

# BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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## WALLACE IS SURPRISED TO RECEIVE A STRANGE SUMMONS FROM MRS. KENSON.

**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 name. 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. For years a strange man has haunted Eleanor's footsteps, following but never accosting her. One night Wallace sees the man and follows him to a gambling house kept by a Mrs. Kenson. Here the strange man is attacked by Kellerman. Wallace rescues him and takes him to his own apartment. In the night the man, who gave his name as Hartley, disappears. The next day Wallace is called from his office and on his return finds important documents missing. His resignation is requested.

### CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Ah, now I recognize you," said the strange voice in a merry ripple of laughter. "And you don't know who I am?"

"If you will state your name—" began Mark patiently.

"Someone who knows that you are in trouble and wants to help you. I'm afraid you won't let me. You seemed to be prejudiced against me when we met before. Well, I am Ada Kenson."

Mark uttered an angry exclamation, which he instantly checked. This might prove the key that he was seeking.

"Come to my house at nine o'clock tonight, unless you are afraid. You will meet nobody but me."

It had been in Mark's mind to look for Hartley in that neighborhood.

"What do you say, Captain Wallace? I can help you very much indeed, and perhaps put things right for you. I am in a position to know a good deal of what is happening behind the scenes."

Mark felt his brain grow as cool as ice. "I'll come, Mrs. Kenson," he answered crisply, and hung up the receiver.

He consoled himself with the reflection that he had, at least, nothing to lose. He waited calmly for the appointment, and arrived outside the house promptly. There was no sign of Hartley in the neighborhood.

At his ring Mrs. Kenson herself opened the door, smiled, and showed him into a well-furnished little parlor.

"Sit down, Captain Wallace," she said, indicating a chair.

"You'll wonder who I am and why I asked you to come here," said Mrs. Kenson. "Well, I happen to know quite a good deal about you, Captain Wallace. All your history, in fact, from the time you entered West Point. It is part of my business to know these things."

Mark bowed and waited, expecting something sensational. He was astonished beyond his expectation, however, by Mrs. Kenson's next words.

"Your long and distasteful stay in the West, Captain Wallace, was not wholly the fortune of the military

service," she said. "It was expedient that you should stay there, on account of your unfortunate mistake in adopting the late Charles Hampton's child."

Mark rose in protest, collected himself, and sat down again.

"In fact, dear Captain Wallace, you have been the victim of circum-

stances," went on Mrs. Kenson. "I suppose you know that the world has changed a good deal during your fifteen years of exile? Well, this war, for example, it's a shocking reversion to barbarism, the nations flying at each other's throats, when their difficulties could have been adjusted by a little frank diplomacy. It was a great blow to the financial interests that are working to reconcile the nations and to develop the world's resources. They would do all possible to end it. I am working for them here. I am not telling you any secret, Captain Wallace, because everybody in Washington knows it. I represent the international peace committee, and I have quite a good deal of influence among the senators and representatives—principally the Western ones, Captain."

"The frankness and audacity of the disclosure astounded Mark. So this was one center of 'they,' as Colonel Howard had called the nucleus of Teutonic spies and agents in America."

"We are trying our hardest to prevent America from being dragged into this maelstrom," continued Mrs. Kenson. "You, Captain Wallace, were unfortunately enough to be working on the other side. And I'm sorry, but a little trap was laid for you and Kellerman. You walked right into it. Major Kellerman, who is a very good friend of mine, acted in complete good faith. Don't blame him. Don't blame yourself. Don't blame that wretched fellow who came here the other night to blackmail me. It was inevitable. You see, when you adopted Hampton's daughter you unconsciously put a sort of noose about your neck. There was the possibility of your coming into contact with Hampton's friends. The system is widespread, you know, and quite twenty years old. So—you had to go west."

"Now, Captain Wallace, I'm a frank woman, and I'll put my proposition to you. You don't want to see Major Kellerman walk off with that pretty ward of yours, do you? And you can't marry her without a little money. Well, you could be very useful to us in many ways. Would you, without sacrificing your patriotism or revealing any secrets, become a salaried worker of our organization?"

