

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.

So suddenly the German uttered a choking cry, dropped, blood spurting from his throat, where a chance bullet had found him. As he fell, Mark pre-empted 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 first posts crowded and himself facing Kellerman and the company captain.

Unwarily, he stood still. It was too dark to see the expression on Kellerman's face, but he could imagine the sneering grin that distorted 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 a bullet in my back."

"And you're dead?" asked Kellerman with a 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 let me die there to your death also. You lied to me to put me off my guard. O you, 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 he walked toward them.

He was marched away by two armed guards toward the jail.

When he was out of sight they unbent.

"—a 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 roped into the army—a gunman or that sort—"

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

"And, after all, he might have been repented 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 sight—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 done everything away he had left. Kellerman's good will 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 outburst of the prison crier; then came the sound of voices, footsteps, a woman's whispering, sobs; 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 shrunk back against the wall, her hands outstretched, her face white.

Mark's face was pale, his eyes were staring, he looked like a man who had been struck by lightning.

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

Now, in the obscurity, he felt her shake her head. And the action had exactly the opposite effect of what Eleanor had intended.

For nothing mattered any more, nothing at all. He could feel 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. 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 struggle, beginning back in the war department! Mark could not bring 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 in restraint, for fear that she would fall should she yield to her emotion.

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

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 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 he struggled in a equality of tortures. 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 eardrums. 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, bleeding, swelling and dying down, but at never ceasing. The rattle of small-arms was continuous, and punctuated by the loud thud 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 no-man's land, and the night was still.

"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."

Mark's eyes on Mark's lips died away as there came the hovel of a heavy shell, followed by a stunning impact. A column of broken bricks sprang into the air at the end of the street, dissolving into a cloud of dust.

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. He was able to move him.

He made his way toward the Colonel, who eyed him vacantly as he approached.

"Take Eleanor to safety and leave me," Mark 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 under Mark's arms. He looked at Mark pitiously.

"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.

Now, 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 he heard the heavy shells dropped near, 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 ramparts were all mangled and pitted, 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 battle.

Wouldn't men come 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 some 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, the enemy's columns of gray-green figures, thrusting back the shells, scattered like that held. The bullets were whirling overhead, audible, and like a swarm of bees. Clouds of dust rose up and hid the battle.

Eleanor, clutching Mark's arm, tensed 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 Maxam 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 the torrent forces fell back, through the locusts of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxam section and swept into the streets.

And, as the torrent moved toward a surge and a rush a body of American troops swarmed 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 sat between them, a body of German 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 blood flash from 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.)

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 the most important of the gods of the gloomy future, assumed by demons of darkness or by Odin himself, concealed in the gloomy night or in wind whirling clouds. The storm giant Hrasvelg sits in the form of an eagle at the extremity of heaven and blows blasts over all people and on the great 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. Pharaoh Soter made it the emblem of the Egyptian kingdom. In the Roman story the eagle was the herald to Trajan of the triumph of his army, and 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.

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 and then, when the moment of 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.

SAFEGUARDING THE HOME

Simple Directions on Home Nursing

By JANE A. DELANO
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"An Ounce of Prevention Is Worth a Pound of Cure"

THE PUBLIC ROUTES FOR INFECTED

Besides avoiding personal contact with the person actually suffering from a communicable disease, the principal problem for preventing infection rests on securing pure water, clean milk, unpolluted food, and the extermination of germ-carrying insects.

Keep all sewage from seeping into the wells and cisterns. Water is polluted by seepage from badly placed drains.

Obtain milk from a trustworthy source, of course, have public supplies of pure water, but in the out-of-the-way places where living conditions are otherwise ideal, barns and outhouses are too often placed close to drinking wells and cisterns. This practice is dangerous to health.

Where there is no drainage system, extraordinary care is needed to keep the ground water pure. All well or spring water must be carefully watched. Boards of health will gladly examine samples of water and report whether it is safe to drink.

Water is essential to health, but it must be pure.

Properly pasteurized milk is usually the safest kind to use. No milk is safe unless frequent tests show that it is unaltered by disease germs. Raw milk should not be used except that produced under the most careful supervision.

To pasteurize milk at home, put it in a bottle, cork it with a piece of clean cotton or paper cap, and then place it in a small pan of water. If an inverted pail, with a few holes punched in it, is placed in the bottom of the pail, it will prevent the bottles from bumping. Heat the water to a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit, keeping it there for 30 minutes. After pasteurization, the milk should be gradually cooled to below 50 degrees Fahrenheit in running water and kept in a cool place. Pasteurization will kill any germs that may be in the milk. Milk from diseased cows should never, under any circumstances, be used. The three "C's" for the proper care of milk in the home, according to dairy specialists, are, keep milk covered, clean, cold.

Never for one minute keep milk uncovered on a table place. The utensils used to receive it should always be sealed before using and kept covered when not in use. Milk which has been poured from the bottle should not be returned to it.

Milk bottles should never be allowed to come out of a patient's room, or sent back to the dairy, until they have been thoroughly boiled. Milk when properly cared for is one of the best foods obtainable. It is nourishing, digestible, and usually economical.

Food will also cause sickness if it carries disease germs. Since thorough cooking destroys the germs, the danger of colic or infection arises from raw foods. Fried meats, in large quantities, are not healthful. Pork should never be eaten unless thoroughly cooked. Soups and stews and broths should be thoroughly heated before serving.

