

# BRIDE OF BATTLE

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



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

Synopsis.—Lieut. Mark Wallace, battle of Santiago. While wandering across a dead man in a hut outside when he is rescued he takes the girl to the army and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hammett, a traitor who sold department secrets to an international gang and by himself and Kellerman, and pleads to be allowed to send the girl to her father's home. He agrees that she shall never know her father's name.

### CHAPTER III.

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

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

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

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

"Well, it's nice to be appreciated like that," said Mark, laughing. "I couldn't quite persuade myself that it was true, and that I should really see you at last. And you're not in the least like your photograph."

"Homelier, Eleanor?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I always felt that you are really my guardian, even if you did give me up to Major Howard," said Eleanor. "But I have only been with you a short time. I couldn't very well take care of you when I was sent to Texas. And it has always been understood that you belong to me—I mean, that I am your guardian, Eleanor."

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

"Which you don't follow."

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

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

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

U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering across a dead man in a hut outside when he is rescued he takes the girl to the army and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hammett, a traitor who sold department secrets to an international gang and by himself and Kellerman, and pleads to be allowed to send the girl to her father's home. He agrees that she shall never know her father's name.

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

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

"Why, my dear?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, my dear?"

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

"You don't remember anything, Eleanor?"

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

"What do you remember?" asked Mark, rather feebly.

"Well, Uncle Mark, my first command was from Major Howard's home, of course. And I have a very vivid impression of being brought into the dining room and seated at that dinner which the Major gave me to welcome me after the war. I think I can see the pictures."

"What is the first thing you remember?"

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

"Was this in Cuba, Eleanor?"

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

"And again I am with my father in the jungle. I don't know how we got there, but I see the trees all around me, and I am afraid. We walk on and

on, and sometimes he carries me, and she under the trees and are drenched with rain. I am so tired and thirsty. But we go on and on, and when we stop we find a little hut, and I am afraid no longer."

"And then?" asked Mark in agitation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am sure that my father will prove to be a brave soldier," said Eleanor, though the major had cast it off, was never a Guard dinner but Eleanor was solemnly toasted, though she was not permitted to be present, and somehow the child had become a symbol in the minds of the plain men in business and professional life who spent two weeks in camp each year.

"Why?" demanded Mark, startled.

"Because of the man who watches for me!"

"And sometimes," she continued, "I think that there must have been a great mystery about him."

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

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

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

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

"Can I?"

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

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

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

As he reached the gate he saw a man watching him from the bed of the road. Something of the man's posture, sharp turn, and the remembered Eleanor's words and started in haste toward him. But the man snatched up at a quick gaze and when Mark reached the gate he could see no body.

CHAPTER IV.

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

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

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

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

But that he had relinquished to Colonel Howard—grudgingly but unconsciously—the girl into the hands of his father, did he put forward the shadow of his former claim.

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old English Furniture.

That fine old furniture is yet found in Britain in many unexpected places is said to be largely due to the stirring up of the country today of much old furniture in small houses in provincial towns and among country people.—Indianapolis News.

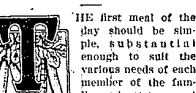
A Morning Breakfast.

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

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

Nine little sausages  
Sizzling on a plate;  
In came the boarders,  
And then they were ate.  
—Boston Transcript.

### WHAT TO HAVE FOR BREAKFAST.



The first meal of the day should be simple, substantial enough to suit the various needs of each member of the family, and not too great a burden upon the cook.

Hain Balls.—Take one cupful of finely minced cooked ham, one cupful of bread crumbs, two cupfuls of cooked potatoes mashed fine, two tablespoons of butter, two eggs and a dash of sage. Mix the butter and eggs together until very light. Shape into small flat cakes; dip in egg and crumbs and fry brown.

Baked Salt Mackerel.—Freshen by covering with cold water, skin side up, and standing over night. Change the water a few times; and unless very salt this treatment will freshen it sufficiently. Put into a baking pan and boil boiling water. Cook in a hot oven until the water in the pan is evaporated; then add rich milk, and if the fish is very fat it will need no further seasoning. A fish lacking in fat is improved by adding very of butter over the fish while baking.

Date Gems.—Take one cupful of dates, seeded and chopped fine, two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of baking powder, three cupfuls of flour, one egg well beaten; mix the egg and milk; sift the dry ingredients; add the chopped dates and combine mixtures. Heat; hard and bake in well-buttered gem pans for 20 minutes.

Baked Dinner, Hash.—The hash made from the vegetables and meat left over from the hotted dinner is often more popular than the original dish. Chop all the vegetables, adding some of the broth which was saved; chop the meat, adding a small portion of onion to a large one of vegetables. Season with salt and pepper if needed, and heat quickly in a hot frying pan.

Fried Cornmeal Mush.—When making mush to eat with milk for a supper dish, prepare a double portion so that it may be sliced and fried, as it makes a most appetizing breakfast dish with a slice or two of well-cooked bacon.

Cornish Pies.—Pare and slice six medium-sized apples and one onion, and one of the cupfuls of cold lamb or mutton and a cupful of the stock or gravy. Put all together and simmer until the apples are soft. Put into a greased baking dish, cover with a rich lard crust and bake until the crust is brown.

A true friend embraces our objects as his own. We do not chatter mind bent on the same end, enjoying it, insuring it, reflecting it.

A FEW GOOD CHOWDERS.