Mark stood up, trembling. "I—don't quite understand," he said huskily; and the picture of Eleanor in Kellerman's arms at the dance swam before his eyes. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Use your influence and army knowledge in our behalf. That little affair of today will soon be forgotten. And we'll help you to put Kellerman out of business."

"You ask me to become a German spy?"

"Don't be absurd, my dear captain. Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"That's what it amounts to."

"A little influence on behalf of humanity."

"No!" shouted Mark, quite beside himself. "You're infamous. You ought to be put out of the country!"

He strode indignantly toward the door.

The electric light in the passage had gone out. The room grew dark behind him. He groped his way toward the door.

Suddenly a vivid light flashed before his eyes. He heard, though he felt no pain, the impact of a hard weapon upon the back of his head. He flung out his hands and grappled with a man. In the uplifted hand he felt a heavy stick with a knobbed handle.

He believed his assailant to be Kellerman, and, half unconscious as he was, he fought madly. But the man, Kellerman or not, was more than a match for him. For a few moments they wrestled furiously; then the other got his arm free and brought down the stick upon Mark's head again. And this time the light faded into black-

### CHAPTER IX.

"Captain Wallace! Get up! Can you stand? Come with me!"

Mark opened his eyes and groaned. It was pitch dark, and he could see nothing, but he knew the voice for Hartley's.

"Where am I?" he muttered, trying to rise and slinking back again.

"In the Kenson house. Be quick! There! Listen!"

Outside there was the confused murmur of voices, above which came the sound of a crisp command. Then some implement fell heavily against the door of the house, splintering it. Again the cries broke out.

"Try again!" muttered Hartley in desperation. "There's a door into the empty house next door, through the cellar. The police don't know of it. You must get away. You must get away!"

Mark tried again, and this time managed to rise.

Hartley caught Mark by the arm and guided his unsteady footsteps to the door. They gained the passage, and Hartley guided Mark toward the head of the basement steps, which they reached just as the front door fell in under the hatches of the raiders.

They scuttled down the stairs as the hall became filled with the shouting policemen.

Before the first of the raiders set his foot upon the stone stairs Hartley had found a door in the darkness, opened it, and pushed Mark through, following immediately. He shut the door softly behind him. They were in the basement of the adjoining house.

"We're safe now," said Hartley in a whisper. "You'd better rest, Captain Wallace."

"You're Hartley," muttered Mark, sitting down and trying in vain to discern something of the other's face through the gloom. "What happened, and how did you come on the scene?"

"Good God forgive me!" moaned Hartley, suddenly breaking into hysterical sobbing, as on the former night. "I've ruined you, Captain Wallace. What else could I do?"

"So you were in that plot, eh?" asked Mark, wondering that he felt so little anger. "Well, it was clear enough, but it doesn't matter now."

"It matters everything," answered Hartley, in a vehement whisper. "They tricked me into it. I didn't know what their scheme was when I agreed to get you out of the room. But I found out later. And I had suspected, God, Captain Wallace, to think I found that door!"

"Never mind," said Mark soothingly, listening to the stamping of the raiders in the next house overhead. "What more do you know?"

"I knew that they wouldn't be satisfied with that, sir. They—"

"One moment. Who is 'they,' Hartley?"

"They," repeated Hartley vindictively. "Those devils that make pawns of men. They meant to clinch their dirty work one way or another. They meant to buy you, after ruining you, and fashion you to their dirty work. If they couldn't do that they were going to—"

"Murder me?"

"No, sir. Discredit you so that nothing you could say would be listened to. That's what they meant to do. It was I who was told to give the tip to the police that there was gambling here. They thought the place was closed—and it was. But they wanted the police to find you here, and arrest you, so that the story might get into the newspapers, and finish you—finish you with the war department, and with Miss Howard."

"And what did you expect to get out of it, Hartley?" asked Mark.

"He heard the man catch at his breath."

"His wasn't your wife, Hartley?"

"No, Captain Wallace, no!"

"But she has a hold on you strong enough to compel you to do such work as she requires. And yet you have tried to save me dishonor—if any more could come to me."

"You saved me, Captain Wallace!" Mark made a sound of incredulity.

