

BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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WALLACE IS SURPRISED TO RECEIVE A STRANGE SUMMONS FROM MRS. KENSON.

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. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard calls Wallace to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanor there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist. For years a strange man has haunted Eleanor's footsteps, following but never accosting her. One night Wallace sees the man and follows him to a gambling house kept by a Mrs. Kenson. Here the strange man is attacked by Kellerman. Wallace rescues him and takes him to his own apartment. In the night the man, who gave his name as Hartley, disappears. The next day Wallace is called from his office and on his return finds important documents missing. His resignation is requested.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Ah, now I recognize you," said the strange voice in a merry ripple of laughter. "And you don't know who I am?"

"If you will state your name—" began Mark patiently.

"Someone who knows that you are in trouble and wants to help you. I'm afraid you won't let me. You seemed to be prejudiced against me when we met before. Well, I am Ada Kenson."

Mark uttered an angry exclamation, which he instantly checked. This might prove the key that he was seeking.

"Come to my house at nine o'clock tonight, unless you are afraid. You will meet nobody but me."

It had been in Mark's mind to look for Hartley in that neighborhood.

"What do you say, Captain Wallace? I can help you very much indeed, and perhaps put things right for you. I am in a position to know a good deal of what is happening behind the scenes."

Mark felt his brain grow as cool as ice. "I'll come, Mrs. Kenson," he answered crisply, and hung up the receiver.

He consoled himself with the reflection that he had, at least, nothing to lose. He waited calmly for the appointment, and arrived outside the house promptly. There was no sign of Hartley in the neighborhood.

At his ring Mrs. Kenson herself opened the door, smiled, and showed him into a well-furnished little parlor.

"Sit down, Captain Wallace," she said, indicating a chair.

"You'll wonder who I am and why I asked you to come here," said Mrs. Kenson. "Well, I happen to know quite a good deal about you, Captain Wallace. All your history, in fact, from the time you entered West Point. It is part of my business to know these things."

Mark bowed and waited, expecting something sensational. He was astonished beyond his expectation, however, by Mrs. Kenson's next words.

"Your long and distasteful stay in the West, Captain Wallace, was not wholly the fortune of the military

stances," went on Mrs. Kenson. "I suppose you know that the world has changed a good deal during your fifteen years of exile? Well, this war, for example, it's a shocking reversion to barbarism, the nations flying at each other's throats, when their difficulties could have been adjusted by a little frank diplomacy. It was a great blow to the financial interests that are working to reconcile the nations and to develop the world's resources. They would do all possible to end it. I am working for them here. I am not telling you any secret, Captain Wallace, because everybody in Washington knows it. I represent the international peace committee, and I have quite a good deal of influence among the senators and representatives—principally the Western ones, Captain."

The frankness and audacity of the disclosure astounded Mark. So this was one center of "they," as Colonel Howard had called the nucleus of Teutonic spies and agents in America.

"We are trying our hardest to prevent America from being dragged into this maelstrom," continued Mrs. Kenson. "You, Captain Wallace, were unfortunate enough to be working on the other side. And—I'm sorry, but a little trap was laid for you and Kellerman. You walked right into it. Major Kellerman, who is a very good friend of mine, acted in complete good faith. Don't blame him. Don't blame yourself. Don't blame that wretched fellow who came here the other night to blackmail me. It was inevitable. You see, when you adopted Hampton's daughter you unconsciously put a sort of noose about your neck. There was the possibility of your coming into contact with Hampton's friends. The system is widespread, you know, and quite twenty years old. So—you had to go west."

"Now, Captain Wallace, I'm a frank woman, and I'll put my proposition to you. You don't want to see Major Kellerman walk off with that pretty ward of yours, do you? And you can't marry her without a little money. Well, you could be very useful to us in many ways. Would you, without sacrificing your patriotism or revealing any secrets, become a salaried worker of our organization?"

Mark stood up, trembling. "I—don't quite understand," he said huskily; and the picture of Eleanor in Kellerman's arms at the dance swam before his eyes. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Use your influence and army knowledge in our behalf. That little affair of today will soon be forgotten. And we'll help you to put Kellerman out of business."

"You ask me to become a German spy?"

"Don't be absurd, my dear captain. Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"That's what it amounts to."

"A little influence on behalf of humanity."

"No!" shouted Mark, quite beside himself. "You're infamous. You ought to be put out of the country!"

He strode indignantly toward the door.

The electric light in the passage had gone out. The room grew dark behind him. He groped his way toward the door.

Suddenly a vivid light flashed before his eyes. He heard, though he felt no pain, the impact of a hard weapon upon the back of his head. He flung out his hands and grappled with a man. In the uplifted hand he felt a heavy stick with a knobbed handle.

