

BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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WALLACE IS STUNNED BY REVELATIONS MADE TO HIM BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER

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.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"What are you going to do about her?" inquired the major, standing beside the camp bed and looking down at Wallace uneasily.

"I'll dissolve the cellulose out of an army biscuit."

"It shall be done. I guess that'll stay her till morning. But seriously, Wallace?"

"I suppose I'll have to assume the responsibility for her. I'll take her down to the base with me tomorrow and ship her home to my people in charge of one of the stewardesses on some liner."

"I've got a better scheme," said the major. "Let me have her, Wallace. My wife will go crazy over her. You know she's always talking of adopting a little girl. She's got her ideal type in mind, and that's it. I was to look round for one like that if ever the chance came along."

"Well, you'd better get on looking round, Major," said Wallace, irritably.

"See here, my boy, you don't really want that kid, do you?"

"I do. I'll think over your proposition, Major, of course, but my sister would give her a home and—"

"Let me send her to my wife. You can claim her after the war, if you want to. Suppose you got killed; we'd neither of us have her. If you don't let me take her I'll make you pay for it."

"How?"

"I'll order her a bath, under the sanitary code. And you'll have to give it. And scraped beef—our beef!"

"Get out, Major, and give me a chance to tell you what my wound hurts. Listen! I yell when I'm ready to do. I'll let the regiment adopt her, with myself as godfather."

CHAPTER II.

He stopped, astonished at the way the Major took his suggestion. Howard began to stutter, paced the inside of the tent for some moments, muttering to himself, and then swung round upon his heel, facing the lieutenant.

"Good God, no, Wallace! Whatever put that infernal idea into your head?" he exploded. "See here, now! You're not well enough to talk this thing over tonight. Some day I'll tell you why your proposal is impossible."

"That's all very well, Major. I don't know what you mean, but if you don't like my proposition you know what you can do. I'm quite well enough to listen to what's worrying you. Dig it out!"

"I haven't time, Wallace. There's these stragglers to be sorted out. Not that much can be done tonight, I suppose. Sometime I'll tell you—"

He swung round on his heel and made for the entrance, stopped and returned.

"I suppose I'd better tell you now," he exclaimed. "I had thought it might be as well not to tell you ever. You don't happen to know who this child's father was—that man in the tent?"

"What do you mean, Major? Some settler caught by a bullet, I suppose?"

"Hampton!" said Major Howard, grimly.

Lieutenant Wallace sat bolt upright on the bed and stared at the other in amazement.

"The man who sold our mobilization plans to Spain?" he whispered, conscious of a sudden terror for the child.

The major nodded. "It's years since we worked together in the war office," he answered, "and, frankly, I didn't know the face. You wouldn't have, would you, after the work that the bullet had done? One of those d—d dum-dums. But—you didn't see this, did you?"

He took a purse from his pocket, opened it and shook out three gold pieces into his hand. "That was on a belt about the body," he said. "And there were some papers—not the ones we wanted, but enough to identify him. It was Hampton all right."

He went to the tent door and looked out. "Here, Johnson!" he called.

The negro servant appeared almost instantaneously within the opening and stood to attention.

"Could you use three gold pieces, Johnson?" inquired Major Howard.

"Well, sah, I don't know as I'd object," replied the negro, grinning.

"It's part of a sum that was paid to an American soldier for betraying his country."

"Oh, Lord, no, Major!" answered Johnson.

"Then do what you think best with these."

The negro looked at the gold coins in his hand, stepped outside the tent

and swung his arm. The pieces fell in the jungle grass far beyond the encampment. Major Howard shied the purse after them and went back to where Wallace still sat upright on the bed. He noticed, with a certain grimace of spirit, that one of the lieutenant's hands rested on the child's fair hair.

"Well, Wallace?" he asked.

"It's damnable."

"We can't exactly make his child the regimental pet, can we?"

Wallace was silent, and the Major sat down on the edge of the bed beside him.

"I had orders to watch for him," he said. "He was to have been hanged as soon as we captured Santiago. That's why he was making for the jungle. He was detected and allowed to escape with his life, but he had been working as a Spanish agent since he was drummed out of America. His career ended at the luckiest moment for him. He seems to have had the one redeeming quality of affection for the child, though if he had had a particle of selfishness in him he would have left her behind him. I suppose she was the only thing he had in his wretched life."

"Of course there's no palliation," suggested Wallace. "But the man may have been born good and—gone downhill."

"He was born rotten," answered the Major. "He sold his country to pay his gambling debts. Cuba was about the only place that would hold him, I imagine. And to think that swine was once in our regiment! Sorry I had to tell you, Wallace."

