BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the AMERICAN ARMY Fighting on the Battlefields of FRANCE



BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CAPT. WALLACE SEES ELEANOR, NOW A YOUNG LADY, FOR FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS

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.

CHAPTER III.

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Several years later Captain Mark Wallace descended from a street car and walked up the grounds of a very select young ladies' boarding school in Westchester county, New York, kept by two maiden ladies. Entering the colonial portico, the captain rang the bell and asked to see Miss Howard. Five minutes afterward, having satisfied the lady principal that he stood in the avuncular relation to her charge, and was a man of blameless life, he met Eleanor in the reception room.

It was some years since he had seen her. The grimy little waif of the Santiago battlefield had shot up into a slim, long-legged schoolgirl, with brown hair tied back with a ribbon, and a face that already showed the promise of beauty.

The girl hurried forward as if expecting an embrace, realized Mark's intention, and checked herself quickly and held out both hands.

"Dear Uncle Mark!" she exclaimed, "I've been looking forward to you ever since I got your letter telling me that you were coming East."

"Well, it's nice to be appreciated like that," said Mark, laughing.

"I couldn't quite persuade myself that it was true, and that I should really see you at last. And you're not in the least like your photograph."

"Homelier, Eleanor?"

"No, but different. Older—very much older. You must be awfully old—quite thirty, I should say."

"Nearly," admitted Mark, wondering whether the long years in the West, with the sweltering heat and arduous service, had really aged him prematurely. Mark had had no influence to secure him anything better than a border post. He often wondered why he had not gone into civil life, like so many of his class, and amassed a competency in the first booming years of the twentieth century.

Something in the blood, perhaps, had held him to the army life, which he loved so much in principle and hated so much in practice. He was not far short of thirty; he had nothing but his meager pay; no ties but a married sister in Chicago and the girl in the boarding school, who filled so great a part of his thoughts, so disproportionate a share.

For until that day he had only seen her once since he picked her up in the jungle, and she had been too young to retain the memory of the meeting in Major Howard's home.

"I expected a young man, but I'm just as pleased to see you," said Eleanor. "I don't like very young men."

Mark received her amends with amusement, and they sat down side by side upon the sofa, and were soon deep in conversation. Mark learned all about her school and her friends. She was very happy there and would regret not going back at the end of the holidays. However, Major and Mrs. Howard had only placed her there for a few months while they went on a visit to the West.

"I always felt that you are really my guardian, even if you did give me up to Major Howard," said Eleanor.

"But I have only lent you," said Mark. "I couldn't very well take care of you when I was sent to Texas. And it has always been understood that you belong to me—I mean, that I am your guardian, Eleanor."

"I know," she said. "And you write me such splendid letters, with such good advice in them."

"Which you don't follow."

"Indeed I do," said the girl, eagerly. "Only sometimes it is just a little out of date, Uncle Mark."

"In what particular?" inquired Mark, beginning to feel a little like a prig in the presence of this self-possessed young person. It is so easy to assume the task of adviser from a distance, but difficult to retain the role face to face.

"Well, when you wrote me last year to remember not to be pert and forward, like modern children, Uncle Mark. Pertness comes at seven or eight. One isn't pert at twelve—at least, not in the way you meant. They call it ill-bred, then."

"I suppose I didn't realize how big you were getting," said Mark penitently. "But you can't think how glad I am to see you, anyway."

"It's a shame sticking you for years out in that horrible desert," said the girl. "I wish, Uncle Mark, you hadn't stayed in the army after the war."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because then you could have gone into business in New York, like Captain Murray and Captain Crawford."

"I've been thinking about it much myself, Eleanor. But I guess the army got hold of me."

"But they haven't treated you right-ly, Uncle Mark. They haven't promoted you for years, and they have jumped all sorts of officers over your head. Major Howard was saying so only before he left for Alaska. But, of course, he's out of favor, and he wouldn't have any influence, anyway. It's years since he was in the army."

