BRIDE OF BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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KELLERMAN STRIKES WALLACE WHO SURPRISES HIM WHILE IN QUARREL WITH 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 shame. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen she intends to marry him. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard calls Wallace to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanor there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist. 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. Mrs. Kenson asks Wallace to become a spy for the international gang. He refuses and is clubbed as he is leaving the house. Hartley rescues him.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

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Under the name of Weston, Mark had enlisted in the medical branch of the service. It was a lowly branch, despised by those who knew nothing of its activities. But the choice had been between that and nothing, for the first fighting contingents to be sent overseas embraced only the regulars, not those of the draft. Mark had enlisted rather than wait, especially since he knew that Colonel Howard, with Kellerman and his staff, were already in France.

And somewhere within a few square miles was the base of the American activities, the headquarters from which the mobilization in France was being directed.

"Hurry up to the surgical ward!" said the matron, as Mark reached her. "And you, too, Hartley," she added.

The two men scrambled up the stairs. At the opposite end of the building, an old converted chateau, the convoy had halted. Other orderlies were carrying out the stretchers with their living, mangled burdens.

A group of the newly arrived doctors and nurses was coming up the stairs. They were all ready for their work. Mark no longer saw anything but the wounded men. Dripping with perspiration, he hurried from the ward to the pack store and back, innumerable times, struggling under great piles of towels and bedding.

"Must have been a stiff fight," panted Hartley, as they passed each other.

Mark responded with a movement of the head. It must have been a fight,

The Surgeon Searched His Face.

to have brought all those serious cases down to the base hospital.

"Weston, you're to go into the operating room!"

The nurse who addressed him spoke as to a servant.

"Yes, Sister," he answered, and braced his shoulders and hurried to obey.

The patient, already etherized, had been brought in. Mark, watching the patient narrowly as the surgeon probed the wound, knew nothing but his task until the surgeon nudged him familiarly in the side while one of the nurses was sponging his forehead.

"I know your face, orderly," he said. "Where was it?"

Mark started and looked into the quizzical gray eyes of one of the army doctors from an Arizona town, whom he had dined at the mess.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," he answered quietly.

The surgeon searched his face, and, like a decent man, admitted his error.

"Another poor devil gone down," he thought, as he turned to his work.

There were three more operations following, and Mark sighed with relief as the last man was carried away. He took a scrubbing brush and bar of soap and kneeled down to clean the floor, while his fellow attendant scoured the splashed table and carried away the towels.

Mark was conscious that the nurse still lingered, and he went on with his scrubbing. Somehow he did not want to meet her eyes.

She came toward him and stood near him, by the table. Something splashed down to the floor—then something else. Mark raised his head. They were tears, and others followed them down the nursing sister's face. The girl was Eleanor.

She put out her hands blindly. "Oh, Captain Mark!" she whispered.

Mark felt himself beginning to shake; fate seemed to have played a wretched trick on him just then.

"Why, Captain Mark! Why—why did you do this?" asked Eleanor.

"Hey, Weston!" called his fellow orderly from the door of the sterilizing room; and then, seeing him with the sister, withdrew.

"You heard my name?" asked Mark.

"I heard it, Captain Mark. Won't you tell me what it means, what it all means?"

"What it all means?" he repeated vaguely, wondering at the concern on her face.

"Why you disappeared as you did from Washington. I knew that you had applied for leave of absence, because you had overworked in the hot weather. But you — never came back." Her voice broke into a sob. "The Colonel didn't think it strange. He wouldn't admit that there was any reason, except that you must have gone back to your regiment. Did you and he quarrel, Captain Mark? It's unthinkable. I could learn nothing about you, but Major Kellerman had said you were tired of the work and might have got some appointment out of the service. Their tales were conflicting. And you weren't on the army list any more. Won't you tell me, just because—you know—because—"

Mark could hardly restrain his feeling.

"I'll tell you," said Mark, raising his eyes. "I was accused of treachery, of betraying secrets to enemies of my country—"

Eleanor laughed in a little, mirthless voice. "You're still the same, Uncle Mark," she whispered. "Did you think I would believe that?"