OVER cook, if she has in her repertoire a list of chowders, is missing one of the best of dishes for your family. When it is impossible to get rich or selfish the following makes a fair substitute:

Corn Chowder.—Fry brown with a large sliced onion one-quarter of a pound of salt pork cut into dice. Cut from the cob enough sweet corn to make a quart and boil the cobs in water to cover 20 minutes. Put into a kettle with the pork, onion, two cupfuls of diced or sliced raw potatoes, two cupfuls of tomatoes, sprinkling each layer with flour, pepper and salt. Strain the water from the cobs into the kettle and simmer slowly until the vegetables are done. Add two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoons of butter and serve boiling hot with crackers. The tomatoes may be omitted if the combination is not liked.

Maryland Fish Chowder.—Fry two slices of salt pork and one large onion cut fine. Add four pounds of fish and six large potatoes cut into dice. Cover with cold water and simmer until the potatoes and fish are cooked. Add one quart of milk, a little salt and pepper, with two tablespoons of butter to season. Add six milk crackers which have been split and soaked in hot milk. Season with minced parsley and Worcestershire sauce.

Soft Clam Chowder.—Tie in a muslin bag six alewives, six cloves and six peppercorns. Fry brown with a sliced onion and a quart of a pound of minced salt pork. Add six sliced potatoes, a can of tomatoes, the bag of spices, a pinch of red pepper and four cupfuls of cold water. Simmer for four hours. Add a quart of soft shelled clams, parboiled and chopped, five milk crackers that have been split and soaked in milk; simmer for five minutes and serve hot.

Crook Chowder.—Fry brown in pork fat four large onions. Add five tomatoes, four sweet green peppers, shredded, and two cupfuls of corn cut from the cob. Add boiling water to cover. Season with pepper salt and sugar and cook until the vegetables are done.

Not Necessary to Summon Doctor in Mild Cases of Spanish Influenza.

REST IN BED IS IMPORTANT

Acute Shortage of Medical and Nursing Services Makes It Imperative That People Learn Something of Care of Sick.

Washington.—In an effort to reduce unnecessary calls on the over-worked physicians throughout the country because of the present epidemic of influenza, Surgeon General Blue of the United States public health service calls upon the people of the country to learn something about the home care of patients ill with influenza. Physicians everywhere have complained about the large number of unnecessary calls they have had to make because of the inability of many people to distinguish between the cases requiring expert medical care and those which could readily be cared for without a physician. With influenza continuing to spread in many parts of the country, and with an acute shortage of doctors and nurses everywhere, every unnecessary call on either physicians or nurses makes it so much harder to meet the urgent needs of the patients who are seriously ill.

Present Generation Spoiled.

The present generation," said the surgeon general, "has been spoiled by having had expert medical and nursing care readily available. It was not so in the days of our grandmothers, when every good housewife was expected to know a good deal about the care of the sick."

"Every person who feels sick and appears to be developing an attack of influenza should at once be put to bed in a well-ventilated room. If his bowels have moved regularly, it is unnecessary to give a physic; where a physic is needed, a dose of castor oil or Rochelle salts should be given.

"The room should be cleared of all unnecessary furniture, brooms, brushes, a wash basin, pitcher, and slop bowl, soap and towel should be left outside, preferably in the room or just beyond the door.

"If the patient is feverish a doctor should be called. If this should be done in any case if the patient appears very sick, or coughs up pinkish (blood-stained) sputum, or breathes rapidly and painfully.

"Most of the patients caught up considerable mucus; in some, there is much mucus discharged from the nose and throat. This material should not be collected in the room, but should be put in bits of old rag, or toilet paper, or on paper napkins. As soon as used, these rags or papers should be placed in a paper bag kept beside the bed. The patient should be kept in the place in the sick room and should not be used by patients. The rags or papers in the paper bag should be burned.

"The patients will not be hungry, and the diet should therefore be light. Milk, a soft-boiled egg, some toast or crackers, a bit of jelly or jam, stewed fruit, some cooked cereal like oatmeal, hominy or rice—these will suffice in most cases.

Comfort of Patient.

"The comfort of the patient depends on a number of little things, and these should not be overlooked. Among these may be mentioned a well-ventilated room; a thoroughly clean bed with fresh, smooth sheets and pillowcases; quiet; so that refreshing sleep may be had; cool drinking water kept conveniently placed; a cool compress to the forehead if there is headache; keeping the patient's hands and face clean, and the hair combed; keeping his mouth clean, preferably with some pleasant mouth wash; letting the patient know that someone is within call, but not annoying him with too much fussing; giving the patient plenty of opportunity to rest and sleep.

"So much for the patient. It is equally important to consider the person who is caring for him. It is important to remember that the disease is spread by breathing germ-laden air, so sprayed into the air by the patient in coughing or even in ordinary breathing. The attendant should therefore wear a gauze mask over her mouth and nose while she is in the sick room. Observe Cleanliness.

"The attendant should, if possible, wear a washable gown or apron which covers the dress. This will make it much simpler for all attendants to learn how to use a fever thermometer. This is not at all a difficult matter, and the use of such a thermometer is a great help in caring for the patients.

"In clothing, and lest I be misunderstood, I wish to leave one word of caution. If in doubt, call the doctor."

Fact.

"We've had to come 17,000 miles to get in this fight," remarked an Australian in France.

"We haven't had to come that far," replied an American. "But it's just as hard to swim the Atlantic as it is the Pacific."

Taking Chances.

"Have you found out yet what it is the matter with your son, Mike?"

"No, sir; so they've took him to the hospital to have a autopsy performed on him."

Neenie Maxwell