A PUMPER'S DREAM — A ROMANCE OF THE OIL FIELDS

By Annie W. Franchot

CHAPTER IV.

In Tulsa.

When the train drew into the Tulsa station Phil craned his neck out the window to see if he could find Mary, and there she stood, his beautiful sister, with a carriage that always distinguished her from most other women. Jack Emery used to say that Mary was just a distinguished tailor-made woman on the street, but in the house she was an angel. To Phil she looked like an angel right then and there. He reached her side with a bound, and oh, the joy of being together again. Mary led the way to her limousine, and as he helped her in Phil said, "Like what? Mary, a Pierce Arrow. Some one you're putting on."

Mary only smiled and told the chauffeur to drive home.

When they were off Phil took both Mary's hands and told her with words tumbling over themselves of the good fortune that had come to him on the way out. When he told her the name of his friend Mary said "Why, Phil, Mr. Winston is not only the richest man in the oil field, but he is the biggest all round man, too. I remember very well hearing mother and father talking about Harry Winston. You surely have fallen on your feet, you lucky boy, Phil. It is good to be together after this long separation. Isn't it?" Phil speak and for a few minutes they did speak, and for a few minutes they sat without saying a word. They went through the broad, long avenues of Tulsa, past beautiful homes and gardens, imposing churches and public buildings. "You fairly take my breath away, sister. I had no idea I was coming to this and this and this, as he looked north, south, east and west over miles of city roofs.

"I purposely said little of the city's growth, as I wanted to impress you. Isn't it truly wonderful—all these beautiful homes and imposing buildings have gone up as if by a magician's wand."

There was the tone in Mary's voice that is heard when people feel the pride of early settlers.

They soon came to Mary's home in Maple Ridge, a part of the city devoted only to beautiful residences. It is like a great park, as they drove through the broad gateway, with its tall lamp lighted posts on through a beautiful lawn to the portcochere. Phil grabbed his sister's shoulders and fairly shook her. "Mary Coulson Emery, why on earth have you kept all this magnificence from your old pal?" "Oh, it is such fun to surprise you, but wait until you see the kiddies, they are the best of all, and Jack, I hope, will be here to greet you."

As they entered the hallway Jack Emery came to meet them and welcomed Phil with the greatest cordiality, and then tumbling over each other in their haste down the stairway came the dearest or rosiest of twins, Susan and Philip. Phil gave one long whistle as he gathered the youngsters in his arms and assumed at once the airs of a young Uncle long deprived of his rights. "Jack this is all very wonderful. I knew you had made good, but I didn't know that it went so far as this. Why these very kiddies are a surprise. I thought of them as little babies still."

"Babies, Uncle Phil, why we ride bicycles", and Susan made her feet fly in imitation of their speed. "Oh so indeed, I saw at once when you came down stairs that I was mistaken." Phil hurried to say. They all laughed, and Mary told the twins they might take their Uncle to his room as dinner would soon be ready, and off they went.

After dinner while Mary went up with the children to tuck them in bed, Jack and Phil talked over the pros and cons of Phil's new work.

Jack had many good suggestions to make and told Phil he could not have started under better auspices. "If Winston likes you and you make yourself valuable, as I know you will, you can walk right straight ahead to success."

Again Phil saw the vision of Shanna this time on the white horse with her head held high.

When Mary joined them Jack made some excuse and went into his study, for he knew the sister and brother would like to be alone together after their long separation.

The evenings were growing cool, and Mary and John sat on a low seat before a wood fire in the library and talked until late. Phil told Mary of his adventure and how Shanna, his dream lady, had come to him in the storm. Mary listened intently, looking keenly at Phil at times and when he spoke with great feeling of his desire to join the French in their fight for liberty, she put her arms around him and they were quiet for a time, and then Mary said, "Phil it is all up to you. You know when you started out in the world three years ago we "hitched your wagon to a star". So far Phil, I cannot see that you have turned aside. You are young and strong and you are the 'Master of your fate' Phil, 'The Captain of your soul'. You will make your dreams come true—I have such faith in you". Phil kissed his sister good night and went to his room, but not to sleep until he had written a long letter to Shanna telling her of all that had come to him in the past four days, and asking her to let him write her until they met again. He addressed the letter to Gradford, Pa., the only address he knew, but alas, it came back weeks later unopened and marked "unclaimed", but undaunted Phil wrote again and again with the same result.

