BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

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Suddenly the German uttered a choking cry and dropped, blood spurting from his throat, where a chance bullet had found him. As he fell, Mark precipitated himself upon him and lay flat on the ground.

The firing died away. Captain Mark began to crawl back toward the parapet of his lines. A whispered challenge, an answer, and he had scaled the sandbags and descended into the mud of the trench, to find the firing posts crowded and himself facing Kellerman and the company captain.

Inwardly boiling, he stood still. It was too dark to see the expression on Kellerman's face, but he could imagine the sneering grin that disfigured it.

"Well!" said Kellerman sharply.

"The man you sent me to bring in was dead. He had been there for days."

"Where are your companions?" demanded Kellerman.

"Captured."

"And you?"

"We were attacked in the dark. I fought with my man until a bullet killed him. The others were taken."

"And your stretcher?" asked Kellerman with a bland sneer.

"I left it between the lines. Do you wish me to go back for it, sir?"

"This man is lying," said Kellerman to the Captain calmly. "He abandoned his companions and ran away. He lost his stretcher. Put him under arrest."

The Captain beckoned to the platoon sergeant, who came forward.

"I'd like to say one thing," said Mark, striving to keep his voice steady. "We three were sent out to bring in a dead man, who had been dead for days—anyone here will bear me out in this. Was any man wounded tonight? There was only one body in this section—"

"Cut it out!" said the sergeant, laying his hand on Mark's shoulder.

But Mark swung clear of him and turned and faced Kellerman again. "You sent me out tonight to put me out of the way!" he cried, losing all self-control. "For reasons that you know, and I know, you wanted me dead, and you were willing to send two others to their death also. You lied to me to put me off my guard, d——n you, you treacherous dog! And here's the blow you gave, back again!"

He struck Kellerman a buffet that sent him reeling back against the parapet.

CHAPTER XIV.

The three officers who had brought in their verdict, and the fourth, of high rank, who had passed the sentence, stood rather stiffly at the door of the little headquarters village house, watching Mark as, with hands chained, he was marched away by two armed guards toward the jail.

When he was out of sight they unbent.

"D——n it!" said one.

"My sentiments," answered another.

"What do you think, McKinnon?"

"I don't want to think about it."

"If it had been some tough who had got roped into the army—a gunman or that sort—but—"

"Well, if the fellow's a gentleman, why did he do it? He must have known."

"And, after all, he might have been respited for the blow, but the gross cowardice—"

"I don't see that. The blow was worse than the cowardice. A new hand, between the lines at night, his first night—Kellerman shouldn't have sent him—"

"I don't follow you there. Kellerman had known the man in the U. S. and wanted to give him a chance to redeem himself."

At nightfall Mark was sitting in his cell. He had eaten, he had composed himself to meet his end according to the traditions of his caste and race; but he could not meet it calmly. He had deliberately flung everything away; he had let Kellerman goad him to madness; he was going to die without even the soldier's satisfaction of duty honorably done. And he could not compose himself.

Suddenly he heard the outer gate of the prison click; then came the sound of voices, footsteps, a woman's swishing skirts; Eleanor and Colonel Howard stood at the barred entrance with the guard.

Mark rose from his bed and stood staring at them; he could hardly believe them real. The guard unlocked the door of the cell. Eleanor shrank back against the corner of the masonry, her kerchief to her lip, her face chalky white. Suddenly she started forward. The Colonel whispered a word, she brushed him aside as if she had not heard him. Her arms sought Mark's neck and found it. She pressed her lips to his.

"Captain Mark! Dear Captain Mark!" she sobbed.

And, holding her closely to him, and forgetting Howard's presence and everything else, Mark found his peace.

Colonel Howard was trying to calm her, to assuage her frantic grief. At last he persuaded her to sit down. He took Mark by the arm as if he were a child, and placed him beside her.

"Mark, my dear boy—Mark, I heard of it only five minutes ago," he said. "I had to spend the night here, and Eleanor had got leave to meet me. I've just learned the outlines of it. I'm trying to get the General. Yes, yes, I know he refused this morning, but he didn't know. I'm only going to ask for a respite till I can see him personally. It will come out all right. Now tell me, Mark, what happened? How did Kellerman meet you? Why did you strike him? I don't ask about the charge of cowardice, because that isn't worth speaking about. I'll settle that with the General—I haven't forgotten Santiago. But about that blow, Mark—how did it all happen? Tell me exactly, so that I—"

It was unlike the old Colonel to gabble so fast. Perhaps he was afraid of breaking down.