He hesitated a while; Wallace had not moved; but the child at his side stirred and breathed heavily. The major's fists clenched.

"I'm trying to be just to the dead," he said. "But I feel that a thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime, Wallace."

Mark Wallace looked up. "I'm not sure that I know all the facts about the case, Major," he said.

"The facts are that it was no sudden act of fear or temptation, but calculated, cold-blooded deliberation. We knew at the war office that there was a leakage. It had been traced to the mobilization division, where Kellerman and I were working. Even we were under suspicion for a time. Then it narrowed down to Hampton and another."

"Wallace, those months were the worst time I've ever spent. Hampton was my best friend, and Kellerman's, too. We spied on him—had to."

"Well, you know what happened, more or less. There was a woman go-between, as there generally is—a fine-

looking young woman, little more than a girl, named Hilda Morshelm. One of those French-German Alsations, Wallace. Kellerman got some hold on her, and she confessed. The case against Hampton was absolutely proven."

"There wasn't any trial. The fellow could have been shut up for a good many years; he had cost his country millions; he ought to have been hanged. But he was quietly cashiered and allowed to disappear. Maybe it was a foolish move, but we felt the

shame pretty badly and wanted to forget it. Hampton was let go, on the understanding that he leave the country forever. Oh, yes, he assumed the innocent air quite dramatically. Some of the war office people believed in him until the damning documents were laid before them."

"And he was still somehow in touch with things, Wallace, and the leakages went on afterward. That's why we had orders to hang him as soon as Santiago was taken. He did the kindest thing he could have done to himself when he got in the way of that sniper's bullet."

"I'll tell you who the child's mother was, Wallace, because I was unfortunate enough to know her. She was a Miss Rennie, Miss Marjorie Rennie, of a Baltimore family—fine people, and, of course, with a tradition like that, she believed in the scoundrel absolutely. She came to me twice. The first time was before the informal trial held by the department. She begged me to believe he was innocent and the victim of a trap. I wouldn't even listen. You know, when a man has to run down his friend he has to harden his heart."

"She came to me again, after Hampton was broken. She told me I had played false to my best friend and that I'd suffer for it to the last day of my life. I've never forgotten that interview, and you can guess how it made me mad to hang Hampton when we learned that he was still keeping up the game from his exile in Cuba. He must have got quite a number of confidential papers out of the war office. That's about all."

"It's enough," said Wallace. "The girl married him, then?"

"So much we learned. And also that she died later. You see, we've been pretty close on the fellow's track the last couple of years—ever since the war became a probability, in fact. Most of the officers in the regiment are since that time, but I guess they all knew something, and kept it quiet, like you."

Wallace nodded. "I fancy there's a good deal of feeling," he said.

"Quite a good deal," said the major, dryly. "And I guess you'll agree with me that this makes it—let's say, a little difficult to adopt his child officially?"

"You mean the remembrance would be too bitter?"

"I mean that that position is the one and only position that she is disqualified from holding, by reason of birth."

"Still," urged Wallace, "it isn't in the blood. The mother was decent. Why should that baby be tarnished with her father's treachery?"

"It's written in the Good Book—" began the major.

"And there's something else about coats of fire, too, Major, which came as a sort of revision of the old law. It's just what we ought to do, because it's the only way to adjust the matter."

"Adjust it? Adjust what?" cried the Major, with sudden passion.

"The whole of that hellish business, Major. The man was once an officer of the Seventieth. He's dead and his crimes have died with him. We want to forget that such a thing could have happened, and the only way is to leave him to God's judgment and to cast out all bitterness from our hearts. You quoted Scripture to me—well, I gave you the answer from the same Book. Let death bring oblivion to the man's memory. He's left us the child. Start here. Start fresh. I have the right to the kid, but what you have told me makes me feel strongly that there's a Providence in this affair, and I'll lend her to you—mark that word, Major!—on that condition or none."

Major Howard pulled at his mustache in agitation. "You don't really mean it, Wallace?" he asked.

"I do. If you want me to let you take her till the war's over—"

"It means forgiving that black-guard."

"It means forgetting him and letting the Judge judge."

"It goes against every instinct. I'd bring her up away from the regimental life. Besides, there are the others."

"Who else knows?"

"Well, of course, nobody else knows who the dead man was. The colonel will have to know. But he doesn't know we've adopted the child. He's going South after the war. However, I'm afraid Kellerman knows. He recognized what was left of the face, or suspected somehow. I could tell from his manner."

"I don't see any overwhelming difficulty in that. You can trust Kellerman?"

The major nodded, and it occurred to Wallace that he would rather trust any of the officers than Kellerman. He had conceived a prejudice against him which he could not justly explain.