"And I have been a gentleman. You don't know how a man falls, Captain Wallace."

"Hartley, you haven't answered my question. Now here's another. Why were you watching Colonel Howard's house the other night?"

"You know that?"

"I followed you here. Tell me the whole truth about this business, and I'll stand by you to the end."

"I'll trust you—to the limit—but I won't tell you, Captain Wallace. Some day, perhaps, but not now. I'll stand by you, and I'll fight at your side, sir. But I won't tell you. And that's the only condition on which I can agree to what you propose."

"And if we succeed—?"

"Not 'if,' but 'when,'" cried Hartley, with a sudden outburst of conviction. "I'll tell you then—yes, Captain Wallace. And till then we'll fight together to pull down this nest of conspiracy and prove your innocence to the world."

After a moment he added, "I think

we'd better be making a move out of here, Captain Wallace!"

He pushed open the cellar door and led Mark along the basement passage until a gleam of moonlight appeared in front of them. They emerged into a little garden, a replica of the one next door. There was no policeman on guard. In a moment they were in the street and in safety.

Mark, who had already recovered from the effects of his blow, save for a splitting headache, took a car with Hartley, and half an hour later the two were again in Mark's rooms.

"So you were packing?" asked Hartley, looking about him. "What were you going to do?"

"I don't know," answered Mark. "It's queer, being broken like this—I've nothing, no prospects, only a little money. I have to earn a living."

"It'll be the army," said Hartley. "You'd be a sergeant in no time; you'd run through the ranks in about a couple of years. And then you're young. You've conquered fortune. And you're in a position to do a little quiet working to straighten out your

What He Reads May Usually Be Taken as a Good Index of His Real Character.

If you would know the true character of a man analyze the books with which he surrounds himself. The choice of his business may have been the accident of a chance opening when he was ready to enter upon his life's work; but his leisure is his own, and the use he makes of it may be taken as an absolute indication of what his real self demands. Books are the companions of leisure and the selection of these silent but satisfying friends is an index to his taste.

If his library is made up of standard titles in choice bindings, with their leaves still uncut, it is a fair presumption that these books should be classed with his pictures and his furniture. Pass these by and find some volume—one will be enough—in an edition which permits easy handling, its cover a little shabby from constant use, and you will have learned something of your friend. His editions de luxe are an expression of his pride, the books he uses are an expression of himself.

His fine volumes may be equally expressive of himself, but how rarely is this true! A beautiful edition from some famous press may satisfy his love of printing as an art, a superb binding by a master binder may mean as much to him as a Corot; but if the value he attaches to this side of his library is the sentimental one of merely so-called "limited" editions, purchased to fill his bookshelves and to impress his friends, he has never learned the joy of collecting books for the wealth contained between their covers or of picking up a real limited edition—limited because those who really know books have overabsorbed the artistic product of a master workman.—Christian Science Monitor.

Makers of Heroes. Emerson says, "Times of heroism are generally times of terror." They show true character. It seems that human nature needs a test to show the stuff it's made of. Spirits of heroic mold often lie dormant until aroused by a mighty challenge. It seems as though there is some militarism in the soul that waits the fire call and the measure of the drum beat. Not fear but lack of occasion keeps the latent might unconscious of itself. But let the need call and the sleeping giant rouses and strides forward to the dismay of petty puppets of annoyance.

Peculiar Rain Tree. Rain from tree foliage is an interesting phenomenon of the Canary Islands. Dr. S. V. Perez of Tenerife notes that the famous rain tree of Ferro, Canaries, grew on a head land where the mountain mists from the trade winds collected, and by means of water tanks under it the poor inhabitants of that island, where there are no springs, actually gathered enough water for drinking purposes. The effect of the foliage in condensing moisture is said to be evident to anybody passing through a mist-covered forest in any of these islands.

Good Advice. The man who doesn't worry when he ought to is as bad as the one who worries when he shouldn't. Worrying is bad for the health, but probably not as bad as letting things drift. In case of rain, run for an umbrella. Instead of saying: "Don't worry," the best advice to give a man is "Get busy."—Thrifty Magazine.

