

"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Hartley sat up on the stretcher and fixed his eyes on Howard's face. It was evident that he was desperately wounded. One of the orderlies knelt beside him and held him.

"This man," said the general, chewing at his moustache, "is a man of whom you should be proud. He was once an officer in the service of our country. He was engaged in confidential work in the war department. He was accused of espionage—justly accused."

With a low cry Eleanor rushed forward and knelt beside the stricken man; she placed her arms about him and drew his head down upon her shoulder, looking passionately into the weary eyes. Hampton raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Major Kellerman, stand to attention, sir! You shall be heard in due season. He was the victim of the System, which was even then laying its plans in Washington. He was the victim of a woman named Morsheim—Hilda Morsheim, whose activities were well known, though we could then do nothing to counteract them. She made a specialty of luring young officers into gambling dens, winning large sums from them, and thus leading them down the slope toward disgrace and death."

"She had a confederate who was highly placed in the war department. With their united efforts, they failed to make a traitor of Captain Hampton, they compassed his ruin. How they did so I need not describe. The facts are of record; it is enough to say that they succeeded. Hampton was driven into exile; but they were not satisfied with that. They broke his career, they drove him from the company of all decent men. But that was not enough. They broke his wife's heart; she died. They made his name one of execration. Still they were not satisfied. They sought to cover their tracks by making it appear that Hampton was still carrying on his trade, still selling government secrets. You see why, colonel?" he continued, turning to Howard. "Because they themselves were continuing their vile work, and the new leakage had to be accounted for."

Kellerman, ghastly white, redded against the brick wall; he was fumbling nervously in his tunic pocket.

"I suppose, sir, that you are accusing—" he began.

"Be silent, sir! Gentlemen," he continued, addressing Mark and the Colonel, "you are interested in knowing what happened to this man Hampton. He could not rid himself of the belief that justice, though slow, is pretty sure. He had faith in God. Unfortunately he had less faith in himself. Am I wronging you, Hampton?" he continued, addressing Hartley.

"No, sir," muttered the man on the stretcher feebly.

"He wishes me to tell the whole story. He went to Cuba and hung his hat with the rebels. He became disgusted with their means and methods, obtained a pardon from General Weyler and took up his residence in Santiago. The outbreak of the war surprised him there. He knew that Santiago would fall, and he had been warned that he would receive short shift at the hands of our people."

"He longed for death, but he had two things that kept alive the desire for life. One was his child, the other the desire of vindication, which had become a mania. He tried to escape into the jungle. He saw that it was hopeless."

"He was hiding in a little hut when he heard footstep. An American soldier, who had strayed from his company, was coming into the clearing. At that moment a stray bullet caught him in the head, killing him instantly. Hampton saw his chance. He took off the dead man's clothing and put it on; he dressed the body in his own. He knew that by this means he could pass through the lines in the guise of a wounded man, until he had a chance to get rid of his uniform in the cabin of some Cuban, who would be only too well pleased to give him some rags in exchange for it. And leaving his money and papers on the dead man, he knew that he left his identity behind for the bullet had destroyed the features."

"There was the child—but Hampton knew that he could take her no further. With the Americans she would receive food—which he had not—and shelter and protection. Afterward he would regain her. He lurked in the bushes until he saw Captain Wallace appear, watched him, trusted him, and went away."

"He learned of the child's adoption and for years he haunted her home, her school, all places that were her residence, ever craving her, ever restrained by the realization that, till his name was cleared, he had no right to her. His idea of vindication had become, as I said, a mania."

"Now, gentlemen, I have little time to spare, but I must carry this story to the end. I said that he had less faith in himself than he had in God. Once, for three years, Hampton lost his child. She had gone to San Francisco. In his despair he went to Washington, he sought out Hilda Morsheim, who was still plying her trade, and beseeched her to never begone any one that she would vindicate his name."

He had just realized that he had nothing to hope for from them when Captain Wallace appeared on the scene.

"Yes, he was a rotten dog, sir," said Kellerman, with the ghost of a smile. "Is it on such evidence that you presume?"

"No, sir, it is not," thundered the general. "It is on the evidence of the woman Hilda Morsheim, alias Kenyon, secured by Hampton under circumstances which—"

Kellerman uttered a low cry; he was trembling now, and all his bravado seemed to have oozed away.

"This woman, strangely enough, loved her confederate," went on the general remorselessly, fixing his eyes full on Kellerman's nose, while Kellerman blinked like a bat in daylight, and turned his head weakly from side to side, as if under the intolerable glare of a searchlight. "Her claims on him were strong enough, God knows! She wanted him to marry her, to take her away from the old scenes that they might have a chance to redeem their arched lives together. He had promised her that so many times—and the worst of women is as wax in the hands of the man she loves."

