

# BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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## FOREWORD

Intrigue, mystery, chivalry, love, feats of bravery on the field of honor—all these elements are interwoven in this story, which has been well described as the first up-to-the-minute novel of America in the great war for humanity and world freedom. It is a gripping story of a man who "came back" and fought on the battlefields of France for the honor of the army that had discarded him. Victor Rousseau has written many excellent stories but none that excels "Bride of Battle."

## CHAPTER I.

Lieutenant Mark Wallace of the Seventeenth New York regiment came to an abrupt standstill. He was alone in the jungle, upon the blazing hillside before Santiago, in the month of June, 1898.

Through the branches of the trees the Mauer bullets still whizzed and whistled, and the prolonged scream of shells and distant shouting indicated that the battle, which had raged all day, had not yet reached its end. But within the short radius of Wallace's vision nothing stirred, not even the palm-tree boughs that rustled with the least breeze like the sound of the sea.

Wallace had only the most confused and incoherent knowledge of what was happening on that historic day. There had been an advance fire the cool of the morning. A brief respite from the oppressive heat could be called cooling in contrast. Then came the deployment along the base of the hills as the first shells began to fall, the advance in open order, the shouting, the machine guns and rifles. Batteries came galloping where they had no theoretical business to be, upsetting the junior officers' desperate attempts to preserve alignment; Red Cross men invaded the battle line to succor the wounded; commissariat mules, shaking off the lethargy which no amount of belaboring had ever overcome, ran away with the wounded strewn embankment over the hillside. In the midst of it all Wallace had rallied some men of his own troop and led them forward; he plunged into the patch of scrub-covered jungle, and found that he was alone.

In front of him was a small clearing, made by some Cuban squatter in the preceding year and abandoned after the reaping. It contained the ruin of a palm shack, and the furrows of a primitive plow were only just discernible amid the rank growth that had sprung up. The lieutenant stopped and shouted, expecting to see his men come running through the trees. No one appeared, and it was at this moment that the bullet that had been stamped with his name, according to the soldier's superstition, found him. He felt a smart blow on the shoulder, which knocked him backward. He stumbled, fell down, sat up again and discovered that his elbow was shattered. The arm hung helplessly at his side.

He managed to bind up the wound with his hand and teeth. There was not much pain, but a sort of physical languor, which made him reel giddily when he arose. There was burning thirst, too. It was a queer feeling, the first thing like that should take the grit out of a man. A little blood was running down his sleeve, but the wound seemed trivial.

Wallace leaned against the wall of the shack and waited for his men. He shouted once or twice more, but nobody answered him, and the battle seemed to be drifting in another direction. Wallace imagined that his troop had advanced around the patch of scrub, in which case he was not likely to establish touch with them again till nightfall. He cursed his luck and started forward, but the trees began to reel around him; he clutched at the wall of the shack, missed it, and fell.

Then he realized that he was out of the fight. Yet, in spite of his intense disappointment, he knew that this might have been his last day. He had fought through hours of the day—that was much; he was probably spared to lead his men again—and that was more. He had found, and he was sure, for all his self-confidence, in spite of fears and doubts as well, in the path of the soldier's ancestors. Mark Wallace had not been sure that his capacity for leadership extended be-

hind the parade ground, and he had suffered from the young soldier's inevitable fear of fear.

So he resigned himself to his situation. He emptied his water bottle and, gripping the end of his gaze roll with his teeth, managed to bandage his wound sufficiently to stop the bleeding. The languor, however, was increasing. Sometimes he would doze for a few moments, awaking with a start, to wonder where he was, and what had happened. The air was very still. The shouts had long since died away, the rifle firing was a distant crackling; the tremulous staccato tapping of the machine guns was like the roll of drums far away.

Wallace must have slept for a prolonged period, for when next he became conscious he started up to see, to his intense astonishment, a pretty little girl of three or four years, standing in front of him and looking at him. He rubbed his eyes, expecting her to disappear. But she was still there, and just as he was beginning to piece together a Spanish phrase she spoke to him in English.

