

2510 FIGHTERS' FAMILIES CARED FOR BY RED CROSS

Money, Children, Shoes, Letters, Wives, Jobs, Sickness, Worries—These Are Problems Untangled by Home Service Workers

EDITORIAL FOR WOMEN BY A WOMAN

By NATHALIE BOYER

THE home service section of the Red Cross, co-operating with the home relief committee of the Emergency Aid and the citizens' aid committee, opened its door early in April, 1917, for the care of the soldiers' and sailors' families.



MRS. HENRY C. BOYER

There are many—first, money to support the family until the soldier's pay comes. When the pay does come—at most \$25 a month from his \$30—it is not enough for a family, and therefore must be supplemented by money given by the home service. When, however, the Government allowance is added, if there are children, the amount will be about doubled; but even so, not always enough for the support of a large family.

Wishie Boyer

The Yellow Dove

A Romance of the Secret Service By GEORGE GIBBS Author of "The Flaming Sword," "Malcob," etc.

and his intentions. Once a friend, but after that an untrustworthy foe. What did she know of these people in whose hands he was committing himself? "German!" she was ready to believe anything she heard of the Belgians—the worst! Had Ritzko's story about sending her to the head of the Secret Service of Germany been a mere invention to Kilmorack House that he would never give her up. What was what he had meant? A blind terror seized her as she thought of the moment to death and her family for analysis. The room, though chill, seemed to shimmer and glow. She was to be closing in to crush her. She stumbled to the bed, upon which she fell and lay for a long while motionless, and at last the blessing of tears came to her and then, sleep.

How long Doris slept she did not know, but she realized that it could not have been long, for strange ugly figures came into her dreams and strange ugly events followed each other with lightning swiftness. But a knock upon the door brought her back to the horrors of her predicament and she answered it, wondering what was to happen. It was a tall man in a uniform bearing a tray of food—some toast, eggs and a cup of chocolate. He entered with a smile and a polite greeting in German, putting the tray upon the table and then forcing upon the door of sunlight came into the room and lay upon the bright grates upon the floor. He was tall, grizzled at the temples and walked with a slight limp. He smiled at Doris and she could not refrain from answering the smile in kind.

"I hope the Fraulien will enjoy her lunch," he said. "The toast especially, for I have made it myself. I trust that the Fraulien prefers dry bread."

"Thanks, anything will do. I am not hungry," said the Porstler, looking at her with continuing a lower tone. "The Fraulien will not forget that the toast is excellent and that I trust the Fraulien prefers dry bread."

She was not hungry, but she knew the time of the day and she knew her strength for any ordeal that was in store for her, so she drew a chair to the table and sat down, pouring out the chocolate in the cup and helping herself to the eggs.

All the while she thought of the strange behavior of her Porstler. Why did he say such things to her? And why because it was dry? She raised a piece of toast and examined it, and she lifted the second piece when a gasp of surprise escaped her. Above the third piece of toast, folded neatly, was a tiny strip of paper. She glanced toward the door and window, and then setting up the chair and going to a great height of observation of her actions was impossible, opened the slip of paper. It was in Cyril's hand.

Don't be frightened (she read). You are to be questioned. Follow these instructions. I made copy of message in Heathcote library night of dinner while waiting for you to get away. I hid it in right back of motor. Copy and original of message the same. You and I are enemies. Therefore, the War Office had grown suspicious and all the usual channels were closed. Ritzko was frightened and refused to deliver further messages. So Maxwell hid upon the scheme of the cigarette papers to be delivered to Hammerley. I could not resist them from Ritzko because of your instructions not to let my interests be known to any one in England but Maxwell. You thought the time was not ripe for me to play my coup.

"Yes," said Von Stromberg dryly, "but the time is ripe now and you are not there to play it."

"This affair was of such importance," said the General broke in quickly, "go on."

"It was the day of an anniversary celebrated for me by Lady Heathcote, whose house, as you know, is one of the most exclusive in England and above suspicion. I had arranged the exchange with Hammerley in accordance with your orders. It was a test of his loyalty and he accomplished it. So you think he had an opportunity to glance at the papers, I mean between

the time he received them and the time of your demand of him?"

"Yes, he studied them for a moment behind the curtains of an alcove in the drawing room. I was watching. I saw his shadow as he bent over to the light of the lamp."

"By that you mean he had a hope that they might be spurious?"

"Yes, Excellency. When it was discovered that there was a leak, false orders were issued to test the different departments of the War Office."

"H—m. And then, Maxwell's men followed him, and when he was on the point of capture he turned the papers over to the lady, who escaped through the hedge?"

"As I have said before, Excellency, the lady is clever. She read the papers, but her loyalty to Hammerley kept her silent, though at the time she suspected that he was a German agent."

"I see," said Von Stromberg, manifesting a sudden activity with his fingers. "The lady is interested in Herr Hammerley?"

"Yes, Excellency. In him, perhaps, than she is in you."

"That," said Von Stromberg, rising, "perhaps you matters more amusing for us—perhaps a little more amusing for Herr Hammerley."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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THE STORY TELLER. All England is mystified by "The Yellow Dove," a 1000-horsepower airplane that has been flying over the English Channel and makes periodic trips to England. The search has been fruitless, and the plane has been reported to have been seen in the air over the English Channel. The "Dove" is a new type of aircraft, and its appearance is a mystery.

CYRIL HAMMERLEY. A young Londoner and man-about-town, Cyril Hammerley is a member of the secret service. He is a handsome young man, and his actions are a mystery. He is known to be a member of the secret service, and his actions are a mystery.

CHAPTER XIV. Von Stromberg seemed, interminable. He shared with John Ritzko a private compartment in the train. He was still ceremoniously polite and inclined to conversation, but now, thoroughly realizing the danger which faced her as well as Cyril, Doris had decided upon a policy of silence. She would wait until she learned what they required of her and then perhaps some instinct or inspiration would direct her. Of one thing she was certain, that nothing could make her speak if she did not wish it to do so.

When Ritzko commented upon the beauty of the passing landscape she smiled and then returned to her own thoughts. Cyril, she knew, would be at Windenberg, for it was the custom of the secret messenger to be at the place where the message was to be delivered. Things had not been going well in England, and it was determined to send whether Hammerley or Ritzko was the messenger.

CHAPTER XV. The girl the way from Bremen to Windenberg seemed, interminable. He shared with John Ritzko a private compartment in the train. He was still ceremoniously polite and inclined to conversation, but now, thoroughly realizing the danger which faced her as well as Cyril, Doris had decided upon a policy of silence.