"Can tell the General. Now begin, Mark. Tell me from the beginning."

But Mark did not open his lips. And before Colonel Howard could resume Eleanor had sprung up and faced Mark eagerly.

"Now, Captain Mark, listen! If you've never listened to me before, listen now!" she cried. "I know you aren't going to tell the Colonel. It's like you, Captain Mark. You're stubborn. You have a stupid, wicked streak of stubbornness in you that always makes you pretend things, and always prevents you from letting the world see what a dear, good, splendid man you are. I know you through and through, though you've never known I did. You've ruined your life by your silly silences. You seem to like to be misunderstood. You like things to go wrong with you, so that you can suffer undeservingly. But it isn't heroical of you, Captain Mark. It's stubborn and wrong, and, where others are concerned, it's criminal. Where others are concerned—others who love you, Captain Mark!"

She spoke with intense passion, but, when she ended, she put her arms quietly about his neck. "Tell the Colonel, Captain, Mark, because of me," she said.

"There's nothing to tell, my dear," said Mark, groping for the words that would not come. "I struck him because he—"

And he could say nothing. Of Kellerman's blow outside the inn, of his false offer of friendship, of the treachery that had risked three lives that Mark might die on a false errand—

"Now Capt. Mark, Listen."

nothing! And, if he had been able to speak, he could not have told. Yet he was ignorant of the inhibitory process that now, as always, held him in silence.

But Eleanor clung to him. "Yes, Captain Mark. Because he—"

"He sent three of us out to rescue a wounded man unnecessarily," said Mark lamely.

He saw a spasm pass over Howard's face. This was worse than Howard could have believed. The Colonel was shaken; his faith was strong, but he was one of those who accept the obvious.

"Listen, Captain Mark!" said Eleanor, speaking as if to a baby. "That isn't what you wanted to say. You had no thought of criticizing your superior officer, even if you thought him wrong. That isn't what you meant. Perhaps he'll tell me, father! Stand back a little. Now, whisper it, Captain Mark!"

But in the shelter of Eleanor's arms Mark felt altogether at peace. What did it matter, all this of long ago?

"Are you going to marry Kellerman, Eleanor?" he asked.

Very softly, in the obscurity, he felt her shake her head. And the action had precisely the opposite effect of what Eleanor had intended.

For nothing mattered any more, nothing at all. He couldn't find excuses—Mark Wallace had never excused himself in his life.

Eleanor drew herself out of his arms and looked at him. He looked from her face to the Colonel's. Why were they worrying him? How could he hope to save his life by going into the obscure details and explanations that they required of him?

And what a long rigmarole, beginning back in the war department! Mark could not string a case together; his mind was not constructed in that fashion.

Eleanor laid her hand on his arm. "Captain Mark—don't you see that every moment is torture to us?" she asked.

There was a terrible intensity in her tone, as if she were holding herself rigidly in restraint, for fear that she would fail should she yield to her emotion.

"I struck him," stammered Mark. "I told you why. I thought he was wrong to risk those lives—I—"

The look upon each face seemed to be frozen there; it was as if their lives and not Mark's, hung upon his words.

Suddenly a shriek pierced the sky, cutting off Mark's speech, and a shell burst somewhere by with a shattering detonation, followed by the dull boom of a distant gun. The Colonel started, and then resumed his gaze.

It seemed to Mark as if that was an eternity of torture. He struggled in his mind desperately to find words to say when the noise subsided.

But there came a stunning sound that seemed to split his ear-drums. He fell forward, and felt as if some one had lifted him; looked out into darkness, sought Eleanor and knew nothing.

CHAPTER XV.

When he slowly grew conscious it was with the glad realization that he had found her. He felt her hands, supple and warm, binding a bandage round his arm. He opened his eyes to see her face bent over his. And it was dawn.

Vague cries rang in his ears, distant cries, blending, surging, swelling and dying down, but never ceasing. The rattle of small-arms was continuous, and punctuated by the loud timbre of guns.

He was lying amid a heap of debris that had been the village jail. Not far away he saw the Colonel sitting with eyes closed, propped up against the fragments of a wall, a blood-stained bandage round his head.