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Wallace, now Private Weston of the medical service, encounters some old friends and acquaintances unexpected and has an experience that opens his eyes. How it all came about is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hughes—Yuzovka. The first successful iron and steel mill in southern Russia having been established forty years ago by a man named Hughes, one of the largest steel centers in Ukraine bears the name Yuzovka—in his honor.—Gas Logic.

### DETROIT MARKETS.

Best Heavy Steers	\$11.50	@ 13.00
Mixed Steers	8.00	@ 9.50
Best Cows	8.00	@ 8.50
Light Butchers	5.50	@ 6.50
Butcher Cows	6.00	@ 7.50
Best Heavy Bulls	8.50	@ 9.25
Stock Bulls	6.00	@ 7.00
CALVES—Best	17.00	
Others	8.00	@ 15.00
LAMBS—Best	14.50	
Light to common	10.00	@ 12.50
SHEEP—Common	4.00	@ 6.00
Fair to good	8.50	@ 9.00
HOGS—Best	17.40	@ 17.80
Pigs	15.25	@ 15.50
DRESSED CALVES	.18	@ .19
Fancy	.22	@ .23
LIVE POULTRY—(Lb.)		
No. 1 Springs	25	@ .26
Roosters	.19	@ .20
Hens, small	.23	@ .24
Geese	.24	@ .25
Ducks	.29	@ .30
Turkeys	.32	@ .34
CLOVER SEED	25.00	
ALSIKE	19.00	
TIMOTHY	5.50	
WHEAT	2.25 1/2	@ 2.21 1/2
CORN	1.83	@ 1.40
OATS—Standard	.72 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	1.92	
BEANS	9.00	
HAY—No. 1 Tim.	29.50	@ 30.00
Light Mixed	28.50	@ 29.00
No. 1 Clover	23.50	@ 24.00
STRAW	10.50	@ 11.00
TALLOW—No. 1	.16	
POTATOES—(Cwt.)	2.00	
EGGS—Fresh	.60	@ .62
CREAMERY BUTTER	.57 1/2	@ .59 1/2

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## MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Aibion—O. V. Eastman has shipped a carload of horses for overseas service.

Alma—Charter revision for the commission form of government in Alma was carried by a vote of three to one.

East Lansing—A bulletin issued by the M. A. C. sounds warning of dangers of the fly as a carrier of influenza germs.

Bay City—James Martin, alleged deserter from Camp Custer, is recovering from the effects of poison taken in the county jail.

East Lansing—Graduates of the M. A. C. who are not overseas will meet on the campus November 16 for the annual autumnal reunion.

Bay City—Country boys who have completed farm work for the year are swarming in on the city seeking employment in local factories.

Lansing—Miss Theresa Shier, of Lansing, has been appointed director of the schools and colleges section of the state food administration.

East Lansing—Under new ruling of the War Department, the M. A. C. will accept additional qualified men for the S. A. T. C. up to 300 in number.

Camp Custer—Major Herbert L. Taylor, just returned from France, has reported as representative of the general staff with the 14th Division.

Reed City—Douglas Schmidt was killed recently when an automobile he was driving struck a wagon. Harry Newcomb, a companion, was injured.

Menominee—While hunting deer by searchlight, Joseph Frock was accidentally shot near Banat. Otto Kuntz and Ernest Desotel, companions, are being held.

Kalamazoo—Disregarding protests from the village of Oshtemo, work on dismantling the fruit belt line railroad between Kalamazoo and Lawton has been started.

Flint—William Holt, a negro known as "Fishpole," pleaded guilty in Circuit Court to robbing clothes lines and drew from two to five years in the State House of Correction.

Lansing—Food Administrator Prescott announces that from now on patrons of public eating places may have sugar on or in two different commodities with each meal, one teaspoonful for each.

Charlotte—Two boys in a stolen automobile were arrested here after they had robbed the gasoline tank of W. R. Wells near Woodbury. The machine had been stolen from Guy Cone, Odessa.

Charlotte—While hunting near Sunfield, Amby Sines attempted to climb a barbed-wire fence while the hammers of his shotgun were cocked. His arm was badly torn by the explosion of the weapon.