"That he had become infatuated with another, with a girl as much above him as—"

With a cry that seemed hardly human Colonel Howard sprang toward Kellerman, his fingers twitching as if he sought to fasten them about his throat. Mark caught him and held him, while the old man swayed to and fro, his outstretched arm extended toward Kellerman as if in imprecation.

Eleanor, at Hartley's side, did not even look toward them.

"This woman, Morsheim—Kenyon—whatever you call her, came to France, upon receipt of a message which she had sent to the heart, shown her the hopelessness of her dreams and taught her that the one man in whom she had believed was worthless clay. To do her justice, let us suppose that, even in her worst acts, she had been sustained by a sense of duty to her country."

She met her confederate in an inn at a village not far distant. Frantic at her appearance, he induced her to let him drive her back through the lines, and on the way renewed his lying promises. This time she doubted him.

"Two men had overheard their conversation. One was Captain Wallace, whom the pair had broken as they broke poor Hampton. Him the traitor had seen, and he devised a scheme to send him sent on a false and fatal errand. With that point I shall not now deal. The other man was Hampton, who had enlisted under an alias, in the belief that he would obtain a cue that would unmask the traitor. He contrived to go back through the lines, and on the way renewed his lying promises. This time she doubted him."

He wheeled upon Kellerman. "Major Kellerman," he said in a deep voice that vibrated almost with pity, so charged with significance, that his meaning could not escape them. "How do you mean, sir? You are under arrest, you will go toward your quarters, strip off your uniform and your arms."

Kellerman saluted weakly and stumbled out of the cave. The general looked at Mark.

"The soldier Weston receives a free and full pardon for his valor in the field this day," he said. "He is also discharged honorably from the service of the United States government."

Mark looked at the general in astonishment; this was the last thing that he desired.

The general approached and clasped him on the shoulder. "Captain Wallace," he said, "your written resignation from the United States Army cannot be accepted, owing to the state of war. After the war it will receive consideration. In the meantime you will resume your duties on the headquarters staff."

SENSATIONS IN THE AIR

Sense of Altitude Does Not Count.

Ask any airman what it feels like up at 10,000 or 20,000 feet for that matter. His reply will invariably be the same, "Sensation of height? There isn't any."

The average individual who has not yet experienced flight is sure he would be giddy, faint or seasick. He judges by his feelings when looking down over the edge of a cliff, the Eiffel Tower or some such structure. If the airman could view his height by looking down a trailing rope or a sheer wall stretching from his machine to the ground it might be the same for him. From 20,000 feet the ground looks much the same as from 1,000 or 1,000. Minus a height indicator an inexperienced airman could not judge his height when within 50 per cent.

Air sickness among pilots occurs very rarely. It is sometimes brought about by the rolling and pitching of the machine in "lumpy" weather, when the air is full of pockets. Then the airman who is bilious or otherwise out of trim may experience air sickness, which is much the same thing as seasickness.

Different altogether, however, are the effects of the reduced air pressure at extreme heights. A British aviator, Chisholm, of the Greenwick Observatory, ballooning as long ago as 1862, stated that at 29,000 feet he lost the use of his arms and legs, later while the old man swayed to and fro, his outstretched arm extended toward Kellerman as if in imprecation.

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Tears rushed to Mark's eyes. He tried to speak, he was conscious that the general and Howard were shaking him by the hand; and then a quick glance from Eleanor drew him to where she knelt by Hartley.

A single look showed him that the man was dying. The unmistakable change had come over his face within the last few moments; it was as if, having fulfilled the purpose of his life, he had resigned himself without a pang to death.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF SEVIER

Observations Concerning Work and Living in Big Training Camp.

SEVIER BEING RAPIDLY FILLED AGAIN.

Soldiers Have Now Discarded Their Old Woollens for Khaki—Everyday Designed to a Hard Summer's Training.

(By James D. Grist.)

Practically every unit comprising a part of the Thirtieth or Old Hickory Division, as it was unofficially known and which has been in training at Camp Sevier since last September, is now away from there and safely across the Atlantic. Training camps are located in France and England and other allied countries just like those in South Carolina, and there is little probability that the boys who have recently crossed the ocean for overseas duty will be placed in the great battle lines for several months yet; but in the meantime will continue training over there more or less along the same lines in which they have been drilled here for the past several months. Since the departure of the last organizations belonging to the Thirtieth left Greenville some several weeks ago, infantry regiments and machine gun battalions which have been in training at Camp Jackson in Columbia, have been moved to Camp Sevier, and from the nucleus of another division, the 81st, that is now being recruited to war strength with drafted men being sent there from different sections of the country. Several thousand drafted men from New York state recently arrive at Sevier and at the same time hundreds from the state of Alabama came into service. The coming of these men mark the "rookies" to Greenville.