"O thank God!" cried Eleanor. "You have been unconscious so long, Captain Mark! And the Colonel is badly hurt. I saw the Red Cross wagon pass and cried, but they could not hear me."

All round them the guns were booming, all round them they saw khaki-clad Americans swarming over the fields, and yet the village seemed deserted. They were alone in a little oasis of calm amid the tumult.

"What are we to do?" cried the girl. "Can you walk? Try to stand on your feet. Let me help you. We must get the Colonel somewhere."

The question on Mark's lips died away as there came the howl of a heavy shell, followed by a stunning impact. A column of broken bricks spouted into the air at the end of the street, dissolving into a cloud of dust. An interval, and again there came a missile from the monster gun. A house in the next street went down like cardboard.

It was the threatened attack on the American lines. The enemy was in force somewhere across the fields, the reserves were rushing up to repel them.

Mark staggered to his feet and found that he could stand. His arm ached under the bandage, but it was not broken. Probably a splinter had struck him. He made his way toward the Colonel, who eyed him vacantly as he approached.

"Take Eleanor to safety and leave me, Mark," he said, in a choking voice.

"I'll take you both, sir. This can't last long. Our men will be in the village in a few minutes. Or an ambulance will pass."

Mark put his hands beneath the Colonel's arms and tried to lift him.

As the Colonel tried to stand he collapsed forward in Mark's arms. He looked at Mark piteously.

"Take her and leave me," he whispered. "And listen to me, Mark. She cares for you. All will come right, if I can keep my worthless carcass alive until I've seen the General. But I never counted on being done up like this."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Forgive me, my boy," he muttered, and fell into unconsciousness.

Mark set him down against the wall again. It was impossible to move him, even with Eleanor's help.

Mark looked at Eleanor. "It's safest here," he said. "The village will be occupied soon. Help will come—"

He broke off abruptly as another of the heavy shells dropped nearer, sending the brick fragments flying in all directions. Of a sudden it had occurred to him that the reason why the Americans did not enter the village was that it was a death-trap; its ranges were all mapped and plotted, and the Germans were bent on its systematic destruction.

Mark stood by Eleanor in irresolution, cursing his fate. He did not know what to do. He could not leave her; and yet he felt a burning impulse to play some part in affairs. His eye, trained by long years of practice, took in the tactical situation at a glance. The Germans must have made a prodigious thrust in the night, bursting through the center; the reserves, still rushing over the fields, were trying to fill and hold the gap. And the little Headquarters village was the key to the whole battlefield.

Wounded men came streaming down the street, followed by the merciless shells. The aeroplane above was still circling like a hawk; it seemed incredible that no aeroplane attacked it. And it was quite clear to Mark that only treachery, calculated and long planned, could have brought about the situation.

For the Germans must have advanced four miles since nightfall.

"Help will come—" Mark repeated; and suddenly, even above the drumfire, he could hear the sounds of cheering. And, topping the ridge that ran before the village, there came a swarm of gray-green figures, thrusting back the thin, scattered line that held it. The bullets were whirring overhead, audible, and like a swarm of bees. Clouds of dust rose up and hid the battle.

Eleanor, clutching Mark's arm, stood tense beside him; Mark saw that she understood, and the two held their breath as the dust clouds eddied along the ridge.

Suddenly they dissolved, and the attacking swarm poured like a great flood into the village. It looked as if all were lost.

But an instant later Mark saw a little company of Americans thrust out a Maxim gun from behind a wall, where they had hidden it. The gunner took his seat, and, just as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forces its way through the ice-crust of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as torrent meets torrent, with a surge and a rush a body of American troops swept forward to meet them.

The battle was all about them. Every house was a fortress, every mound of bricks a rallying point. Mark raised the half-conscious Colonel in his arms and drew him into the shelter of a little hollow in the brick wall. He beckoned to Eleanor to crouch down beside him. There they were safe from flying bullets, and might hope to pass unnoticed. He still hesitated, when a body of Germans rushed, shouting, past him, upon a troop of Americans who came round a shattered corner, led by a young officer carrying a bloody sword.

It was quick and short bayonet work. Mark saw the blades flash, heard the panting gasps of the thrusters and the moans of the wounded. He saw the young officer stagger and fall, a bayonet through his shoulder. The sword fell from his hand. Before the German could withdraw his weapon Mark had snatched up the sword and, with a mighty blow, cloven the German's arm from his body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Laugh.

