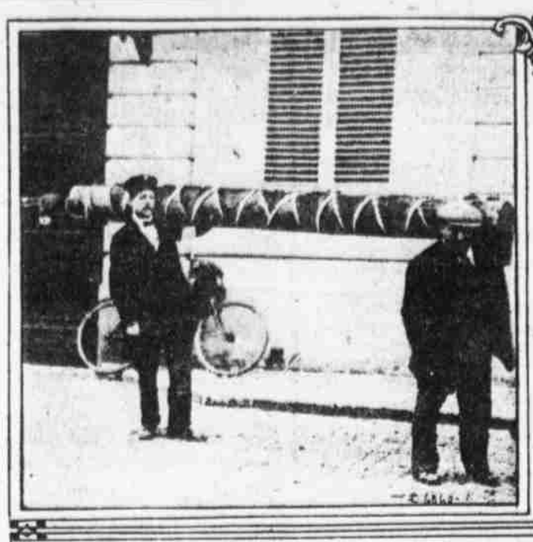
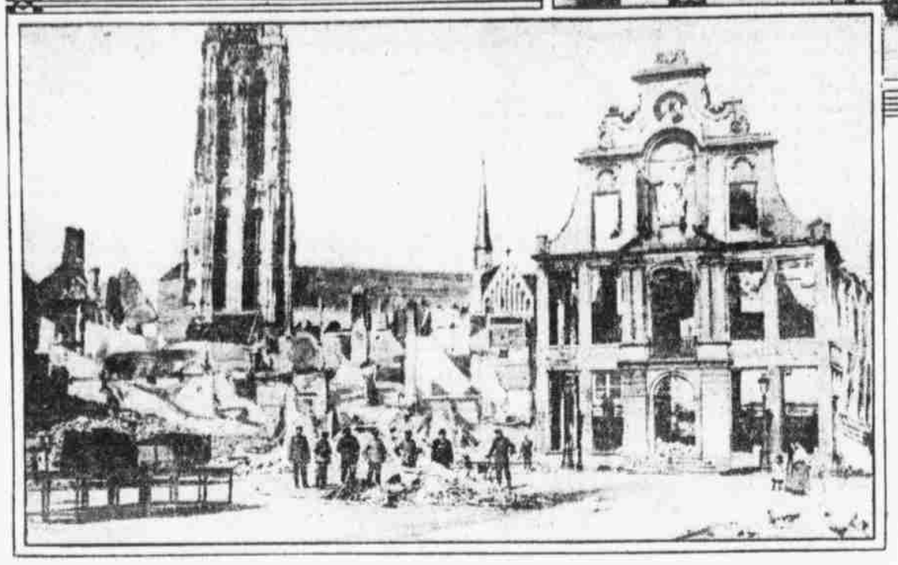
"AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT," A WAR NURSE'S DIARY, SHOWS WHAT OUR BOYS ARE FACING

A British War Nurse, Whose Name Is Withheld by the British Censor, Tells in Vivid Terms the Difference Between a "Civilian" Hospital and the Mass of Human Wreckage Literally Dumped Upon the Overworked Staffs of the War Stations

Shrapnel Wounds, Long-Range Guns, Mutilated Bodies and Artillery Duels Are, After All, but Names for Things That Are Scarcely Understood by the Average American Far From the Field of Actual Battle in Devastated Europe





Two incidents, the writer says, will remain forever in her memory. The former is the first impression of devastated Malines; the other the arrival of "Churchill's Marines." Above, at the right, the British sailor-soldiers, with their old ninety-six pound loads, are seen marching into Antwerp. Since those days their knapsacks have been considerably lightened Below is ruined Malines, showing the hollow remains of the "Guildhaus of the Archers" and, at the left, the nicked tower of the famous Cathedral. The third picture shows two Belgians carrying a famous Van Dyke painting from the Cathedral to Antwerp for safekeeping.

CHAPTER I.
ANTWERP.

WHEN war was declared August 4, 1914, the great upheaval sent its waves of excitement beating against every shore till it touched the whole world.

Away in the Northern Midlands of England there is a county hospital. Enrolled among its nurses were several who belonged to the Territorials. Scarcely had war been declared when their marching orders came. Proudly they went away, clad in military uniform, while those left behind envied them with an almost bitter envy.