"It was not true," cried Mark, nettled and desperate. "But it was found that I frequented gambling houses—"

"You are so fond of money, Uncle Mark!"

"I wanted money. You were rich, and I wanted your esteem. I wanted to move in your circles, to win your favor, as others could—"

She gasped and grew red; he saw that his arrow had gone home, and went on pitilessly.

"When I was at your reception you had smiles for everyone."

"That's enough, Captain Wallace," she said, with an indrawn breath. "You insulted me the last time we met, you know, or probably have forgotten. I—I see that all my thoughts of you were wrong. I was always a burden. And when you didn't write so many years, and when you didn't come to see me, I thought—oh, I'll tell you now, since you have humiliated me as deeply as it is possible to humiliate a woman. I thought you stayed away and kept away because you liked me, and because you were afraid that I might come to care for you, and ruin my prospects among the rich young officers. I thought it was a sort of absurd, misplaced, quixotic chivalry, Captain Wallace."

Wallace was choking. So she had known!

But he had won his miserable game, as he realized from her next words:

"It was a foolish idea, Captain Wallace, and now I've given it up, and I know that men aren't so idealistic and chivalrous as I have imagined them. But"—she bent forward—"I don't believe you are a traitor, Captain Mark!"

And over her head Mark saw the tall figure of Kellerman in the doorway.

The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Kellerman's surprise was changing into a sneering challenge when Eleanor turned, saw the newcomer, and, with a superb effort of will, smiled at him.

"So I see you got here, Sister Howard," said Kellerman, with a forced laugh.

"Just in time," answered the girl. "Have you come to order us all up to the trenches?"

"Some of you, but not the ladies. No, I'm attending the General on his tour of inspection of the lines."

The talk grew indistinct as they drifted away. Mark, staring after them in a stupor, saw Kellerman nod toward him, and fancied that the girl made a gesture of pleading.

Neither had noticed him. He reflected savagely that already Eleanor was coming to take his status for granted, as the other sisters did.

CHAPTER XI.

By evening the rush of work had died down, and the orderlies, save those on duty, were given the customary leave.

Leave meant Etaples, with its comfortable little inn, the chatty landlady and her pretty daughter.

Mark strode toward Etaples. He had an intense longing for the lights and comfort of the little inn. But he had not gone more than a hundred paces when Hartley hailed him.

"Going into Etaples?" he asked. "Do you mind my going with you?"

"Frankly, yes, Hartley," answered Mark. "You won't mind my saying so? I want to be alone after—"

"I know, old man," said Hartley, drawing back. "Sorry if I bothered you."

But Mark swung round on him. "Hartley, answer me one question," he said. "What has Miss Howard ever had to do with you? Why have you been watching her for six or seven years?"

Hartley began to walk along the road at Mark's side. He made a curious gulping sound before he answered.

"Has it occurred to you, Mark, that the Kenson woman has been operating in Washington for a good time now?" he asked.

"I suppose so," Mark answered.

"You know everything was prepared for years before the war began. The system had ramifications in every department of the government. You know Colonel Howard was in touch with it as far back as the Cuban war?"

"Good Lord, yes, but—"

"And a man is only a pawn in such a game. Good God, don't question me, Mark! I've been a tool of hers, but I'll swear that I never worked against the government. I learned little by little of the whole accursed nest of spies. I obeyed their orders because—well, I can't tell you now—but I worked against them too. I've done them more harm than good. I had my motives—selfish ones, despicable, perhaps; but I was never a traitor. Good God, Mark, haven't you seen how your faith in me has begun to make a man of me?"

Mark took Hartley's hand and gripped it. It was the best and the only possible answer. In their taciturn understanding they went on toward the inn together.

Outside the inn they saw an auto, with a soldier chauffeur in charge. Hartley gripped Mark's arm.

"Do you know whose that is?" he whispered. "Kellerman's!"

The landlady came to the door. "Bonsoir, messieurs," she said smiling. "This way tonight, if you please."

She led them round by the side, into the kitchen, where they found half a dozen privates drinking light wine and teasing the landlady's daughter as she served them.