Phil knew in his heart that Shanna Lowrie was the one woman in the world for him and he believed she can know it, and so he waited without fear.

In later years these very unopened letters proved a good diary of Phil's life.

Phil was obliged to take rooms downtown to be near his office and nearer his trains, but he was glad to make Tulsa his headquarters where he could be with his sister much of the time.

It was a big task he had in this new field, but Phil made good; the winter passed quickly and after the holidays in February Mr. Winston telegraphed Phil one day to meet him at the Hotel Tulsa in the evening at 8 o'clock. Philip had grown to feel, not only respect and admiration for this man of big affairs, but to feel a genuine affection for him. He wished many times that his father might know what a true friend his friend had been to his boy.

Phil left his rooms early after dinner and went to the hotel. He walked through the crowded lobby and not seeing Mr. Winston, he took the elevator up to the next floor to the balcony that runs around the court of the entrance to the lobby. Here he could watch for Mr. Winston. He looked down on an assemblage of men as cosmopolitan as any ever seen in the annals of hotel lobbies. This had been the rendezvous for men in the oil business since the Oklahoma fields were opened. The hotel at the beginning of the oil excitement had been called "The Robinson" and was but a boarding house beside this modern many storied building.

On a seat against one of the pillars of the lobby sat an Englishman, every bit English even to his monocle, talking to a German Jew. The Germans were not in ill favor here yet; the west did not waken to the true conditions until some time after the United States had declared war with Germany.

Near the door was a strange group—two young men, you would know they were easterners—they looked from the cut of their clothes and their carriage like men not long out of Yale or Harvard, and with them were two Indian squaws, the older woman evidently the mother of the young girl of about 20.

The youngsters were working hard with the stolid Indian women to get them to sign the papers they held in their hands, an oil man would recognize at once the deal. The men wanted to lease some of the Indian land allotted by the government to these squaws, and they were now asking them to sign the contract giving them, the men, the right to drill for the oil they felt sure was in this undeveloped land.

They were at last rewarded. It was the older woman who spoke; she did not say much, it looked from the distance as if she only opened and closed her mouth, but it was enough. The younger woman shook her head and also opened and closed her mouth. The women made their mark on the papers and rose slowly, and went out, looking neither to right or left, with no more concern than if they were walking through an empty field. As they turned to go out Phil saw strapped to the back of the younger woman a little black haired pappoose. The baby's eyes were like black coals, and they blinked and winked at the bright lights, much more awake than its mother or grandmother.

The young men, having accomplished the first part of their business, hurried to their rooms to perfect their plans for the fortune they saw before them.

There were a number of Hollanders among the crowd, men of substantial build and distinguished carriage. They were quietly mingling with the rest, talking here and listening there.

From where Phil sat he could see the whole panorama, and could hear the voices. French, German and Dutch, English, good and bad, and the occasional gutteral grunt of an Indian. Two cowboys swung through the door into the crowd, their sombreros with their red scarfs making a bit of color in the room. One wore a brilliant purple shirt and broad white belt. Their high-heeled boots and spurs clicked and clanked on the tile floor as they went through the lobby on their way to the restaurant. The doors swung open next to a sheriff armed to the teeth. He looked keenly through the crowd, ferreting with his sharp eyes every corner. Not satisfied, he went up to the balcony, and as he passed Phil he said: "Ain't seen anything that looked like a bootlegger from the Ozarks go through here, have you stranger?" To Phil's "no," he went on through the corridors. No one seemed at all excited until a little later a shot rang out and the sheriff came in through the restaurant from the kitchen leading a poor handcuffed specimen of humanity, tall, lank and long haired, a long pistol hanging at his belt. The men made way for the couple to walk through on their way out, and that was all. Everyone was too intent on what was working in their own minds to take much interest in the affairs outside.

Fashionable women flashed through the crowd on their way to restaurant or balcony, stopping often to greet friends among the men. Diamonds flashed from necks, ears and arms, and yes, sometimes from the high heels of slippers, real diamonds, no paste here.

At last Phil saw Mr. Winston coming through the door and he hurried down to meet him.

