot weather of the summer months some member of almost every family is likely to be troubled with an unnatural looseness of the bowels, and it is of the greatest importance that this be treated promptly, which can only be done when the medicine is kept at hand. Mrs. F. F. Scott, Scottsville, N. Y., states, "I first used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy as much as five years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of summer complaint and was suffering intense pain. One dose relieved me. Other members of my family have since used it with like results."—Adv.

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(Continued on page 5.)



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