He believed his assailant to be Kellerman, and, half unconscious as he was, he fought madly. But the man, Kellerman or not, was more than a match for him. For a few moments they wrestled furiously; then the other got his arm free and brought down the stick upon Mark's head again. And this time the light faded into black-



"Represent the International Peace Committee."

service," she said. "It was expedient that you should stay there, on account of your unfortunate mistake in adopting the late Charles Hampton's child."

Mark rose in protest, collected himself, and sat down again.

"In fact, dear Captain Wallace, you have been the victim of circum-

CHAPTER IX.

"Captain Wallace! Get up! Can you stand? Come with me!"

Mark opened his eyes and groaned. It was pitch dark, and he could see nothing, but he knew the voice for Hartley's.

"Where am I?" he muttered, trying to rise and sinking back again.

"In the Kenson house. Be quick! There! Listen!"

Outside there was the confused murmur of voices, above which came the sound of a crisp command. Then some implement fell heavily against the door of the house, splintering it. Again the cries broke out.

"Try again!" muttered Hartley in desperation. "There's a door into the empty house next door, through the cellar. The police don't know of it. You must get away. You must get away!"

Mark tried again, and this time managed to rise.

Hartley caught Mark by the arm and guided his unsteady footsteps to the door. They gained the passage, and Hartley guided Mark toward the head of the basement steps, which they reached just as the front door fell in under the hatchets of the raiders.

They scuttled down the stairs as the hall became filled with the shouting policemen.

Before the first of the raiders set his foot upon the stone stairs Hartley had found a door in the darkness, opened it, and pushed Mark through, following immediately. He shut the door softly behind him. They were in the basement of the adjoining house.

"We're safe now," said Hartley in a whisper. "You'd better rest, Captain Wallace."

"You're Hartley," muttered Mark, sitting down and trying in vain to discern something of the other's face through the gloom. "What happened, and how did you come on the scene?"

"Good God forgive me!" moaned Hartley, suddenly breaking into hysterical sobbing, as on the former night. "I've ruined you, Captain Wallace. What else could I do?"

"So you were in that plot, eh?" asked Mark, wondering that he felt so little anger. "Well, it was clear enough, but it doesn't matter now."

"It matters everything," answered Hartley, in a vehement whisper. "They tricked me into it. I didn't know what their scheme was when I agreed to get you out of the room. But I found out later. And I had suspected, God, Captain Wallace, to think I found that door!"

"Never mind," said Mark soothingly, listening to the stamping of the raiders in the next house overhead. "What more do you know?"

"I knew that they wouldn't be satisfied with that, sir. They—"

"One moment. Who is 'they,' Hartley?"

"They," repeated Hartley vindictively. "Those devils that make pawns of men. They meant to clinch their dirty work one way or another. They meant to buy you, after ruining you, and fashion you to their dirty work. If they couldn't do that they were going to—"

"Murder me?"

"No, sir. Discredit you so that nothing you could say would be listened to."

"That's what they meant to do. It was I who was told to give the tip to the police that there was gambling here. They thought the place was closed—and it was. But they wanted the police to find you here, and arrest you, so that the story might get into the newspapers, and finish you—finish you with the war department, and with Miss Howard."

"And what did you expect to get out of it, Hartley?" asked Mark.

He heard the man catch at his breath.

"She wasn't your wife, Hartley?"

"No, Captain Wallace, no!"

"But she has a hold on you strong enough to compel you to do such work as she requires. And yet you have tried to save me dishonor—if any more could come to me."

"You saved me, Captain Wallace!" Mark made a sound of incredulity.

"And I have been a gentleman. You don't know how a man falls, Captain Wallace."

"Hartley, you haven't answered my question. Now here's another. Why were you watching Colonel Howard's house the other night?"

"You know that?"

"I followed you here. Tell me the whole truth about this business, and I'll stand by you to the end."

"I'll trust you—to the limit—but I won't tell you, Captain Wallace. Some day, perhaps, but not now. I'll stand by you, and I'll fight at your side, sir. But I won't tell you. And that's the only condition on which I can agree to what you propose."

"And if we succeed—?"

"Not 'if,' but 'when,'" cried Hartley, with a sudden outburst of conviction. "I'll tell you then—yes, Captain Wallace. And till then we'll fight together to pull down this nest of conspiracy and prove your innocence to the world."

After a moment he added, "I think

we'd better be making a move out of here, Captain Wallace!"

He pushed open the cellar door and led Mark along the basement passage until a gleam of moonlight appeared in front of them. They emerged into a little garden, a replica of the one next door. There was no policeman on guard. In a moment they were in the street and in safety.