A "good laugh" is not quite the same thing as a hearty laugh. Occasionally you may have seen young people convulsed with laughter over something that meant suffering and disaster to another. Many a laugh has been raised by an unclean suggestion. But it is a "good laugh" that has no hint of impurity or unkindness.

EAGLE ALWAYS AN EMBLEM

From Mythological Times the Monarch of the Air Has Been Chosen as Representative of Power.

In mythology the eagle usually represents the sun. The great mythical eagle of India, the Garuda, is the bearer of the god Vishnu, victorious by his brightness over all demons. In Scandinavian mythology the eagle is a gloomy figure, assumed by demons of darkness or by Odin himself, concealed in the gloomy night or in wind swept clouds. The storm giant Hrasweigr sits in the form of an eagle at the extremity of heaven and blows blasts over all people and on the great tree Yggdrasil sits an eagle observing everything that happens. When Zeus was preparing for his struggle with the Titans the eagle brought him a thunderbolt, whereupon the god took the bird for his emblem. It naturally became the emblem of nations after its long use in mythology. Ptolemy Soter made it the emblem of the Egyptian kingdom. In the Roman story the eagle was the herald to Tarquinus of his royal power, and it was one of the most important insignia of the republic, and was also assumed by the emperors, and adopted into medieval heraldry after the time of Charlemagne.

Playing Duckboard.

Do you know what duckboard is? It's a kind of a game first played in a primitive and mild sort of fashion by Rocky mountain goats and since modernized and made difficult by the American army. The apparatus on which one plays duckboard is a mixed breed contrivance, by Washboard out of Corduroy Road, to use the racing vernacular. It is made up of narrow, slippery strips of rounded wood laid crosswise about two inches apart, and is supposed to keep one's feet out of the mud. It does! While playing duckboard one's feet are usually in the air. It is called duckboard, I suppose, because of some silly belief that a duck could walk it without falling. Even airplanes flying at a height of less than 5,000 feet have been seen to wiggle and dip drunkenly while passing above trench lines floored with duckboards. And when it is laid upon the surface of the earth and there are no handy trench walls to help out—well, it's lucky for Charley Chaplin that the wide world didn't see me operate. Nothing could ever again be funny to a man who saw me play duckboard out there in the comparative open of that wood!—William Stevens McNutt, in Collier's Weekly.

"Puget Sound Lobster."

Seattle is consuming only about half a ton of octopus, "devilfish," a week, according to fish dealers of that city. But this consumption is bound to jump as soon as the Americans become familiar with the taste of this inhabitant of the deep. The Greek fishermen, who consider the octopus a great delicacy, call it "devilfish;" while the Japanese fish dealer gets calls from his people for "tako," and when Sing, down in Chinatown, places it on his menu card he gives it a name that only a Cantonese can read or understand. When cafe managers uptown decide to give their patrons a treat the lowly devilfish probably will become "Puget Sound lobster."

Bill Puzzled.

Bill, age three, was ready for bed, but before being tucked in for the night, knelt at his bedside to say his prayer. He repeated it without a mistake until he was ready to say, "Amen"—then he forgot, and calling to his mother, said, "Now, how do you say 'good-by' ?"

WHAT CAN WE DO?

The work to be done in the reconstruction of devastated countries is appalling—or would be if the war that devastated them had not also so augmented the strength and resources of the Red Cross that it can undertake any task of mercy. In every direction almost, its help is needed. The ending of the war has not lessened the need for foreign relief work and the task of reconstruction is going to be a long one. But if American people stand by the Red Cross, and the best American talent and executive ability continues to be dedicated to it, we may live with the comforting assurance that America is doing its great part to alleviate human misery.

Under the stress of the war a working organization has been built up, having the benefit of experience behind it, and a knowledge of the best way of doing things. Now that we have such an efficient organization, it may be depended upon to do the relief work at home and abroad, that must be done. The character of the work will change somewhat as time passes. Just now peoples in desperate straits are being relieved. In the south of Europe, Serbia, the region south of the Danube, Armenia, starvation and disease face populations despoiled of their homes and industries, and reduced by thousands upon thousands of victims of the war. Their immediate requirements of food, medicine and shelter must be taken care of and some provision made to educate their youth in agriculture and other means of support. And this is only one corner of the earth that cries for succor at the hands of the Red Cross. In the Holy Land, as a result of the war, one-third of the population of Lebanon died of disease and hunger.

