BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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WALLACE MEETS KELLERMAN AND IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZES HIM AS AN ANTAGONIST

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.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

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It came in the form of a letter from Colonel Howard, the first in two years. Howard had, in the past, repeatedly tried to induce Mark to take advantage of opportunities that he had put before him, but Mark had refused stubbornly, until the Major had given him up in disgust. Howard did not know, and Mark did not himself understand, the underlying idea in his own mind, the sense of subdued rancor against the man who had robbed him of Eleanor, coupled with the sense of sacrifice, that he might withdraw all his claims on the child.

Now, however, Howard made one more attempt.

"I want you to think this proposition over as quickly as possible," he wrote, "not for my sake or yours, but because your duty is to take the job. With war with Germany in plain view to the initiated, there are great things doing in Washington, and I've been offered my old post at the mobilization department, which has been enlarged beyond all knowledge. Your work in the West is better known than you think, Wallace, and we want you here. Wire if you can, and come by the first train. This is official, so don't wait for divisional notification, which may take days."

The letter reached Mark in one of his periods of helpless despondency. Impulsively he wired back, accepting, regretted as soon as the message had been dispatched, but packed his suitcase, turned over the command to the senior lieutenant, and took the train for Washington.

As he went East the years seemed to fall from him like a dream. It was a frozen labyrinth in which he seemed to have been wandering; he seemed to come to himself with a consciousness of years wasted, but of years of action ahead.

Colonel Howard gazed curiously at him as he rose from his desk in the war office and grasped his hands.

"I should never have known you, Wallace," he said.

What he was thinking was, "Good, Lord, how the years have eaten into him!"

"Don't think that your work has been unrecognized," he said, after a few minutes of desultory chatting. "It has been, and I know that recognition is coming to you in the fullest measure. You are to work under me here; it's a big scheme that we are preparing, my boy, and only Kellerman and I,



"You'll Excuse Me For a Moment."

and yourself, will be acquainted with all the details, outside of the departmental head. You remember Kellerman?"

Mark nodded, trying to piece together the pictures of the past.

"We are working out the mobilization plans for the first contingent, after it reaches France," Howard continued. "It's a bigger scheme than anything we knew in the past. You'll act as my subordinate and have an intimate knowledge of the details—a sort of understudy, in fact, but with a good deal of initiative as well. And if war comes, as it is sure to come, we'll be sent over on the first transport, to prepare things for the troops. Ah, Kellerman, here's Wallace, newly arrived to take over his duties."

Mark saw not the slightest change in Kellerman since the days of the Cuban war. Kellerman was just as florid as ever, just as burly, with the same rather sinister way of glancing; his black hair was unthinned and unflecked with gray. He had borne the years much better than Mark.

If Kellerman reciprocated Mark's feelings, he showed no sign of it in his cordial handgrip.

"We were glad to get you, Wallace," he said. "You'll excuse me for a moment, I'm sure."

He drew Colonel Howard aside in conversation, while Mark twirled his fingers and looked out of the window into the busy hive of the capital, and tried to make himself believe that it was all true.

When Kellerman had gone the Colonel invited Mark to sit down, and launched into business.

"I must tell you that it's a pretty stiff job that we're tackling, Mark," he said. "To begin with, we're a sort of nucleus of the whole organization. We're in touch with every division. We have to have the whole thing at our fingers' ends—and it's mainly a matter of ships, animals, and transport. And, to cap the climax, you can imagine what a nest of intrigue and espionage Washington has become in these days. And, as neutrals—ostensibly neutrals—we can do nothing to put an end to it."

He stretched out his finger and pointed toward the big safe between the windows.

"Any one of some two hundred papers there, Mark, would give a valuable clue," he said. "Every night, when work is finished, your task will be to open the safe, take out the inner case containing these documents, add those on which you have been working, including every waste sheet and every scrap of the day's blotting paper, and have the day porter convey them, under your personal supervision, to the strong room, where you and either the General, myself, or Kellerman, will place them in the safety vault. In the morning the same procedure is reversed. And that is why I insisted on our getting you, Mark. I knew you, and I don't know the hundred of other officers of impeccable character whom we could have secured. We can't run risks—we simply can't. That's why it has to be just you and Kellerman and I. We had our lesson in the old days, you know."