"I suppose I'm a back number, my dear. Some of us have to be. Perhaps I'll get my chance. I'm not thirty yet, you know, and thirty isn't considered awfully old in the army. At least, it isn't the retiring age."

"Don't be so absurd, Uncle Mark! You don't look an old man at all. It was just that your photograph was taken so long ago, and I didn't reflect that you must have changed."

"And if ever another war comes I'm sure my experience will count for a lot. And I'll probably have command over Captain Murray and Captain Crawford if ever the National Guard is called on for serious work. And then you'll have your function as our mascot, you know."

He was surprised at the girl's sudden responsiveness to his words. She grew very serious.

"I've often thought about that, Uncle Mark," she answered.

"But, of course, it may never happen."

"I suppose not. But if ever it does I mean to try to be what you meant me to be when you made that condition to the major. How I wish—how I wish—"

"Yes, my dear?"

"That we knew who my father was. Sometimes I think he was only an American planter, perhaps, who lived in Cuba and was forced to flee when the war began. And then again I dream that he may have been a brave soldier who was trying to serve his country by going into the Spanish lines in disguise, and I hope that I may be worthy of him."

"You don't remember anything, Eleanor?"

"Yes, Uncle Mark. I'm sure I do—and yet I've thought so much about it that I'm not sure how much of it is memory and how much is just child's inventions. Perhaps I invented all of it, and made myself believe I remembered it. And yet I am sure part of it is memory."

"What do you remember?" asked Mark rather fearfully.

"Well, Uncle Mark, my first connected memories are of Major Howard's home, of course. And I have a very vivid impression of being brought into the dining room and toasted at that dinner which the Major gave to the officers after the war. But before all that I seem to have memories, as if they were pictures."

"What is the first thing you remember?"

"I see a woman lying in a bed in a strange room. Her face is whiter than any face I have known; a man sits beside her, [illegible] his head in his hand, and, though death has no meaning for me, I am afraid, for I know that she was my mother."

"Was this in Cuba, Eleanor?"

"I don't know, but I think so, Uncle Mark, because I remember running to the window and seeing a great palm tree outside, with spreading branches. And there are other cities, and we seem to go from place to place, always watching for somebody, and yet, as it were, hiding from people. I know we avoid people, but it is an instinct only that tells me so.

"And again I am with my father in the jungle. I don't know how we got there, but I see the trees all around me, and I am afraid. We walk on and on, and sometimes he carries me, and we sleep under the trees and are drenched with rain. I am so tired and thirsty. But we go on and on, and when we stop we find a little hut, and I am afraid no longer."

"And then?" asked Mark in agitation.

"I remember nothing. I suppose the bullet that killed my father must have struck him while he was in the hut, but I have no picture in my mind at all."

Mark mumbled something to conceal his agitation. "And do you remember me coming and picking you up?" he asked.

She shook her head regretfully. "I don't remember anything else," she answered. "Nothing until that dinner in the major's house."

She linked her arm through his and looked at him earnestly. "Uncle Mark, it makes me unhappy sometimes to think that I have no memory, no clear memory of my parents. I am sure that some day all this mystery will be cleared up. Don't you hope so?"

"Yes," answered Mark, miserably.

He had always wondered what the child would be like. Howard's half-yearly letters had always assumed too much for granted. Mark had practically relinquished Eleanor to the Major, and he had never learned anything about her that he had really wanted to know. He had not imagined the precocious, high-strung, idealistic girl whom he now saw. He knew that the disclosure of her father's dishonor, if ever it came about, would shock her into a revulsion of feeling that would be fatal to the true development of her character.

He had often wished that he had not pressed that idea of the regimental mascot upon the major. It had been born in a mind attuned to the victory of that bloody day; in normal moments he would never have entertained it. Yet Major Howard had been more impressed than he had admitted to Mark. The idea had spread through the minds of the other officers. There was never a Guard dinner but Eleanor was solemnly toasted, though she was not permitted to be present, and somehow the child had become a symbol in the minds of these plain men in business and professional life who spent two weeks in camp each year.