Reed City—Lieut. Harry C. Hawkins is held a prisoner in Germany and his chum, Lieut. Harry A. Holliday, of Traverse City, was killed in action at the same time as Hawkins was captured.

Leonidas—Estus Miller and John Wentworth were badly injured when a threshing machine they were driving exploded. Parts of the threshing were found half a mile away and windows were shattered by the concussion.

Flint—"If peace should come tomorrow your work is only just begun," is the plea sent out to 2,000,000 members of the Unconditional Surrender Club by Dwight T. Stone in calling attention to the great task of reconstruction.

Camp Custer—Following the accidental shooting of an enlisted man by a live cartridge being mixed with the dummy shells used for instruction purposes, which took place two weeks ago, an order has been issued that hereafter every consignment of dummies will be inspected.

Big Rapids—Major Charles L. McCormick, with the Third battalion in France, writes of the deaths of Corporal Leland Hartman, of company I, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth infantry, whose parents live at Morley, and of James Musser, who lived west of Big Rapids. Ten other boys of Big Rapids are in hospitals from shell shock, wounds and gas.

Detroit—Mayor Marx has sent letters to the mayors of all Michigan cities, asking them to meet in Detroit December 13 to discuss means of amending the Constitution to give cities full rate-fixing power over public utilities. It is the opinion of the Mayor, and Allan H. Frazer, corporation counsel, who is co-operating in the plan, that only by such a specific amendment can disputes such as those of this city with the D. U. R., and the gas and telephone companies be settled.

Baldwin—Following negotiations conducted with the Indian land office in Washington by Jacob W. Cobmoosa, of Baldwin, it is announced that the members of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes, who have never received from the government allotments of land, money and other things mentioned in article 3 of the treaty of July 31, 1855, are entitled to receive the same. Mr. Cobmoosa is applying for power of attorney and has set dates for meetings with different elements of the two tribes, with this purpose in view.

Lansing—Many carloads of fruit pits and nut shells, which will be utilized in making carbon for gas masks, are reported on their way to the Gas Defense division in New York city, but as yet only one carload has arrived. To Rochester, N. Y., goes the credit of this first car. It is conservatively estimated that a minimum of 1,000,000 pounds of fruit pits and nut shells are needed daily for conversion into charcoal. In addition to the soldiers, all others who go near the front line must have gas masks on for protection.

lege boy, has just completed his eleventh trip overseas aboard his transport.

Petoskey—Three hours was all that was required for the village of Levering to go over the top in the Patriotic Fund drive.

Saginaw—Charles Lewis, a grocer, charged with having made seditious remarks, has been released under bail of \$2,000.

Menominee—Fred Greiss, 13, was accidentally shot and killed by the discharge of a gun set to catch wolves on the farm of Henry Kitch.

Lansing—Tin for the coming bean canning season is assured, according to advices reaching Food Administrator Prescott from Washington.

Grand Rapids—Residents of Berlin, Ottawa County, have petitioned the Postoffice Department to change the name of the village to Ottawa.

Aibion—Mrs. Rachel Wood has received word that her son, Private Edwin Edward Yoder, died in France, October 11, from wounds received in action.

Mt. Pleasant—The S. A. T. C. of Central Michigan Normal has had two deaths from influenza, Fremont Neal, of Coleman, being the second victim.

Muskegon—Muskegon's next representative at West Point is likely to be Lyndell Sibert, graduate of the Muskegon high school in 1916, who is now fighting in France.

Lansing—Enforcing prohibition in Michigan is costing at the rate of \$150,000 a year, according to the estimate of Fred L. Woodworth, food and drug commissioner.

Hillsdale—The Rev. C. J. Tinker, who has been rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, will go to Pittsford this week to assume his duties as superintendent of schools.

Flint—Mayor Charles S. Mott, who was commissioned in the Quartermaster's Corps, has tendered his resignation. Daniel D. Barney, of the common council is acting mayor.

Muskegon—Lieutenant E. L. Kniskern, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Kniskern, of this city, has been promoted to a captaincy in the quartermaster's department at Camp Worden, Wash.

Aibion—Supervision of Y. M. C. A. work at Aibion college has been taken from the hands