"I want my daddy," she said, and drew the child toward him. "Where is your daddy?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"Oh Eleanor," she answered, "and won't you please find my daddy for me?"

She pointed with a grimy little hand toward the interior of the shack, and Wallace, struggling to his feet with a great effort, made his way inside. It was almost dark in the hut, and Wallace could only make out with difficulty the form of a man who lay, face downward, upon the ground near the wall. Presently, however, as his eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity, he saw the bullet wound in the back of the head.

He looked up at the child, who stood by, unconcerned. "Go away, Eleanor," he said gruffly.

The child, too young to know any thing of death, went out of the hut and began to play in the shaft of sunlight that filtered through the branches of the palms. Wallace searched the face of the man.

"Well, we've got you," said Crawford cheerfully. "How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fine. Have we got Santiago?"

"Well, not exactly, but pretty. We've carried all the trenches, and we're waiting to get put big guns up. Army headquarters says we'll have 'em soon."

"No said Wallace, stifling a groan. "Say, Crawford, I suppose I was a dither, but I thought there was a kid here."

"He spoke he caught sight of Major Howard emerging from the shack, with the little girl in his arms, fast asleep. The major came up to him.

"How are you feeling, Wallace?" he asked. "I didn't know you were a family man, though. I saw this kid sleeping in your arms."

"You've been inside?" inquired the lieutenant, looking toward the shack. The major's face grew very serious.

He nodded.

"Her father," said Wallace.

"Come, get in with you," answered Major Howard, curtly, indicating the ambulance. Mark, supported by the orderlies, who had placed the stretcher upon the ground, crawled in and lay down. He stretched out his arm toward the child. It was an unconscious action, but Major Howard noted it.

And, detaching the small arms from about his neck, he placed the little girl in the stretcher. The little head dropped upon the lieutenant's arm. As the ambulance men moved up the hill, the two soldiers came out of the hut, carrying something in a blanket. They carried it to the center of the clearing and set it down beside a hole which had already been dug.

He carried a purse signed by Eleanor. Major Howard's eyes contracted into narrow slits. He nodded. "I have it," he answered.

"I wonder who he was?" said Wallace.

"Well, I don't know, but I do with the kid after we got her back to camp," said the major curtly. It seemed to Wallace that he was unwilling to speculate upon the identity of the dead man.

"Lie still, and don't move your brains with thinking, my boy," he added. "We'll have you at the base hospital in next to no time."

"Can't tell you. Quite a few, I'm afraid. Some of 'em, Crawford and Murray and I found ourselves bunched together at the time of the one-day battle of the Texas Rangers and Pennsylvania Dutch. We'll get them sorted out and sent home with labels as soon as we can. Move on, boys!"

The lieutenant and Crawford proceeded out of the scrub and down the hill. Here, in the open, everything was almost as silent as in the bush, after the day's battle. Under the light of the moon, the scrub and the hillside, straggling seeking their regiments, or fatigue parties detailed upon the necessary night work that follows a day of desertion. The moon above, however, had been scattered for the most part in little clusters, where shells or machine-gun fire had caught them.

It seemed an infinitely long journey, and every movement of the stretcher was almost unbearable. Wallace shut his eyes tight. He looked at the child beside him. She moved in her sleep, feeling for his neck with the little

"Who are you?" she asked, with the directness of childhood.

"My name is Mark."

"I like you, Mark. I will go with you till my daddy comes back."

"All right. Then sit down here beside me and play," muttered Wallace, wondering rather grimly what there was for her to play.

But the grubby little fingers were soon busy in the sandy soil. Wallace watched the child, wondering who she was, and how it had happened that the father had been forced to take her into the jungle, into the midst of the pestering armies. Her clothing was stained in rags, and she must have been drenched by the rains of the preceding night. It had certainly been a desperate and a difficult adventure for the dead man.