"Well, Phil, this is a sight you don't see on a Saturday night in the East, eh? Your father and I had a taste of it in Bradford in the early days there, but never anything as brilliant and as cosmopolitan as this. It is interesting." "Yes, I like it, sir," said Phil. "I feel the red blood come to the surface and my mind seems to clarify, and I long to get into it all." The older man laughed and put his hand on Phil's shoulder. "You've got it, you've got it, boy. It's in the blood, you know. I felt it just as you do now when I first saw the gathering in Bradford of the keen-eyed alert men of the oil business. They always remind me of thoroughbred race horses tense and ready for the track. Let's find a place to sit down where we can talk."

They walked into the restaurant and sat down at one of the little tables, and as an excuse for being there ordered milk and vichy. Oklahoma had been "dry" since she was admitted to the Union as a state a few years ago.

Mr. Winston looked at Phillip and said: "You have gone far beyond my expectations in the work here, Phil, and I am making you a new proposition. I am going to make some new investments in property that looks good to me in the Texas fields. I will take you in with me and you can make payments as you can from your salary as superintendent which will be sufficient to allow you to soon clear your share. It will mean leaving your sister and going from pleasant and comfortable quarters into a rough country, but you are young. Again, what say you?"

"What do I say, sir? I wish I knew all the words in the dictionary. I'd put them all together into one big one to suit the occasion. Indeed, I will accept your big offer and AGAIN, I will try to thank you by doing my best."

"All right, boy. It's a bargain. Pack up and meet me at Ranger next Monday morning. You will feel the red blood surging when you see some of the work down there. Good night."

And the busy man was off. Phillip stood, thinking hard for a minute, and then startled at a touch on his arm, and turning saw two eyes as full as ever of tantalizing witchery looking into his. Were they gray or black or brown or blue? He knew not, for they belonged to none other than Shanna Lowrie's own bewitching self.

Phil shook himself to make sure it was not a dream this time and was assured by hearing Shanna's merry laugh. She was introducing him to her friends and explaining how they, the three girls, had a ten-days' vacation from their hospital work and Freda's father, Mr. Kenyon, had brought them with him for a quick tour of the western oil fields. They had arrived in Tulsa that morning and were to make the late train at night back to New York.

"We have had a delightful trip," said Shanna. "We have covered much of your big country; it has given me a feeling of awe, added to my great adpiration of America—the vastness of it and its possibilities are wonderful.

I feel now when I say United States I should open my mouth as wide as I can from east to west and north to south."

"We came from our rooms out to the balcony tonight", said Freda Kenyon, "to see what father calls 'representative samples', these men of all nationalities, kinds and creeds, and who should Shanna spy the very first thing but you, Mr. Coulson." "It surely has proven a delightful discovery for me", said Phil, "and I want you to come with me to meet my sister Mrs. Emery. While you are getting your wraps I will bring a car to the door. You will give my sister and me this pleasure, won't you?" He looked at Miss Kenyon and her father when he spoke, but his voice called to Shanna.

"If the girls are willing I shall be delighted, Mr. Coulson, to meet your sister. I knew her husband in Bradford a member of years ago."

Phil went out to order a car, and when he returned Mr. Kenyon and "the girls" were waiting for him. They left the hotel and were soon at Mrs. Emery's door. Phil could not help being conscious of a feeling of pride as they entered the beautiful home, and when Mary came out to meet them and Jack with her, his eyes spoke the pride in his heart.

Mary took in the situation at once and greeted them all with great cordiality, and after a few minutes talk she led the way into the conservatory where coffee was served. Mary and Jack had just finished dinner. Mary maneuvered so that Shanna and Phil were left behind a minute and Phil made the most of his time.

"You are very dramatic Princess of Dreams in your entrance upon the stage of my life. I can't yet catch my breath, and you go so soon. Can't you persuade your friends to stay over? I want so to have you know my sister." "No", said Shanna, "I'm sorry but our play time is over and back to work it is on early Monday mornin'. We will just make it now. This has been a delightful outing for me and this is surely a very nice ending to have met you again. Don't you think Freda is attractive?"

"Freda, Miss Kenyon, one of your friends? Yes, oh, yes. I'm sure she is. I will look at her when we join them."

Shanna laughed, she couldn't help it, this was such delicious unconscious flattery of Phil's, and when Shanna laughed Phil forgot everything else.

"One question before we join the others. Why doesn't Mary think of something else, take them out on the tennis court, chicken park or some moremore distant place?

"Did you never receive my letters? Oh, how stupid, of course you didn't for they all came back to me everyone unopened and unclaimed." "Shure I never received a letter from you," said Shanna with the slightest and prettiest of Irish accent. Phil longed to take the girl in his arms, but instead he hastily told her of what he had done and what he was going to do and how he had written her of it all, but with no return, and now he must have her address.