There was nothing in this to the men; they were often turned out of the dining room-parlor when officers put in an appearance. But—this was Kellerman! Mark looked at Hartley and saw intense excitement on his face, which he was trying most evidently to restrain.

He ordered beer of Annette, and followed her toward the outhouse in which the liquor was stored. The girl was a friend of his, perhaps because, more serious than the rest, he treated her with less badinage than was customary among the soldiers. As she moved out of the lighted room into the shadows outside the merriment fell like a mask from her face.

"What is it, Annette?" asked Mark.

"Ah, monsieur, it is tragic!" said the girl, pausing at the outhouse door. "She is one of my countrywomen. The accent is of the south, or some outlandish part, but she is French—and she has come a long way to meet him, and he will not have anything to do with her. How did she get through the lines?"

"Who, Annette?"

"The lady with the American officer. Listen, monsieur! Listen, then!"

They were standing in front of the outhouse, which was set near an angle of the old-fashioned building between the parlor and the kitchen. They could hear the imploring voice of the woman, and the subdued answers of Kellerman.

Then, elusive against the dark angle of the building, Mark perceived Hartley. He was standing under the high sill of the window, in such a way that Mark thought he could see through the chink between the sill and the lower edge of the blind. Eavesdropping as he evidently was, Mark felt that something justified his presence there.

Annette perceived him at the same moment. She started, and then shrugged her shoulders.

"Eh bien, monsieur, it is their affair!" she said lightly, and went into the outhouse. She was too wise to interfere with her customers. Mark hardly noticed her departure. He was watching Hartley.

Suddenly the door opened and the woman came down the steps that led into the little vineyard behind the inn. She raised her heavy veil to dab a handkerchief at her eyes, and at that moment Mark recognized Mrs. Kenson.

He remained rooted to the ground in astonishment. But it was more than that; he felt suddenly trapped, as if the woman's presence there was vitally connected with his own problems, as if he were the victim of some far-reaching scheme with which he could not grapple.

A minute later Kellerman appeared and stood upon the step above her, looking into her upturned face with his habitual sneer.

"It is all over then?" asked Mrs. Kenson.

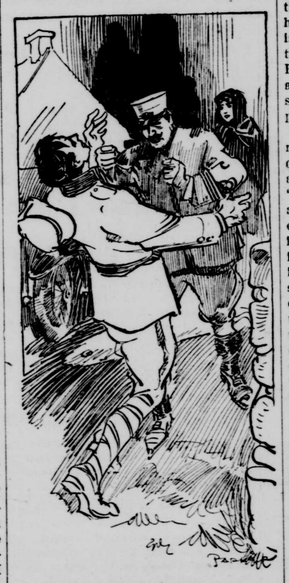
"Since you compel me to be frank—yes," answered Kellerman. "It has been over for years, Ada. To think that you should have put us all in this danger! You haven't told me how you got here, or how you sent me that message."

"How I got here? Does that matter? Well, I came up in a peasant woman's dress, as one of the repatriated. I sent you the message through a boy, who knows nothing—his wits were thrashed out of him by the Germans. He left the note—he won't trouble you. And I suppose now I'm

Suddenly she broke into a shrill invective. "I'm to go back, after the thousands of miles that I came, because you are the only man in the world who has ever meant anything to me! I gave my life to you. How many years have you played with me? Answer me! And now you fling me from you as if I were nothing, because of—oh, do you suppose I haven't heard of you and Miss Howard? I'll call her that! But take care! I can be dangerous when I am aroused, and I see now—I see clearly now, if never before!"

Mark's blood seemed to freeze as he listened. He had unconsciously drawn near Hartley.

"You are talking wildly, Ada," muttered Kellerman. "Are you going to ruin everyone? Do you want to hang? For you will, Ada. There's no senti-



Sent Him Reeling Backward.

mentality in war. Now I'm going to do the riskiest thing I ever did. I'm going to take you back behind the lines in my auto. By a miracle of good luck I have the password for the night. Come! And we'll talk over matters on the drive back!"

"Come, Ada!" said Kellerman; and then he turned sharply and confronted Mark.

For an instant he stood as if transfixed; then, with an oath, he leaped at him and struck him a blow in the face that sent him reeling backward.