After the war Mark had gone to the regulars; but he was still in touch with the officers of the Seventieth, and he knew that, if ever war came, he could obtain an appointment to it.

"I am sure that my father will prove to have been a brave soldier," said Eleanor, clasping her hands eagerly. "And sometimes," she continued, "I think that there must have been a great mystery about him."

"Why?" demanded Mark, startled.

"Because of the man who watches for me."

"Watches for you? It is imagination, Eleanor."

She shook her head. "I've seen him three or four times," answered the girl. "He waits at places that we pass when we go out together. And he watches me then, though he never attempts to speak to me."

"And you've told Miss Harper?"

"No, Uncle Mark. She would think I was hysterical," answered the girl, shrewdly.

Mark could see that, but he was certain that it was hysteria, that the idea had come to the child as the result of brooding over the mystery of her parentage. The entrance of the lady principal put an end to their conversation. Mark rose reluctantly. His visit had been all too brief, and it might be years before he saw the girl again.

"Well, Eleanor, this is au revoir," he said. "Perhaps for years."

She looked at him in sudden alarm. "You are not coming back before you leave for the West, Uncle Mark?" she asked.

"They won't allow me the time. I have to go to Washington tomorrow, and then back to Texas."

She returned no answer, but went with him to the house door, and turned and faced him there, pulling at the lapels of his coat.

"Send me a new photograph, Captain Mark," she said. "I'm not going to call you Uncle Mark any more."

"An older one?" asked Mark, laughing, though he had a strange sinking at his heart. This child epitomized home to him, and he had been homeless since boyhood.



"I Know That She Was My Mother."

"You must forgive me," she said, a little wistfully. "Captain Mark, there's something I want awfully to say to you, but it takes a lot of courage," she added.

"Tell me just the same," answered Mark. "You know, my dear, I want you to have everything you wish for. And if Major Howard won't give it to you, you just let me know. He has assumed the responsibility for your upbringing, and I'm going to have the fun of giving you pleasure."

"It's something that Major Howard can't give me, Captain Mark."

"Can I?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, pulling at his coat, and suddenly raising her eyes to his. Mark Wallace saw the soul of a mature woman look out of the eyes of the child. "When I'm older and have put my hair up, and wear long dresses—when I'm eighteen, say, I—I want you to marry me, Captain Mark."

She was gone in a flash, running along the corridor, while Mark Wallace stood dumfounded at the door, hearing her footsteps grow fainter as she hurried into the recesses of the Misses Harpers' School for Select Young Ladies.

Mark went down the walk like a man dreaming. It was absurd; it was, perhaps, characteristic of the girl's age and temperament; and yet, in spite of the absurdity, Captain Mark Wallace felt as if he had suddenly regained the grimy little child whom he had found upon the hillside in front of Santiago, and lost again.

As he reached the gate he saw a man watching him from the bend of the road. Something of furtiveness in the man's posture made him wheel sharply round; then he remembered Eleanor's words and started in haste toward him. But the man shambled off at a quick gait and when Mark reached the bend he could see nobody.

CHAPTER IV.

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And the years passed, and Mark Wallace grew grayer and older, and more set and dispirited, with long alternating intervals of resignation, when he took life as he found it and was satisfied. But he always came out of these into brief periods of unrest, with the sense that he had awakened from some lethargy that was damning his soul as the alkali and the winds of the plains had seamed his face and taken the last particle of his youth away.

Now in Texas, now in Arizona, now in some lonely border post in the freezing Northwest, he remained a captain. He had no friends in Washington. In time—in long time he would reach his majority, no doubt, to be relieved soon after, and waddle, with stout old majors of his own age, into ornate clubs in army centers not quite so far removed from civilization. He looked upon this prospect with ironical patience, and now and then asked himself the unanswerable question why he had remained in the army.