"Where did you send your letters Prince Dreamer?"

"To Bradford, the only address I knew," Phil replied.

"Oh," laughed Shanna. "I left there the day after I saw you and I have been in the hospital hard at work ever since.

Phil had just started to tell Shanna of the good fortune that was leading him to the fulfillment of his dreams, when: "Oh, Shanna, you must have some of this delicious coffee. It is real coffee, the first since we left New York!"

Oh, Freda, how could you!

Jack had taken Mr. Kenyon off to his study for a smoke. Phil did his best to be a gracious host, and Freda and Janet wondered if Tulsa society had many more like him but to Phil every minute that was ticked off on the great clock seemed like lost so much condensed intrigue against his happiness. It went so fast, the time, and not another word alone did he have with the lady of his dreams, except as he was leaving the car she said in a low voice:

"In Paris will it be?"

The train pulled out and Phil felt his heart pull out with it. Oh, how loudly the east called. Why was he here? Why did he ever come west? No place for an easterner. Why? But this insane nonsense passed instantly when he heard Mary's delicious deep voice speak his name, that voice that had always lifted him out of all his depths.

"Phil, dear, did you get Miss Lowrie's address? No? Well, I did, she is at the Roosevelt hospital."

"Oh, Mary, you are a trump. I don't half deserve you," at which Mary laughed an understanding little laugh and led the way to the car, Jack and Phil following her.

On the way home Phil told Mary and Jack of the new offer from Mr. Winston and that the only drawback was the distance from them. "It is hard luck" said Mary, "just as we are having such a happy time together again, but I would not keep you dear. It is a wonderful opportunity and you must make the most of it so that you some day may realize your dreams before you are too old to believe in them." Later, before going to bed, Mary put her arm on her brother's and said, "Phil, Your princess is a real one. I don't wonder at your dreaming." "Oh Mary, if only she could know what is in my heart".

"She will some day. If you continue to advance, Phil, as you are now doing you will soon be where you can go on to New York and carry your princess away in your private yacht, away to your Isle of dreams".

"Did you hear her laugh Mary?" "I did, and I felt as if I were in the old woods, Phil, under the great rocks and the water was gurgling over the soft moss and little ferns and through the crevices." "That is just it, Mary" said Phil. "She makes you think of home and the places you love and all that is beautiful and good. I must stop thinking Mary, and get at work and do my very biggest best or I won't ever feel that I can ask that voice to speak to me in words of love. I must accomplish big things and I feel it is in me."

So here's to bed sister, to dream of private yachts and my Isle of Dreams, and up early in the morning to pack for Texas." Phil kissed Mary very tenderly as he bade her good night.

A month later Philip was in his office at Ranger, he had just come in from watching a well drilled in, his high boots were thick with mud and his coat, a short reefer, was covered with oil, his face was beaming, he had just finished reading a letter from Mr Winston saying that at the meeting of the directors of the company the day before he had been congratulated upon finding the right man, and they wanted to assure Phil of their satisfaction in all he had done and their support in the work he was doing. Pretty good reading, that, to a young man doing his best.

Mr. Winston had been down the week before and had bought up much of the adjoining property to their leases, and he had congratulated Phil on his system, his efficiency in judging and handling men, and the results.

The world looked very rose colored to Phil, he was actually at the "big things," his mind was teeming with plans for the carrying on the work here; he realized fully the big responsibility placed upon him and was more than ever determined to justify Mr. Winston's faith in him. One thing today had been troubling him, and he had come to his office to think it out. On No. 3, one of the wells, there had been a good deal of grumbling among the men, and as he passed a group of men on his way in he heard his name spoken with an oath by a man who had been with them only the past two weeks. Mr. Winston's letter made him forget for the time. He walked to the window and looked out, but he saw nothing of the sordid outlook and muddy streets, what he saw was the face of a woman with tantalizing eyes. Were they blue or grey or black or brown? Phil smiled a happy smile and went back to his desk.

"Extra! Extra! Paper, sir?" and a barefooted boy poked a Fort Worth paper at him. He took it, gave the boy his pennies and opened the paper on the desk before him.

"The United States has declared war on Germany!" Phil stared and read again. Could it be at last the bear had awakened from his long sleep? America at war!