The light began to fade. Wallace, half delirious now from pain and thirst, struggled to preserve his consciousness for the sake of the little girl. Sometimes he would emerge from a semi-stupor and look round for her anxiously; but he always found her, no great distance away, building sand castles and gazing happily as if she had already forgotten her sorrow.

When he awoke himself finally, it was to see the flash of a torch in his eyes. Faces which he recognized were looking at him. There was Crawford, the senior lieutenant, who had graduated from West Point the year before, and Captain Kellerman; there was his old servant, John, with a look of alarm on his ebony face; and near by were two men from the ambulance, carrying an empty stretcher.

Wallace moaned for water and the sense of the light in his throat, warm though it was, brought back consciousness with a rush.

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grimy hands. Her cheek snuggled into the hollow of his arm.

He was curiously touched by this unconscious confidence.

He issued from his ordeal of pain at last, when the bearers halted in front of the line of tents that served for a field hospital. Stretchers by the dozen were piled about the ground, and more were arriving constantly. Wounded men, guided by the sound, came hurrying in on the last lap of their painful journey. Others, who had arrived, sat or lay in front of the tents. Orderlies were hurrying to and fro. Major Howard caught one of the regimental surgeons, who looked weary and overworked, and then picked the child out of the stretcher.

"Hello! Who's this?" he asked.

"Friend of his," said the major, indicating Mark.

"She doesn't look like a Cuban young lady," said the doctor, as he cut away the sleeve of the tunic.

"Her father's dead. Hit by a shell on his way from Santiago. I think he was an American," said Mark.

"Give her to me. I never had one," said the doctor, suddenly injecting a hypodermic into Mark's arm.

"Not after that," said Mark, wincing.

"Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her myself."

And he wondered what had made him say that when the thought had nearly reached his own consciousness.

"See here, young man! Let me look at that arm of yours before you talk that way. Hum! You'll be running round in a couple of weeks, as well as ever."

"Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Mark fervently. "Then I'll be in at the death."

"I doubt it. I won't pass you by for six months to come," said the doctor, grinning. Then, seeing Mark's dejected look, he added, more seriously:

"You may think the modern high-power bullet that you are going to keep your arm, my boy. It's drilled a nice little pencil-hole clean through the joint, instead of shattering it, and that's got to be filled in with new growth. Even I can't grow bones in a week. I wish I could. Ten years ago your arm would have had to come off. There's nothing more I can do for you, my stick."

He began adjusting a bandage, "except the way you put and you put in the hospital to get it mended."

"The devil you will! I guess I'm well enough to stay on the job as is."

"Here, I haven't any more time to waste on you," said the doctor. "Pounce will make you a doctor, and you'll go into that tent and get your I'll enable you. You won't be feeling so any tomorrow morning. Get out!"

He strode away, leaving Mark looking into the gleaming black face of the doctor.

"After the stip had been adjusted he discovered that the sense of well-being, due to the hypodermic, was already beginning to leave him. His jaw and equipment is taught the soldier, who is not slow to see the advantage in dollars to himself as well as to the government. It is intended soon to open shoe repair shops and tailor shops at Kelly field to make the work of reclamation of still greater value to the government."

Midnight of October 3, 1918, has been fixed by the United States attorney general as the time when regulations establishing a one-time prohibited area around federal or state forts, camps, arsenals, aircraft stations, government or naval vessels, navy yards, factories or workshops for the manufacture of munitions of war, etc., shall be effective as to German alien females.

The effect of the attorney general's act in this date is to make it unlawful for any German alien female of fourteen years of age and upwards to be found within one-half mile of any of the places mentioned (except on public carriers) without a permit from the United States marshal. Permits to reside in or to enter the prohibited areas must be obtained, and applications for these must be made in person and in the case of German alien enemy males.

