

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.

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 a 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 your work here, Wallace, and we want you here. Write if you can, and come by the first train. This is official, so don't wait for formal notification, which may take days."

The letter reached Mark in one of his periods of helpless despondency. Impulsively he wired back, accepting the message as the message he 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 chattering. "It has been, and I know that recognition



"You'll Excuse Me For a Moment!"

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 you and I, and yourself, will be acquainted with all the details, outside of the department 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 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 you want, as it is time 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 unaltered, and unchanged 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 official handling. "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, twice and thrice, glanced and looked out of the window into the busy life 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," 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, funds, 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 a neutral—ostensibly neutral—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 we are finished, your task will be to open the safe, take out the inner case containing these documents, and transport them to the safe in the morning. Including every waste sheet and every scrap of the day's blotting paper, and have the day porter collect them, under your personal supervision."

"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 to know you. I know 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."

"I have to be just you, Mark, and Kellerman and I. We have 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're renting 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. And then—well, what I can get the house ready for them. Eleanor is dying to see you, and Mrs. Howard has the pleasantest remembrance, 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 relieved, 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—well, 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 denuded his long-sleeved dinner 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 a dinner table with a group 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 in 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 former outposts of the West. He discovered, too, with surprise, that he was by no means as unknown as he had imagined himself to be.

There were very invitations that had to be accepted, receptions and dinners; yet through it all Mark waited for the chance when the house in Massachusetts circle was to be opened, displaying the prizes of his long march, 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 transplanted with ease. 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. 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 unaltered, and unchanged with gray. He had borne the years much better than Mark.

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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 intensest 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 "round 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 into mal, 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 the 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 profile. 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 ardent gaze across the rubicund face 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.

"Too—that Colonel Howard did fortune 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 would have had!"

This time Mark did not attempt to answer.

"She has been a daughter to both of us," pursued the brigadier. "And now I'm afraid—we're both of us, Captain Wallace, that she 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 he was antipathetic to Kellerman, but returned, although he was inclined to believe the other was not aware it had ever existed.

Kellerman had 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 the world, he looked at least five years Mark's junior, though they had been born in the same year. "Handsome Kellerman" had been his sobri-

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The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

PLAN YOUR MEALS TO SAVE FUEL.



Only Three and a Half Cents Worth of Gas Were Required to Cook in Oven This Entire Delicious Meal.

SAVING FUEL IS PATRIOTIC DUTY

Housewives Are Urged to Practice Economy in Arranging Meals for Family.

COOK ENTIRE MEAL IN OVEN

Compartment Vessel Which Enables One to Cook Two or Three Vegetables Over One Burner Is Worthy of Attention.

It is just as much a patriotic service for you to save fuel as to save food. War activities call for great quantities of fuel in addition to the usual demand. To make this supply available every American must save. A little thought in the planning of your meals, with the saving of fuel in view, will make it possible to save an appreciable amount each day.

Utilizing the flame.

For the housewife who cooks with gas or liquid fuel, many economies are practicable. The purchase of a compartment vessel which enables one to cook two or three vegetables over one burner is a worthwhile economy, since the gas from one burner cooks the food ordinarily requiring three burners. Or if you have a colander or a wire basket that fits over an ordinary kettle you can steam such vegetables as squash, peas or carrots over the kettle in which the potatoes are boiling.

Remember that when the flame spreads up around the side of the vessel you waste gas. Turn down the flame after the boiling point is reached, for the potatoes will not cook any more quickly in water that is boiling slowly.

The greatest amount of gas wasted, however, is by the indiscriminate use of the oven. Too often the oven is lighted to bake a single dish when by a little careful planning the whole dinner can be baked by the heat expended upon one dish.

Three Fuel-Saving Dinners.

Here are three dinners planned to utilize the heat of the oven to the best advantage, all the hot dishes of which may be baked at the same time.

I.
Peppers stuffed with Rice and Cheese.
Baked Potatoes.
Corn Dodgers.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Baked Coconut Custard.

II.
Roast Beef with Browned Potatoes and Gravy.
Baked Whole Tomatoes.
Baked Corn.
Bran Flakes.
Apple Betty.

III.
Smothered Veal.
Glazed Sweet Potatoes.
Baked Corn.
Bread.
Stewed Peaches or Baked Dried Peaches.
Oatmeal Drop Cookies.

It may not always be convenient to have such a baked dinner, but if you do light the oven to bake cake or even quick bread, think ahead far enough to have some sort of fruit or pudding ready to put in the oven for use at a later meal. If such care is used, you may derive better economy to make frequent use of the oven.

Save Time as Well as Fuel.

Another way to save fuel is the use of the broiler-cooker for meat, cereals, and soup vegetables. The main point in the conservation of fuel in cooking is planning ahead how to make the best use of the smallest amount of fuel. A meal cooked with the aid of a broiler-cooker must be planned ahead, for time is required for this type of

cooking. You will find that the meals planned ahead carefully are better meals—and you will be surprised how much you can cut your fuel consumption.

SAVING AND WASTING

Save by Using:
Dates, raisins, figs, to sweeten puddings and cereals.
Fruit and nut confections for candy.

Honey, sirups, maple sugar, and molasses in cakes, cookies, and all desserts.

Low sugar in beverages.

Thinner sirups or no sirups in canning.

No frosting unless made without sugar.

Waste by Losing:
Sugar drips in coffee cups and iced-tea tumblers.

Sugar leavings in cereal bowls and saucers.

Sugar spilled in little lists in cooking.

Sugar spent to make caramel for flavor or coloring.

Good sugar spoiled in scorched food or by careless cooking.

Pieces of cake or cookies or any sweetened dessert left to be thrown away.

Sauerkraut Is in Season.

Attempts have been made to keep popular the tasteful and popular dish of sauerkraut by changing the name to Liberty cabbage. But if the rose will smell as sweet by any other name, so will sauerkraut taste as good to many people whether its name be changed or not.

The essential points to make good kraut are the use of mature, sound cabbage, scrupulous cleanliness throughout the process, and proper care of the surface of the brine after fermentation has been completed.

In making sauerkraut for home purposes the outer green leaves of the cabbage should be removed, just as in preparing the head for boiling. In addition, all decayed or bruised leaves should be discarded and the core removed. If an instrument for this purpose is not available, it is advisable to quarter the heads and slice off the part of the core remaining on each quarter.

The cabbage should be shredded by one of the hand-shredding machines sold upon the market for such purposes, or, if one is not available, the heads may be cut into thin slices with a slow cutter or a large knife.

The shredded cabbage should be packed immediately into a perfectly clean, watertight receptacle, such as a cedar or wire barrel, keg or tub. As it is packed into the receptacle add salt in the proportion of one pound of salt to forty pounds of cabbage, distributing it evenly throughout the bags.

Experiments have shown that approximately two and one-half pounds of salt to each one hundred pounds of shredded cabbage give the best flavor to the resulting kraut.

When the barrel or cask is nearly full, the cabbage should be pressed down as firmly as possible and covered with a clean board cover. It is advisable, but not essential, that a cloth be placed over the cabbage before the cover is put into place. The salt soon extracts a considerable amount of the cabbage juice from the cabbage, and a sufficient weight of clean hay or straw should be added to cause the brine to rise up to the wooden cover. Set the container aside until fermentation is complete and skim off any scum that forms.

To prevent your little girl's stockings tearing with the suspenders, make an elastic band at the top of the stockings and attach the suspenders to it. You can then pass the suspenders through the hole.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)