Speaking for myself, to want a thing badly means to get it—if possible. When the Serbians started I went to the matron and asked permission to be released to offer my services. Her answer was: "Wait a little; your own country may need you." Meanwhile she got permission for me to go. But permission to go and a zeal to serve one's country are but the preliminaries to active service at the front. Not only women but men constantly meet with bitter disappointment and many obstacles put by a wise government as tests to temper, discipline or some inscrutable reason which like another great Power "moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform." To make a long story short, after having filled up many forms, stating whether there was any insanity in or near the family, and what the victim's great-grandmother died of, and how many foreign languages she could speak finally I was told by the Red Cross, St. John's Ambulance, the Military Nursing Reserve and auxiliary bodies of many varieties that my services were not required, as they had about 30,000 nurses on their lists; in fact, about one nurse to each soldier!

"Ten Nurses Wanted"

Two weeks dragged by when the post brought a correspondence card from one of our doctors with this simple legend posted thereon: "Ten nurses wanted at once for Antwerp; must be voluntary." Quickly I sent a wire offering my services, then waited two more interminable weeks. Having given up hope, one evening a wire was handed me. "Be ready to start tomorrow."

A lawyer came that night and helped me make a will—in case of accidents. Meanwhile my friend got two days' leave to come up with me, and next morning we were off to London.

The lady who was the organizer of our hospital had not, I should judge, any previous experience of hospitals or their management. We all felt this, and therefore were quite prepared, at an early date, to fall into the hands of the Germans, so, as precaution, we nurses each provided ourselves with a tube of morphia tablets to take in any emergency. (They came in useful later for others, as you will see, given in smaller doses than we contemplated taking.) We were to live in tents and nurse the wounded therein. But, whatever may have been lacking in the medical arrangements, our directress had certainly secured the names of some of the most prominent and influential people in Europe.

Influential Patrons

Our patroness was no less a personage that her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, and the Duchess de Vendome was associated with her. Our chairman for some time was Lord Northcliffe, and afterward Lord Sydenham, while many great names figured on the committee. Our beau surgeon for some months was Mr. Souttar, F. R. C. S., one of the surgeons of the London Hospital, while after he returned to his work other men from the same hospital of equal repute and skill took his place.

Arriving in London we found our directress much distressed because some of the nurses had backed out—they felt it too dangerous, I expect. Quickly I urged my friend to accept a vacancy and accompany me. She saw the committee, was approved, and we sent the following seductive wire to her parents: "Lord —— and the committee have accepted G—— as nurse. Please wire consent." Later on came the answer: "Cannot refuse. God bless you."

Like a Little Dog

We all met on Victoria Station, a motley crowd. Nine nurses in flowing violet cloaks and sky-blue dress, four or five men-doctors in khaki, three students from the London Hospital, also in khaki, four lady-doctors, three or four lay-helpers—ladies well known in society, three or four gentlemen-chauffeurs, and last, but not least, four lady-farmers. The latter were dressed in officer's uniform—khaki tunic and breeches, with sun helmets. They were highly connected and highly interesting personalities. They brought with them a farm wagon and a dray horse, presumably because we were called a Field Ambulance! Later we abandoned the wagon and horse, with other impediments.

We seemed to create a sensation at Folkestone, where we spent two nights. A film-camera operator honored us with his attention as we marched on to the quay. Incidentally, my friend sent a wire to our matron, saying she would not be back that night and please accept her resignation. We were casual in those days. Life seemed cheap. Matrons, whom we had hitherto looked upon as the rulers of our destinies, seemed far away in a forgotten world.

We crossed at Ostend at night. A little destroyer accompanied us, running on in front and sometimes round and round us like a little dog out for a run with his master. Occasionally I wondered if it was a German submarine.

Our reception at Ostend was not inspiring. We were turned out before dawn in the wet on a large glass-covered station; the place was quite deserted and traffic was suspended. We all huddled into a waiting room; there we lived for two days and nights, placing the red plush cushions from the train cars on the floor, where we all slept—doctors, nurses and chauffeurs. There we waited for the summons of her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. After two days her message came to proceed to Antwerp, where she had prepared for us a building as a hospital.

Arrival at Antwerp

That night a train went to Antwerp with part of our staff; we watched them go out into the dark, wondering whether out of the night one of those wandering bands of Uhlans would suddenly spring upon them and wipe them out. Next morning the rest of our party embarked in our five motor-cars. Along the flat roads of northern Flanders we rushed, past Zeebrugge and Bruges and many little villages. At each place the inhabitants came out and waved their caps and handkerchiefs, shouting "Vive les Anglais!" And we shouted back, "Vive les Belges et a bas les Allemands!" The whole journey was one great ovation.