Eleanor was grown up and domiciled permanently in Colonel Howard's town house, and her letters had grown more infrequent and perfunctory, until their arrival became a quarterly affair instead of a monthly event, and not always that, either.

And by and by the feeling came over Mark that if ever he were to see her again there would remain no common link between them. From doubting his future he had come to doubt himself. He doubted whether the desert life had not blunted him, blunted his finer instincts, and made him unfit for social life—certainly rendered him unfit for the guardianship of a young girl.

But that he had relinquished to Colonel Howard—grudgingly but uncompromisingly. Never in any of his letters did he put forward the shadow of his former claim.

Then, swiftly, and unexpectedly, chance turned and beckoned him.

Capt. Wallace meets Eleanor, whom he finds to be a center of attraction. He also renews his acquaintance with Kellerman, in whom he immediately discerns an antagonist.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW VICTORY WILL BE WON

National Determination to Put Every Ounce of Strength Into Righteous Cause Will Bring Triumph.

Suppose we send 10,000 bombing airplanes over Germany. They alone will not win the war. Ten thousand or fifty thousand tanks alone will not win the war. A thousand land battleships or a thousand other fearful land cruisers alone will not win the war. Raining death and destruction upon the civil population as a rule has only one result: It inflames the people to greater deeds, to greater sacrifices, to greater hate, to greater determination to win the war. France, England and Italy are shining examples of this. No, any one invention is not likely to win the war. Some day, perhaps, someone will invent an atomic ray which is capable of pulverizing whole regiments at a stroke. Nothing of this sort is impossible. But it is not very probable. Rather it is the whole-hearted devotion of the noncombatants to a great and just cause that will win the war. The nation that can throw into the scales the greatest amount of war implements, the heaviest weight of metal, the greatest amount of fighters, coupled with a prodigious use of all of the best war inventions, will win in the end—providing that every man and woman behind the lines constantly thinks and dreams of war and victory and is prepared to put every last ounce of strength as well as all worldly belongings into the righteous cause without stint or restraint. The greatest war invention is the fiery, undying will to win.—Electrical Experimenter.

Old English Furniture.

That fine old furniture is yet found in Britain in many unexpected places is said to be largely due to the stirring up of the country that was given by the great exhibition at London of 1851. This was soon after the development of the railway system in England, and there flocked to London, a large number of squires and their wives. A new world had opened to the country dames. The new things had a wonderful fascination for them. On returning home they got rid of much of their old furniture and bought new. Much of the old furniture found its way to second-hand shops, and was sold to poor folk, who could not afford to buy new. This accounts for the finding today of much good old furniture in small houses in provincial towns and among country people.—Indianapolis News.

Boring Pole Holes.

The tiresome and time consuming work of digging holes for telegraph and electric service poles is now at an end, says Scientific American. At least, there has been evolved a gasoline driven earth-boring machine which makes an average boring time per hole of one and one-half to two minutes. The equipment is mounted on a horse drawn truck and is operated by two men. In ordinary soil it maintains an average of 100 holes per day, each measuring five feet deep by 24 inches in diameter. The equipment consists of a truck, which carries a gasoline engine, driving mechanism and a huge auger which is slowly rotated and fed downward. The augers are furnished in sizes from 2 to 24 inches.

A Morning Breeze.

The Jokesmith's Wife (2 a. m.)—"Aw, c'm on to bed, you! Want to sit up all night knocking the weather and us poor girls?" Well, what though the temperature was 100 degrees in the dark, the little remark caused a temporary coolness.

AMERICAN EDITORS ARE GUESTS OF ROYALTY IN GREAT BRITAIN

Journalists Are Entertained by King George and Queen Mary at Sandringham—Worry About Clothes Is Soon Set at Rest—King Upsets the Arranged Program and Has a Bully Day With His Visitors.