Salt producers have agreed with the United States food administration to pack their product in only a few standard sacks and when packed in wood the barrels where possible will be hooped with wood instead of steel. The new arrangement will be effective in only five, ten and twenty-five pound or larger sacks. Proportionately, a one-pound sack will contain 50 per cent more cotton than a five-pound sack. The new arrangement is expected to save large quantities of cotton and steel and reduce the drain on labor.

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## RED CROSS WORK AMONG REFUGEES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF UNFORTUNATES IN ITALY WELL-CARED FOR.

### SCENE IN BOLOGNA STATION

Alien Enemy Females Put Under the Permit Rules—Great Plans for the Further Relief of Belgians and French.

(From Committee on Public Information.) Washington.—How the hundreds of thousands of unfortunates driven from their homes in the course of the Austrian invasion of Italy were safely allotted to their destinations is related in a report received from an American Red Cross worker who has been looking after refugees in Bologna.

"An arrival of emigrants from Europe would give but a faint idea of an exodus of refugees," the report says. "Many of them are taking their first journey on a railway. In most cases it is impossible to make themselves understood. They are taken to the Bologna station, dragging behind them unwieldy packages, flasks, bottles, babies, sewing machines, beds, refrigerators, cats, dogs, quail, hatching eggs, turkeys—in fact, our rest home has seen every variety of winged and four-footed life stock. There they stand, stupefied by the noise and confusion of the arrival, utterly unable to move, while maybe their train is about to depart."

"However, we are there, looking for just such as they. The willing soldiers who are assigned to help the Red Cross find their difficult bundles, the huge sacks and a few of the babies. We take the eldest child, leading the way as a sort of decoy, and away we go, hand in hand, out of passenger trains (no bridges or subways here), until we arrive at the train desired, hidden away behind all these obstacles, absolutely unobtainable if not for our help."

"The train is jammed. They always are. Everyone but board cries to us there is not another inch of room. We pay no attention to them. Our fastest soldier enters a car and obtains a passage for the family. When all the hangers and their endless belongings are squeezed in we go back and pick up another family."

Seven thousand men at Kelly field, most of them soldiers, are being trained in military exercises which, in other times would be regarded as junk, but which brought the government \$3,300. Some of this refuse was oil, paper, oil barrels, straw, bags, garbage, tin cans and metals.

In addition, great piles of old clothing, tents, motorcycle parts, airplane fittings, engine parts, rubber tires and the like were saved. "Don't throw it away!" is the slogan which is prompting the accumulation and sale of masses of materials at this and other camps.

The fruit and milk cans that the nation police smash every day, for example, bring considerable money to the government. They sell at \$16 a ton. Kelly field ships them by the carload to copper refineries, where they are broken into fumes and serve to collect millions of molecules of copper that would otherwise be wasted away. The cans are then heated, the copper separated from the tin and marketed.

How to conserve clothing and shoes, lumber and equipment is taught the soldier, who is not slow to see the advantage in dollars to himself as well as to the government. It is intended soon to open shoe repair shops and tailor shops at Kelly field to make the work of reclamation of still greater value to the government."

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Plans for the relief of the 10,000,000 Belgians and French people now within territory occupied by the Germans contemplate the shipment in the next twelve months of 42,500,000 bushels of wheat, 2,200,000 bushels of beans, 3,000,000 bushels of rice, 20,400,000 pounds of corned beef, 277,200,000 pounds of pork products, 68,300,000 pounds of soap, 20,000,000 pounds of coffee, 18,000,000 pounds of cocoa, 55,000,000 pounds of condensed milk and 40,000,000 pounds of sugar.

This amount of food, together with the native produce, gives an average ration of about 2,000 calories—about half the consumption of the American people.

This program is estimated to cost during the twelve months, for purchase and transportation, approximately \$380,000,000. The finance has been arranged on the basis of advances to be made by loans from the United States to the Belgian and French governments in amounts sufficient to pay for the material purchased in the United States. The British and French governments are advancing in Europe the sums necessary to meet the expenditures made there for shipping and for foodstuffs coming from other quarters than the United States.