"Rookies" is meant that these recruits are the first who are being sent by their respective local boards direct to Camp Sevier. Heretofore all new men from this and adjoining states have been first directed to report to Camp Jackson and other regular cantonment sites.

That it is contrary to the government's policy to have regiments of troops organized by sections is also surmised by the coming of these new men from different sections of the country. Thus with New York and Alabama in the same company, together with North and South Carolinians and Tennesseans, sectionalism and all lines regarding sectionalism are a thing of the past and the army is in favor of national unity.

The harsh, blinding with the soft drawl of the man from the "coaster" of North or South Carolina, as the men lie side by side in the firing pits at the target range striving for the prize of the day.

Seldom if ever does a South Carolinian or other lad from a southern state in training at Camp Sevier refer to his comrades from New York or Ohio or Pennsylvania as a Yankee. That name doesn't sound right even to them any more, and is entirely out of place. Fine fellows, the New Yorkers are, good comrades, good and all of that and, as far as it all, as sharp and smart as can be. The southern boys can and are learning much from these men and the lads from the eastern state can learn many a point of vantage from their southern brothers, which they are quick to do. It is a happy idea and plan, the matter of bringing these draftees to South Carolina for training and it meets with the favor of enlisted men and officers, civilian population and everybody.

The great majority of these New Yorkers with whom I have talked, and naturally have interviewed scores of them, are well pleased with the plan for training in southern camps. They like the climate here and like the people. Of course they are always talking more or less about things back in "New York," and they miss the familiar scenes of their great city. Many of them had probably never before been further south than Philadelphia until they came to Greenville. For a time they will miss their beer, their many forms of entertainment back home and all of that "Squads right" and "lefting" will very soon prove more than entertaining and there are many forms of military amusement which they will soon come to regard as highly and which will prove much more valuable than that which they left back east.

Every man who went away with the Thirtieth division was subjected to a strict physical examination regarding his fitness for overseas service before he went away. There is no time over there, the doctors and soldiers who have been and come back say, to treat ordinary ailment and chronic conditions. Those of unusual character which they were considered unfit for foreign service were left at Sevier and have been organized into what is called a casual battalion. There are several hundred of these, probably 800, being men from the various organizations of the division who on their final examination proved to be possessed of a weak heart, bad feet, defective vision or other physical shortcomings. They will be assigned to light duties that they can perform, probably some light farm work, hauling and just enough drill and military training to keep them constantly reminded of the fact that they are "in the army now." Naturally the great majority of these "sickers, lames and lazes," as they are jeerfully termed by soldiers, are very much disappointed over their inability to see it through. Yet they are glad and proud to know that they are not to be discharged from the service but may still wear the khaki and that the bit they do is just as important and necessary as is the plugging of Fritz with a 30-30. Given plenty of good exercise and careful medical attention at all times, there is every possibility that the physical conditions of many of these men will so improve that they will be found fit for military service at some time in the future. Hope and the future are ever great assets in a soldier's life.

Included in the 81st, or "Stonewall Division," as it is unofficially known, which was recently transferred from Columbia to Greenville, are included many York county soldiers, all of them

drafted men. There is every reason to believe that a great number of those who are to go into service within the next few months will be sent to Camp Sevier for training instead of Camp Jackson. The new division is not recruited to full war strength as yet and probably will not be for several weeks. Drafted men from this section will, judging by the policy of the past, be sent to recruit those organizations in their immediate vicinity and therefore many will come to Sevier. The York countians among the recent arrivals with whom I have talked, say they are about as well pleased with conditions at Greenville as they were at Columbia, and that Camp Sevier has one great advantage in their eyes in that it is closer to home than was Camp Jackson.

One in the army soon forgets the joys of homesickness and the longing for home that he might cherish; but of course he never forgets entirely or even the exact number of cows and pigs and chickens there were on the place when he went away. And visits back home, even if for only a day, are looked forward to with as much interest and zeal as the visits of Santa Claus in the long ago.

GENERAL FORREST

A Brilliant Soldier and His Style of Conversation.