"And Hampton's name was erased from the old mess list," Wallace continued.

The major, who had been pulling at his mustache and thinking deeply, came to his decision.

"Well, I'll take her on those terms,

Wallace, he said. "The fellow was a bad lot, but, as you say, there may be no reason why this little animal should suffer for his sins. The mother was decent, and there may be something in that idea of a vicarious restitution. I'll agree, Wallace, if you'll let me take over the charge of her till the war's ended. We'll enter her on the mess book and settle a fictitious parentage on her afterward, and may she never know her father's history. By the time she's old enough to understand a mascot's duties, flirt with the lieutenants, and plead for the drunks, maybe we'll have forgotten it ourselves. Good-night, my boy. Take care of your wound. I'll send in that milk and biscuit and a couple of cakes of naphtha soap, and a porcelain tub with silver trimmings, for you to make a start on her in the morning."

He glanced at the sleeping child, took Mark's hand and went quickly out of the tent. Under the sky he stood still for a few moments.

"The d—d scoundrel!" he muttered.

At that instant his alert ear heard what the sentry, posted some distance

away, had failed to catch—the rustling of some moving figure in the dense jungle grass at the edge of the camp.

The major remained perfectly motionless, except for his right hand, which was swiftly withdrawing his revolver from its case. Suddenly he was transformed into action. He leaped between the two last tents of the line, to see a man confront him for an instant. In the light of the quarter-moon the intruder was dressed. It was evident, however, that he had been prowling outside the tent which held Wallace and the child.

"Halt!" shouted the major and the sentry together, and as the man dropped into the grass, the rifle and revolver rang out simultaneously.

The sentry, shouting to the guard, came running up. The major and he searched the spot, but they found nobody.

"One of those d—d Cuban sneak-thieves!" muttered Major Howard as he replaced his revolver in its case. And he hurried away to look after his men.

Several years elapse and then Wallace, now a captain in the army, visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. Eleanor, now a young lady, gives her guardian a shock, but a pleasant one, as he takes leave of her. Don't miss the next instalment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Insects That Have Food Value.

Among insects which have been and are considered of gastronomic value are caterpillars, moths, a favorite in some parts of Africa; the pupae of the silkworm in China; ants, alive and roasted, are appreciated in Burmah, as well as by the Indians of North and South America, while it is said the lumbermen of Maine enjoy an occasional meal of large wood ants. The beetle is eaten in the Nile valley, in Turkey, Lombardy, Java, Peru, and is said to be nutritious and fattening. In Central America the eggs of three aquatic bugs are made into little cakes and eaten. Mexicans make a strong drink by infusing a tiger beetle in alcohol.

Bluff That Failed.

General Plumer, who has recently been recalled to France from Italy, can be very ironical when he chooses, as the following story proves:

Shortly before the war, when he held the Irish command, a regiment was being maneuvered before him on a field day, and the colonel in charge succeeded in getting his men mixed up, pretty thoroughly.

However, he went grimly on, and at last, calling a halt, rode up to Plumer with an air of importance.

"I flatter myself that was extremely well done, sir," he said, evidently with the idea of trying to bluff that nothing had gone wrong.

"Oh, excellent," was General Plumer's suave reply. "But may I ask what on earth you were trying to do?"

Pearson's Weekly.



The Major Could Not Distinguish How the Intruder Was Dressed.

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INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Dominick Simply Could Not Give Up Uniform

ST. LOUIS.—If Provost Marshal Crowder had visited the children's court the other day when Dominick Galeno was called to the bar of justice to answer to a charge of masquerading in khaki the draft age might shortly be dropped to fifteen. Dominick is fifteen, and his age and his long legs, that lift him just 6 feet 8 inches above the ground, have got him into trouble.

Dominick lives at 467 Harman street with his parents and three small sisters. For a long time he has felt out of place everywhere. His legs were so elongated that he had to fold them over the top of the desk in school, where he was the butt of ridicule by older and smaller boys. This condition became so pronounced that Dominick's parents withdrew him from school two years ago and placed him in business.

When war came Dominick informed his parents he would enlist. They would not hear of it. So last July, after taking an active part in the celebration of the Fourth, Dominick enlisted in the state guard. He said he was eighteen, and might safely have said twenty-eight.

For a while he did duty at the armory, drilling and the routine work of the rookie. Toward the latter part of the month he was ordered to go guard duty upstate. He was given real cartridges. Two days passed watching for German agents; then he was called into the tent of his captain and informed that he was discharged. He went home to learn that his parents had had him removed from the service.

Then Dominick was arrested for parading in the uniform. Magistrate Reynolds heard the case and held the boy for trial at special sessions. No proof of the boy's age was before the court. Later, at special sessions, his age was determined and the case was transferred to the children's court.