London.—The American editors on tour of England were notified, after a round of rather severe social entertainments and of dutiful attendance upon various political functions, that King George and Queen Mary would be graciously pleased to receive them at Sandringham on Sunday, October 13. It was intimated that it was a most unusual concession, for his majesty and his court preferred to observe the traditions and keep themselves to themselves, apart from the formalities of their positions, at their country seat—on the Sabbath day, at least.

Sandringham is the summer home of royalty, about one hundred miles from London on the eastern coast near the sea. It had been acquired and developed by King Edward, and was his private estate, the location of his fine racing stables and splendid gardens, and it is now the permanent residence of his widow, Queen Alexandra. The first group of American magazine and periodical editors and writers, through a coincidence now in London, were also included in the royal command, and together all were to go, furnishing for his majesty his first personal view of composite American journalism. The proposed audience, it was hinted by those who arranged it, was substantial and convincing evidence of the high interest of the king in the forthcoming entente between the two great English-speaking nations. One hears much on that fruitful subject just now in England.

Editors Worry About Clothes.

The first result of the royal invitation was to throw the gratified editors into a flutter of discussion about the kind of dress needed for a court presentation. The ministry of information, which has the journalists in charge, gravely informed them, however, that it was to be no formal occasion but a social and unofficial visit at the week-end to Sandringham, and that nobody need to lie awake o'nights worrying about whether to wear a high hat and morning dress, or the usual work-a-day suit of the average American. But the decision of the ministry did not entirely settle this important matter, nor did the ministry itself adhere to its ruling for informality. Some officious personage came hurriedly from headquarters and announced that it would be strictly de rigeur to wear a top hat and a cutaway, and other such apparel. After due arrangements had been made to accord with this latest decision as to the correct thing in court fashions, some one higher in authority at the last moment gave out final word that everybody might dress as he pleased, but that the king would undoubtedly prefer to see his guests in the costumes they ordinarily wear at home. The controversy being happily concluded the editors started off for Sandringham in the garb which each of them thought best suited to his style of beauty. For the most part silk hats went by the board.

The time of the visit was most auspicious. Great news had just come out of Germany to the effect that she had decided to capitulate, after four years and more of war, and it was to be supposed that the atmosphere about Sandringham would be most congenial for felicitations. There are no Sunday papers worth the name in Great Britain, but the king, of course, had his own private information about the happy turn of events. A royal messenger was indeed in the train which bore the 23 Americans to Sandringham. His office was to tell King George what he already knew.

King Upsets Program.

The journey to Sandringham was taken in a special train, under a semi-cloudy sky, through a lovely landscape. There was a glimpse of the famous college town of Cambridge, and of the historic cathedral at Ely. The party arrived at the Sandringham station reserved for the guests of royalty about two o'clock and found waiting there three spick and span carryalls. There had meanwhile been received from the major domo of the ministry specific instructions as to how the party was to be received. They were to be divided into three groups, and each of them was to enter the august presence separately and was to remain not more than ten minutes. It was expected that his majesty would have had quite enough in that brief period. But it proved that this thought of the courtiers who seek to decide just who shall be privileged to bask in the smiles of royalty, and how long, was erroneous. For the king upset the entire program and had a "bully" day with his visitors, as Mr. Roosevelt might call it; so did his family. All ceremonies were quickly waived and forgotten, and everybody had a grand time.

Sandringham is a noble estate with fine drives, spacious lawns, prodigal greenery and occasional lakes and ponds. Queen Alexandra, the mother of the king, occupied the "castle," which is no castle at all, but a fine country house. The king dwells, during his stay there, in a comparatfvely modest place called York cottage. Here he rests for several weeks in the summer—the pleasant hunting season—and here all the children of George and Mary were born.

Made to Feel at Home.