No one, not even Napoleon, ever put the military art more completely than did General Nathan Bedford Forrest, when, in answer to a woman who asked him the secret of his success, he replied, "Ma'am, I got there first with the most men." General Forrest now quotes this trenchant epigram, on which, though Napoleon did not utter it, he always acted. It pains us to find the New York Tribune rebuking Gen. Forrest for misquoting and alleged that what General Forrest said was, "I got there fastest with the most men."

We are aware that this impossible form of epigram is generally quoted, the explanation accompanying it being the one the Tribune now gives, that Forrest was an uneducated man. No uneducated man would think of such an intricate and complicated phrase. Nor is it Southern dialect. It is not dialect, but "bath talk." The truth is that somebody who was trying to make Forrest talk what he imagined to be southern dialect evolved that incredible phraseology, and has been followed lavishly ever since. What Forrest said undoubtedly was, "Ma'am, I got there first with the most men."

Forrest was a genius whom the "Confederacy" discovered too late. After the war Joseph E. Johnson pronounced him "the greatest soldier the Civil War produced." Gen. Beauregard said that his capacity for war seemed to

small and large, on the coast and inland, by day and by night; I have associated with many thousands of them, and have yet to see my first uniformed American under the influence of liquor in public.

Have we forgotten that these soldiers were men before they were soldiers? They are the cream of our colleges, churches, offices, farms and shops; for it is cream that we are feeding to the war-god who stalks across the fields of France. Our sons and our brothers who are here and who are on the way are the product of American idealism and educational influences. The uniform has not changed them, and for every chap the service in France has morally destroyed him, he has given a new birth to ten men. I should be derelict in duty and false to hundreds of thousands of anxious parents at home if, having the evidence warranting this statement, I hesitated to speak.

The statistics of the surgeon-general and of General Pershing prove that the American soldier is living on a higher moral plane than the moral plane of civilian life. My first-hand investigations bear out the official figures.

Recently about two hundred men just arrived in a French port started out to color up the town a bit. It was not long before they returned under escort to their quarters; the patrol had quickly and thoroughly done its work. There were many bruised heads and quite a number of men were sent to the hospital. These were out of a total of more than 15,000 new arrivals. The story could be "played up" as a screaming headline, "Americans 'Paint French City Red'"; but we learn that a headline it would be a lie. The military patrol, or the "M. I.," as it is familiarly known, is a big asset to General Pershing's campaign for a clean army. He is everywhere. In some places he is the only police authority, but in cities where their own civilian officers he has absolute police control of Americans. He registers you at the station, greets you on the street corner, and salutes you when you depart. He is uniformly courteous provided you are law-abiding and decent. It was a soft-spoken, hard-hitting M. P. from Georgia who found a taxicab for me one stormy midnight when I arrived unannounced in a great city. This same patrol had just broken up an incipient street brawl.

When I recall conditions in our own American cities under any circumstances which bring together large bodies of men, and then consider what our leadership has accomplished with this cosmopolitan masculine multitude in France, I marvel and stand uncovered. What we owe, and what we must not fail to give wholeheartedly, is a vote of thanks, not a resolution of censure; a vote of thanks with the assurance of our unremitting cooperation and support.

The programme of our military administration in France is so comprehensive that it could write a thick volume. My only hope here is briefly to indicate it.

The programme concerning liquor and vice is, first, prohibition and total abstinence, and second, where prohibition and total abstinence have failed, the saving of the individual from disease.

The army does not recognize or in any way protect immoral habits. The military patrol—and this is becoming more and more true of the naval patrol, which has been slower in develop-

AMERICANS IN FRANCE

The Finest Soldiers World Has Ever Known.

THEY ARE WORTHY OF OUR PRIDE.

The Cream of American Youth Living Up to Our Highest Ideals—Discredit-able Stories Are True as to a Few, But Not to the Mass as a Whole.

The following article is by Daniel A. Poling, associate president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, in the Christian Endeavor World:

Before leaving America I wrote an article for The Christian Endeavor World in which I emphatically stated that I believed a story just then widely circulated in the reform press concerning the wholesale drunkenness of American troops in a certain port of landing to be false. More than one thousand men from a community of the northwestern section of the United States were declared to have been put under guard because of their drunken condition within a day after embarking.

The story is false. I have personally investigated it in every French coast city where American troops are received. My investigations have followed three lines, civilian life, military authorities, and the Young Men's Christian Association. Nothing even approaching this condition has ever existed.

Before going farther let me insist that such a tale was inexcusable, and that no report of the kind should ever be passed on without first-hand knowledge. A slander against the army of our country is a poor reward to those who are entering now upon hardships and dangers no pen can describe, and who are the finest flower of our American civilization.