He sat with his head in his hands, thinking fast and hard until he heard the door open, and looking up saw one of his men standing, cap in hand, before him. Phil's face was white and strained as he turned to the man and said, "Have you seen the paper, Max? Hear this," and he read the headlines aloud.

"Mein Gott," the man exclaimed, and Phil looked up at the man's face full of contending emotions and realized he was a fullblooded German, and it was he who had been talking to the group of men when he heard his name used a few minutes before. It all flashed before him in an instant, and his mind worked quickly as the fellow with bowed head walked out of the office.

This man had caused the trouble and dissatisfaction among the men, and the beginning of war with This was the beginning of war with us but not with Germany, her system had been long at work.

Phil went out and went from well to well, talking with the men of the step the United States had taken. The men were talking seriously, and some with great feeling. They plied Phil with questions, asking one before the first was answered. Would the Germans come over here? What about our navy? How could we get our army over? One old Irishman who had been with Mr. Winston for years said, "Well, and I hope they kape it all over there and not be comin' over here makin' a mess kil over this foine country."

On his way to well No. 3 Phil overtook the foreman of that lease and he quickly told him of what he felt was very sure, that Max Krupp had been making all the trouble there and that he hoped he would let him go before more serious trouble came from his propaganda. The foreman, a bright young chap, agreed with Phil and said he would get rid of him at once. Phil walked back through the field to his office and to his overwrought mind the men segregated themselves in the form of rank and file, the drillers tools took the form of gun and bayonet and the rat-tat of the carpenter's hammer sounded the call to march. Back in the office Phil sat at his desk, pulled out a telegraph blank and wrote:

"Mr. H. Winston,

"360 Park Ave., New York City.

"When may I see you? Must enlist for service as soon as possible.

"PHILIP COULSON."

And then as he folded it he thought, how, when, where and what will it be, army, navy or air service? How to get over quickest, that was the question. There was a knock at the door and a messenger boy brought him a telegram. Phil opened it and started. It was a cablegram from Franz and read:

"Make straight that highway for our God. "SHANNA."

"I am coming, Shanna. I understand," said Phil to himself, and then he called the boy as he was leaving and gave him his message to Mr Winston, after changing the "as soon as possible" to "at once."

"Here's an extra quarter, boy, hurry that message to the operator, please." Before night the answer came from Mr. Winston:

"I don't blame you. Wait a minute. I'm on the way."

Phil was reading again Shanna's message, knowing the full meaning of it. He was sitting with his elbows on his knees and the cablegram in his hands when he was conscious of a movement outside the window and the same instant a shot was fired. His arm tingled from the closeness of the bullet. Some sense, he never knew what, made him sink forward on his face, throwing his full figure forward, simulating death, but rolling so his right arm was at his command. So when the door opened he was ready and sprang to his feet armed. Max Krupp stood before him, his face distorted with ugly emotion. "So this is the way Germany fights is it. Well America is ready you see," said Phil, and with a revolver in his right hand and a monkey wrench he picked from the chair in his left, he faced the man and forced him to turn and walk before him to the street. They had not gone far when the man wheeled and fired, but again missed his mark, and insane with fury, he turned the gun to his own temple and fired, sure this time of his mark, and so ended Phil's first encounter with Germany.

Mr. Winston arrived in Ranger a few days later and lost no time in setting the business in shape so as to release Phil. He was heart and soul in sympathy with Phil's enlisting and did all in his power to help him, it was not many days before Phil was on his way to camp. Phil, who but a week before was dreaming dreams of great ambitions, wealth and power and all they bring. All this was given up with joy at the thought that he was young and strong and could now be proud that he was an American to stand with his own countrymen side by side with the allies in the war for right against wrong.

Phil, on his way east to join the Plattsburg training camp, stopped over a day in Tulsa to say goodby to Mary and Jack, the latter was east and Phil did not see him until later, but Mary and the children were there and a shout of joy went up when they saw him.

Phil told Mary of how quickly his plans had been made and his work put in order for leaving and of his eagerness to get into training and overseas. Mary loved him and fussed over him and gave him all kinds of possible and impossible things to bulge his bags. She told him, with her arms around him and her eyes shining bright with unshed tears, how proud she was of his enlisting, how she knew it was what their mother would have him do and what his father would have done before him, and then the hour came and Phil left her smiling and waving in the doorway. She turned back and held her babies tightly to her, hardly breathing until she heard the whistle of the eastbound train in the distance, and then—well, she did what thousands of other women were doing, she stood up and smiled and packed her loneliness and aching down deep in her heart and never let them see the light of day until the dawn of peace lifted it for her.