A drive of about a mile through winding ways and over an attractive landscape brought the party to Sandringham. A functionary in a bright red coat, decorated with many medals, indicating worthy service in the Life guards, ushered them into the waiting-room. There were other officials who had no special insignia of rank or station, and who, with well-bred ease, put themselves so much at the disposal of the guests that they soon felt quite at home.

King George was attended by Queen Mary, the Dowager Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary (his daughter), Princess Victoria (his sister) and several ladies-in-waiting. A very old man, Sir Richard Probyn, a hero of Indian warfare and possessor of the Victoria cross, was the personal attendant and courtier of Queen Alexandra. The king was garbed in an ordinary business suit, and all the court ladies were dressed much as one sees every day the women of America in any American city, in admirably fitting tailored suits. There was no ostentation or stiffness, and but little ceremony. The party had been individually warned not to offer to shake hands with the king or queen unless they first made the approach, which they did in every instance. "Address him always as 'your majesty' and the queen in the same way, and the princess 'your highness,'" it was said. Some of the editors perhaps forgot the rules, but no one attempted any familiarity, and certainly none was invited; but every one of the royal personages, after the introductions, descended into easy conversation with someone or other of the Americans.

Gets Laugh Out of King.

The pictures of King George do not do him justice. He is animated in action, ready and distinct in speech, with an inclination toward the humorous, and affable in manner, without condescension. He is not afflicted with the English habit of swallowing his words, and he is at a loss at no time for something to say. He expressed to all the editors, without constraint, his pleasure at their visit and showed an understanding of American affairs and of the purpose of their coming to England which was quite surprising. It is not permissible to quote him directly on any matter of politics or statecraft, but probably it will not be objectionable to repeat that he is in accord with the sentiment in England for a close union with the great American republic—no binding agreement, no formal league, no contract alliance, merely a rapprochement which would prevent any vital disagreements and which would mean harmony and unity among all the English-speaking nations of the world with resultant benefit to civilization and humanity. Someone had the temerity to say that the Republican party in America sadly needs a candidate for president, and asked if the king might not come to America and stand for the nomination with the assurance of certain election. The king merely responded to the novel suggestion with a loud "Ha-Ha." The laugh of England's king is ready and contagious. He understands an American joke. He likes baseball, too. He was immensely interested in his several reviews of American troops, and he permitted it to be understood that he would like soon to see again the American soldiers in camp or on march.

King and Queen as Guides.

After many pleasantries with the king and queen and their attendants, the guests were asked if they might not desire to go over Sandringham. All were, of course, delighted to say yes, and the whole company started, under the guidance of the king and queen, over the grounds. The king and queen walked rapidly. First there was a visit to York cottage, where there was an intimate view of how the royal family lives. Some one of the king's entourage took charge of certain groups of the editors and each appeared to be anxious to show the advantages and attractions of the great estate at its best. One curious journalist asked half-a-dozen lords and ladies in turn what was the area of Sandringham and all said they did not know. But the king promptly settled all doubts by ruling that it is 15,000 acres.

York cottage is a plain brick dwelling of 15 or 20 rooms, of only moderate size, with a workshop or study for the king. If there were any special courtiers or equerries there they were not seen. The equipment in furniture and in modern conveniences was complete and in some respects elegant, but there are many homes in America which might be compared favorably with it.

There was a long tour afoot to the gardens and to the stables, both the particular hobby of King Edward. A pony cart driven by the faithful Probyn, followed the company around. It was for the use of Queen Alexandra, but she went the entire rounds with the others and did not at any time appear to lose interest in her guests or in what they were saying and seeing.

In the vicinity of the royal stables is a great statue of Persimmon, which won the Derby in 1896, and which was a pet of the former king. He was bred at Sandringham. It is a magnificent effigy of a splendid horse. In the stables were many animals each in charge of an attendant who brought them out for exhibition. Both the king, queen and the dowager queen busied themselves in passing to the thoroughbreds carrots which they took with great gusto. In all, there must be 100 first-class animals in the stables. The chief of the stud is "Friar Marcus," which was never beaten as a two-year-old.