Wallace is sent to the front. Read the exciting details in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAVEL ACCORDING TO MAP

Airmen on Night Raids Have Course Thoroughly Mapped Out Before Beginning Their Journey.

Before leaving on a long-distance night raid the airmen prepare their maps with great care, marking on them the detailed course from the airdrome to their objective.

By means of a small balloon, whose speed direction and height is recorded by an instrument on the ground, the force and direction of the wind at different altitudes is discovered, and the compass course, allowing for wind-drift, is marked beside the course on the map. The compass course for the return journey is also marked. The speed of the machine is calculated, and on the line of the course a series of points is marked, showing where the machine should be every ten minutes, thus enabling the airman to check his progress and to know his approximate position if he gets lost.

He watches the country below for landmarks. He sees by his map that a river should appear in a few minutes. His watch shows that he has been flying 40 minutes, and near the 45-minute mark on his map is a twisted pale blue line. He looks ahead and sees in the moonlight a silver streak and he knows he is making good time. When he is over the river he compares its outline with his map, and sees that he is crossing it at the right place.

British Urged to Keep Goats.

"Goat getting" is coming right along as a national sport in England, says a London dispatch. Everyone who knows anything about Nannie is writing to the papers urging everyone to get one goat at least and more if possible and keep them. The right kind of goat yields about two quarts of milk daily and the gentlemen of the species—the boys with the Farmer Brown whiskers—are said to produce first-class mutton.

Somewhat Mercenary.

Bob was to have a birthday party. His best friend, Dick, met him in town the day before. "Say, kid," he asked, "what do you want me to bring you?" Bob, who was saving for a bicycle, replied: "If it's all the same to you, Dick, I'd rather you'd give me the money." The following day as Bob's mother received the little guests, Dick presented 25 cents, saying: "Mrs. G., Bob said he'd rather have the money."

Why Polish State Must Rise

Future of Europe Is Dependent on Reconstruction of Ancient Nation

Poland and Its Historical Territories, From Which, Mr. Dmowski Says, the New Democratic Polish State Must Be Reconstructed.

"IF Germany had a natural eastern frontier—as she has natural boundaries to west and south—the establishment of permanent peace might not require such extraordinary safeguards. But, Germany lying where she does and her people being what they are, the future of Europe depends on one thing—the reconstruction of Poland."

The speaker was no less a person than Roman Dmowski, for twenty years a leader of the submerged western Slavs in their aspiration toward a renewed national life, long the representative of the city of Warsaw in the Russian duma; today, by virtue of his position as president of the Polish national committee, recognized by the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States as the official representative and spokesman of thirty-five millions of people.

"To take up the German-ness of Germans first," he went on in the course of an interview with Rowland Thomas appearing in the New York World, "they are a people capable of talking about their drang nach osten—their expansiveness toward the east—as if it were something scientifically inevitable and sacred, like the law of gravitation or the budding of trees in springtime. No such peculiar and specific force, of course, now exists. Nature no more drove the Germans to the expansive eastward than up or down in any other direction. What did drive them was an alluring opportunity. Whereupon they invented a mystical force which was supposed to be above even their own ideas and emotions—just as they later invented a special and sacred kultur when they felt the need of justifying overweening ambition in their own eyes and the sight of the world, and still later conjured up an ancient German Gott to make expediency and morality mutually self-supporting.

"Such worship of mental straw men—such confusing of formulas with forces, the sound of words with verities, exculpations with justifications—is the natural refuge of sentimentalists who shrink from looking their own impulses in the face.

"By a special drang nach osten, then, Germans have sanctified for themselves their cupidity of territory and trade in certain directions. Many such canonized phrases will confront and trouble the peace builders in their coming work, for an orthodox formula may be a deadly thing. Witness what was justified in revolutionary France by the cry of liberty, equality and fraternity—what is happening under the same watchword now in bolshevistic Russia. To guard the future against the force of the ancient and haloed dogma of a drang nach osten is therefore vitally necessary.

Would Safeguard Future.