Phil, when he arrived in New York, went at once to the Roosevelt hospital and asked for Shanna and being told she was not there, he asked to see Miss Senett, the superintendent, as he felt she could tell him more than anyone else of Shanna. Miss Senett met him with great cordiality and told him of the call that came for nurses for overseas service only a short time before the United States declared war, and that Shanna felt it was her duty to go as she had no one dependent upon her. She naturally dreaded the sea voyage, but her sense of duty and loyalty to her adopted profession conquered her fears and she sailed in March soon after her return from her western trip. (This explained Phil's letters being returned again.) "She left a letter addressed to you on my desk the night she left, as she was in a great rush. She asked me to stamp and mail it for her in the morning. She reminded me of the letter when I left her at the dock, but when I came back to my desk the letter was no where to be found and I had no idea of your address. I have not heard from Shanna except the official notice of the ship's landing. Her plan was to go to Ireland for a few days to attend to some business pertaining to her estate, and from there direct to Paris, where she hoped to get into the American ambulance at Neuilly, France. She has lived in Paris at different times and speaks French fluently, so she will, with her splendid health and good training, make an invaluable nurse."

Phil thanked Miss Senett and assured her if he got over he would let her know if he met Shanna. Miss Senett told him of the empty place Shanna had left in the hospital, how all had grown to love her, and how her charm and personality and cheery optimism had carried patients and nurses over hard places. Phil could have listened indefinitely to the singing of Shanna's praises, but it was time for him to leave for his train going north. Again thanking Miss Senett, he was off. The time in the training camp seemed very long to the young Americans there who were longing to get overseas and into the thick of the fight, but Uncle Sam's laws have to be obeyed, and that was one of the first, last and biggest things to learn. At last Phil was graduated from training and went to Camp Wadsworth at Spartanburg, S. C., with the rank of first lieutenant. There he made many friends and enjoyed the association of English and French officers, as well as our own. There was great rejoicing when the orders finally came to embark. It did not take long to break camp, and they were in less than a week packed like sardines in a box on the great "Leviathan"—Germany's old "Vaterland"—sailing away to France. There must have been many aching, homesick hearts among these boys, but no one would know it unless they felt it through the clinging of the handshake or in the superlativeness of their cheer. Oh, those wonderful American boys!

The voyage was uneventful. Of course there were many false alarms of the dreaded submarines, but that only added interest.

They were landed at Brest, and were there for a few days only before being sent on. They saw the splendid work of the American women of the Red Cross, these women who have stood at their posts unfailing, meeting the incoming boats and doing all in their power to help the soldiers in any way possible.

Phil, with seven other officers, was sent to an unknown destination. All they knew was that their division was to join the British, as they were in need of more reserves at the front. The eight men traveled for two nights and two days shut in a compartment that ordinarily would be comfortable for four or six. They, of course, had to sleep sitting upright; they cooked their meals on an alcohol stove, their baths consisted in rubbing each other down with a towel, and yet in spite of these discomforts these undauntable boys—they were all not much more—reported the "time of their lives."

From the time they joined the British, Phil found little time for writing or dreaming. His efforts to locate Shanna had brought no result, and now life was too strenuous to think more than an hour ahead. The division was equipped with British rifles and machine guns and had to learn how to use them, so it took several weeks of training before they were ready for action. They first held a reserve line dight behind the British line in front of Mt. Kemmel for some time and then went into the front line and chased the Germans over Kemmel, then the division was withdrawn and put in near Cambrai, and then came the battle when they broke the Hindenburg line—covering themselves with glory after about three weeks of almost continual fighting.

Phil distinguished himself on several occasions and received both the American distinguished service cross and the British military medal; he made several excursions into No-Man's Land to bring in the wounded, and he began to feel he was immune to bullets and bombs, but the last day of the September battles he was crawling over No-Man's Land to reach the bodies of the dead and wounded friend and foe, trying to reach one of his own men whose voice he could hear calling in agony for water. He had only crawled a short distance when he was struck as an exploding bomb, and the last he remembered was reaching for his knife to cut the nest of barbed wire in his way. The exploding bomb cut the wire in bits, but at the same time tore its way through Phil's young body, leaving a paralysis of the spine, and for weeks he lay like one dead, unconscious of all about him. He was taken from hospital to hospital until one day he was carried into the famous American hospital at Neuilly, Paris, which, when the United States went into war, was named Military Hospital No. 1.

