

BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army
Fighting on the Battlefields of France
By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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WALLACE HAS AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER WITH MAJOR KELLERMAN.

Synopsis.—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor, who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen she intends to marry him. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard calls Wallace to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanor there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Schoolgirls can judge character as well as grown-ups."

"And so you think you know me, and—and you're not altogether disappointed?" asked Mark, smiling at last.

"I'm not disappointed in you at all, if you aren't in me. Dear Uncle Mark, people don't really change—never, never! Only they learn to adapt themselves to their environments. You are just the same as ever—just the quiet, sensitive, chivalrous Uncle Mark I've always dreamed of."

"Well," said Mark, "I see that there are hopes that I shall regain the little ward whom I've always thought about. And, of course, I ought to have reflected that your environment has been very different from the one I could have given you."

"I wish I'd been with you, Uncle Mark," she answered impulsively. "Why didn't you keep me when you had your chance, if you wanted me? Oh, dear Uncle Mark, that was so like you, too—giving up to others. And you never sent me that photograph!"

"I've never had one taken since, Eleanor."

"But I've got you yourself now," said the girl. "So you mustn't give me up any more, no matter who seems to have a better claim on me. Will you promise me that?"

Mark knew now for certain that he had found his own. "I promise," he answered.

"Because, you know, I've been very happy with Colonel and Mrs. Howard. But this isn't the best and biggest part of me that you see here. If I could have had my way I'd rather have been living a more useful life somewhere—somewhere where I hadn't quite so many things that I want. Colonel Howard gives me everything he thinks I want. But—you see, Uncle Mark, something is missing. You remember what we talked over—about my being the regimental mascot?"

Mark nodded, watching her face closely.

"Well, all that's over and gone. There isn't any regiment now, anyway. All the old people have gone out of it. And we were three years in San Francisco, you know. And—Oh, Uncle Mark, I wish you could have those days again, when I used to dream about my father and—"

"I know, my dear," said Mark.

"I've always secretly hoped that I should know, some day. But I've almost stopped hoping, except for one thing that I've never told anybody. You remember what I said to you about a man watching me?"

"He doesn't watch you now, Eleanor?"

She nodded. "He has come back," she answered. "He's older and grayer, but he's the same man. I've seen him here in Washington. And I've never dared to speak of it, even to Colonel Howard, but I know it's not a delusion, Uncle Mark."

"And you think he has some connection with your father, Eleanor?" asked Mark.

"I don't know what to think. What do you think, Uncle Mark?" asked the girl.

"I think, my dear," said Mark deliberately, "that it isn't the same man. It stands to reason it can't be. Why should he have watched you all these years and never spoken to you? No, Eleanor, I think you've had this idea so long that you have misinterpreted—I mean—"

"I know what you mean, Uncle Mark. Well, it doesn't matter. And now I must go back to Mrs. Howard or they will be wondering what has become of me. But we've picked up our memories, haven't we? And I'll see a lot of you, Uncle Mark, before you go to the war!"

CHAPTER VI.

But Mark refused Colonel Howard's invitation to become his guest, and avoided the house in Massachusetts circle, as much as he could with decency. He was courageous enough to analyze his reasons and he did not conceal the result from himself.

He wanted Eleanor with all the pent-up longing of the denied years in the desert. His love was the strongest

passion that he had ever felt, and yet, strangely for a man of his years, it had in it much more of the paternal element than of the lover. All his life he had been almost kinless, his only sister was dead, he wanted Eleanor's presence, Eleanor with him, to see her every day, whether as wife or daughter. Yet he was brave enough to acknowledge that this love, selfless in a measure, threatened to become a consuming passion if he did not hold himself rigidly in check.

He, the middle-aged captain, and Eleanor, with her station, her prospects and her beauty—it was an impossible dream, or one that would ruin the girl's life if, in some wild moment, she made it truth.

He had his reward in Eleanor's increasing restraint, her quite visible indignation. They had fallen apart again, after that single meeting. It was a poor reward, but the sort that Mark had received all his life from fortune.