Justice Wilkin seemed inclined to deal severely with the boy. He said: "If I find that this boy deliberately paraded about in uniform I shall send him to the house of refuge. I am a stickler for respect for the uniform and this boy showed no respect when he refused to return the uniform to the state and continued to wear it without the right."

Storm Brought to Mind the Pranks of Halloween

MINNEAPOLIS.—Wenry from work and the severe mental strain brought on by the tornado at Tyler, rescuers were forced time and again to stop as they smiled grimly at some of the frolics of the storm. The sight of chickens running around without feathers was common. Rats and mice left their hiding places. One went through a small blaze and was singed through to the skin. Trees in the devastated area were stripped of branches two or three inches in diameter.

The trees that were not uprooted became Christmas trees. With more than 50 automobiles blown in here and there, tires, hoods, seats, robes, wheels and even steering gears flew high and landed in the branches. One car was whisked along the street at a rapid rate and stopped when it swerved into a building. Later it was buried in the ruins of the structure.

Clothing and furniture were driven in every direction. A few telephone poles just outside the storm area collected material like a magnet.

The entire east wall of the handsome home of M. Glammerstad, cashier of the First National bank, was sliced off, exposing the living room, dining room and bedroom furniture and the bathroom. The occupants escaped injury from flying debris by falling on the floor. From some other home a coal scuttle came flying into the parlor and dropped on top of the piano.

Mr. Glammerstad's automobile, standing in the yard, was hurled a block down the street and wrecked. A large tree standing two feet from a pump was snapped off near the ground and then torn to pieces, while the pump was unharmed. Clothes from the closets were picked up by the gale and exchanged for sticks of wood and picture frames from the neighbors' homes.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Fritz Surely Picked Out a Good Old Irish Name

CHICAGO.—To wear a German moniker these days is not likely to help a business. That's why a newsie named Fritz Schultze changed his to Larry Mulligan. He declared that Schultze was a hoodoo to him, so he decided to become Irish. "No, I didn't consult no courts about changing my name," he said when asked about the matter. "I just changed it and let it go at that. That's all the courts would have done and it would have cost me a lot of money. I'm leery of them legal birds. I settled the matter out of court and now I'm Larry Mulligan. I give the thing a thought before I took the name, though. I talked the matter over with a couple of pals and they handed me a lot of bum advice. They says I might as well make a regular job out of it and take a good name while I'm about it."

"One of them says I ought to call myself Jack Dalton or Hal Chase, or something with a punch in it. Well, I figures that it's the good old Irish name that gets a bloke furthest in this newsboy game, so I took the Irish name I could think of. I considered Clancy and Murphy and McGowan, but I figured the name with a punch was Mulligan. And when you introduce the name of Mulligan with Larry—oh, boy!"

"Yes, see, I was all out of luck with the Fritz Schultze stuff taggin' around after me. I was doin' business downtown until my associates gave me the gate. Guess they thought I was a Boche or something like that. Anyway, I decided to change my name and locality and here I am uptown to start a new life."

"Larry Mulligan" is a typical West side boy of sixteen. He was born in that section and so was his father.

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Don't Mention Holdup Men to Officer Blackwell

BROOKLYN.—Policeman George Blackwell, sauntering along Flatbush avenue, beheld a crowd running and heard such shouts as: "They're holdup men!" "One's got a gun and the other a knife." Policeman Blackwell, being blessed with long legs, soon caught up with the pursuing throng and was informed that the "holdup men" had sought asylum in the cellar of an abandoned carpenter shop at Flatbush avenue and Chester street. The mouth of a hole under the foundation, through which the crowd said the fugitives had entered the cellar, yawned ominously.

"Come out!" ordered the policeman.

No answer was made.

"Well," soliloquized the officer, "duty is duty." So, unlimbering his gun, the officer crawled through.

Shivering and quaking in a far corner of the cellar were the fugitives, the holdup men, Emanuel Enos, eleven, of 515 Clinton street; Ray Cadarr, eleven, of Forty-second street, and Henry Coyle, eleven, of 354 Smith street.

After the cars began to run again on Flatbush avenue the policeman learned that with the aid of a potato knife and a cap pistol the three boys had held up Henry Engvaldsen, nine, of 218 East Forty-second street, on Church avenue, near Fortieth street, and taken a quarter from him. Then, re-enforced by friends, the victim of the hold-up pursued them all the way to the hole into which the boys ran like cotton-tails pursued by houn' dogs.

Justice Wilkin, surprisedly maintaining his gravity, heard the story in the children's court and paroled the "holdup men" for sentence.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging

down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get

up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."