"And," interpolated Mr. Dmowski, a faint smile hovering about his firm-set lips, "if a certain step is taken the future will be effectually guarded. Germans hereafter will have to take their drang nach osten out in plain drang-ing. They will find themselves butting their heads against a wall, to be colloquial. And that wall will be Poland—the strong Poland which can and must be constructed, not easily, perhaps, but surely and firmly, if sufficiently intelligent and foreseeing statesmanship is used at this time.

"That brings us to the second standing menace to permanent peace in Europe—the fact that Germany for generations has had no natural eastern boundaries, that a tantalizingly easy way to aggression and conquest has lain always open before her—and, now that Russia is chaos, is easier than ever before.

"If this were not the case, if Germany faced to the east some well-defined physical obstacle, as she faces the Rhine gorge, the Alps, the Bohemian and Carpathian highlands to the west and south, the potentialities might not be so grave. But as it is, Asia, through Russia, lies open, unguarded and dangerously inviting to Germany's thwarted ambitions.

"Let us not in this exhilarating moment of victory permit ourselves to become unduly optimistic or too credulous. National psychologies do not change very quickly. In the throes of her defeat Germany may seem—will undoubtedly deem herself—disenchanted with the fruits of her national ambition. But what man experienced in the workings of the human mind would venture to risk the possibilities of another war like this one on the chance that Germany's disenchantment will be permanent, that the final outcome of the defeat, in German minds, will not be discontent, humiliation, angry or sullen, and persistent determination to recover at least part of what has been lost; or, failing that, to seek recoupment and expansion and domination in fresh directions? No man of probity and experience will risk so fateful a gamble. It must be made impossible for Germany to be unsafe to the democracies of the world. To do that it is vitally necessary to have a strong, trustworthy non-German state on Germany's eastern marches. And the one region capable of becoming such a state is Poland.

"For it is idle, worse than idle, to dream of constructing such a new state in Europe for these specific purposes unless the work is done along surely effective lines. The requirements are extremely definite. A small state will not do. Who would set a pygmy watchman to guard a full-grown desperado? A state incapable of full economic development will not do. The chance of entanglements are too great. It must be self-contained as regards natural resources. A state artificial racially will not do. It must be one, as far as possible, racially cohesive. A state wherein irresponsible visionaries play the demagogue over an unleavened lump of peasantry will not do. It must be a state capable of having a real citizenry, as the United States has—composed of a people of established and developed civilization, racial culture and traditions, practical abilities, proved liberalism.

Poles Best Fitted.

"I believe you will find nowhere in central and eastern Europe a race more fitted than the Polish people to be the citizenry of such a state. And I can state without fearing contradiction that nowhere else in that region will you find another race with so unclouded a moral and historical title to the territory which will be needed.

"Just what is Poland, aside from being the region from which many immigrants came to the United States? Where is it?

"To see real Poland you will have to make a map of Europe in your mind. On that map note how Germany lies in a great alluvial drainage basin, with the central mountain masses of the continent walling it to the south and with five rivers running down from them to the North sea and the Baltic. Westernmost is the Rhine. Next comes the Weser, with its port at Bremen, and the Elbe, with Hamburg. Fourth is the Oder, with Frankfort and Stettin. Last and easternmost the Vistula, which rises in the Carpathian ridges, flows down by Warsaw and empties into the North sea at Dantzig in West Prussia.

"In the Vistula valley and its drainage areas live the thirty-five million people of the submerged Polish nation. That region is Poland. Part of it is still marked 'Poland' on the maps, but most of it needs identification since the 'partitions,' when the autocrats who then ruled Germany, Russia and Austria each took his helping.

"Germany's slice you will find on the west, extending all the way from the mountains to the Baltic. Silesia farthest south, then Posen, then West Prussia with its Baltic port of Dantzig—all are Prussian provinces now. They once were Poland. The population still is Polish. To the south of map Poland is Galicia, an Austrian province. Its chief city is Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland. Other cities are Lemberg and Przemysl. The population of the province is predominantly Polish. To the east, in Russia, lies Volhynia. That, too, was part of Poland once, and today, although the peasant population of the region is Ruthenian, its civilization and almost all its middle-class population—its professional men and merchants, the intelligent, educated citizenry who are the necessary pillars of a true democratic state—are Polish. The same thing is true to the north, in Lithuania, which also was once part of Poland.