But there were lonely nights when life seemed unbearable, and he had to exert all his will power to keep himself in check. Mark had rented a little furnished apartment in the Northwest section, off Pennsylvania avenue, and he had found the desert more companionable.

One night he felt at the end of his powers. That was after a grilling day in the war office, one of those days that sometimes come in Washington toward the middle of September, when everything is as sticky as the asphalt sidewalks.

It had been a day of evil portent besides. Colonel Howard, who had seemed of late to reflect Eleanor's coolness in some measure, had greeted him with a wry face when he came in.

"The devil's to pay, Mark," he said. "Draw up your chair. There's a leakage in the department."

"What?" cried Mark.

"Things are getting known—for instance, our dealings with the shipping people. They've found the exact number of ships we've requisitioned. You know whom I mean by 'they.'"

Mark nodded. The cosmopolitan influences in Washington, whose ramifications extended to the ends of the earth, or, at least, across the Atlantic, were busy in every drawing room extracting news, the tiniest and least reliable of which was not despised, since many such single items make up a coherent story.

"The Brigadier's wild about it," continued the Colonel, pulling at his mustache. "And it seems impossible to detect how the leakage occurred. It must have been through the shipping companies, of course; yet they couldn't have pieced the thing together without concerted action, which is out of the question. Let's go through the papers."

They opened the safe and went through them one by one, but nothing was missing.

"Damn it!" growled Colonel Howard. "I've been through this before, Mark—you know that. In that case there was a traitor at work. We found him. In this case there can be none, at least, in the war department. And I've told the Brigadier I'll answer with my place for discovering where the leak lies."

He closed the safe and strode off into Kellerman's room, to return with Kellerman, looking angrier than before.

"What are we going to do, Kellerman?" he asked.

Kellerman pursed up his lips. "Well, Colonel, you know as much about it as any of us," he answered. "There's always been two of us present night and morning when the papers were transferred. I'll vouch for you, Wallace will, I presume, vouch for me, and you, I presume, will vouch for Wallace."

The sinister look on his face affected Mark more disagreeably than ever. Mark felt nettled, though the words had been fair.

"If there's been a leak," he said "it seems to me it's up to the Brigadier to discover it. It's outside; it isn't our business to locate it. We're doing our part—what more can we do?"

"Come along and tell the Brigadier that," suggested Howard.

Mark, nothing loath, accompanied him to the General's room. But the

Brigadier was more furious than Howard.

"I don't know how it happened, Colonel, and I don't care!" he cried, thumping the table. "No great harm has been done so far, and of course none of the departmental clerks can be suspected. But it's got to stop, and we've got to find out how it originated."

It was on that night that Mark felt at the end of his powers.

It was early, he had dined and was sitting disconsolately in his apartment; nothing seemed of any value to him at that moment, and his thoughts were ranging round their eternal subject. Had it been necessary that he should have treated Mrs. Howard and Eleanor boorishly, to protect himself?

He put on his hat and went out, meaning to pay them a visit, or, at least, to walk toward their house while making his decision. He had not decided by the time he reached Massachusetts circle, and, as he stopped in doubt, he saw a man across the road, staring up at the house.

Of a sudden Eleanor's story recurred to his mind with vivid force. The man was obviously watching the house, and he meant to stay there.

But, as Mark started toward him, the man seemed to take fear, and shambled away. Something in his gait brought back to Mark's mind the recollection of the man whom he had seen outside the Misses Harpers' school.

And he began to follow him. It was a role that he had never played before, but justified, in his mind, by the necessity of discovering the fellow's identity. Without any very clear intention in his mind how he was to accomplish this, Mark made his way after the solitary figure, keeping well behind it.

It soon became clear that the man, although he looked like a tramp, had a definite objective. Mark pursued him toward Pennsylvania avenue, until he discovered that he was nearing the least desirable part of Washington, whose location, so near the residence of the chief executive, has always been the wonder and scandal of visitors.

He was in one of those streets that start bravely in the city and debouch into the low-lying land in that interpen-



"You Know as Much About It as We Do."

diating and hardly reclaimed region bordering the Potomac. The houses here were old, many appearing vacant and tumble-down, and for the most part standing each in a little garden.