My first sight of the serious part of war was at a little town leading to Ghent. There I saw a broad phalanx of soldiers clad in long, dark blue overcoats, marching grimly and sternly along. No music led them, but on they came with set faces, looking as though they would tear down anything which barred their way, determination written on every countenance.

Upon entering one of the great squares of Antwerp the citizens stormed us, brought out wine and sandwiches and insisted upon pushing our cars themselves, shouting with delight, "The English have come!"

A Charming Hostess

On the Boulevard Leopold a fine building had been placed at our disposal; formerly it was a Duke's palace, and recently a grammar school. Quickly we installed ourselves, and for the next three days our hands were full unpacking crates and getting all into working order. Scarcely had we finished when a perfect avalanche of wounded arrived, 170 in all, more than we had beds for. We nurses turned out of our bedroom, but even then we had to fill the large landings with beds and stretchers. Every patient we received was seriously, if not dangerously, wounded; the operating-theatre was going all night; our nine nurses were scarcely able to keep abreast of the work, nor to direct the zealous, but often dangerous, energies of the body of lay-helpers who swarmed in from the neighborhood. At 3 a. m. we had most of the patients' wounds dressed and their poor mangled bodies resting in something like comfort.

Among the Belgian ladies who offered their services was a charming little Mademoiselle R——. Seeing we were without any resting place, she called her father and he insisted on taking my friend and me to their house. Never can I repay those kind people for their hospitality. For nearly six weeks we stayed in their beautiful home as members of the family. After a while the other nurses were arranged too, but many had no sleep that night, for there was only a garret filled with desks and blackboards. Each night old M. R—— or one of his sons came to escort us home. We sat in a cozy sitting room with the family, while the three sons told us all the latest news and rumors. These lads were in the Garde Civique, so knew all what was going on during the excitement and anxiety of the following weeks. How these five weeks passed is just a vague impression of constant work, conflicting rumors, rush and weariness. I remember nothing consecutively.

Notable Events

My friend and I had a large flat containing fourteen wards, with seventy patients to attend to. We had no orderlies in those days; our only help was too shiftless charwomen, who talked Flemish only. All the patients were gravely wounded; they usually required two dressings a day, and some much oftener. The meals alone were a perfect nightmare to get served, as scarcely any patient could feed himself; the food consisted of stews and soups in big bowls with coarse brown bread. To add to the labor, the great landing and two flights of circular stairs at either end were white marble. For the first two weeks there were only two of us to do everything.

The Belgian R. A. M. C. officers visited the wards each morning to send on all who could travel, then they all had to be suitably clad, and the melee of muddy, disreputable uniforms sorted out and returned to our proper owners.

Two events stand out above the daily rush. The first was a visit to Malines. In that desolated town we had a dressing-station, where a small party of our doctors and students went daily to render first-aid by the trenches. Never shall I forget that journey.

Network of Defenses

It was said that Antwerp was impregnable. I was told that the city had three lines of defense: the outer commenced thirty miles away, a circle of fortified towns; Termonde and Waevre St. Catharine were two of them. Then about twelve miles away were another series of towns and villages of which Malines was one. The two former towns had fallen after fierce battles, the results of which poured into Antwerp in ambulances, bleeding, broken and mangled, for us to deal with. Malines we saw; the cathedral was still standing, badly damaged but grand and magnificent. Pieces of stained glass windows, many centuries old, lay on the ground.

From Malines to Antwerp was one vast network of defenses. Everywhere were reserve trenches, miles of barbed-wire entanglements all waiting to be electrified to electrocute the enemy; great pitfalls covered with branches of trees contained sharp stakes to pinion the cavalry as they advanced; fields of pointed stakes lay at intervals to impede the horses. Immediately outside the walls of Antwerp were broad moats, alternated by high, grass-covered earth fortresses, bristling with guns. Every road into Antwerp led over a bridge; each bridge had been mined and by touching an electric button the whole thing would blow up; great gates pierced the walls, where sentries stood at attention.

But none of these preparations was of any use; no one had reckoned upon the siege guns and long-distance howitzers. The city fell in flames and ruins while the enemy were still eight miles or more distant. But of that anon.