Several members of the party who had the fortune to fall in with Queen Alexandra were asked to accompany her to a place she called a "workshop." It appears to be modeled somewhat after the artcraft establishments common in America. There were many beautiful specimens of delicate handmade furniture. The companions of the queen were delighted with what they saw and said so, of course; whereupon she graciously presented to each of these surprised and somewhat embarrassed Americans a tea table. One of the pieces will go to Buffalo, one to San Francisco and one to Portland.

King Shows His Library.

The tour was completed by a second visit to Sandringham, where tea was served. It was a rather elaborate function, though all the royal party continued to mingle with the visitors in the most democratic fashion. The king later expressed a desire to show the editors his library, doubtless with the idea that it should be of special interest to men in a supposedly literary calling, as it was. It had been a bowling alley, but King Edward had thought it would be more useful and ornamental as a place of study and reflection, and he made the change. Then the king led the way to Sandringham chapel, a wonderful little house of worship with many appropriate decorations and memorials. Then he took them back to his reception room where he and the royal group bade good-bye to all their guests, shaking hands with each in turn. If they were asked to come again, at least one of the Americans did not hear it. It may be assumed that it is not the royal custom, for there was every evidence to show that the hosts were as pleased with the event as the guests were.

The king has the appearance and manner of an alert, quick-thinking, well-informed, well-groomed, middle-aged man of business. Queen Mary, a stately and beautiful woman, with something of the grand manner, was throughout most gracious to her visitors, and entered into the festivities in a very lively spirit. Queen Alexandra, dressed in complete black, has a noble presence, with an indescribable personal charm. Princess Mary, yet a very young lady, was garbed quite simply, but most tastefully. She was everywhere among the editors, who found it impossible to resist her girlish and vivid personality.

It was a great day for the editors. They saw the king and the queen, and the king and queen saw them.

YANK TANK GOING OVER THE TOP

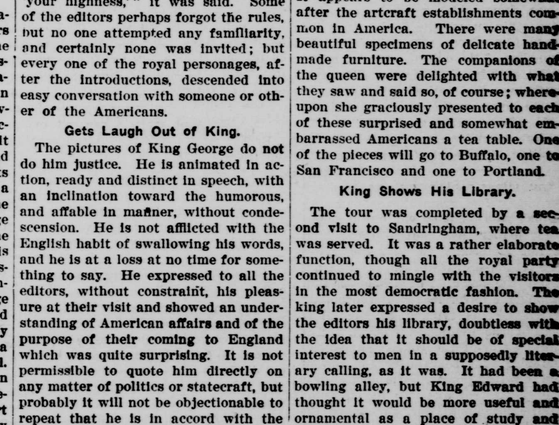


Photo by the Western Newspaper Union.

One of the many tanks that took part in the capture of the St. Mihiel salient by the troops under the command of General Pershing is here shown plowing its way through a trench and starting toward the German lines.

APPOINT FRUIT-DRYING BOARD

Secretary of Agriculture Houston Takes Step to Promote Food Conservation.

Washington.—To devise methods of drying fruits and vegetables as a means of conserving food, an advisory board has been designated by Secretary Houston consisting of representatives of bureaus within the department of agriculture and of one representative each of the food administration and of the sanitary corps of the army.

The board, it was announced, will have control of the industry which is expected to be established.

Funds for the promotion of dehydration were included in the regular agricultural appropriation act recently passed by congress.

The act also empowers the president to authorize the establishment and operation of plants for drying foodstuffs.

Learn French Through "Movies."

London.—A "movie" French class for American doughboys is the latest innovation at Earle Hut in the Strand. One hour lessons twice a day is the schedule, and they are called "movie" lessons because each man gets only one day's tuition and the teaching is done from the platform, where the movies are displayed. In two hours the doughboys don't get far into the French classics.

The male ostrich builds the nest.

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