He frowned at the remembrance, and then answered Mark's unspoken question with another.

"Where are you staying, Wallace?"

"At the Congressional."

"Well, I want you to come and stay with us as soon as we're settled. We've rented a house in Massachusetts circle, and move in on the first of the month. Eleanor and Mrs. Howard are still in New York, but they're coming here in about ten days' time—just as soon as I can get the house ready for them. Eleanor is dying to see you, and Mrs. Howard has the pleasantest remembrances, of course. And now I'm going to take you to the Brigadier."

The short interview with the head of the department confirmed Mark's impressions as to the businesslike nature of the plans of the war office. Mark went home. He was resolved, although he had not told the Colonel, not to become his guest—at least not unless he found that he could take up his life again where he had dropped it, years before. And then—but what was the use of speculating? He went home to his hotel.

He was surprised to find how easily he seemed to fit into his environment when he donned his long-neglected evening clothes and went down to the dining room of the Congressional. Almost the first face he saw was that of a man of his class; within a few minutes Mark Wallace was seated at the dinner table with a merry party of old friends and new acquaintances. And the years had slipped away from him.

On the next morning, when he took up his duties, it was with the sense that he was no longer a stranger. Washington was ready to extend her welcome to him. At the Army club, to which he was posted by Colonel Howard, he found himself, much to his surprise, often the center of a respectful audience, eager to hear of the work of the army in the forlorn outposts of the West. He discovered, too, with surprise, that he was by no means as unknown as he had imagined himself to be.

Then there were invitations that had to be accepted, receptions and dinners; yet through it all Mark waited for the charmed day when the house in Massachusetts circle was to be opened, displaying the princess of his imagination, the little child of the hillside, the schoolgirl, grown into the image of his dreams.

CHAPTER V.

When at last he alighted at the door, and was shown into the reception room, he felt that he was almost trembling with eagerness.

He looked uncertainly about him, at the group of young officers, the ladies, at Mrs. Howard, and then at the stylishly dressed young woman at her side.

And, forgetting his manners, he approached her in stupefaction, ignoring his hostess for the moment.

"Eleanor!"

"Uncle Mark! It's never you, Uncle Mark!" cried the girl. "Why, I should never, never have known you!"

But would he have known her, had he not looked closely into the clear eyes to discern the face of the little waif beneath the beauty of the woman? He had often and often imagined her, grown to womanhood, and dressed as he would have dressed her, but somehow she had always had the look and aspect of the child, blended with the schoolgirl. A sudden chill went through his heart at her self-mastery, the well-bred welcome that had in it little of real eagerness. And he realized that, though he had always looked on her as lost, at the bottom of his heart he must have hoped to find her again.

He stood, a graying-haired, uncomfortable, almost middle-aged man, trying to feel at home. He saw Kellerman looking at him across the room, as if there was some message in his eyes.

"I hope I haven't changed so much as all that," said Mark, trying to smile.

"No," she answered, looking at him with a searching, direct gaze. "Not really—only at first appearance. Why, Uncle Mark, your hair is turning gray. What have you been doing with yourself?"

He felt that the unconscious shaft had gone well home. He only answered vaguely. There was a little informal dancing, and, as he felt befitted his age, he waltzed a few turns with Eleanor and sat back with Mrs. Howard, surveying the gay crowd, and recalling memories—about the most disheartening thing that he could have done.

"What do you think of Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Howard. "You didn't expect to find the little schoolgirl grown up like this, did you?"

"Nor she me—like this," answered Mark humbly. But the Colonel's wife missed the allusion.

"She has been crazy to see you," Mrs. Howard continued. "She gave the Colonel no rest after he told us that he was trying to get you for the war office. I believe she had always had a sort of romantic recollection of you, and looked upon you as a sort of guardian, although, of course, it was a fortunate thing for her and us—and you, too—that Colonel Howard did succeed in inducing you to let us take her. She has been everything to us."