Churchill's Marines

The other event to be chronicled was the coming of Winston Churchill and his marines. Antwerp was beginning to fear; the city was packed with the constant stream of refugees carrying their bundles, all swarming in from ruined towns and villages, while the distant boom of guns crept nearer and nearer, and rumors grew wilder and more terrifying. At the street corners little girls sold newspapers, and the cheery "Metropole!" was shouted, but, while under the leading column announcing the "Situation," we were assured that everything was serene, beautiful, splendid! Then flew from mouth to mouth the news that Winston Churchill had come. The English had come! The marines, part of England's splendid navy, were here! Now all was well! Poor little Germans, we could even pity them as we rested secure in the power of our navy; they would be crushed like flies and swept back to their proper place, while we had a hit at Cologne and Berlin.

It was pitiful how the Belgians trusted the English; to them they were invincible, the protectors of the weak and fallen. Wild rumors spread as to why the British had issued an ultimatum to Holland, that the Scheldt was to be open for six hours to allow British men-of-war to sail up and fire across the mud banks at the Germans!

The tale of our marines has yet to be told one thing I know, that every one of them was a hero. They fought as Britons should—and died. That expedition was much criticized and discussed. Such things are not in a nurse's province, but we met some of the men, marines and Tommies, and their courage and endurance amid overwhelming difficulties make one proud to be British. Twice during those weeks all our wounded were hastily removed to the one great station, while all the many hospitals were emptied; but after waiting several hours the poor fellows were brought back again on their stretchers, cold, hungry and suffering. Naturally, if several thousand wounded from dozens of hospitals are removed hastily, it means of necessity a general mix-up of patients. Our dear boys, in whom we had a personal interest, found themselves in a strange hospital, while we had many of whose medical history and treatment we knew nothing.

"Ragtime"

That reminds me of "Ragtime." I must tell you about him. His real name was de Rasquinet, but, when written hastily on a chart, it looked like ragtime and was easier to pronounce. People who do not like medical details had better skip the next few lines, but I want people to understand how "Ragtime" suffered. He was twenty-three years old and had wonderful brown eyes that spoke his gratitude when he was too ill to utter words. He came in with his arm broken in several places and bleeding; in his abdomen were two large wounds which had pierced the intestine in several places. He also had a great wound in the back, which had smashed up one kidney. At first he was too collapsed to operate upon. Such was the nature of his wounds that his dressing and the whole of his bed had to be changed at least every two hours. Imagine rolling a man in that condition from side to side. We had very little wool, we had no mackintosh sheets; brown paper was all we had to put under him; we just had to manage with rags which the neighbors supplied.

Pet Patient Lost

"Ragtime" was operated on; they cut out several feet of pierced intestine, joined it together and closed up the two wounds in his abdomen. The wound in the back was untouched as he could stand no more that day. He came back to us and we nursed him with special care, along with the other sixty-nine patients. When we dressed him he never moaned nor groaned, and always gave us his wonderful smile. Then an order came for all patients to go to the station. "Ragtime" went on a stretcher with the rest. After spending twelve hours without food or attention in that draughty place, some of them came back to us, but not "Ragtime." The lady doctor and I, who attended him, searched every hospital and made every inquiry, with no result.

After three days a pitiful little note came from "Ragtime," saying he was in a huge military hospital and begging me to visit him. Catholic Sisters were in charge, and the rules were strict; finally we saw him and others who had been dumped there. He cried and implored me not to leave him. He said his wounds had not been dressed for three days. Think of it! When we dressed him it was two-hourly, and it was most necessary. The reason for the neglect was that nuns were not allowed, so I was told, to attend to men patients below the waist!

Got Him Back

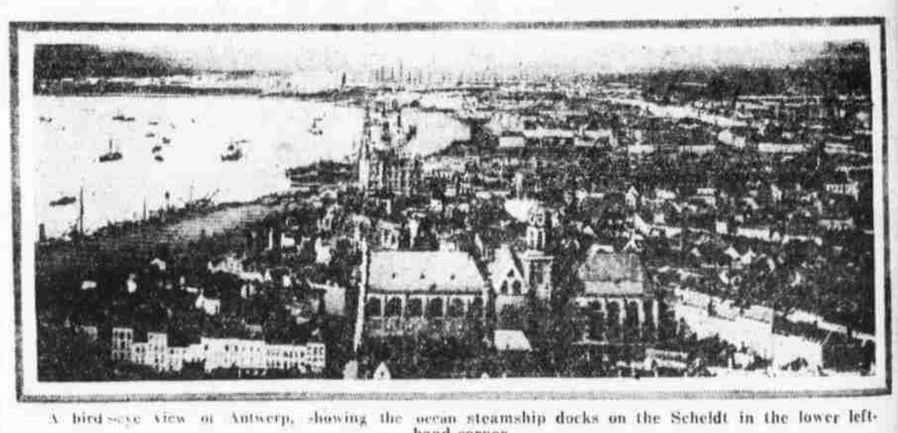
The lady doctor went round and pleaded with them to let us have him back, but no, they would not. So I was determined. Mademoiselle and I went round and asked for the General. He was in charge of this great hospital. I told him the history of the case, cried and protested with real Belgian emotion, and finally the dear old general began to think that here was really romance! He let me have "Ragtime." The lady doctor sent her car and we got him back.