Mark, who had already recovered from the effects of his blow, save for a splitting headache, took a car with Hartley, and half an hour later the two were again in Mark's rooms.

"So you were packing?" asked Hartley, looking about him. "What were you going to do?"

"I don't know," answered Mark. "It's queer, being broken like this—I've nothing, no prospects, only a little money. I have to earn a living."

"It'll be the army," said Hartley. "You'd be a sergeant in no time; you'd run through the ranks in about a couple of years. And then you've won. You've conquered fortune. And you're in a position to do a little quiet working to straighten out your



Led Mark Along the Basement Passage.

tangle and run down the Kenson gang. And then I'll help you, for when the time comes I can tell what I know. At present I can't. I'm waiting—"

He burst into an expletive, and his face was twisted with anguish. The man seemed under the stress of some overpowering emotion.

"And how about your own part in this affair, Hartley?"

The man winced as if Mark had struck him. Mark put out his hand, took Hartley's, and shook it warmly.

"You're right, Hartley," he said quietly. "I'm ready to sink my name, then, and we'll go in together as comrades, and by Heaven we'll set the whole crooked business right!"

CHAPTER X.

"Weston! Hey, there!"

Mark, who was sitting at the entrance of the tent which he shared with five other privates of the Medical corps, looked up at the sound of the name to which he had grown accustomed. At the sight of the corporal who had hailed him, he flung down the grooved strip of metal, known as the "soldier's friend," with the aid of which he had been polishing his buttons, and hurried obediently forward.

"The train's in from the base with the sisters and doctors to meet the front. Every man's on duty until the job's finished. Report to the matron with Hartley."

Mark nodded, and departed at a run toward the door of the base hospital, at which the matron, fidgeting impatiently, was awaiting the assembling of the orderlies.

It was war, and the echoes of the far distant guns were all about them daily, though war had never passed that way.

Wallace, now Private Weston of the medical service, encounters some old friends and acquaintances unexpected and has an experience that opens his eyes. How it all came about is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hughes—Yuzovka.
The first successful iron and steel mill in southern Russia having been established forty years ago by a man named Hughes, one of the largest steel centers in Ukraine bears the name Yuzovka—in his honor.—Gas Logic.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
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Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Union.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 24
JACOB AND ESAU RECONCILED.

LESSON TEXT.—Genesis 33:1-11.
GOLDEN TEXT.—A soft answer turneth away wrath.—Proverbs 15:1.
DEVOTIONAL READING.—Psalms 46.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL.—Genesis 32: 1-33:28.

From Bethel, Jacob went to Padanaram to his mother's people. Here he served Laban for twenty years—fourteen years for his wives and six years for certain wages. In his dealings with Laban he finds his match—two schemers get together—"diamond cuts diamond."

1. Jacob Departs for Canaan (31: 11-21).
The time had come for Jacob to go back to his kindred in the land of Canaan. The Lord instructed him so to do (v. 13). Though going forward under the direction of God, his Jacob nature caused him to take clandestine leave of Laban. When Laban realized the situation he went in hot pursuit, but God appeared unto him in a dream and warned him against any act of violence toward Jacob. They formed a compact and Laban returned home.

2. Jacob on the Way (chapter 32).
Laban's return freed Jacob from the enemy who was pursuing him from behind, but he faced a more formidable one in the person of Esau.

1. Jacob meeting the angels (v. 1).
Two camps of angels met him to give him the assurance that God would be with him according to his promise. Notwithstanding this, he continued to scheme. He sent a deputation with a message of good cheer to Esau.

2. Jacob praying (vv. 9-12).
Esau made no reply to Jacob's message, but went forward with an army of men, four hundred strong, to meet Jacob. Jacob is in great distress; therefore he casts himself upon God in prayer. This is a fine specimen of effectual prayer. It is short, direct, and earnest. (1) He reminds God of his command issued for his return, and also of the covenant promise (31:3). Surely God would not issue a command and then leave him in such a strait. (2) Pleads God's promise as to his personal safety (v. 9, cf. Genesis 28:18-15, 31-33). In our praying we should definitely plead God's promises in his word, on the ground of covenant relationship in Christ.

(3) Confesses unworthiness (v. 10). In this he shows the proper spirit of humility. (4) Presents definite petitions (v. 11). He lays before the Lord the definite request to be delivered from the wrath of Esau.