I would not speak of the constructive work that is being done to guard the morals of the soldier and of his response to these far-reaching efforts without making it clear that the uniformed man is not in every instance free from vice. There have been and there are outbreaks on the part of individuals and groups that the authorities deeply regret. This war is not a Sunday school, and all kinds of men are fighting it. Personally I wish that a "hotting flag" might be established for the chap who insists upon "going the limit" and whose influence is demoralizing to the younger men especially, who without his example would become seasoned without being spoiled. As to the extent of the excesses of these soldiers who are subnormal morally a simple statement of my own experience is illuminating.

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small and large, on the coast and inland, by day and by night; I have associated with many thousands of them, and have yet to see my first uniformed American under the influence of liquor in public.

Have we forgotten that these soldiers were men before they were soldiers? They are the cream of our colleges, churches, offices, farms and shops; for it is cream that we are feeding to the war-god who stalks across the fields of France. Our sons and our brothers who are here and who are on the way are the product of American idealism and educational influences. The uniform has not changed them, and for every chap the service in France has morally destroyed him, he has given a new birth to ten men. I should be derelict in duty and false to hundreds of thousands of anxious parents at home if, having the evidence warranting this statement, I hesitated to speak.

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ing its co-ordinated activities—separates uniformed men from questionable characters on the street. In France such characters are registered. In one great port of entry I found one M. P. in front of each house of ill repute during the day, and two were located there at night. No soldier was allowed to pass, nor would a civilian have been allowed to pass had he carried the papers of an American citizen—papers here deleted by the censor, who endangers the safety and liberty of his comrades by his excesses. There is nothing soft, nothing namby-pamby, nothing over religious, about the composite American soldier I have learned to know in France, but he is one of the most open-handed, whole-some fellows I have ever seen.

Much difficulty was experienced at the beginning because there was no chance to give the men any sort of moral leadership on the way across; they landed unformed and unprepared. Now it is planned to have a wide-awake chaplain and Young Men's Christian Association secretaries on every ship with troops.

The Young Men's Christian Association with its huts, its supplies, its music, its entertainments, its classes in French, and its Bible classes, its rest camps in the peaceful mountains—Young Men's Christian Association with its unnumbered physical, mental, and spiritual ministrations has come to the kingdom for such a time as this. It is God's mightiest tool, to supply our equipment to the disposal of American military leadership to help realize in the prosecution of this colossal war the highest idealism of American civilization.

To revert again to the question of liquor as a beverage, I have found less drinking of the so-called "French 'light wines'" by Americans than I expected, and I have already commented upon the absence of drunkenness. Our educational campaign at home in the training camps must not be abandoned.

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If I fail to resent the repetition of wild tales of drunkenness, lust and disease that falsely represent the multitude because of the weakness of the few; that put an unmerited smirch upon an unsullied flag; that dishonored leaders who are doing their utmost to discharge a vast moral trust; that sow the seeds of careless bitterness in the breasts of a million splendid lads who are tempted to believe themselves measured by the sin of the fellow who is the exception to the rule and who, feeling themselves falsely accused, may find an excuse to make themselves merit the accusation.

My word to the parents of America is a word of great cheer. That which is good now is becoming rapidly better. The agencies in the field co-operating with the government in its programme of moral construction are daily broadening their spheres of influence and increasing their efficiency; and all of us, who serve the common cause in other capacities will continue to feel an unescapable responsibility for supplying every assistance within our power.

There has been much discussion of the proposition, "The soldier must be kept fit to return;" as we continue this discussion of vast importance, let us not neglect the other proposition, which is equally vital, "America must be fit for the American soldier to return to."

Paris, France.

CONCEALED FROM AIRMEN

Fliers Cannot Peer Through Fog or in the Dark.

Some surprise, writes the editor of The Airplane, London, has been expressed in many quarters that the missing of German troops should have taken place unobserved by Allied aviators, both before the German push on the Somme in March and before the last drive against the French positions between Soissons and Rheims.

I would point out that though aeroplanes and their crews can do a surprising number of things, one which is impossible for an airplane is to see through fog or to see through the dark of night. A distinctly locomotive vehicle, and not some new optical instrument.

Those who have studied the communications issued prior to the German attack in March found constant reference to the fact that night bombing was impossible owing to ground mists, and on various occasions it was stated that it was impossible for our aircraft to ascend until well on in the course of the morning.

This means the Germans could move their troops in perfect safety night after night, and by stowing them away in towns and villages and in forests, which abound in that part of France, an enormous number of