Mark was beginning to think of tackling the fugitive, who, unconscious of pursuit, was about fifty paces in front of him, when suddenly the man turned in at the tiny garden of an apparently deserted house and knocked at the door, which was opened almost immediately.

Mark heard a subdued scream, and then the man's voice in angry altercation.

He was talking to the woman who had opened the door. She looked about five and thirty years of age, and her face, distinctly visible against the light in the hall, was well-bred, if not attractive. She seemed one of those cosmopolitans who frequent the capital; Mark was still uncertain whether her house was one of those residences that are still occupied in this district by the original owners, or whether she was the mistress of one of those gambling establishments that flourish of necessity along the avenues of the earlier alphabet.

The man seemed to be pleading with her, his gestures were growing frantic. He looked about five and forty years of age; his face struck Mark with a certain odd familiarity, though he had never seen him closely before, and bore traces of breeding, blurred either by dissolute habits or by misfortune.

The woman answered him in tones of quick anger, and made a gesture of dismissal. The man held his ground doggedly, the voices became angrier. "No! No, I tell you!" the woman cried. "I don't know who you are! Will you go?"

Suddenly a man came along the passage behind her, carrying a walking-cane with a heavy handle. He raised it and brought it crashing down on the other's head.

The man fell to the ground, evidently half stunned by the blow. The man with the cane raised it and brought it down again and again upon the other's head and face, in a succession of sickening crashes.

Mark ran to the garden gate. The man with the stick paused, raised his head, and looked at him. Mark recognized Kellerman. As Kellerman, in turn, recognized him, an angry sneer spread over his face.

"My dear Wallace, what the dickens are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Are you trying to kill this man?" asked Mark.

Kellerman seemed nonplussed for the moment.

"I hope I've given him his lesson," he answered. "He came here and demanded money, and nearly frightened Mrs. Kenson out of her senses. Let me present you—"

Mark looked into the keen, appraising eyes of Mrs. Kenson with dislike and disgust.

"You'd better let him go, Major Kellerman," he said. As he spoke he saw Mrs. Kenson bite her lip vindictively.

"Oh, I'll leave him to you," responded Kellerman airily. "You'll excuse me, Wallace, I'm sure, but Mrs. Kenson's auto will be here in a few moments."

Mark, hot with indignation, answered nothing, but raised the man from the ground and got him outside the gate. As he did so he heard the door of the house close softly.

The tramp was half unconscious, and muttering vaguely.

"Four years since I've seen her," he mumbled. "I didn't want money. Only the word. God knows I wouldn't have taken money from her as he said, the cur—"

"Was she your wife?" asked Mark, thinking that he saw light.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the man with convincing spontaneity. "Who are you, anyway?" he demanded, looking at him directly for the first time.

"What were you doing in that place?"

He grasped Mark by the arm. "Are you another friend of hers?" he asked.

"Or didn't you know that it's the swellest gambling house in Washington?"

Mark took him by the shoulders. "What's your name and where do you live?" he asked. "I haven't time to waste on you, but I'm ready to help you if I can."

"My name? Hartley. Good enough name, isn't it? Live? I haven't lived for more years than I remember. I'm a corpse—see? I wanted to live. That's why I came here when I heard she was in Washington. Walked from New York. Why should she be here now, unless there's another poor young fool like me for her? Where the carcass is, there are the eagles—or is it vultures?"

Mark drew the man's arm through his and led him away. Presently a cab came crawling up. He hailed it and gave his address.

He took him home and played the Good Samaritan, washed his wounds, plastered them, and gave the man a bed in his living room. Hartley had subsided into a state of frightened silence. He looked dubiously at Mark all the while he was receiving his ministrations, and would say nothing.

"Now, please understand," said Mark. "I've brought you here because you seem to me to be up against it. The door's unlocked. And I'm trusting you with my things. Those cups are silver, Hartley—I won them at West Point. That little picture is by Griffin and worth about seven hundred. That's about all, I think—but I want you to understand you're free, and I'll help you if I can."