Things will not be again as they were before the great war. We shall help more those people of other countries, less fortunate than ours, who are not able to help themselves, and those at home whose fate is hard. The Red Cross has shown what it can do in a great emergency—the tasks before it lengthen, and they are great undertakings.

New Blouses Pass in Review

In the passing show of blouses there are many of dark georgette crepe, some of them having a lighter color introduced in vestees or panels or emplacements. Occasionally the dark crepe is made up over an underbodice in a light color, which it does not veil entirely, leaving a chemisette, or vest, and at least part of the collar of the light color uncovered. For the blouse of dark crepe is not usually a simple affair; its regular business in life being to tone up a plain skirt and manage a semidress toilette without other help.

But the blouse of dark georgette shown in the picture is one of those that may be classed as simple, although it has several distinguishing new style features. It reveals a flavor that comes from the far East in the sleeves and neck—which are inspirations of the mandarin coat, and it merits as much consideration as its more complicated rivals, for it embodies fine style. It is very good looking. This blouse is not made over an underbodice in contrasting color, but color contrast is introduced by means of parallel rows of beads that extend from the round neck to the waistline. A handsome, lage blossom is outlined in embroidery silk at the left front, where it suggests a corsage flower; it matches the crepe in color. This is an item that distinguishes this particular blouse, for in nearly all models that are embroidered the design appears on each side.

Among the new models in blouses there are a few high-neck designs; for not everyone can wear even the becoming round neck and Chinese collar styles. It is in these high-neck blouses that light colors are introduced in vestees and collars, the standing collar of the light georgette sometimes embellished with a little embroidery in the color of the dark crepe, or hemstitched with it. Very small buttons, covered with the dark crepe over a foundation of satin to match, make a charming finish. They have nothing to do with the fastening of the blouse—this is accomplished by small snap fasteners.

Julia Bottomley

About the Edges of Things.

The crocheted edge is frequently used instead of the more expensive real lace edge about every bit of handwork, from doilies to envelope chemise. Still, even the most practiced of needlewomen rather balk when it comes to punching all those holes in the edge. But one needlewoman experimented instead of uselessly balking. She discovered that a single row of machine hemstitching did the trick to perfection. So never mind stewing over the punch work any more. Simply have the hemstitching done first, and the crocheting will be delightfully easy to follow with.

New Handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs of crepe de chine are in brilliant colors. They are apparently well liked. Also colored linen and batiste are the rage. Some of them are quite small and have rounded corners.

Monkey Fringe on Hats.

Monkey fur, which better than any other fur, adapts itself to a fringe-like use, is effectively employed on hats of velvet and gold and silver tissue. It is used sometimes in a fringe-like band about the edge, in combination, perhaps, with a little gold or silver rose.

Sleeves Are Tight.

Sleeves are long and extremely close fitting. In spite of the revival of interest in suits there is no appreciable decline in the vogue for the one-piece gown.

Transparent Cretonnes.

Some new cretonnes for house furnishing are woven in such manner that the light shines through special parts of the pattern with a very clear and beautiful effect, bringing out the color and design of flowers, while the background keeps its subdued, soft tones. Particularly handsome is a cretonne of this type with shaded pink roses on a black ground. The special weave of the fabric makes the roses and some of the leaves stand out against the dark background, giving the effect of a sunlighted window even on a dull and overcast day.

Warm Velvet Negligees.

Velvet negligees have only one drawback: they are expensive. But they are not only beautiful, they are ideally comfortable for the cold days of winter. And those one sees this season are of such wide variety and of such lovely design, that everybody must surely find one that is becoming.

Machine Trimming.

Pretty trimming for silk waists is made of machine stitching. Wind the bobbin of the sewing machine with sewing silk and thread the machine with knitting or crochet silk. Lengthen stitch considerably, loosen upper tension, leaving shuttle thread as usual. The looser the tension the prettier the stitching. Use large needle.

Applying Felt Disks.

Small felt disks are applied with black threads on a gray satin hat. The felt is white.

LACKED ALL REAL GREATNESS

Attitude of William Hohenzollern, Stripped of Imperial Trappings, Shows His True Character.