When his clothes were given over to the nurse in charge she was none other than Shanna Lowrie, and when she put the contents of the pockets in place, tagging each piece, she came to the bit of lace from her own dress covered with red blood stains, and in a flash she saw the picture of the light in a cabin window and an open door with a tall young knight of the oil fields taking her hands and leading her into the cabin's shelter. A cry "Philip" escaped her lips, and for the first time on duty Shanna's cool nerve deserted her and she broke down completely and cried, cried until she heard a cry of pain from the bed beyond the closed door, and she hastily dried her tears and went back on duty, a bit red-eyed but controlled and smiling.

That smile and Shanna's Irish humor had brought many a poor boy out of the dark shadows. As soon as possible Shanna found her way to the cot where Phil lay and "holding on tight" she looked down at his face so worn and thin she would hardly have known him. Shanna made a solemn vow that he should live if skill and nursing could do it, and she found the doctor in charge of the case and he told her it had been one of the most baffling cases they had operated upon, but the man's constitution seemed made of iron, and they felt now that he had a good chance, with great care, to pull through. Shanna watched and waited, taking every minute she could spare from her many patients to watch over Phil.

The realization of a great overpowering love for this young American lying there so helpless before her, had come to her when she held the bit of blood-stained lace from a dress in her hands. She wrote Mary Emery and Mr. Winston and told them all she could learn of Phil's bravery, and cheered them by the doctor's reports. Mary's letters were a joy to her, and Mr. Winston wrote letters full of admiration and enthusiasm for Phil and said to tell him his fortune was already made in the Texas oil fields and that he was now one of the big men of the Indian Head company. All these letters Shanna kept with her in her big apron pockets to show Phil when his consciousness came back. He often roused and would call "Mary" or "Shanna, Shanna Princess" and often, very often, it was with rapid oaths he called for help to cut the barbed wires or shouted words of encouragement to his dying men.

CHAPTER VI.

November 11, the whole world has gone wild with joy. Germany has signed the armistice. Peace—peace at last has come to this war-suffering world.

The bells from every belfry in city and in every little hamlet are ringing Peace, Peace. It is the dawn of Peace!

A few days later Shanna was sitting at Phil's side praying for a sign of recognition from those eyes she had watched so lovingly for weeks. She had been on duty all night and now toward dawn the men were sleeping or quiet, and she came, as always to Phil's side to rest. She realized as she sat looking at him how much he had gained and how he began to look like the old Phil, his face had lost the drawn strained look and he did not suffer now when moved.

Phil's lips were moving and Shanna knew well what he was saying, but leaned down to hear "Shanna Acushula" and she held her breath for more. The dawn was breaking, the warm red sun was flooding the sky and a bright sun beam stole through the window and shot across Phil's face; he roused and opened his eyes wide. Shanna knelt by him and prayed as she had never prayed before. Phil lifted his hand and touched her face. Shanna looked into his eyes and knew her prayers were answered. Phil knew her! He whispered, "Shanna, is it true or am I dreaming? Is it my Shanna?" "Yes, Phil, it is Shanna, your Shanna now and always, but you must not talk more now." Phil closed his eyes again, but his whole face seemed to be full of light and joy. Shanna set by his side very still and very happy. After a time Phil spoke again: "Shanna, where are we?" "In Paris, Phil," and Phil looked up to see Shanna's eyes dancing with mirth, and remembering, he smiled too, and then a cloud came over Phil's face. Shanna understood, and kneeling beside him whispered: "Phil, dear, the war is over! The dawn of peace has come! You have 'made straight that highway for our God.'"

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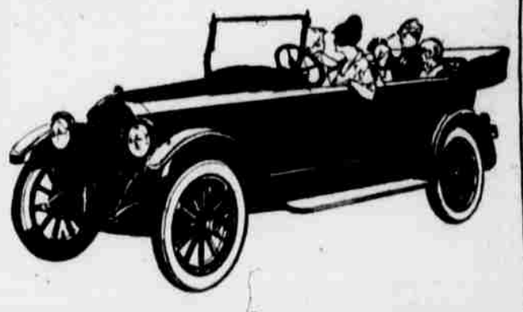

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