3. The angel of Jehovah wrestling with Jacob (32:24-32).
In God's school of discipline, Jacob is making some improvement, but still he is under the sway of self-will and self-trust. Though he had laid the matter definitely before the Lord, he thought that his scheming would render God some assistance. Accordingly, he sent presents ahead to appease the anger of Esau. While journeying along, a man met him and wrestled with him, but Jacob knew not who he was. Perhaps he thought that Esau had pounced upon him in the dark. He exerted every ounce of strength in what he thought was the struggle for his very life. The morning was approaching, and still the wrestlers continued, Jacob not knowing it was Jehovah manifest in human form. This is the second crisis in Jacob's life. He did not dare to enter the promised land under the control of his self-sufficiency; his selfish will must be broken; his Jacob-nature must be changed. God humbled him by dislocating his thigh. When thus humbled, he quit wrestling and clung to God. He got the blessing when he, conscious of his weakness, laid hold of God.

4. Jacob gets a new name (v. 28).
He was no longer Jacob, the supplanter; but Israel, a prince of God. His new name was given him after he had a new nature. He came face to face with God, and face to face with himself, and fought the battle to a finish. We must have the new nature before we can enter the place of blessing. Jacob came to realize that he had been struggling with God, for he called the place "Pentel," which means "face to face with God."

5. Jacob Meets Esau (33:1-11).
God had evidently wrought with Esau, for when Jacob approached him the sting of bitterness was gone. It was not Jacob's scheming that removed Esau's anger, but the action of the Supernatural upon his heart. At Jabbok Jacob got right with God, so when he met Esau it was an easy matter to get right with him. When we are right with God it is an easy matter to get right with our brother.

In This Life.
We hear much of love to God, Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven. Christ made much of peace on earth. Religion is not a strange or added thing, but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal world.

Man and His Faith.
Faith is the substratum of life; so that a man will be as he believes, and will believe as he lives.—Wm. M. Taylor.

THANKSGIVING
Red sumac flames across the hill
And in each wood-fringed hollow
The autumn breeze among the trees
Calls, "Follow, follow, follow!"
The pumpkins gleam like vibrant gold
The grain is silver shining;
The very clouds a rye unfold,
To show a rosy lining!

Red sumac flames across the hill
Where fading sunlight lingers,
And points the way for me to step
With soft, enchanted fingers—
And as I stand beside the way,
The world seems throbbing, living,
And there I feel God's love today,
And thank him for Thanksgiving!



OBJECTED TO CUSTOM

Observance of Thanksgiving Was for a Period Not Popular in Southern States.

IN the South Thanksgiving was practically unknown until 1863, that year Governor Jones of Virginia sent a letter to the state legislature urging a recognition of the day that he might issue a proclamation of its observance; but he was aware that as most of the citizens of the state regarded this day as a "relic of Puritanic bigotry," he ought to urge its observance.

Two years later Governor Wise, successor of Jones, without asking advice of the legislature, issued a proclamation, and the people, throwing aside their prejudice, observed the day.

In the next year, 1878, when governors of southern states issued proclamations after the model of New England, calling upon their people to observe the last Thursday in November as a day for thanksgiving. Prior to the Civil war it was at least the earnest engendered in the long and very over slavery caused many prominent opponents of the North to oppose the proclamation, because of its production of a "Yankee custom."

Undoubtedly our present Thanksgiving day has its prototype in the Plymouth thanksgiving festival of 1621. It has been asserted repeatedly that the Plymouth festival was suggested by the Pilgrims by the Jewish "Feast of Ingathering."

If the Plymouth festival has immediate kinship with similar events of the past, it has analogies with the best home of England. The Pilgrims were familiar with the English celebration, and many of them undoubtedly had participated in it. The dominant mark of each was the joy over the gathering harvest.

The chief difference between the two was the want of ceremony at Plymouth that characterized the English festival. In some parts of England the merrymaking was around the "dying-sheaf" or "korn baby" and in many places the last loaf of the harvest was drawn to the barn in a wheel called the "hoop cart." In front were pipe and tabor, and around it gathered the reapers, men and women, shouting joyously as they proceeded. At Plymouth there was no ceremony. There was no harvest song so familiar to the fatherland.

Here's a health to the barley mow,
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow and plough, and sow.

Time for Self-Examination.
The Thanksgiving season is a good time to examine self and see if there is anything in our life that hinders the progress of the neighborhood. It may be that we are standing in the way of community progress. We are leaders where while we fool that we stand, or at least one who works with others instead of in advance of them. Society does not care whether we lead or whether our neighbor leads. The society wants its progress and we will be held responsible if we do not sacrifice our own peculiar views if necessary for the welfare of the neighborhood.

SOMETIMES



Landlady (at Thanksgiving dinner)—We should be thankful for small mercies.
Boarder (looking at small turkey)—We have to be.