Three Reasons for Action.

"There are three reasons," Mr. Dmowski continued, "why the reconstruction of national Poland is so vital an issue.

"The first, already touched on, is the necessity of setting an impassable boundary to Germany on the east. Poland is the only country so situated, geographically, as to be able to provide this service, the only natural obstacle between German scheming and Russian disorganization.

"The second reason is the Baltic. Even before Russia collapsed that body of water was becoming a German lake. Now that Russia is gone Germany is the only nation of large population having Baltic ports. Give reconstructed Poland again her ancient outlet to the seas through her old port of Dantzig and the company of democratic nations will have its own entryway to the trade of all northeastern Europe.

"The third reason is the breaking up of Austria, which is as serious a menace to permanent peace, unless provided against with intelligent foresight, as even the German-Russian boundary situation. Leave central Europe a group of small, weak, half-developed nationalities, and the Balkan question, which has all along been largely a question of Teutonic pressure toward domination of the Black sea, Asia Minor and the Persian gulf, will remain acute. What solid anti-German barriers will stand there? Bohemia — the new Czecho-Slovak state? But that will have only twelve million people. Restored and reconstituted Roumania? She will have at least fourteen million citizens and around her will stand Hungary, Bulgaria, Russia. What could Bohemia, Roumania or both of them avail against Germany, with her compact sixty-five million population?

Effective Barrier Seen.

"But add a national Poland and the situation changes. You have then to the east and southeast of Germany, cutting her off from Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, three thoroughly non-German states with a population of sixty-one million liberal democrats—a mass and spirit with which aspiring autocrats and bolshevist visionaries alike must reckon.

"For these three purposes—to save Russia and Asia from encroachments; to preserve the freedom of the Baltic; to end forever the Balkan question and the possibility of a fresh Hamburg-Persian Gulf obsession in those worshipers of mental straw men and ancient tribal gods, reconstituted Poland is the one natural and trustworthy peace structure. It is vital."

British Monarch's Position.

Great Britain has no document which may be regarded as a constitution. Instead of a paper constitution there exists a mass of precedents and conventions which serve similar needs with greater flexibility. No matter upon what the thing may be based, the royal power of the monarch is not absolute. As executive he is the nominal administrator of the decrees of parliament, the representative body of the lords spiritual, the lords temporal and the commons.

Polished Furniture.

Clean all polished furniture with vinegar freely diluted with water; then, when all dirt has been removed, apply the following polish with a rag and rub briskly until you see your hand reflected as in a looking glass: One gill of sweet oil, one gill of vinegar, half a gill of methylated spirits.

Keep Busy.

An engine of one cat power running all the time is more effective than one of forty horse power standing idle.—George William Curtis.

Cautioning the "Cub."

The editor was handing it to the cub reporter. "This blaze occurred at a ball." "I know." "Remember, it was a full-dress affair, and don't—don't—" "I won't." "Don't say the guests rushed into the street scantily clad."—Kansas City Journal.

The Change.

"Germany is no longer toasting the day."

"As events have turned out, it was more of a roast for her."

Can Stay at Home.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," remarked the after-dinner speaker, wearily.

"What's the matter now?"

"I've just been notified of five banquets I won't have to go to because of the Spanish influenza epidemic."

Naturally.

"They are considering a proposition to restrict everybody to one pair of shoes at a time."

"That's a bad movement to get on foot."

World Politics.

"What did you do while politics was adjourned?" "According to my way of looking at it," replied Senator Sorghum, "politics never adjourns. When politics gets so fierce as to get into a fight, the argument necessarily ceases. But old politics is always somewhere around."

The Portuguese government has purchased the Trans-African railway in the province of Angola, Portuguese West Africa.

How Did He Do It?

George, entertaining his little sister, read the following from a story book: "The man then divided the assembled children into two parts." Little Margaret gazed in horrified amazement into George's face and asked: "Do you s'pose he cut 'em in two crosswise or lengthwise?"

Why Not?

A friend has just dropped in to suggest:

"Since he started to yelp why not call him the ki-yiser?"

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