

Who Captured Him?

Was It a French War Detective or a Pretty Girl?

By JOHN Y. LARNED

When the great European war broke out Arthur Eggleston, a young American reporter, happened to make his way in the world, full of the vigor of youth and not aware of the opportunity that was before him. He took the first steamer for London that sailed and in due time arrived at that city.

Crossing the channel with a contingent of British troops, he landed at Ostend during that period when the German forces were hammering at the forts of Liege and the French and British forces were endeavoring to resist the invasion into France. He applied for permission to attach himself to the British headquarters, but was refused on the ground that newspaper correspondents would be allowed to accompany the army. At the French headquarters he received the same response to his application.

Eggleston, having crossed the Atlantic ocean and the English Channel, reported the big fight, determined to follow in the allies' rear, hang about their flanks, anything except get in their way, and report what he could gather. He found himself at Lille when the allied armies had begun their retreat, but before they had returned that city. He also found the General Safety, a detective force used to hunt down and eliminate spies. When one is hunting for any particular thing the identity of which is doubtfully very apt to find it. With a list of spy hunters in the field a search was set up to keep the crowd away from the corn is not safe.

Eggleston was walking in Lille one day when a file of French soldiers under the command of a lieutenant came down the street, stopping persons here and there. The American did not dream of danger and when they reached him and the officer demanded to know who he was, where he had come from and where he was going, told him that he was a newspaper correspondent looking for news. The officer, not being satisfied with this, informed him that he must take him to the headquarters of the General Safety.

Eggleston was conducted to a building in a room of which an officer, sitting behind a desk, regarded him inquisitively. The Frenchman began asking him questions in French, and Eggleston understood most of them, answering without hesitation, but when his question branched into German the American showed plainly that he did not understand. It did not occur to him that the man suspected him of being a German spy and was trying to catch him. Presently Eggleston, however, blurted out his name and produced it. This established the fact that he was an American, and he was thereafter treated with great consideration.

Eggleston spent some time in Lille without being permitted to go near the armies. One day he was walking along a residence street when he heard a feminine voice say in French:

"Monsieur, have you any news of the armies? Will they come this way? We are all packed ready to move."

Turning, he saw a pretty girl looking out of a window. He had studied the French language at school and had picked up a Frenchman on the way across the Atlantic, with whom he had talked incessantly in order to gather enough French to enable him to get on in France. So he replied as best he could that he was profoundly ignorant of what was going on at the front. He was trying to get there, but this far had been unsuccessful. Noting that his French was not of the best, the girl asked him if he were not English. No, he was American. The English were very popular since they had come to assist the French but before that Americans were the best liked. An elderly lady came to the window and loudly asked for news and gave Eggleston an invitation to come in. He accepted it. A glass of wine was brought out and the three sat discussing the probabilities of the family having to leave their home and cart their belongings across country to the coast as the Belgians were doing.

And so it happened that Eggleston, instead of writing up the number of guns, the explosion of shells, the rattle of rifles, the groans of the wounded, spent several days dallying with a pretty girl at the end of which time she came to him, and while they were yet in the distance he helped his friends the Legation, to remove their effects or a small portion of them to a cart he secured for them and saw them on their way to the southward after which he began to do some work as a war correspondent.

Eggleston, keeping as near the line as he dared, preceded their retreat toward the capital. When the tide turned he was on the allies' left flank and one day after witnessing some very hard fighting went into a town on the west bank of the river Oise to write up copy and send it by courier to the coast to be forwarded.

He was sitting in the writing room of the only hotel in the place when a man came in and, bending over him, began to peruse what he was writing.

"Are you a censor?" asked Eggleston, looking up with a scowl.

"I am an officer of the General Safety," replied the man, "Who are you?"

"I am an American newspaper correspondent, writing an account of today's battle and in a hurry."

"English?"

"No, American."

"I would like to see your passport," said the man.

Eggleston took his passport from his pocket, threw it on the table and went on writing. The man picked it up, opened it, read it and, comparing the personal description with the correspondent.

"Eyes blue, hair light. The Germans all have blue eyes and light hair. 'German?' What do you mean? Don't you see that the passport reads 'A citizen of the United States?'"

"Monsieur, you may as well own up; first of all, you are a German spy. I longed to push back his chair and stare at the man."

"German spy? Why, my dear fellow, I am an American. Can't you read English?"

"The passport has been stolen. The Germans took it from an American. You need not try to deceive me. We have received a warning."

"What warning?"

"A German who has lived in England, who speaks English like a native, who looks like an Englishman, armed with the American's passport, is with our lines for information. We have received orders to look out for him and if he takes him to shoot him at once."

Eggleston smiled. He was aware that the keen sense of spy hunters was leading the detectives to make short work of suspicious persons and he supposed he was to be taken out to be shot.

"But, monsieur, I was in Lille a few days ago, where I made the acquaintance of those connected with the General Safety. They will touch down and eliminate spies. When one is hunting for any particular thing the identity of which is doubtfully very apt to find it. With a list of spy hunters in the field a search was set up to keep the crowd away from the corn is not safe."