Hartley flushed rather oddly, Mark thought, but said not a word. It was a foolish act, he thought repeatedly before he fell asleep; but he must win the man's confidence if he was to learn the mystery. And he was satisfied that his interest in Eleanor's movement boded no harm to her.

In the morning, Hartley was gone, as he expected. But he had taken neither the cups nor the picture.

Wallace is brought face to face with the greatest crisis of his life. Disaster confronts him. He sees the hand of Major Kellerman behind it all, but how can he prove it? Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marked Oats.

The appearance of the letter B on oats coming up this season, which is astonishing people in the rural regions of Wisconsin, is less mysterious than what is said to have happened at Zanibar, where, so report avers, a fish was caught with two inscriptions in Arabic characters on its tail. These, as deciphered by scholars, were respectively "The work of God" and "God alone." However, the Zanibar narrative is a fish story.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Maple Seeds for Food.

Attention is called in Journal of Biological Chemistry to the high value of the seed of the silver maple. Analysis shows the presence of starch, protein and sucrose as chief constituents, and of potassium and phosphorus.

MISSION TO BRING BOYS BACK HOME

CHAIRMAN OF SHIPPING BOARD MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR RETURN OF SOLDIERS.

Convalescent Wounded Will Be First to Return, Followed by Units of Various Branches of the Service When Ships Are Available.

New York.—Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States shipping board, announced here Friday night on the eve of his departure for Europe that the government intends to return to this country speedily a large part of the American expeditionary forces. The purpose of Mr. Hurley's trip to Europe is to arrange the details for their transportation.

While he will go abroad with Herbert Hoover, federal food administrator, to co-operate in arrangements for the shipment and distribution of food-stuffs to regions liberated under the armistice terms and in a degree later to be determined to Germany and Austria, Mr. Hurley said his mission had primarily to do with "getting the boys back home."

Convalescent wounded, including many men who would have returned to the battlefield had the war continued, would be the first troops brought out of France, he said. They would be followed by units of various branches of the service, following plans already worked out by Secretary Baker and the general staff.

On future developments in the internal affairs of Germany and Austria and their relations with the allies, the shipping official added, together with the trend of European events in general, would depend the number of troops to be brought to this country within the next few months, but he was preparing, he stated, to transport large contingents.

There are sixty-seven transports flying the American flag, Mr. Hurley said, and it is hoped that these, with German and Austrian liners, which he anticipates using temporarily, will suffice to bring American soldiers home as rapidly as the military authorities desire. If their capacity proves inadequate, he added, the shipping board has 125 double-deck cargo vessels, some of which can be transformed for transport work. He is reluctant, however, to withdraw these from freight service except in an emergency.

Commenting on the government's plan to continue the emergency shipbuilding program to help make up the world's deficit of 20,000,000 tons brought about through the ravages of war, Mr. Hurley said American yards will produce 150 vessels of 15,000,000 tons aggregate during November and December.

PRESIDENT PICKS DELEGATES.

Secretary Lansing Will Head Commission to Consider Peace Terms.

Washington.—With the assurance of an early assembly of the peace conference, attention has turned to the composition of the American commission. The belief is growing that President Wilson will attend, but probably not in the capacity of a delegate or commissioner. It is known that Secretary Lansing will head the American commission, and Colonel E. M. House, Justice Louis Brandeis and Elihu Root, former secretary of state, were mentioned as others likely of selection. Besides the delegates, a number of army and navy officers must be named to assist the commission.

DUTCH THRONE TOTTERING.

Threatening Attitude of Extremists Against Queen Wilhelmina.

London.—The threatening attitude of the extremists in Holland who have demanded the abdication of Queen Wilhelmina is causing anxiety at The Hague, according to the Daily Express.

Jonkheer Colyn, the former minister of war, who has been in London since July, has returned to Holland. He was recalled, the Daily Express believes, to take charge of the government. The former minister has great influence in Holland and several times he refused the request of the queen to form a new government.

Governor of Finland Murdered.