Later on we left him in a hospital in Ghent. Months afterward we had an orderly, an ex-professor from a college. Wishing to join his family at Ghent he returned under the Germans. I sent by him a letter to "Ragtime." After many weeks a letter was smuggled through to me in Flemish, telling how the orderly had traced him to a certain hospital and he was lying unconscious. This made me feel that he was dying. But after another long lapse of time another man turned up who said that "Ragtime" had just been operated on for his kidney and had been under chloroform. A year later one of our medical students met his father in a London hospital, a wounded soldier. He said that "Ragtime" was at Liege, convalescent. After the war I shall make it my task to trace "Ragtime" in Belgium and find out if he is alive.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

The Supreme Hope With Which the Belgians Looked Upon the Coming of the British During the Early Days of the War Can Be Compared to the Enthusiasm With Which the Allies Have Welcomed Uncle Sam's Fighters Into the Thick of Battle

Towns and Villages That Figure Anew in the News of the Teutons' Latest Desperate Attempts to Break Through the Allied Line Are Intimate Places to the Brave Young Girl Who Left the Security of England on Her Mission of Mercy



A bird-eye view of Antwerp, showing the ocean steamship docks on the Scheldt in the lower left-hand corner.

DELAWARE RIVER SUPREME, BUT RIVAL PORTS ARE BUSY

Channel Project Makes Headway With Appropriation for $1,100,000—New York, Boston, Baltimore and Norfolk Generously Treated

By CONGRESSMAN J. HAMPTON MOORE

Washington, April 12.

CONSIDERATION of the rivers and harbors bill in the House this week witnessed the passage of the Delaware River items, in which Philadelphia is greatly interested. For the thirty-five-foot channel project from Allegheny Avenue to the sea $1,100,000 is provided, of which $650,000 is for new work and $450,000 for maintenance. The upper Delaware at Trenton also receives $150,000 to complete the improvement that is being made above Lalor street. For continuing the improvement on the Schuylkill $300,000 is also provided, the latter appropriation putting the Schuylkill in line for a thirty-five-foot improvement, which has been denied, so far as the Government is concerned, since the last appropriation was made during the Ashbridge administration.

In order to keep up the original estimates on the thirty-five-foot Delaware channel project there should have been a larger appropriation this year, but for several reasons the amount was left as above indicated. In the first place, to satisfy those who fight river and harbor bills as "pork-barrel" measures, the committee attempted to cut down all appropriations to the very lowest amount sufficient to keep the channels open and prevent waste. Another of the economy arguments was that because of the withdrawal of United States army engineers for war purposes and the general tying up of vessels, including dredges and the scarcity of labor, no more money could be spent on such projects as the Delaware River than was provided.

It is believed by the engineers in Washington and by the local engineers that they will be able to keep the present depth of channel throughout the year and to make considerable progress on the main project. Director Webster, of the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries, and George P. Sproule, secretary of the commissioners of navigation, who were in Washington while the bill was under discussion, brought the satisfactory news that the thirty-five-foot channel was holding its own and could be depended upon on tide. This shows that vessels drawing upward of thirty-four feet had recently gone up and down the river.

As is usual when the Delaware River items are reached there was some discussion of the merits of the proposition. It is not yet known to many of the members from the hinterland that the Delaware River has attained a very great distinction since Washington crossed it in a bateau a short distance above Trenton. The patriotic fervor of wartimes recalls to the minds of some the beautiful painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," the work of a German artist, by the way, and the cakes of ice impeding the progress of the frail craft of the "Father of His Country" contribute to the commercial importance of the river in the estimation of a few of the members of the House who hail from sections where "Cow Creek" and "Mud River," or the Rocky Mountain Cascades are about "the biggest rivers on earth." The real facts about the Delaware must sometimes be explained to these gentlemen.