"Of course," said Mark mechanically.

"It would have been a terrible life for her out in the desert," sighed Mrs. Howard. "I think that you were very wise, Captain Wallace. And what a dreadful burden and responsibility you you would have had!"

This time Mark did not attempt to answer.

"She has been a daughter to both of us," pursued his hostess. "And now I'm afraid—we're both afraid, Captain Wallace, that we cannot hope to have her for long. She was quite the rage in New York last season."

Wallace followed the girl with his eyes. She had just been dancing with a young officer; it had been a two-step, and as the band of three pieces broke into the wildest and merriest part of the piece he saw her, with flushed face and laughing eyes, accept Kellerman's arm and surrender herself to the dance.

Kellerman caught Mark's eyes across the room. He looked straight back with a meaning challenge which was unmistakable. Mark knew at that moment that his antipathy to Kellerman had returned, although he was inclined to believe the other was not aware it had ever existed.

Kellerman was a splendid figure, even in his civilian evening clothes. Fully six feet tall, with the chest and limbs of an athlete, florid, with crisp black hair and a sense of the possession of power, he looked at least five years Mark's junior, though they had been born in the same year. "Handsome Kellerman" had been his sobriquet in Cuba. Mark remembered it across the lapse of years, and into his mind there began to filter, too, stray stories about him.

Mark did not judge him by these, but by the intuition which sent a cold wave to his heart as he saw him with Eleanor. It seemed to him that Kellerman's look, as he turned to the girl, was one of intentional conquest—in another man it might have been called infatuation; and the girl knew it and was happy in it.

The bitterness of that moment was like a sword thrust. Had he come three thousand miles for this? But what had been his thoughts for Eleanor, his vague wishes as to her future?

He did not know. He had dreamed—dreamed of her, and never pictured her as she was.

There was an informal, stand-up supper about eleven. Eleanor came to Mark and asked him to take her to the buffet. Mark was conscious of a coldness, or hurt resentment in the girl's manner, as if he had neglected her.

He brought her a plate and sat beside her in an alcove. They were alone, measurably, for the first time that evening.

"Uncle Mark, you are disappointing me," said Eleanor.

"I know it, and I'm sorry for it," said Mark. "I suppose it's—because I am not a bit like what you expected me to be."

"You are not the least bit like what I expected, or remembered, Captain Mark," she answered.

In his jealousy he was conscious of the altered prefix. And, as Eleanor looked at him with hurt in her eyes she broke off to smile at a young officer across the room, who returned an ar-



"Now I Know You Are My Real Uncle Mark."

dent gaze across the rubicund shoulders of a very homely, but most important dame whom he was helping to champagne.

"Most of us experience disappointments in people whom we have idealized," said Mark lamely.

"You mean—Oh, I'm sure I thank you, Captain Wallace," answered the girl acidly. "Shall we go back?"

But Mark had a moment of inspiration.

"Before we go, Eleanor," he said, "don't you think we might get to understand each other a little? I suppose I have been rude—but, you see, I have been conscious of your disappointment all the evening, and—"

He stopped in bewilderment, for Eleanor was—laughing.

"But I seem at least to have the faculty of amusing you," he continued.

"Dear Uncle Mark!" said Eleanor, laughing with tears in her eyes. She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Now I know you are my real Uncle Mark after all," she said.

"Why?" he asked, in astonishment.

"That's just like you, Uncle Mark. It's you—it's the real 'you' I've always remembered."

"You seem to remember my character very well, Eleanor," said Mark, trying not to relent, and having an uncomfortable feeling that she was an adept at hoodwinking.

"Well, you know, you paid me a fairly long visit at the Misses Harpers' school, Uncle Mark."

"You were nothing but a schoolgirl then."

Wallace comes upon the man who he believes is haunting Eleanor's footsteps. He follows him to a house where he is surprised to come face to face with Kellerman. You will not want to miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RISK LIVES TO CATCH FISH

Indian Boys Get Rich Harvest From Breaking Waves Off the Coast of Washington.