In addition to the fleet controlled by the relief commission the United States and allied governments are placing at its disposal 200,000 tons of shipping recently obtained from the Swedish government for warlike use. The commission announces that besides the food which it intends furnishing these stricken people there will be needed for them about 20,000 tons of clothing and food. Through the co-operation of the Red Cross about 5,000 tons of these supplies have been collected and the work of collection still continues.

In its fourth installment of its report to the war council of the American Red Cross announces that its expenditures in France for work among the civilian population since the war began have totaled \$2,147,827.73. Through the co-operation of the Red Cross about 5,000 tons of these supplies have been collected and the work of collection still continues.

Expenditures in France to July 1, 1918, totaled \$2,147,827.73, of which \$21,160,632.66 was apportioned for relief work among refugees, reclaiming devastated areas, the fight against tuberculosis, operating expeditions and other special work. The report states:

"The demands for the next six months for the same purposes are \$31,152,827.73. The total of the expenditures for relief work and the reconstruction of devastated villages and the care of refugees from the devastated areas is \$2,147,827.73. The largest item was for a campaign against tuberculosis. This work absorbed \$2,147,827.73. For the care of children in France \$1,147,827.73. The cost of relieving refugees will be financed from an appropriation of \$6,212,280.70, which has been set aside for the purpose."

Retail prices of food as reported to the United States bureau of labor statistics for August, 1918, and just published, show for the country as a whole an increase of 2 per cent for all articles combined, as compared with July, 1918.

The increase in price of all articles of food combined in August this year, 1918, was 31 per cent. In this period, wheat showed the greatest advance—38 per cent. Chuck steak increased 30 per cent, round steak 29 per cent, rib roast 28 per cent, sirloin steak, plate, beef, beef, lamb, mutton 25 per cent each. Rice was 26 per cent higher than a year ago. Beans, flour, sugar, bread and coffee were cheaper than in August, 1917.

For the five year period (August 1, 1913, to August 15, 1918) all food combined showed increase in price of 70 per cent. All 17 articles for which prices were obtained for five years showed an increase of 52 per cent or more.

The four articles increased 100 per cent. They were meat, 127 per cent; hard and flour, 100 per cent each; and potatoes 100 per cent.

With nearly all the stars of the game in the army and navy, football will be one of the most popular sports in the various training camps this autumn. It reports to the war and navy departments) commissioned on training camp activities are dependable. Many colleges and preparatory schools have announced that football will be abandoned so far as academic and collegiate sports are concerned.

The college sports of previous years have entered the service, and the training commission's athletic directors are making plans to employ them in the formation of new divisions, regimental and company elevens.

Although many former college stars who played last season in the uniforms of the various naval station elevens have been transferred to the service, athletic directors are confident that the teams will be even better than a year ago.

To assist in the campaign which the United States department of labor is conducting to train workers for service in war industries the Chicago board of education has donated a training school building and voted \$10,000 for necessary expense in equipping it.

Leading manufacturers of the city are installing training machines and experts in production from their factories will train the policies subject to the control of the board of education under the general supervision of the training and dilution service of the department of labor.



"I Want My Daddy!"

Lieutenant Wallace makes some plans for the future of the child that had come into his possession so unexpectedly, but he is made to him by his commanding officer, Major Howard. Read about this in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truly King of Birds.

"Our national bird, the bald eagle, is in its native haunts, and is large as majesty and does with a grace and enormous strength, that one is impressed with the thought that here is the king of birds," writes T. Gilbert Pearson of the Audubon society. "On the morning of the 10th of July, in the shade of a little bush on a Southern prairie, I saw one carry off a lamb."

Iron in Ukraine.

Within the boundaries of Ukraine are found the principal available deposits of iron ore in Russia. The development of the iron ore deposits of the Ukraine has been mainly responsible for the rapid growth of the Russian iron and steel industry, which now depends to an extent of about 70 per cent on the iron of the southern part of the country.

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