"We can take no risks. Besides, those men in Lille may have been misled by you."

"Who did the Germans refer to?"

"Yesterday."

"I met the General Safety officer."

"At this moment?"

"I went into the room and looked at the list. The name of the man who was referred to was Eggleston."

"Yesterday?"

"I met the General Safety officer."

"If you will confess your life will be spared."

Eggleston, who did not understand a word of what was said to him, but recognized that it was in the German language, replied:

"No, never."

"This was quite enough for the Frenchman, who held that the 'ditch version' was full proof that the subject was a German. However, after deliberation they concluded to refer the case to some one higher up, so they placed Eggleston under guard for the night."

But the allied were at that time too busy fighting for any one in authority to pay any attention to an individual case. The next morning, no reply having been received concerning the subject, they decided to conclude that it was best to take no risks, but shoot him, though they did not like to do so on an uncertainty for in case he should be what he pretended they would be liable to get themselves into trouble.

"The four of battle at this southern point and at times more distant from one another when the guns were louder Eggleston's captors decided to bring him to a town further west. During the journey they were about to cross a road running north and south and had stopped to let a train of refugees pass when among the latter Eggleston caught a glimpse of the pretty girl he had met in Lille."

"Monsieur," he shouted.

"Louis Legris turned and seeing the American who had assisted the family in the hour of need, clasped her hands with French fervency and called her mother's attention to him."

A halt was called and the refugees and the detective came together for a conference. Both mother and daughter were horrified when they learned that the son American was to be shot as a spy. They told the story of having seen him in Lille about a week before and how he had assisted them. This was positive that he was not traveling on a captured passport, for he had shown it to an officer of the General Safety corps in their presence and Louise, who had never seen a passport before, had examined it from curiosity.

Eggleston's captors apologized for having intended to shoot him as coming from Lille and having unintentionally wounded him by passing. They dismissed him and the last seen of him he had joined the Legation and that is the last that has been heard of him. His reports to his paper suddenly stopped. There are those who suspect that this ending of the story is incorrect and that he was really shot as a spy. But such persons do not consider that there is all ways danger of a man being carried away by a pretty girl even if there are plenty of warriors handy to do the job.

A BLAZE IN JAPAN

Yelling Mobs Through the Streets When a Fire Starts.

IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT.

Every Native in Town Makes a Mad Dash For the Scene of the Conflagration and Chaos Reigns Supreme. Even a Small Fire is a Big Event.

A fire is a great event in Japan. One would think that, inasmuch as the dense construction of the Japanese houses and their packing together make fires of almost daily occurrence in the cities at any rate, they would have lost a portion of their novelty during the ten or fifteen centuries Japan has regularly been burning down. They have not thought. When the fire bell begins to toll the whole population goes to the fire.

I was in a Jiarukisha in Yokohama on my way to the railroad station when I heard the clangor of a bell and the crowd who was drawing me shouted "Kwaji! Kwaji!" or what sounded like that and displayed strong evidence of breaking into a gallop.

"What is that?" I inquired of the Jiarukisha.

"Kwaji!" he shouted.

And so it felt out that we went to the fire, the crowd, the Jiarukisha and myself for I had no words to stop him except a very uncertain "Tomaru!" And he did not choose to obey.

The crowd gathered down one street and up another, and in ten minutes I was in the midst of a mob of people in every style of Japanese dress, and all running backward and forward. Not a man walked. All ran. They were so interested and excited that they thought they must be shareholders in the snatches which were burning.

A man pushed wildly to one end of the street, blowing people out of his way, stepping on them, pushing against them and then he stopped, emitted a wild scream and dashed back again. I saw one man fall. In reality a thousand did it on each of the four sides of the block in which the fire was, unconsciously and in a casual and unhampered manner, demolishing some small houses.

Other thousands, many of them running this way a few steps and that way a few steps, all by being not a man stood still except himself and I soon found myself in the Japanese street with excitement, with a tumult into the front and sides.

Presently the flames came. They dashed in from a quarter of the city, demolishing little houses, carts, and filling white and red flags.

The hydrants in Yokohama are in bunches below the surface of the streets. The firemen joined in the yelling throng. They ran back and forth, and the spectators ran back and forth after them. There was much shouting and gestulation. Every fireman, whether regular or volunteer, seemed to be a chief. They all gave orders to the crowd, shouting, "Run! Run! Run! Run!"

There were ten or fifteen minutes of this running back and forth and shouting by the firemen, then some thin streams of water began to sprinkle on the fire. Also, a few big engines began to squirt. Meantime the firemen were paying no attention to the houses on fire, but were trying to keep other houses from burning. A few of them tore slates from adjacent roofs and cast them indiscriminately into the crowd. Women with bundles of household belongings straggled out of the houses that might catch fire. More thousands came. For four blocks each way the streets were packed from wall to wall with excited people all running back and forth and all shouting.