Even the lads of nine and twelve years at the old Indian settlement of La Push, nestling behind the pinnacle rocks that rise out of the Pacific ocean off the mouth of the Quillayute river in Washington, are doing their share toward winning the war. The lads, half dressed, dash across the beach to meet the incoming tide, wade into the water and wait for the waves to break with fish. As the combers break the lads dash into the boiling surf and rake the ocean for fish. Frequently the waves dash over the boys' heads, but they never lose their footing and the danger of the work does not excite more than passing attention from the old women weaving baskets.

During the day the Indians at La Push village average fully a ton of fish caught with dip nets. The older men help with the curing when their day's work is done, but it is the boys' task to capture the fish.

With each tide thousands of smelt are driven inshore. Each lift of the dip nets from the surf generally brings a basketful of fish.

Three of Quillayutes are now in the military service. There are now 250 men, women and children in the little settlement, but each is doing his or her share with fishing, war gardens and other activities to help win the war.

Disdain Western Finery.

In reply to an inquiry from an American firm as to the demand here for lace goods and embroideries, it can be stated, reports the American consul at Yokohama, that as the Japanese women cling very tenaciously to their style of dress and as no use is made of lace or embroideries either in their dress or home furnishings, it is improbable that any considerable market can be developed in Japan for American-made lace goods or embroideries. The demand would be limited to the foreign residents here, who now number about 6,000, exclusive of Chinese, and to such goods as are not being manufactured in Japan.

YANK AVIATOR MAKES MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM GERMAN PRISON CAMP

Tennessee Boy Swims the Rhine to Swiss Soil After Days of Tramping Through Enemy Country—Seventy Americans in Concerted Effort to Escape From Prison—Three Get Through—Swiss Give Them Kindly Welcome.

Somewhere in France. — Seventy Americans in the German prison camp at Villingen, Germany, made a desperate and concerted attempt to escape on the night of Sunday, October 6. So far three men have crossed the border. The first is Lieutenant Aviator George Wright Puryear of Memphis, Tenn.

Puryear swam across the Rhine to Swiss soil early in the morning of October 11. Two days later Harold Willis of Boston, a former Lafayette escadrille flyer who was captured at Verdun in August, 1917, and Naval Lieutenant Edouard Isaacs of Portsmouth, Va., escaped into Switzerland.

Only a few days previously, on October 9, the first American soldier to escape from a German prison camp into Switzerland arrived at Red Cross headquarters in Berne. He was Frank Sovicki of Shenandoah, Pa., a Polish-American who enlisted a few days after America declared war. Puryear was the first American officer to escape from Germany.

On June 26, while patrolling near Ville Neuve sur Fere, about four kilometers southwest of Fere en Tardenois. Puryear engaged an enemy machine in combat. The fight carried him unawares into the German lines. Puryear shot down his adversary, mortally wounding the observer of the German machine. Seeing one of his adversaries was badly wounded, and believing himself in allied territory, Puryear descended, intending to remove one or both of the aviators as prisoners to an American hospital. Such descents in allied territory to aid a badly wounded adversary have been a part of the knightly code of the air.

Captured by Germans.

Upon landing and before he could burn his machine Puryear was captured by German troops, who were in hiding. The German pilot of the machine whom he had descended to carry to a hospital insisted that he be shot at once for "shooting at a wounded man"—the observer of the German plane.

After his capture Puryear was taken to a hospital which was also an intelligence examining post. He was kept there for three hours. From the hospital Puryear was taken to a castle, where he was again examined by an intelligence officer.

Next day he was marched, again alone, ten kilometers behind the lines to another intelligence post, where he was once more examined. On the following day, with fifteen captured Americans of the Twenty-sixth division and about 200 French soldiers, he was taken to Laon.

At each stop intelligence officers examined him.

On August 2 Lieutenant Puryear was taken to Rastatt prison camp. On August 5 he escaped with Andre Conreau, a French aviator. August 6 and 7 they spent in the woods. At 5 a. m. on the morning of August 8, however, they ran plump into a German sentinel. They were taken under guard to Kehl, where they were given a good meal. Two guards accompanied them back to Restatt, where Puryear was imprisoned five days. Later, when he was transferred to Villingen, Puryear served nine more days of the fourteen-day sentence imposed on him for trying to escape.