It is never difficult to convince any one who comes to Philadelphia and who takes a trip of inspection, that the Delaware below the city is a national asset, but it is difficult as it is important to keep all incoming members and particularly those who do not hail from large cities, properly informed. So during the discussion some new facts were presented. Strange as it may seem the criticism of Hog Island helped the situation. It attracted attention to the Delaware River and compelled the defenders of the Administration to stand by. Members of Congress who are putting their faith in Woodrow Wilson are not inclined to attack Hog Island, nor any other shipyard, the construction of which is a part of the war program. Therefore, when the declaration was made that the Delaware River had come to be the greatest of all inland rivers of the United States, particularly in the matter of shipbuilding and the making of munitions and that Hog Island would be its largest shipyard, there was no one to dispute the statement. The facts were conceded.

It is not easy any way to decide a stream upon whose banks, in three States, there are now a dozen shipyards with 146 separate shipways completed or under construction, employing in all about 62,000 men. For we have come to calculate that 62,000 workmen represent the wage-earning power for a population of about 200,000.

Philadelphia, 100 miles from the sea, the greatest industrial center along the Atlantic coast, cannot well afford to fall behind Baltimore. Neither should it fall behind Norfolk, which is looking up as Baltimore is looking up, and which has an equal depth of water. The channel at Boston, being closer to the sea than that leading to Philadelphia, is already deeper than the Philadelphia channel, and a spirited agitation is on for a forty-foot depth. New York has forty feet from the sea through the Ambrose channel, but more significant, as far as Philadelphia is concerned, is the successful fight made by the New York members this week to provide by law for a forty-foot channel in the East River through Hell Gate to Long Island Sound.

Forty-Foot Claimants Win

The New York members were fought by the Rivers and Harbors Committee on the ground that the war necessity for the East River improvement was not imperative and because of the great cost of cutting through the rock at Hell Gate. But the forty-foot project won out, and shortly after the vote was recorded Charleston, S. C., bobbed up with a forty-foot project leading up the Cooper River to the navy yard. And that amendment carried. Then came Key West with a new channel project and it broke through the committee lines. So the waterways spirit is alive, along the coast, and no great city can afford to fall back in the race for war utility or commercial supremacy. As at present constituted Congress is inclined to favor South Atlantic projects, and the present bill, carrying only $19,000,000 in the aggregate, was considered too small. Hence, when New York succeeded in jumping the traces and getting away with the East River forty-foot project, it was a foregone conclusion that Charleston and Key West would fall in close behind.

The problem for Philadelphia, however, is to keep busy on that thirty-five-foot channel and to prepare to meet the competition that may be expected from New York and Boston, Baltimore and Norfolk with their completed channels. What one city secures other cities will doubtless strive for, and the recent congestion at New York has given other cities reason to believe that they will share in an equitable distribution of the traffic.

And some of them are going after it.

SPRING WHEAT PLANT LARGEST IN HISTORY

Record Average of 20,000,000 in 1911 Exceeded by 1,000,000 This Year

Washington, April 12.

America's 1918 spring wheat crop promises to be the greatest since 1911, the record spring wheat year in the history of the country.

Although spring wheat sowing is still a week or more away in most sections, reports from every State in the union compiled here today show American farmers will respond to the world's cry for food by sowing 1,000,000 acres more to spring wheat this year than last.

Last year's acreage was slightly more than 18,000,000 and the record acreage of 1911 was 20,000,000.

Department of Agriculture crop experts say the extra million acres sown this year should yield an average of fourteen bushels to the acre, adding 14,000,000 bushels of wheat to feed the United States and the Allies.

Ohio a State which has not grown any spring wheat for more than forty years, will have about 5000 acres this year as result of a campaign for spring wheat sowing carried on by the State and Federal Agricultural Departments.

New York and Illinois are also sowing spring wheat for the first time in years.

The bulk of the increased acreage, however, is found in the Pacific Northwest, especially in Washington, where last year's planting was held up by adverse weather conditions.

Many farmers also are turning to rye as one of the most profitable crops of the year. The 1918 yield will virtually double that of two years ago, according to Department of Agriculture estimates.

An overwhelming demand for rye as a wheat substitute is largely responsible for the spurt in the rye acreage, it is believed.

Rye is selling around $2.75 and will grow in regions too cold for wheat and on soil too poor for other grains.

Rye yield this year will be 86,000,000 bushels, the Department of Agriculture estimates, against 60,145,000 bushels last year and 48,862,000 in 1916.