I had to elude my crowd with my cane to make him start with me to the station, and he looked backward over his shoulder all the time. I was depriving him of a real pleasure—taking some thing out of his life by not allowing him to stay and help put out that fire.

It seems almost superfluous to say I missed my train or that the Jiarukisha man, bowing and smiling, remarked, "I am sorry for you." However, that made me later in getting back that night, and as I went up dark and deserted Water street in Yokohama I heard music ahead of me a kind of music and tune that sounded familiar.

Presently I overtook the musician. He was a Japanese youth, straggling along on his wooden clogs, wearing a derby hat and clad in a kimono, and he was playing on a mouth organ "Shall We Gather at the River?" Wherein, was illustrated and exemplified the old and the new Japan. Samuel G. Hythe in Saturday Evening Post.

The Good Old Times.

At one time in some of our cities were auctioned off in public to the highest bidder. In ancient Greece, there was not considered so much of a disgrace as being caught at it.

Setting a Fashion.

Some years ago the coral fishers of Torre del Greco, near Naples, were in hard straits. The value of coral had fallen so low that they were no longer able to find purchasers for their bar. At last, in despair, they decided to sell the coral to come to their aid. The first great coral bar that was sold that year at the Quirinal Palace was about 100,000 pounds of coral, composed of six rows of coral instead of her usual two rows of coral, and her black hair was crowned with a diadem of coral and brilliant. From that evening the mode changed. Coral ornaments that had been hidden away for years and years were again displayed at the jewelry and were snapped up by eager purchasers. Queen Helena's object was attained, and that coral bar marked the beginning of more prosperous days for the coral fishers of Torre del Greco.

The Chinaman's Wardrobe.

In "Home Life in China" Isaac Taylor Hepburn tells the following story to illustrate the conservatism of the Chinese costume.

"A Chinese student representative who was in the American ways came to the home of an eminent New York banker for a week's visit. It was winter, but he came without overcoat, and yet every day he presented himself with a change of garments. At first his hostess wondered how he managed to do so, but she discovered that his trunk was his trunk and that instead of putting his clothes into his trunk he put his trunk into his clothes. His garments were like the skins of an animal, except that any layer might be worn off the outside and, as some of his guests, for such they might be called, were of silk, lined with fur, or lined with silk, he could wear them on either side out at will."

A Rare Bird.

The lowest form of bird life which exists is believed to be the kiwi, or Apteryx, a native of New Zealand. It is a very queer bird, and, as a rule, is considered to be a very stupid creature. It is without wings or tail, its legs are short, but its feet are large and used for digging. The body of the kiwi is a cross between that of a mole and a mole. The kiwi develops great speed and makes a desperate fight when attacked. A peculiar characteristic is that during the day they are on their feet, and when at night they are in their holes. It is not reasonable to suppose that a kiwi, when it is in its hole, is in any way protected, and only a few museums can boast of specimens.

Explained.

When he came in the he said to his waiting wife, "See the nice present I brought you."

"Where is it?"

"Here it is. A point lace handkerchief."

"Oh, isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, it cost a dollar, marked down to 99 cents."

"My what a beautiful odor!"

"Oh, that's the scent of the dollar!"

—Exchange.

Chesterfield on Dress.

"When you are once well dressed for the day," wrote a Chesterfield, "think no more of it. Always and without any stiffness or fear of discomposing that dress for all your actions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all."

An Unkind Retort.

"You made a fool of me!" exclaimed the angry husband.

"Call yourself a fool if you wish, my dear, calmly received his ranting, but I should like to see you get a fool of me. You have always claimed to be a self-made man."

Honest, Anyhow.

"So you are hurrying the man of your choice?"

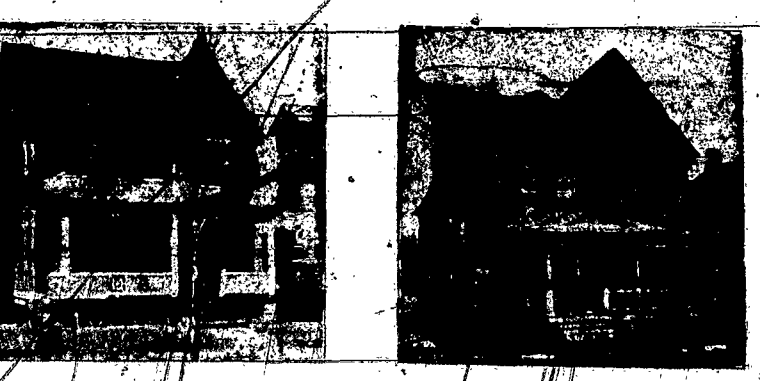
"Not exactly the man of my choice; rather the man I could get." Detroit Free Press.

Quite Manly.

"Mother, I'm afraid you are overreacting. Tommy's keeping out—I ain't afraid. Women get scared at things fore men do." Boston Transcript.

Cold Proposition.

"Meet any leeches coming over on the steamer? Gotham Well, see; I was introduced to a girl from Boston—Yonkers Statesman."



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