Makes Break for Liberty.

On August 13 Puryear was transferred to Karlsruhe, the concentration camp for all prisoners, where he stayed until August 19. He was then taken to Landshut on a closely guarded train, together with a number of Royal Flying corps aviators. At Karlsruhe the British and American aviators were separated. The Americans were placed in a camp which had been used as a quarantine camp and where they were vaccinated against typhus, cholera and smallpox.

Puryear was kept at Landshut from August 21 to September 14. During his stay he applied for a transfer to Villingen, where a number of American pilots were confined. He was removed there on September 15. After nine days in jail at Villingen Puryear was released. Six days later, on the night of Sunday, October 6, Puryear made his second and successful attempt to escape.

Puryear had planned to escape with one other companion. Aviator Willis, however, asked him to postpone his attempt for several days, as a dozen Americans had been planning to escape for some time and it was feared that if Puryear failed the general breakout might be nipped in the bud.

Puryear and his companion agreed and preparations were made for the escape. Ladders were made ready, windows and bars cut out, and one American made it possible to short-circuit the string of powerful electric lights which surrounded the prison camp and which burned all night to prevent escapes. The jail delivery was planned for Sunday night, and the Americans agreed to break out at several places, so as to keep the guards busy.

At 10:30 Sunday night the guards turned out the lights in the prison camp. This was the signal for all the men to make their final preparations. At 10:45 the lights outside the prison camp were short-circuited by one of the Americans. From three sides of the barracks the American aviators and prisoners made their dash for liberty.

Fired on by Guards.

Immediately the German guards blew their whistles and cocked their guns. Surrounding the barracks was a low barbed wire fence, and beyond that a deep ditch with barbed wire entanglements in it. Still further was a ten-foot fence with hooks facing inward along the top. Outside this fence were the guards with rifles awaiting. Puryear, Isaacs, Willis and their companions had to run this gantlet, after getting through the barred windows of the barracks.

The penalty of being caught in the wire was death. Only a few days before in the general breakout a Russian had been caught in the wire and instantly killed. Puryear climbed over all obstacles and put his ladder up against the fence. As he leaped over the fence firing began. His companion had his foot on the lower round of the ladder as Puryear went over.

Once outside the barracks Puryear found himself between two guards. Both shouted at him to halt. Strictly according to orders they shouted three times to him to stop.

Six shots were fired in all point blank at Puryear. The guards, however, were old men and their aim was bad. At the time they fired one guard was 20 feet off and the other 50 feet away. Just as the second volley was fired at him Puryear stumbled and fell in a ditch. He believes he would have been wounded or killed by these shots if he had not fallen.

As had been previously arranged, Puryear waited at a prearranged point for his companion. When the latter did not arrive after 15 minutes' waiting, Puryear went alone. While he waited Puryear heard the guards fire several score rounds. He had now recovered his strength and made good progress. That night he went 15 kilometers.

Puryear carefully guarded his Red Cross supplies. From the food boxes sent him from Berne he was able to build himself up physically so that he was able to live on the raw potatoes, carrots and turnips which he dug out of the fields while making his way toward the frontier.

The next day Puryear spent in the forest poring over his map until he had memorized every detail of it. Just before day broke he met two men going to work. He avoided them, but later was unable to avoid a lone civilian who passed him, but who said nothing.

The next night Puryear took up his long journey toward Waldshut, 65 kilometers away.

The third day it rained heavily all day and Puryear picked out a small barn and climbed through a window and thence went up to the loft. The owner or the barn and his hired hands moved farm machinery about in the stable below, but did not come upstairs. That night the rain lessened and Puryear continued his journey.

In the darkness he took the wrong road, a mountain road which finally ended in a trail and then ceased altogether. For three hours he stumbled about on a mountain top in sleet and snow, tearing his hands and face on brambles and making but little progress in the brush and cutover timber. Finally he struck another road which he followed until daylight. With the dawn he again took refuge in the woods.