It must be remembered that the body is not nourished merely by swallowing food; in order to nourish the body, food must also be digested, absorbed and used by the tissues of the body. The agreeable taste or odor of food or even the pleasurable thought of it helps to digest it. All fruits and vegetables eaten raw should be thoroughly washed.

Garbage should not be allowed to become a breeding place for flies. Garbage disposal is a matter of cleanliness and public decency, and should not be neglected so that it becomes a menace to the human race.

Flies, cockroaches, and other scavenging insects may carry germs, and thus infect the food. Such insects are always dangerous, and should not be tolerated, while rats, mice and vermin should be allowed to remain in the house.

Clean houses, clean hands, clean milk, clean food, pure air, and no insects, and there will be less opportunity for the germs of contagious diseases to accumulate.

CLOTHING AND THE WEARER

No one can expect to keep well if he neglects properly to protect his body against the weather.

The clothes which we wear are more or less for the past few years that indiscriminate exposure to the weather was "healthy" and also "strengthening" has been proven untrue.

Clothes play a very important part in helping to keep the body well, and the exercise of common sense in

adapting clothes to the weather will often prevent unnecessary suffering.

It should be understood, perhaps, first of all, that heavy clothing does not necessarily mean warm clothing, and that the Chinese custom of adding or taking off outer garments in accordance with the weather is worth considering.

A chilled body is in a dangerous state, but, on the other hand, there are many people who bring about an equally dangerous condition of the body by keeping it too warm.

The nature of the work you are doing should, in most cases, determine the weight, material and character of your clothing.

Personal working in heated office buildings and factories, or whose occupation keeps them indoors, should not wear heavy underwear, heavy clothes, heavy shoes or stockings. Instead, they should wear lighter clothing and provide themselves, when necessary, with heavy outer wraps.

Those people whose work keeps them in the open a large part of the time should wear subducing clothing to prevent their bodies from becoming chilled.

Be careful in the selection of materials for clothing. It may be helpful to know that, in order of warmth, materials are arranged as follows: Wool, fur and down, silk, cotton and linen.

Clothing should not be changed according to the calendar, but according to the weather, so that the body can be kept at a proper uniform temperature whatever the season.

Rainy weather presents another health problem. The sight of thirty children ankle-deep in mud, their shoes and rags, uncovered throats and chests rising above sheer, chiffon blouses seems to mean only one thing—the danger signal of pneumonia, rheumatism and many other diseases that will leave their mark on a girl or woman for life.

There are certain "rainy day" thoughts that are especially essential to health:

1. Don't sit in damp clothing.

2. Don't let it dry on you.

3. Don't forget your overboots; they may save your having to change to dry shoes.

4. Don't wear low slippers and silk stockings outdoors on a rainy day.

5. Don't expose your chest to the damp and cold weather.

6. Don't get chilled; if you do, drink something hot to restore normal circulation. Hot lemonade is good.

A normal circulation is the foundation of good health, and anything that tends to prevent this is dangerous.

Avoid at all times the use of tight clothing—tight laces, tight neck-bands, heavy petticoats or dresses that drag from the waist and hips, and, above all, tight corsets.

Tight clothing frequently produces dyspepsia, indigestion, vomiting, shortness of breath, palpitation and faintness, and gives rise to round shoulders and stooping carriage.

If you wear the proper clothing at the proper time, and keep yourself from stormy weather, you will find it a valuable aid in keeping yourself healthy and comfortable.

Kindness.

Kindness implies a certain permanence of human quality, a general abiding spiritual atmosphere rather than an impetuous, impulsive act, or a series of such acts. French generosity is not kindness at all, nor is the mere bestowal of material gifts from one who can afford to do so to another who needs them. Kindness is imprinted on the serene brow, stamped with the soft smile, and it is the touch of the divine in the gentle hand. You will find it in the soothing cadences of the low pitched voice, in the soft glance of an understanding eye. Kindness can be passive as well as active.

Fitted for the Role.

Manager of Blackville Academy of Music—What's your musical comedy called?

Advance Agent—"Hot Air."

And, take it from one who knows we're not chatters, it's the snappiest, liveliest, gingeriest, cleverest, cutest, effervescent package of compressed brilliancy that will ever electrify this burg!" Manager—"But did you ever assume the title role in it?"

The Lute.

The lute has vanished. It was one of the oldest of instruments, and had a beautiful vibrant tone somewhat like that of the harp. But its size and complexity were against it. It had long tail, and many strings, and while its size increased its power and range, it also increased its weight and made it cumbersome. The minstrel of today plays on the harp, the guitar or the banjo—and the lute is forgotten.

Why the "Von."

"Von" before a name in German denotes a privilege title, either inherited or bestowed by a monarch upon his subject for meritorious services. While formally this prefix was found in military or feudal families only, many commoners, capitalists of industry, artists, dramatists and artists were so honored by their monarchs. The title is either hereditary or ceases with the death of the distinguished person.

One Spot Was All Right.

Robert was promised a nickel by his aunt if he kept clean when he went out to play, as company was expected when they wanted him to his best. The tiny chap, however, got into a corn pile and was a sight to behold. His aunt said such a dirty boy would not get the nickel, but she pulled out the lute of his was the exercise of common sense in



"Now Capt. Mark, Listen."