The Yellow Dove

A Romance of the Secret Service

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "The Flaming Sword," "Mallory," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII
HEADQUARTERS

"A woman!" she heard a man's voice say at her ear. She was lying upon the ground, and strange faces were bending over her. "Well, I'm dammed."

"English!

"And the other?" she heard again. "Dead as a 'errin'!"

Doris sat up, staring at them wildly.

"Wait! There's a flutter 'ere yet." She heard the other man say. "Come, Bill. Let's have 'im over to the 'ouse."

Doris managed to find a whisper. "A surgeon—for him," she said to the man supporting her. "He will die. He is only wounded."

It was her obsession. It would not leave her.

She saw them carrying Cyril toward the house, and when they wanted to take her, too, she said that she would walk. Though deathly weak, she managed to reach the house where they had carried Cyril. They gave her a drink or something and she revived.

It was a Red Cross station, they told her, and the doctor would be here in a moment. But in the meanwhile first aid was administered, and at her place at his bedside she saw Cyril struggling faintly back to life.

"He will not die," she repeated quietly when the surgeon had examined him gravely.

"I hope not—but he's bled a good deal. We'll see."

They cut away his coat and wanted to send her away, but she pleaded to remain and in a moment she heard Cyril's voice whispering hoarsely—"Papers — coat, pocket — Sir John French."

"All right," said the surgeon cheerfully. "We'll see to that."

"Doris."

"Hippin' fine—of you—no mistake—old girl——"

His whisper trailed off into silence and at the surgeon's orders they led her away from his cot, but she would not leave the room until she got the papers out of the pocket of his jacket. An orderly led her to a young officer with his arm in a sling who sat at a table in another part of the building. He listened to her story attentively and read the documents carefully, his lips as he read emitting a thin whistle. He glanced at his watch and for a moment left the room.

"It is arranged. You shall go," he said when he came back. "A machine will be here in a moment." He paused, examining her doubtedly. She was spattered with grease and oil, but the pallor of her face beneath its grime showed that her strength was near its end. "Wouldn't you trust those dispatches to me? It's ten miles to headquarters and rough."

"No—no, I will go. I promised."

But he ordered some hot coffee and bread, and thus fortified, when the motor came around she was driven upon her way. The young officer sat beside her, eagerly listening, while she gave him a brief outline of their adventures.

"Amazin'!" he said from time to time. "Most amazin'!"

And then as she went on, he said quietly:

"You're goin' on your nerve, I think. Better save your strength until we get to headquarters. It isn't far now."

She tried to keep silent, but it seemed as though she must go on talking. That seemed to give her strength to complete her task, for when she sank back in her seat and tried to relax she only grew weak thinking of Cyril lying back there, hovering between life and death. And then she heard herself saying aloud, "He will not die. He has gone through too much to die now."

The man beside her glanced down at her and smiled gently.

"No, he isn't going to die. Bullets don't kill nowadays—unless they kill at once."

"Yes—yes," she assented. "That's it. If he had been going to die, he would have been dead now, wouldn't he?"

She laid her hand eagerly on the young officer's arm and he put his hand over hers.

"Palmerston is the best surgeon along this part of the line. He'll pull him through. Don't you worry."

"I won't—I'll try not to—you're awfully kind. Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Jackson. Second Leinster Dragoons. And yours?"

"Mather—Doris Mather. I—I don't want to forget your name. You've been very good to understand everything so perfectly."

"Oh, it's nothing. There are reasons—I'm on Headquarters Staff, you know."

That was one reason. But another one was that there was a girl at home just as much worried over his wound as Miss Mather was over Hammersley's.

They passed from the rough roads between gates into a smoother one which was bordered with poplars. At the end in front of her she saw lights and reached a doorway, where an orderly opened the door of the machine and saluted her companion. Their arrival, it seemed, was expected. Captain Jackson took her by the arm and led her indoors, for her courage or her nerve seemed to be failing her again, down a quiet hall into a room where an officer with a gray mustache sat before a lighted lamp at a table covered with papers. She recognized him at once from the many portraits that had appeared in the weekly papers. He spoke to her and she tried to reply, but she could not. She seemed only to have strength enough to thrust the papers forward into his hand, when her knees gave way under her and she sank in a heap upon the floor.