If William Hohenzollern had fallen from so high to his present state less obviously as the result of his own acts, there would be some, and even much, reluctance felt for treating him otherwise than as the victim of cruel fate. That, however, he is not, and so deliberate, as well as so serious, was his offending that he has no claim for a closing of eyes to his crimes—no right to expect the tenderness of consideration he never gave.

The chances are, apparently, that he will pass the rest of his life, not happily, indeed, but in a retirement untroubled by the material cares common to the great majority of mankind, and it is a source of entirely legitimate satisfaction to call attention to the poor figure he cuts, now that he has been stripped of his crown, his scepter and his imperial robes.

These, as a matter of fact, were all that differentiated him from other folk. In and since his downfall he has shown nothing of the heroic, nothing of the personal courage, of the willingness to die for a cause, that have marked so many million men in so many armies, including his own. If he sincerely believed his right to rule was divine, it was the most cowardly form of desertion for him to flee his country the moment he feared for his personal safety. By so doing he made certain and immediate the ruling of Germany by somebody with no pretense to a divine authorization.

Many another royal villain has dared to die, standing erect with face to the foe, but this poor emperor scuttles off into the unwelcoming Holland, and leaves his sons and his wife to take care of themselves! But it is no wonder he is most of all afraid of his own people. He promised them victory and loot, only to rob them of the wealth, respect and happiness they already had in such abundant measure, and he substituted for it all a crushing defeat, pinching hunger and the contempt and detestation of the whole world.—New York Times.

Current Heats Crucible.

Electric furnaces in large and small sizes which operate by passing the current through a carbon crucible are now being made by a New York company. In the smaller designs the crucible is about one foot long and shaped like a boat with a pouring lip on the side. The capacity is one to twenty pounds of metal, and the temperature ranges from 500 to 5,000 degrees. The electrodes of the furnace are water cooled, and the carbon crucible is said to last from twenty-five to fifty heats, depending on the metal to be melted.

Another design of furnace is made by the company along the same general lines, except that the metal is melted by heat radiated by the single carbon electrode, and the metal lies in a bed of magnesite. This type is made tilting or stationary in any capacity.

These furnaces may be used in small foundries and in shops for melting scrap, filings and other materials.

Of Course.

A four-year-old boy was telling his mother the things he wished Santa Claus to bring him for Christmas. After going over his list a number of times he looked into his mother's eyes in an appealing manner and said:

"Mother, if Santa should get the 'flu' none of the children would get any presents for Christmas, would they?"

After being assured by his mother that there was no danger of Santa getting the "flu" his fears were allayed. He silently gazed into a bright fire, his mind wandering for a moment, and said:

"Santa's big whiskers is a better mask than what people wear, ain't it, mother? Anyhow, mother, if Santa does get the 'flu' all the children will give him oranges to take with his castor oil, won't they? Me and sister will."

Asking Too Much.

The success of Samuel Gompers' war mission in London and Paris led a New York labor leader to say:

"Gompers is a wonderful executive. There's nothing he can't do. Some of his followers, indeed, demand too much of him.

"Late one Saturday night Gompers was awakened by a ring at his doorbell. He slipped on a dressing gown and hurried down to the door. A little girl stood on the step. She said breathlessly:

"'Mr. Gompers, mom says pop's come home drunk again, and she wants to know if you'll please step round to our house and give him a good beatin' up.'"

Adopt Our Word for Home.

"There is no place like home," and there's no word in the French quite like it, either. "La maison," and "Chez moi" are the nearest approach to it—or were until recently.

But having heard the word "home" mentioned so often by Yankee soldiers, the French have adopted it as part of their own language.

They simply take their word "homme," the word for "man," and drop one of the m's.

Every noun in French must be either masculine or feminine. "Maison" is feminine and so the French have decided to make the word home masculine to even things up.—Boston Globe.

Cigarettes From the Air.

How an air pilot in France made a little present to some of the infantry is revealed in the following letter:

"Just as we reached our final objective on the twenty-fifth one of our airmen came over, flying very low, and dropped 500 cigarettes, which contained this note: 'Cheero—just a few smokes to pass away the time from —— squadron.' It bucked us up no end, and the airman took no little risk to do it. In spite of German machine-gun fire, our men stood up and cheered him. We had been fighting solidly for three days and nights and had no cigarettes left."

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