All that day he spent poring over his maps, endeavoring to locate himself. By nightfall, however, he had decided upon his course. That night he struck a tributary of the Rhine and followed it to where it crossed the main road leading to Waldshut. When he struck the main road Puryear found a sign reading: "Waldshut Thirty Kilometers." On the night of Wednesday, October 9, Puryear got within a few miles of Waldshut. In order to be sure of his directions he climbed to the top of a mountain nearby from which he could see tributaries entering the Rhine. Puryear also was supplied with a view of Waldshut which he carefully compared with the town below.

Puryear planned to cross the Rhine at the point where the current strikes the north shore and then rebounds to the south bank. He figured upon being carried by the current across to the Swiss shore. For six hours he carefully watched the shore for the appearance of sentries, but no one having passed the spot he had chosen he decided to make the attempt to swim across.

Cold Plunge in Rhine.

He crawled to the river edge, took off all his clothes except his shirts and underwear and trousers and dipped into the icy stream. The strong current immediately swept him downstream at a terrific rate. Dangerous whirlpools and currents abound in this vicinity.

After half an hour's alternate swimming and floating the icy water began to affect the young aviator.

"I thought it was about all over with me," said Puryear. "I became dizzy and fought hard to be able to distinguish the shore I had left from the Swiss side. About thirty feet from the bank my hand in swimming touched rock, but before I could pull myself up the strong current wrenched me back into the deep water again.

"I was fast becoming weaker and weaker. The banks were rocky and steep and I could not get a hand hold anywhere. I feared that I would be lost at the last moment. Finally I grasped a projecting rock and hung on to it until I recovered my strength in part. Then I climbed up and out of the water and fell down exhausted. For several minutes I lay there weak and trembling with the cold and fear.

"I had been carried far below Waldshut. Along the shore ran a railroad and I knocked at the first crossing keeper's cabin. The latter when he learned that I was an American, greeted me warmly, took off my wet clothes, chafed my trembling legs and gave me a stiff glass of brandy. Then, as it was time for breakfast the crossing keeper routed his children out of bed and the two kids and myself ate hot milk and bread from the same bowl.

"Later I was taken to a military post where the Swiss officers kindly gave me dry clothing. At Zurich Swiss officers paid my hotel bills and gave me a civilian's outfit from head to foot. I cannot thank the Swiss authorities and civilians too much for their kindnesses to me. At Rheinfelder the Swiss frontier officer examined me and then telephoned to the American embassy at Berne."

"BROADWAY QUARTET" IN FRANCE



Photo by Western Newspaper Union.

These Yanks, who used to live in and around a well-known north Atlantic port, put on a Broadway musical show back of the lines in France for the entertainment of their comrades.

"LO, THE POOR INDIAN," RICH AND PATRIOTIC

"Lo, the Poor Indian" is no more poor. Instead he is patriotic. The five civilized tribes subscribed for $2,600,000 in fourth Liberty bonds, Gabe Parker, superintendent of the tribes, announced. The five tribes—Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Cherokees and Creeks—have now invested some $9,523,670 in Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps.

PRINCE NOW FIXES STREETS

Former Russian Nobleman Is Now a Day Laborer and His Wife Is in Want.

New York.—Intimate news of the condition to which former membersof the Russian court have been reduced is conveyed in information received from Hugo Blackmanson, a Finnish painter. Blackmanson, who spent many years in Petrograd where he was a court favorite, has now returned to Helsingfors. A letter from him received here says:

"One of my closest friends saw a man working on the streets. Just think then how astounded I was to find that the worker was my good friend Prince Putjatin, the husband of Maria Pavlovna, the former wife of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, who has toured the United States.

"Putjatin is a member of Russia's former highest and richest aristocracy.

"Maria Pavlovna, former princess of Sweden, now living with her husband in squalid quarters without a single servant, has stood in line to get her rations.

"And when the prince was asked on the street:

"'What are you, your excellency, doing here?' he looked up sadly and said:

"'I'm making my daily living.'"

Life insurance carried in the United States at the end of 1917 exceeded $60,000,000,000.

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