Gentle hands lifted her and laid her upon a couch in the corner of the room. She tried to get up, but could not. She heard the voices of the officers in the room as from a great distance, and then a woman came and two men carried her upstairs and put her to bed. She realized that she was talking incoherently of Cyril, of the Yellow Dove. They gave her something to drink and her nerves grew mysteriously quiet. She seemed to be sailing smoothly through the air—higher, higher—Cyril's fingers were pointing upward. She was tipping the wheel toward her—ever toward her, and they rose higher. They had reached the region of continuous and perfect day. Cyril turned his head and looked at her, and then he smiled.

* * * * * * *

It was broad daylight when she awoke, for the sunshine was streaming in at the window. A woman sat near her, knitting. She saw an old woman of many wrinkles, kindly wrinkles, which seemed to vie with one another to express placidity. As Doris rose in her bed the old woman rose, too, and came forward briskly, speaking in French.

"Ah, madamoiselle is awake. Bon. She is feeling better?"

"Yes, better—but a little tired." And then, as she realized where she was, "Could you tell me——? General French—could I see him?"

"All is well, mademoiselle. Monsieur le General—he is not here now. But he will be back after a while. He will see you, then, but first it is proper that you have breakfast and a bath. Mademoiselle needs a bath—I think."

Doris glanced at her hand, which lay upon the white coverlid. It was black. "Yes, I will bathe. But first will you tell me——?"

The old woman smiled as she interrupted, "I was to tell you that Monsieur yonder is better. That is what Mademoiselle wished to know, is it not?"

Doris sank back upon her pillow in a silence which gave the full measure of her joy. Cyril would recover. She had been sure of it. She had told them last night God was good.

The news gave her strength, and the coffee and eggs that were brought revived her rapidly. Her nerves still trembled in memory of what they had passed through, but when she was bathed and dressed in clean linen garments, much too large for her, a surgeon brought her medicine, and what was better than medicine, news that Cyril was conscious and was asking for her.

But they would not let her go to him. Tomorrow perhaps. Meanwhile the doctor would be glad to take a message. Doris colored gently. The message that she would have liked to send was not to be transmitted by this means.

"Tell him," she said at last quietly, "that I am well—and that I will see him when I have permission to do so."

The officer smiled, gave some directions to the old woman and went out.

It was not until late in the afternoon when dressed in her own garments, which had been carefully cleansed and brushed by her nurse, that she was admitted to the office of the Field Marshal. She was shown into his room and he greeted her with unmistakable cordiality, offering her the chair next his own and congratulating her warmly upon the success of her achievement and Cyril's.

"You know," he asked quietly, "the content of these documents?"

"Yes. Their importance made it necessary that I should."

"Then, of course, you realize the necessity for the utmost secrecy?"

"I do."

The general smiled at her and brought forward a copy of a recent issue of the Lemon Times.

"Did you know that for the last three days England has actually stopped criticizing me to talk about you?"

"About me?" she asked.

"Yes, read," he said smiling, and she took the paper from him, skimming the headings of a news item he pointed out to her:

MISS MATHER STILL MISSING
MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE
STILL UNACCOUNTED FOR
LADY LEATHCOTE TELLS STRANGE STORY
JOHN RIZZIO, THE FAMOUS COLLECTOR, A GERMAN SPY

And then in the news items below: "Allison Mather, of Ashwater Park, believing that his daughter is still alive, today offered a reward of five thousand pounds to any one——

She stopped reading and put the paper down.

"Poor Laddie!" she whispered. "Sir John, will you let him know——?"

"I have already done so, child. He knows that you are safe. And then we'll a laugh. The £5000—I think are mine. I need a new hospital corps."

"Oh, he'll give it, I'm sure."

"You promise?"

"Yes."

He took her hand and rose to the act of dismissal. "We have supped at six. I hope you will be able to sup, too."

"But, general——" she paused at the door.

He smiled at her softly.

"If all goes well—you shall see him tomorrow."

She colored prettily. Every one seemed to know, but she didn't care. The world, in spite of its terrors, was a garden of roses to Doris.

(CONCLUDED MONDAY)

NAMES AIR LICENSE BOARD

Washington, April 12.—Announcement of the personnel of the joint army and navy board on aeronautic organization, to which aviators must apply for license to fly over the United States, its territorial waters, insular possessions and the Panama Canal Zone has been made. The members of the board are: Colonel H. H. Arnold, signal corps; Lieutenant Colonel Claude E. Brigham, coast artillery, National Army, for the War Department; Captain N. E. Irwin, Captain T. R. Y. Blakely, Captain F. H. Clark, for the Navy. Major General George O. Squier, chief signal officer of the army, was designated chairman.