Copenhagen.—Major General Seyn, formerly governor general of Finland, has been taken from a hospital at Kronstadt and either drowned or shot, according to a Helsingfors dispatch to the Belingske Tidende.

Peru Celebrates Allied Victory.

Lima, Peru.—The Peruvian senate has approved a house bill making November 16 and November 17 legal holidays in Peru for the celebration of the allied victory.

Mrs. Wilson Names Ship.

Philadelphia.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the president, has given the name "Atlantis" to the first concrete ship built for the United States shipping board, the emergency fleet has announced.

Commandeered Ships Retained.

Washington.—American owned vessels requisitioned by the shipping board will not be turned back to private owners until the food emergency in Europe and Russia has been passed, an official of the board announces.

Christmas

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BEDOUINS AND THEIR HORSES

Nomads of the Desert Ride the Most Beautiful Animals Ever Subjugated by Man.

Charles Doughty describes a meeting with some Arab horsemen in the desert. These came near; they approached his party and proved to be three long-haired Bedouins, who bid them salaam (peace). Then he tells of how "a fourth shock-haired cyclops of the desert, whom the fleetness of their mares had outstripped, trotted in after them, uncouthly seated upon the rawbone, narrow withers of his dromedary, without saddle, without bridle, and only as a herdsman driving with his voice and the camel-stick. His fellows rode with naked legs and unshod upon their beautiful mares' bare backs, the halter in one hand, and the long balanced lance, wavering upon the shoulder, in the other. We should think them sprawling riders; for a boast or warlike exercise, in the presence of our armed company, they let us view how fairly they could ride a career and turn; striking back heels, and seated low with pressed thighs, they parted at a hand gallop, made a tourney or two easily upon the plain; and now wheeling wide, they betook themselves down in the desert, every man bearing and handling his spears as at point . . . so fetching a compass and we marching, they a little out of breath came gallantly again. Under the most ragged of these riders was a very perfect young and startling chestnut mare—so shapely there are few among them. Never combed by her rude master, but all shining, beautiful and gentle of herself, she seemed a darling life upon that savage soil not worthy of her gracious pastures; the strutting tail flowed down even to the ground, and the mane (orfa) was shed by the loving nurture of her mother nature."

LAND BEAUTIFUL IN SUMMER

Wild Luxury of Siberian Verdure Cannot Be Surpassed Even in the Tropics.

Political exiles, the severe winter (50 degrees below zero) and the immense stretches of snow, have done much to give a bad impression of Siberia. Siberia is thought of by many as the most dismal and Godforsaken wilderness, where bears and cat-throats parade in the placid moonlight. Nothing is unfairer than that.

It is a most beautiful place, the parallel of which you can scarcely find elsewhere. In winter the groves of white birches on the wide stretch of pure snow lit by moonlight is a scene most holy and sublime. And the lake of Balkal, with its depth of 6,000 feet, the severest of winters can never deprive of warmth. The River Selenga that flows out of it never freezes and the water is pure as crystal.

But the most glorious season is certainly summer, says a writer in the New East. Summer is early in Siberia. In late June the whole verdure blooms out in wild luxury, and for thousands of miles the plain is covered with a glorious carpet of wild flowers—yellow, crimson, purple and what not. I have never seen the equal in the world. The tropics cannot beat it; the cherries of Yoshino, never!

Origins of Military Titles. Commodore and commander are forms borrowed and corrupted from the Spanish comandador, a knight, a commander, or the superior of a monastery. The French have the word commandeur, the Italian comandante. Commandant, however, meaning the officer of a fortified town's garrison, etc., comes from the medieval Latin commandator, a commander, and commandare, to command.

Labor-Saving Penholder.

To conserve his time a man who monthly duty it is to sign 100,000 railway checks for a railway company employs a multiple penholder that permits his signature to be written five times in one operation. The apparatus, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, differs from some others in that the fountain pens are clamped to a pivoted rack that is mounted in a portable box resembling a suitcase. The cover, when opened flat on the desk top, holds a frame in which the vouchers are placed for signing.